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WILSON'S

Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative

TALES OF THE BORDERS,

AND OF

SCOTLAND:

WITH

A GLOSSARY OF SCOTCH WORDS.

Old tales I heard of wo or mirth,
Of lovers' sleights, of ladies' charms.
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms;
Of patriot battles, won of old.
By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold.
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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TALES OF THE BORDERS.

THE DOMINIE'S CLASS.*

"Their ends as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life."

THERE is no class of men to whom the memory turns with more complacency, or more frequently, than to those who "taught the young idea how to shoot." There may be a few tyrants of the birch, who never inspired a feeling save fear or hatred; yet their number is but few, and I would say that the schoolmaster *is abroad* in more senses than that in which it is popularly applied. He is abroad in the memory and in the affections of his pupils; and his remembrance is cherished wheresoever they may be. For my own part, I never met with a teacher whom I did not love when a boy, and reverence when a man; from him before whom I used to stand and endeavor to read my task in his eyes, as he held the book before his face, and the page was reflected in his spectacles—and from his spectacles I spelled my *qu*—to him, who, as an elder friend, bestowed on me my last lesson. When a man has been absent from the place of his nativity for years, and when he returns and grasps the hands of his surviving kindred, one of his first questions to them (after family questions are settled) is—"Is Mr. ——, my old schoolmaster, yet alive?" And, if the answer be in the affirmative, one of the first on whom he calls is the dominie of his boyhood; and he enters the well-remembered school—and his first glance is to the seat he last occupied—as an urchin opens the door and admits him, as he gently taps at it, and cries to the master, (who is engaged with a class,) when the stranger enters—

"Sir, here's one wants you.'

Then steps forward the man of letters, looking anxiously—gazing as though he had a right to gaze in the stranger's face; and, throwing out his head, and particularly his chin, while he utters the hesitating interrogative—"Sir?" And the stranger replies—"You don't know me, I suppose? I am such-an-one, who was at your school at such a time." The instiller of knowledge starts—

"What!" cries he, shifting his spectacles, "you Johnnie (Thomas or Peter, as the case may be) So-and-so?—it's not possible! O man, I'm glad to see ye! Ye'll mak me an auld man, whether I will or no. And how hae ye been, an' where hae ye been?"—And, as he speaks, he flings his tawse over to the corner where his desk stands. The young

* This tale has been written from the circumstance of *The Tales of the Borders* having already been adopted as a lesson book in several schools.

stranger still cordially shakes his hand, a few kindly words pass between them, and the teacher, turning to his scholars, says —"You may put by your books and slates, and go for the day;" when an instantaneous movement takes place through the school; there is a closing of books, a clanking of slates, a pocketing of pencils, a clutching for hats, caps, and bonnets—a springing over seats, and a falling of seats—a rushing to the door, and a shouting when at the door—a "*hurra for play!*"—and the stranger seems to have made a hundred happy, while the teacher and he retire, to

"Drink a cup o' kindness
For auld langsyne."

But to proceed with our story of stories. There was a Dr. Montgomery, a native of Annan, who, after he had been for more than twenty years a physician in India, where he had become rich, visited his early home, which was also the grave of his fathers. There were but few of his relations in life when he returned—(for death makes sad havoc in families in twenty years)—but, after he had seen them, he inquired if his old teacher, Mr. Grierson, yet lived?—and being answered in the affirmative, the doctor proceeded to the residence of his first instructor. He found him occupying the same apartments in which he resided thirty years before, and which were situated on the south side of the main street, near the bridge.

When the first congratulations—the shaking of hands and the expressions of surprise—had been got over, the doctor invited the dominie to dinner; and, after the cloth was withdrawn, and the better part of a bottle of Port had vanished between them, the man of medicine thus addressed his ancient preceptor:—

"Can you inform me, sir, what has become of my old class-fellows?—who of them are yet in the land of the living? who have caught the face of fortune as she smiled, or been rendered the 'sport o' her slippery ba'?' Of the fate of one of them I know something, and to me their history would be more interesting than a romance."

"Do ye remember the names that ye used to gie ane another?" inquired the man of letters, with a look of importance, which showed that the history of the whole class was forthcoming.

"I remember them well," replied the doctor; "there were seven of us: Solitary Sandy—Glaikit Willie—Venturesome Jamie—Cautious Watty—Leein' Peter—Jock the Dunce—and myself."

"And hae ye forgot the lounderings that I used to give ye, for ca'in ane anither such names?" inquired Mr. Grierson, with a smile.

"I remember you were displeased at it," replied the other.

"Weel, doctor," continued the teacher, "I believe I can gratify your curiosity, an' I am not sure but you'll find that the history of your class-fellows is not without interest. The career of some of them has been to me as a recompense for all the pains I bestowed on them, an' that o' others has been a source o' grief. Wi' some I hae been disappointed, wi' ithers surprised; but you'll allow that I did my utmost to flesch and to thrash your besetting sins out o' ye a'. I will first inform you what I know respecting the history of Alexander Rutherford, whom all o' ye used to ca' Solitary Sandy, because he wasna hempy like yoursels. Now, sir, hearken to the history of

SOLITARY SANDY.

I remarked that Sandy was an extraordinary callant, and that he would turn out a character that would be heard tell o' in the world; though that he would ever rise in it, as some term it, or become rich in it, I did not believe. I dinna think that e'er I had to raise the tawse to Sandy in my life. He had always his task as ready by heart as he

could count his fingers. Ye ne'er saw Sandy looking over his book, or nodding wi' it before his face. He and his lessons were like twa acquaintances—fond o' each other's company. I hae observed frae the window, when the rest o' ye would hae been driving at the hand-ba', cleeshin' your peerie-taps, or endangerin' your legs wi' the duck-stane, Sandy wad been sitting on his hunkers in the garden, looking as earnestly on a daisy or ony bit flower, as if the twa creatures could hae held a crack wi' ane anither, and the bonny leaves o' the wee silent things whispered to Sandy how they got their colors, how they peeped forth to meet the kiss o' spring, and how the same Power that created the lowly daisy called man into existence, and fashioned the bright sun and the glorious firmament. He was once dux, and aye dux. From the first moment he got to the head o' the class, there he remained as immovable as a mountain. There was nae trapping him; for his memory was like clock-work. I canna say that he had a great turn for mathematics; but ye will remember, as weel as me, that he was a great Grecian; and he had screeds o' Virgil as ready aff by heart as the twenty-third psalm. Mony a time hae I said concerning him, in the words o' Butler—

'Latin to him's no more difficil,
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.'

The classics, indeed, were his particular hobby; and, though I was proud o' Sandy, I often wished that I could direct his bent to studies o' greater practical utility. His exercises showed that he had an evident genius for poetry, and that o' a very high order; but his parents were poor, and I didna see what poetry was to put in his pocket. I, therefore, by no means encouraged him to follow out what I conceived to be a profitless though a pleasing propensity; but, on the contrary, when I had an opportunity o' speakin' to him by himsel, I used to say to him—

'Alexander, ye have a happy turn for versification, and there is both boldness and originality about your ideas—though no doubt they would require a great deal of pruning before they could appear in a respectable shape before the world. But you must not indulge in verse-writing. When you do it, let it only be for an exercise, or for amusement when you have nothing better to do. It may make rhyme jingle in your ears, but it will never make sterling coin jink in your pockets. Even the immortal Homer had to sing his own verses about the streets; and ye have heard the epigram—

'Seven cities now contend for *Homer dead*,
Through which the *living Homer* begged his bread.'

Boethius, like Savage in our own days, died in a prison; Terence was a slave, and Plautus did the work of a horse. Cervantes perished for lack of food, on the same day that our great Shakspeare died; but Shakspeare had worldly wisdom as well as heavenly genius. Camoens died in an alms-house. The magical Spenser was a supplicant at Court for years for a paltry pension, till hope deferred made his heart sick, and he vented his disappointment in these words—

'I was promised on a time,
To have reason for my rhyme:
From that time unto this season,
I received not rhyme nor reason.'

Butler asked for bread, and they gave him a stone. Dryden lived between the hand and the mouth. Poor Otway perished through penury; and Chatterton, the inspired boy, terminated his wretchedness with a pennyworth of poison. But there is a more striking example than these, Sandy. It was but the other day, that our immortal countryman, Robbie Burns —the glorie o' our age—sank, at our very door, neglected and in poverty, wi' a broken heart into the grave. Sandy,' added I, 'never think o' being a poet. If ye attempt it, ye will embark upon an ocean where, for every one that reaches

their desired haven, ninety and nine become a wreck.'

On such occasions, Sandy used to listen most attentively, an' crack to me very auld-farrantly. Well, sir, it was just after ye went to learn to be a doctor, that I resolved to try an' do something to push him forward mysel, as his parents were not in ability; and I had made application to a gentleman on his behalf, to use his influence to procure him a bursary in ane o' the universities, when Sandy's faither died, and, puir man, left hardly as meikle behind him as would pay the expenses o' his funeral. This was a death-blow to Sandy's prospects an' my hopes. He wasna seventeen at the time, and his widowed mother had five bairns younger. He was the only ane in the family that she could look up to as a bread-winner. It was about harvest; an', when the shearing commenced, he went out wi' ithers an' took his place on the rig. As it was his first year, an' he was but a learner, his wages were but sma'; but, sma' as they were, at the end o' the season he brought them hame, an' my puir blighted scholar laddie thought himsel a man, when he placed his earnings, to a farthing, in his mother's hand.

I was sorry for Sandy. It pained me to see one by whom I had had so much credit, and who, I was conscious, would make ane o' the brightest ornaments o' the pu'pit that ever entered it, throwing his learning and his talents awa, an' doomed to be a laboring man. I lost mony a night's sleep on his account; but I was determined to serve him if I could, and I at last succeeded in getting him appointed tutor in a gentleman's family o' the name o' Crompton, owre in Cumberland. He was to teach twa bits o' laddies English and arithmetic, Latin and Greek. He wasna out eighteen when he entered upon the duties o' his office; and great cause had I to be proud o' my scholar, an' satisfied wi' my recommendation; for, before he had been six months in his situation, I received a letter from the gentleman himself, intimating his esteem for Sandy, the great progress his sons had made under his tuition, and expressin' his gratitude to me for recommending such a tutor. He was, in consequence, kind and generous to my auld scholar, and he doubled his wages, and made him presents beside; so that Sandy was enabled to assist his mother and his brethren.

But we ne'er hae a sunny day, though it be the langest day in summer, but, sooner or later, a rainy ane follows it. Now, Mr. Crompton had a daughter about a year younger than Sandy. She wasna' what people would ca' a pretty girl, for I hae seen her; but she had a sonsy face and intelligent een. She also, forsooth, wrote sonnets to the moon, and hymns to the rising sun. She, of a' women, was the most likely to bewitch puir Sandy; and she did bewitch him. A strong liking sprang up between them. They couldna conceal their partiality for ane anither. He was everything that was perfect in her een, and she was an angel in his. Her name was Ann; and he had celebrated it in every measure, from the hop-and-step line of four syllables to that o' fourteen, which rolleth like the echoing o' a trumpet.

Now, her faither, though a ceevil an' a kind man, was also a shrewd, sharp-sighted, an' determined man: an' he saw the flutter that had risen up in the breast o' his daughter and the young tutor. So he sent for Sandy, and without seeming to be angry wi' him, or even hinting at the cause—

'Mr. Rutherford,' said he, 'you are aware that I am highly gratified with the manner in which you have discharged the duties of tutor to my boys; but I have been thinking that it will be more to their advantage that their education, for the future, be a public one, and to-morrow I intend sending them to a boarding-school in Yorkshire.'

'To-morrow!' said Sandy, mechanically, scarce knowing what he said, or where he stood.

'To-morrow,' added Mr. Crompton; 'and I have sent for you, sir, in order to settle with you respecting your salary.'

This was bringing the matter home to the business and the bosom of the scholar somewhat suddenly. Little as he was versed in the ways of the world, something like the real cause for the hasty removal of his pupils to Yorkshire began to dawn upon his mind. He was stricken with dismay and with great agony, and he longed to pour out his soul upon the gentle bosom of Ann. But she had gone on a visit, with her mother, to a friend in a different part of the country, and Mr. Crompton was to set out with his sons for Yorkshire on the following day. Then, also, would Sandy have to return to the humble roof of his mother. When he retired to pack up his books and his few things, he wrung his hands—yea, there were tears upon his cheeks; and, in the bitterness of his spirit, he said—

'My own sweet Ann! and shall I never see thee again—never hear thee—never hope!' And he laid his hand upon his forehead and pressed it there, repeating as he did so—'never! oh, never!'

I was surprised beyond measure when Sandy came back to Annan, and, wi' a wo-begone countenance, called upon me. I thought that Mr. Crompton was not a man of the discernment and sagacity that I had given him credit to be; and I desired Sandy not to lay it so sair to heart, for that something else would cast up. But, in a day or two, I received a letter from the gentleman himself, showing me how matters stood, and giving me to understand the *why* and the *wherefore*.

'O the gowk!' said I, 'what business had he to fa' in love, when he had the bairns an' his books to mind.'

So I determined to rally him a wee thought on the subject, in order to bring him back to his senses; for, when a haflins laddie is laboring under the first dizziness o' a bonny lassie's influence, I dinna consider that he is capable o' either seeing, feeling, hearing, or acting wi' the common sense discretion o' a reasonable being. It is a pleasant heating and wandering o' the brain. Therefore, the next time I saw him—

'Sandy,' says I, 'wha was't laid Troy in ashes?' He at first started and stared at me, rather vexed like, but, at last, he answered, wi' a sort o' forced laugh—

'A woman.'

'A woman, was it?' says I; 'an' wha was the cause o' Sandy Rutherford losing his situation as tutor, an' being sent back to Annan?'

'Sir!' said he, and he scowled down his eye-brows, and gied a look at me that would hae spained a ewe's lamb. I saw that he was too far gone, and that his mind was in a state that it would not be safe to trifle wi'; so I tried him no more upon the subject.

Weel, as his mother, puir woman, had enough to do, and couldna keep him in idleness, and as there was naething for him in Annan, he went to Edinburgh to see what would cast up, and what his talents and education would do for him there. He had recommendations from several gentlemen, and also from myself. But month after month passed on, and he was like to hear of nothing. His mother was becoming extremely unhappy on his account; and the more so because he had given up writing, which astonished me a great deal, for I could not divine the cause of such conduct as not to write to his own mother, to say that he was well or what he was doing; and I was the more surprised at it, because of the excellent opinion I had entertained of his character and disposition. However, I think it would be about six months after he had left, I received a letter from him; and, as that letter is of importance in giving you an account of

his history, I shall just step along to the school for it, where I have it carefully placed in my desk, and shall bring it and any other papers that I think may be necessary in giving you an account of your other schoolfellows."

Thus saying, Dominie Grierson, taking up his three-cornered hat and silver-mounted walking-stick, stalked out of the room. And, as people generally like to have some idea of the sort of person who is telling them a story, I shall here describe to them the appearance of Mr. Grierson. He was a fine-looking old man, about five feet nine inches high—his age might be about threescore and fifteen, and he was a bachelor. His hair was white as the driven snow, yet as fresh and thick as though he had been but thirty. His face was pale. He could not properly be called corpulent, but his person had an inclination that way. His shoes were fastened with large silver buckles; he wore a pair of the finest black lambs'-wool stockings; breeches of the same color, fastened at the knees by buckles, similar to those in his shoes. His coat and waistcoat were also black, and both were exceedingly capacious; for the former, with its broad skirts, which descended almost to his heels, would have made a greatcoat now-a-days; and in the kingly flaps of the latter, which defended his loins, was cloth enough and to spare to have made a modern vest. This, with the broad-brimmed, round-crowned, three-cornered hat, already referred to, a pair of spectacles, and the silver-mounted cane, completed the outward appearance of Dominie Grierson, with the exception of his cambric handkerchief, which was whiter than his own locks, and did credit to the cleanliness of his housekeeper, and her skill as a laundress.

In a few moments he returned, with Sandy's letter and other papers in his hand, and helping himself to another glass of wine, he rubbed the glass of his spectacles with his handkerchief, and said—

"Now, doctor, here is poor Sandy's letter; listen and ye shall hear it.

'*Edinburgh, June* 10, 17—.

'HONORED SIR,—I fear that, on account of my not having written to you, you will, ere now, have accused me of ingratitude; and when I tell you that, until the other day, I have not for months even written to my mother, you may think me undutiful as well as ungrateful. But my own breast holds me guiltless of both. When I arrived here I met with nothing but disappointments, and those I found at every hand. For many weeks I walked the streets of this city in despair, hopeless as a fallen angel. I was hungry, and no one gave me to eat; but they knew not that I was in want. Keen misery held me in its grasp—ruin caressed me, and laughed at its plaything. I will not pain you by detailing a catalogue of the privations I endured, and which none but those who have felt and fathomed the depths of misery, can imagine. Through your letter of recommendation, I was engaged to give private lessons to two pupils, but the salary was small, and that was only to be paid quarterly. While I was teaching them, I was starving, living on a penny a-day. But this was not all. I was frequently without a lodging; and being expelled from one for lack of the means of paying for it, it was many days before I could venture to inquire for another. My lodging was on a common stair, or on the bare sides of the Calton; and my clothes, from exposure to the weather, became unsightly. They were no longer fitting garments for one who gave lessons in a fashionable family. For several days I observed the eyes of the lady of the house where I taught, fixed with a most supercilious and scrutinising expression upon my shabby and unfortunate coat. I saw and felt that she was weighing the shabbiness of my garments against my qualifications, and I trembled for the consequence. In a short time, my worst fears were

realized; for, one day, calling as usual, instead of being shown into a small parlor, where I gave my lessons, the man-servant, who opened the door, permitted me to stand in the lobby, and, in two minutes, returned with two guineas upon a small silver-plate, intimating, as he held them before me, that 'the services of Mr. Rutherford were no longer required.' The sight of the two guineas took away the bitterness and mortification of the abrupt dismissal. I pocketed them, and engaged a lodging; and never, until that night, did I know or feel the exquisite luxury of a deep, dreamless sleep. It was bathing in Lethe, and rising refreshed, having no consciousness, save the grateful feeling of the cooling waters of forgetfulness around you. Having, some weeks ago, translated an old deed, which was written in Latin, for a gentleman who is what is called an inn-door advocate, and who has an extensive practice, he has been pleased to take me into his office, and has fixed on me a liberal salary. He advises me to push my way to the bar, and kindly promises his assistance. I shall follow his advice, and I despair not but I may one day solicit the hand of the only woman I ever have loved, or can love, from her father, as his equal. I am, Sir, yours, indebtedly,

'ALEX. RUTHERFORD.'

Now, sir (continued the dominie), about three years after I had received this letter, my old scholar was called to the bar, and a brilliant first appearance he made. Bench, bar, and jury, were lost in wonder at the power o' his eloquence. A Demosthenes had risen up amongst them. The half o' Edinburgh spoke o' naething but the young advocate. But it was on the very day that he made his first appearance as a pleader, that I received a letter from Mr. Crompton, begging to know if I could gie him ony information respecting the old tutor o' his family, and stating, in the language o' a broken-hearted man, that his only daughter was then upon her deathbed, and that before she died she begged she might be permitted to see and to speak with Alexander Rutherford. I enclosed the letter, and sent it off to the young advocate. He was sitting at a dinner party, receiving the homage of beauty, and the congratulations of learned men, when the fatal letter was put into his hands. He broke the seal—his hands shook as he read—his cheeks grew pale—and large drops of sweat burst upon his brow. He rose from the table. He scarce knew what he did. But, within half-an-hour he was posting on his way to Cumberland. He reached the house, her parents received him with tears, and he was conducted into the room where the dying maiden lay. She knew his voice as he approached.

'He is come!—he is come!—he loves me still!' cried the poor thing, endeavoring to raise herself upon her elbow.

Sandy approached the bedside—he burst into tears—he bent down and kissed her pale and wasted cheeks, over which death seemed already to have cast its shadow.

'Ann! my beloved Ann!' said he, and he took her hand in his, and pressed it to his lips; 'do not leave me; we shall yet be happy!'

Her eyes brightened for a moment—in them joy struggled with death, and the contest was unequal. From the day that he had been sent from her father's house, she had withered away as a tender flower that is transplanted to an unkindly soil. She desired that they would lift her up, and she placed her hand upon his shoulder, and, gazing anxiously in his face, said—

'And Alexander still loves me—even in death!'

'Yes, dearest—yes!' he replied. But she had scarce heard his answer, and returned it with a smile of happiness, when her head sank upon his bosom, and a deep sigh escaped from hers. It was her last. Her soul seemed only to have lingered till

her eyes might look on him. She was removed a corpse from his breast; but on that breast the weight of death was still left. He became melancholy—his ambition died—she seemed to have been the only object that stimulated him to pursue fame and to seek for fortune. In intense study he sought to forget his grief—or rather he made them companions—till his health broke under them; and, in the thirtieth year of his age, died one who possessed talents and learning that would have adorned his country, and rendered his name immortal. Such sir, is the brief history o' yer auld class-fellow, Solitary Sandy.

In the history o'

GLAIKIT WILLIE,

(continued Mr. Grierson), the only thing remarkable is, that he has been as fortunate a man as he was a thochtless laddie. After leaving the school, he flung his Greek and Latin aside, and that was easily done, for it was but little that he ever learned, and less that he remembered, for he paid so little attention to onything he did, that what he got by heart one day he forgot the next. In spite o' the remonstrances o' his friends, naething would haud Willie but he would be a sailor. Weel, he was put on board o' an American trader, and for several years there was naething heard o' concerning him, but accidents that had happened him, and all through his glaikitness. Sometimes he was fa'ing owre a boat and was mostly drowned; and, at other times, we heard o' him fa'ing headlong into the ship's hold; ance o' his tumbling overboard in the middle o' the great Atlantic; and, at last, o' his fa'ing from the mast upon the deck, and having his legs broken. It was the luckiest thing that ever happened him. It brought him to think, and gied him leisure to do it; he was laid up for twelve weeks, and, during part o' the time, he applied himself to navigation, in the elements o' which science I had instructed him. Soon after his recovery, he got the command o' a vessel, and was very fortunate, and, for several years, he has been sole owner of a number of vessels, and is reputed to be very rich. He also married weel, as the phrase runs, for the woman had a vast o' money, only she was—a mulatto. That, sir, is a' I ken concerning William Armstrong, or, as ye ca'ed him, Glaikit Willie; for he was a callant that was so thochtless when under my care, that he never interested me a great deal. And noo, sir, I shall gie ye a' the particulars I know concerning the fate o'

VENTURESOME JAMIE.

Ye will remember him best o' ony o' them, I reckon; for even when ye were baith bits o' callants, there was a sort o' rivalship between ye for the affections o' bonnie Katie Alison, the loveliest lassie that ever I had at my school. I hae frequently observed the looks o' jealousy that used to pass between ye when she seemed to show mair kindness to ane than anither; and when ye little thocht I saw ye, I hae noticed ane o' ye pushing oranges into her hand, and anither sweeties. When she got a bit comb, too, to fasten up her gowden hair, I weel divined whose pennies had purchased it—for they were yours, doctor. I remember, also, hoo ye was aye a greater favorite wi' her than Jamie, and hoo he challenged ye to fecht him for her affections, and owrecam' ye in the battle, and sent ye to the school next day wi' yer face a' disfigured—and I, as in duty bound, gied each o' ye a heartier threshin' than ye had gien ane anither. Katie hung her head a' the time, and when she looked up, a tear was rowin' in her bonnie blue een. But ye left the school and the country-side, when ye was little mair than seventeen; and the next thing that we heard o' ye was that ye had gone oot to India about three years afterwards. Yer departure evidently removed

a load from Jamie's breast. He followed Katie like her shadow, though with but little success, as far as I could perceive, and as it was generally given out.

But, ye must remember, in his case, the name o' Venturesome Jamie was well applied. Never in my born days did I know such a callant. He would have climbed the highest trees as though he had been speelin' owre a common yett, and swung himsel by the heels frae their tapmost branches. Oh, he was a terrible laddie! When I hae seen ye a' bathing in the river, sometimes I used to tremble for him. He was a perfect amphibious animal. I have seen him dive from a height o' twenty or thirty feet, and remain under the water till I almost lost my breath wi' anxiety for his uprising; and then he would have risen at as many yards distant from the place where he had dived. I recollect o' hearing o' his permitting himsel to be suspended owre a precipice aboon a hundred feet high, wi' a rope fastened round his oxters, and three laddies like himsel handing on by the ither end o't—and this was dune merely to harry the nest o' a waterwagtail. Had the screams o' the callants, who fund him owre heavy for them, and that they were unable to draw him up again, not brought some ploughmen to their assistance, he must have been precipitated into eternity. However, as I intended to say, it was shortly after the news arrived o' your having sailed for India, that a fire broke out in the dead o' night in a house occupied by Katie Alison's father. Never shall I forget the uproar and consternation o' that terrible night. There was not a countenance in the town but was pale wi' terror. The flames roared and raged from every window, and were visible through some parts in the roof. The great black clouds o' smoke seemed rushing from the crater of a volcano. The floors o' the second story were falling, and crashing, and crackling, and great burning sparks, some o' them as big as a man's hand, were rising in thousands and tens o' thousands from the flaming ruins, and were driven by the wind, like a shower o' fire, across the heavens. It was the most fearsome sight I had ever beheld. But this was not the worst o't; for, at a window in the third story, which was the only one in the house from which the flames were not bursting, stood bonny Katie Alison, wringing her hands and screaming for assistance, while her gowden hair fell upon her shouthers, and her cries were heard aboon the raging o' the conflagration. I heard her crying distinctly—'My father!—my father!—will nobody save my father!' for he lay ill of a fever in the room where she was, and was unconscious of his situation. But there was none to render them assistance. At times, the flames and the smoke, issuing from the windows below, concealed her from the eyes of the multitude. Several had attempted her rescue, but all of them had been forced to retreat, and some of them scorched fearfully; for in many places the stairs had given way, and the flames were bursting on every side. They were attempting to throw up a rope to her assistance—for the flames issued so fiercely from the lower windows, that, though a ladder had been raised, no man could have ascended it—when, at that moment, my old scholar, James Johnstone (Venturesome Jamie, indeed!) arrived. He heard the cries o' Katie—he beheld her hands outstretched for help—'Let me past!—let me past!—ye cowards! ye cowards!' cried he, as he eagerly forced his way through the crowd. He rushed into the door, from which the dense smoke and the sparks were issuing as from a great furnace. There was a thrill o' horror through the crowd, for they kenned his character, and they kenned also his fondness for Katie—and no one expected to see him in life again. But, in less than ten seconds from his

rushing in at the door, he was seen to spring forward to the window where Katie stood—he flung his arm round her waist, and, in an instant, both disappeared—but, within a quarter of a minute, he rushed out at the street door, through the black smoke and the thick sparks, wi' the bonny creature that he adored in his arms. O doctor, had ye heard the shout that burst frae the multitude!—there was not one amongst them at that moment that couldna have hugged Jamie to his heart. His hands were sore burned, and on several places his clothes were on fire. Katie was but little hurt; but, on finding herself on the street, she cast an anxious and despairing look towards the window from which she had been snatched, and again wringing her hands, exclaimed, in accents of bitterness that go through my heart to this day—

'My father!—oh, my father!—is there no help for him?—shall my father perish?'

'The rope!—gie me the rope!' cried Jamie. He snatched it from the hand of a bystander, and again rushed into the smoking ruins. The consternation of the crowd become greater, and their anxiety more intense than before. Full three minutes passed, and nothing was seen of him. The crowded street became as silent as death; even those who were running backward and forward carrying water, for a time stood still. The suspense was agonizing. At length he appeared at the window, with the sick man wrapt up in the bedclothes, and holding him to his side with his right arm around him. The hope and fear of the people became indescribable. Never did I witness such a scene!—never may I witness such again! Having fastened one end of the rope to the bed, he flung the other from the window to the street; and, grasping it with his left hand, he drew himself out at the window, with Katie's faither in his arm, and, crossing his feet around the rope, he slid down to the street, bearing his burden with him! Then, sir, the congratulations o' the multitude were unbounded. Every one was anxious to shake him by the hand; but, what with the burning his right hand had sustained, and the worse than burning his left hand had suffered wi' the sliding down a rope frae a third story wi' a man under his arm, I may say that my venturesome and gallant auld scholar hadna a hand to shake.

Ye canna be surprised to hear—(and, at the time o' life ye've arrived at, ye'll be no longer jealous—besides, during dinner, I think ye spoke o' having a wife and family)—I say, therefore, doctor, that ye'll neither be jealous nor surprised to hear that from that day Katie's dryness to Jamie melted down. Moreover, as ye had gane out to India, where ye would be mair likely to look after siller than think o' a wife, and as I understand ye had dropped correspondence for some length o' time, ye couldna think yoursel in ony way slighted. Now, folk say that 'nineteen *nay-says* are half a *yes*.' For my part (and my age is approaching the heels of the patriarchs), I never put it in the power o' woman born to say *No* to me. But, as I have heard and believe, Katie had said *No* to Jamie before the fire, not only nineteen times, but thirty-eight times twice told, and he found seventy-six (which is about my age) nae nearer a *yea* than the first *nay*. And folk said it was a' on account o' a foolish passion for the doctor laddie that had gane abroad. But Katie was a kind, gratefu' lassie. She couldna look wi' cauldness upon the man that had not only saved her life, but her father's also; and I ought to have informed you, that, within two minutes from the time of her father's being snatched from the room where he lay, the floor fell in, and the flames burst from the window where Katie had been standing a few minutes before.

Her father recovered from the fever, but he died within six months after the fire, and left her a portionless orphan, or what was next door to it. Jamie urged her to make him happy, and at last she consented, and they were married. But ye remember that his parents were in affluent circumstances; they thought he had demeaned himself by his marriage, and they shut their door upon him, and disowned him a'thegither. As he was his father's heir, he was brought up to no calling or business whatsoever; and, when the auld man not only vowed to cut him off wi' a shilling, on account o' his marriage, but absolutely got his will altered accordingly, what did the silly lad do, but, in desperation, list into a regiment that was gaun' abroad. 'The laddie has done it in a fit o' passion,' said I, 'and what will become o' poor Katie?' Weel, although it was said that the lassie never had ony particular affection for him, but just married him out o' gratitude, and although several genteel families in the neighborhood offered her respectable and comfortable situations (for she was universally liked), yet the strange creature preferred to follow the hard fortunes o' Jamie, who had been disowned on her account, and she implored the officers o' the regiment to be allowed to accompany him. It is possible that they were interested with her appearance, and what they had heard of his connection, and the manner in which he had been treated, for they granted her request; and, about a month after he enlisted, the regiment marched from Carlisle, and Katie accompanied her husband. They went abroad somewhere; to the East or West Indies, I believe; but, from that day to this, I have never heard a word concerning either the one or the other, or whether they be living or not. All I know is, that the auld man died within two years after his son had become a soldier, and, keeping his resentment to his latest breath, actually left his property to a brother's son. And that, sir, is all that I know of Venturesome Jamie, and your old sweetheart, Katie."

The doctor looked thoughtful—exceedingly thoughtful; and the auld dominie, acquiring additional loquacity as he went on, poured out another glass, and added—

"But come, doctor, we will drink a bumper, 'for auld langsyne,' to the lassie with the gowden locks, be she dead or living."

"With my whole heart and soul," replied the doctor impassionedly; and, pouring out a glass, he drained it to the dregs.

"The auld feeling is not quenched yet, doctor," said the venerable teacher, "and I am sorry for it; for, had I known, I would have spoken more guardedly. But I will proceed to gie ye an account o' the rest o' your class-fellows, and I will do it briefly. There was Walter Fairbairn, who went amongst ye by the name o'

CAUTIOUS WATTY.

He was the queerest laddie that ever I had at my school. He had neither talent nor cleverness; but he made up for both, and I may say more than made up for both, by method and application. Ye would have said that nature had been in a miserly humor when it made his brains; but, if it had been niggardly in the quantity, it certainly had spared no pains in placing them properly. He was the very reverse o' Solitary Sandy. I never could get Watty to scan a line or construe a sentence right in my days. He did not seem to understand the nature o' words—or, at least, in so far as applied to sentiment, idea, or fine writing. Figures were Watty's alphabet; and, from his earliest years, pounds, shillings, and pence, were the syllables by which he joined them together. The abstruser points of mathematics were

beyond his intellect; but he seemed to have a liking for the *certainty* of the science, and he manifested a wish to master it. My housekeeper that then was, has informed me, that, when a' the rest o' ye wad hae been selling your copies as waste paper, for *taffy*, or what some ca' *treacle-candy*, Watty would only part wi' his to the paper purchaser for money down; and when ony o' ye took a greenin' for the sweet things o' the shopkeeper, without a halfpenny to purchase one, Watty would volunteer to lend ye the money until a certain day, upon condition that ye would then pay him a penny for the loan of his halfpenny. But he exhibited a grand trait o' this disposition when he cam' to learn the rule o' *Compound Interest*. Indeed, I need not say he *learned* it, for he literally *devoured* it. He wrought every question in Dilworth's Rule within two days; and, when he had finished it (for he seldom had his slate away from my face, and I was half tired wi' saying to him, 'That will do, sir,') he came up to my desk, and says he, wi' a face as earnest as a judge—

'May I go through this rule again, sir?'

'I think ye understand it, Watty,' said I, rather significantly.

'But I would like to be perfect in it, sir,' answered he.

'Then go through it again, Watty,' said I, 'and I have nae doubt but ye will be *perfect* in it very quickly.'

I said this wi' a degree o' irony which I was not then, and which I am not now, in the habit of exhibiting before my scholars; but, from what I had observed and heard o' him, it betrayed to me a trait in human nature that literally disgusted me. But I have no pleasure in dwelling upon his history. Shortly after leaving the school, he was sent up to London to an uncle; and, as his parents had the means of setting him up in the world, he was there to make choice o' a profession. After looking about the great city for a time, it was the choice and pleasure o' Cautious Watty to be bound as an apprentice to a pawnbroker. He afterwards commenced business for himself, and every day in his life indulging in his favorite study, Compound Interest, and, as far as he durst, putting it in practice, he, in a short time, became rich. But, as his substance increased, he did not confine himself to portable articles, or such things as are usually taken in pledge by the members of his profession; but he took estates in pledge, receiving the title deeds as his security, and in such cases he did exact his Compound Interest to the last farthing to which he could stretch it. He neither knew the meaning of generosity nor mercy. Shakspeare's beautiful apostrophe to the latter god-like attribute in the *Merchant of Venice*, would have been flat nonsense in the estimation of Watty. He had but one answer to every argument and to every case, and which he laid to his conscience in all his transactions, (if he had a conscience), and that was—'A bargain's a bargain!' This was his ten times repeated phrase every day. It was the doctrine by which he swore; and Shylock would have died wi' envy to have seen Watty exacting his '*pound o' flesh*.' I have only to tell ye that he has been twice married. The first time was to a widow four years older than his mother, wi' whom he got ten thousand. The second time was to a maiden lady who had been a coquette and a flirt in her day, but who, when the deep crow-feet upon her brow began to reflect sermons from her looking-glass, became a patroniser of piety and religious institutions. Watty heard o' her fortune, and o' her disposition and habits. He turned an Episcopalian because she was one. He became a sitter and a regular attender in the same pew in the church. He began his courtship by opening the pew door to her when he saw her coming, before the sexton reached it. He next sought her out the services for the day in the prayer-

book—he had it always open, and ready to put in her hand. He dusted the cushion on which she was to sit, with his handkerchief, as she entered the pew. He, in short, shewed her a hundred little pious attentions. The sensibility of the converted flirt was affected by them. At length he offered her his arm from the pew to the hackney coach or sedan-chair which waited for her at the church door; and, eventually, he led her to the altar in the seventy-third year of her age; when, to use his own words, he married her thirty thousand pounds, and took the old woman before the minister as a witness. Such, sir, is all I know concerning Cautious Watty.

"The next o' your auld class-mates that I have to notice (continued Mr. Grierson), is

LEEIN' PETER.

Peter Murray was the cause o' mair grief to me than ony scholar that ever was at my school. He could not tell a story the same way in which he heard it, or give ye a direct answer to a positive question, had it been to save his life. I sometimes was at a loss whether to attribute his grievous propensity to a defect o' memory, a preponderance o' imagination over baith memory and judgment, or to the natural depravity o' his heart, and the force o' abominable habits early acquired. Certain it is, that all the thrashing that I could thrash, I couldna get the laddie to speak the truth. His parents were perpetually coming to me to lick him soundly for this lie and the other lie; and I did lick him, until I saw that bodily punishment was of no effect. Moral means were to be tried, and I did try them. I tried to shame him out o' it. I reasoned wi' him. I showed him the folly and the enormity o' his offence, and also pointed out its consequences—but I might as weel hae spoken to the stane in the wa'. He was Leein' Peter still. After he left me, he was a while wi' a grocer, and a while wi' a haberdasher, and then he went to a painter, and after that he was admitted into a writer's office; but, one after another, they had to turn him away, and a' on account o' his unconquerable habit o' uttering falsehoods. His character became so well known, that nobody about the place would take him to be anything. He was a sad heart-break to his parents, and they were as decent people as ye could meet wi'. But, as they had respectable connexions, they got him into some situation about Edinburgh, where his character and his failings were unknown. But it was altogether useless. He was turned out of one situation after another, and a' on account of his incurable and dangerous habit, until his friends could do no more for him. Noo, doctor, I dare say ye may have observed, that a confirmed drunkard, rather than want drink, will steal to procure it—and, as sure as that is the case, tak my word for it, that, in nine cases out of ten, he who begins by being a habitual liar, will end in being a thief. Such was the case wi' Leein' Peter. After being disgraced and turned from one situation after anither, he at last was caught in the act o' purloining his master's property and cast into prison. He broke his mother's heart, and covered his father's grey hairs wi' shame; and he sank from one state o' degradation to another, till now, I believe, he is ane o' those prowlers and pests o' society, who are to be found in every large town, and who live naebody can tell how, but every one can tell that it cannot be honestly. Such, sir, has been the fate o' Leein' Peter.

There is only another o' your bookmates that I have to make mention o,' and that is John Mathewson, or

JOCK THE DUNCE.

Many a score o' times hae I said that

Jock's head was as impervious to learnin' as a nether mill-stane. It would hae been as easy to hae driven Mensuration into the head o' an ox, as instruction into the brain o' Jock Mathewson. He was a dunce. I fleeched him, and I coaxed him, and I endeavored to divert him to get him to learn, and I kicked him, and I cuffed him; but I might as weel hae kicked my heel upon the floor, or fleeched the fireplace. Jock was knowledge-proof. All my efforts were o' no avail. I could get him to learn nothing, and to comprehend nothing. Often I had half made up my mind to turn him away from the school, for I saw that I never would have any credit by the blockhead. But what was most annoying was, that here was his mother at me, every hand-awhile, saying—

'Mr. Grierson, I'm really surprised at ye. My son, John, is not comin' on ava. I really wush ye wad tak mair pains wi' him. It is an unco thing to be o' payin' you guid money, and the laddie to be getting nae guid for it. I wad hae ye to understand, that his faither doesna make his money sae easily—no by sitting on a seat, or walking up and down a room, as ye do. There's such a ane's son awa into the Latin, nae less, I understand, and my John no out o' the Testament. But, depend upon it, Mr. Grierson, if ye dinna try to do something wi' him, I maun tak him awa from your school, and that is the short and the lang o't.'

'Do sae, ma'am,' said I, 'and I'll thank ye. Mercy me! it's a bonny thing, indeed!—do ye suppose that I had the makin o' your son? If nature has formed his head out o' a whin-stane, can I transform it into marble? Your son would try the patience o' Job—his head is thicker than a door-post. I can mak naething o' him. I would sooner teach a hundred than be troubled wi' him.'

'Hundred here, hundred there!' said she, in a tift; 'but it's a hard matter, Grierson, or his father and me to be payin' ye money for naething; an' if ye dinna try to mak something o' him, I'll tak him frae your school, an' that will be baith seen an' heard tell o'!'

So saying, away she would drive, tossing her head wi' the airs o' my lady. Ye canna conceive, sir, what a teacher has to put up wi'. Thomson says —

'Delightful task
To teach the young idea how to shoot!'

I wish to goodness he had tried it, and a month's specimen o' its *delights* would have surfeited him, and instead o' what he has written, he would have said—

Degrading thought
To be each snivelling blockhead's parent's slave!

Now, ye'll remember that Jock was perpetually sniftering and gaping wi' his mouth, or even sucking his thumb like an idiot. There was nae keeping the animal cleanly, much less instructing him; and then, if he had the book in his hand, there he sat staring owre it, wi' a look as vacant and stupid as a tortoise. Or, if he had the slate before him, there was he drawing scores on't, or amusing himself wi' twirling and twisting the pencil in the string through the frame. Never had I such a lump o' stupidity within the walls o' my school.

After his leaving me, he was put as an apprentice to a bookseller. I thought of all the callings under the sun, that which had been chosen for him was the least suited to a person o' his capacity. But—would ye believe it, sir?—Jock surprised us a'. He fairly turned the corner on a' my calculations. When he began to look after the lassies, he also began to "smart up." He came to my night-school, when he would be about eighteen, and I was perfectly astonished at the change that had taken place, even in the appearance o' the callant. His very nose, which had always been so stuffed and thick-like, was now an ornament to his face. He had become altogether a lively, fine-looking lad; and,

more marvellous still, his whole heart's desire seemed to be to learn; and he did learn with a rapidity that both astonished and delighted me. I actually thought the instructions which I had endeavored to instil into him for years, and apparently without effect, had been lying dormant, as it were, in the chambers o' his brain, like a cuckoo in winter —that they had been sealed up as fast as I imparted them, by some cause that I did not comprehend, and that now they had got vent, and were issuing out in rapid and vigorous strength, like a person refreshed after a sleep.

After he had been two years at the night-school, so far from considering him a dunce, I regarded him as an amazing clever lad. From the instance I had had in him, I began to perceive that precocity o' intellect was nae proof o' its power. Well, shortly after the time I am speaking o', he left Annan for Glasgow, and, after being a year or twa there, he commenced business on his own account. I may safely say, that never man was more fortunate. But, as his means increased, he did not confine himself to the business in which he had been brought up, but he became an extensive ship-owner; he also became a partner in a cotton-mill concern. He was elected a member of the town council, and was distinguished as a leading member and orator of the guild. Eventually, he rose to be one of the city magistrates. He is now also an extensive landed proprietor; and I even hear it affirmed, that it is in contemplation to put him in nomination for some place or another at the next election. Such things happen, doctor—and wha would hae thocht it o' Jock the Dunce?

Now, sir (added the dominie), so far as I have been able, I have given you the history o' your class-fellows. Concerning you, doctor, I have known less and heard less than o' any o' them. You being so long away, and your immediate relations about here being dead, so that ye have dropped correspondence, I have heard nothing concerning ye; and I have often been sorry on that account; for, believe me, doctor—(here the doctor pushed the bottle to him, and the old man, helping himself to another glass, and drinking it, again continued)—I say, believe me, doctor, that I never had two scholars under my care, o' whose talents I had greater opinion than o' Solitary Sandy and yoursel; and it has often vexed me that I could hear naething concerning ye, or whether you were dead or living. Now, sir, if ye'll favor me wi' an account o' your history, from the time o' your going out to India, your auld dominie will be much obliged to ye; for I like to hear concerning ye all, as though ye had been my ain bairns."

"There is little of interest, sir," said the doctor; "but, so far as there is any, your wish shall be gratified." And he proceeded as is hereafter written.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

"In your history, sir, of Venturesome Jamie, which you are unable to finish, you mentioned the rivalry that existed between him and me, for the affections o' bonny Kattie Alison. James was a noble fellow. I am not ashamed that I had such a rival. In our youth I esteemed him while I hated him. But, sir, I do not remember the time when Katie Alison was not a dream in my heart—when I did not tremble at her touch. Even when we pulled the gowans and the cowslips together, though there had been twenty present, it was for Katie that I pulled mine. When we plaited the rushes, I did it for her. She preferred me to Jamie, and I knew it. When I left your school, and when I proceeded to India, I did not forget her. But, as you said, men go there to make money—so did I. My friends laughed at my boyish fancy—they endeavored to make

me ashamed of it. I became smitten with the eastern disease of fortune-making, and, though I did not forget her, I neglected her.

But, sir, to drop this: I was not twenty-one when I arrived at Bombay; nor had I been long there till I was appointed physician to several Parsee families of great wealth. With but little effort, fortune opened before me. I performed a few surgical operations of considerable difficulty, with success. In several desperate cases I effected cures, and my name was spread not only through the city, but throughout the island. The riches I went to seek I found. But even then, sir, my heart would turn to your school, and to the happy hours I had spent by the side of bonny Katie Alison.

However, it would be of no interest to enter into the details of my monotonous life. I shall dwell only upon one incident, which is, of all others, the most remakable that ever occurred to me, and which took place about six years after my arrival in India. I was in my carriage, and accompanying the remains of a patient to the burial ground—for you know that doctors cannot cure, when Death is determined to have its way. The burial ground lies about three miles from Bombay, across an extensive and beautiful plain, and the road to it is by a sort of an avenue, lined and shaded on each side by cocoa-nut trees, which spread their branches over the path, and distil their cooling juice into the cups which the Hindoos have placed around them to receive it. You can form but a faint conception of the clear azure of an Indian sky, and never had I seen it more beautiful than on the day to which I refer, though some of the weather-prophets about Bombay were predicting a storm.

We were about the middle of the avenue I have described, when we overtook the funeral of an officer who had held a commission in a corps of Sepoys. The coffin was carried upon the shoulders of four soldiers; before it marched the Sepoys, and behind it, seated in a palanquin, borne by four Hindoos, came the widow of the deceased. A large black veil thrown over her head, almost enveloped her person. Her head was bent upon her bosom, and she seemed to weep bitterly. We followed behind them to the burial-place; but before the service was half concluded, the heavens overcast, and a storm, such as I had never witnessed, burst over our heads, and hurled its fury upon the graves. The rain poured down in a fierce and impetuous torrent—but you know not, in this country, what a torrent of rain is. The thunder seemed tearing heaven in twain. It rolled, reverbed, and pealed, and rattled with its tremendous voice over the graves of the dead, as though it were the outbursting of eternity—the first blast of the archangel's trumpet—announcing the coming judgment! The incessant lightning flashed through the air, like spirits winged with flame, and awakening the dead.

The Sepoys fled in terror, and hastened to the city, to escape the terrible fury of the storm. Even those who had accompanied my friend's body fled with them, before the earth was covered over the dead that they had followed to the grave. But still, by the side of the officer's grave, and unmindful of the storm, stood his poor widow. She refused to leave the spot till the last sod was placed upon her husband's bosom. My heart bled for her. Within three yards from her, stood a veteran English sergeant, who, with the Hindoos, that bore her palanquin, were all that remained in the burial-place.

Common humanity prompted me to offer her a place in my carriage back to the city. I inquired of the sergeant who the deceased was. He informed me that he was a young Scotch officer—that his marriage had offended his friends—that

they had denounced him in consequence —that he had enlisted—and that the officers of the regiment which he had first joined, had procured him an ensigncy in a corps of Sepoys, but that he had died, leaving the young widow who wept over his grave, a stranger in a strange land. And," added the sergeant, "a braver fellow never set foot upon the ground."

When the last sod had been placed upon the grave, I approached the young widow. I respectfully offered to convey her and the sergeant to the city in my carriage, as the violence of the storm increased.

At my voice, she started—she uttered a suppressed scream—she raised her head —she withdrew her handkerchief from her eyes!—I beheld her features!—and, gracious Heaven!—whom sir!—whom—whom did I see, but my own Katie Alison!"

"Doctor!—Doctor!" exclaimed the old dominie, starting from his seat, "what do I hear?"

"I cannot describe to you," continued the other, "the tumultuous joy, combined with agony, the indiscribable feelings of that moment. We stood—we gasped—we gazed upon each other; neither of us spoke. I took her hand—I led her to the carriage—I conveyed her to the city."

"And, O doctor, what then?" inquired the dominie.

"Why, sir," said the doctor, "many days passed—many words were spoken—mutual tears were shed for Jamie Johnstone—and bonny Katie Alison, the lassie of my first love, became my wife, and is the mother of my children. She will be here in a few days, and will see her old dominie."

THE OLD IRISH BEGGAR-WOMAN.

About twenty-five years ago, there came to the door of a certain house, on the south side of Edinburgh, a little, old, Irish beggar-woman, soliciting charity. She was very old—giving her age as eighty-one, and with every appearance of truth.

In her dress, however, there was none of that squalor and utter wretchedness which one so often sees in those who seek their bread from door to door. Her clothes were not, indeed, indicative of anything approaching to what we call respectable; but they were comfortable. There were no rags; and her little gray cloak was rather a snug-looking article: her shoes and stockings were good; and on her head she wore a very clean white cap. Altogether, there was something very pleasing, and well calculated to excite sympathy, in the appearance of the cleanly, little, old beggar-woman.

It was such feeling as this that induced the lady of the house alluded to, to invite the old woman into the kitchen, as the day was very wet and cold. With this invitation she readily complied; saying, as she tottered along the passage, supporting herself by her staff—

"Thank you, dear—thank you. It's myself that will be glad of a blink o' the fire this could day. It is indeed, dear; for my ould bones feel the could bitterly."

A chair was now placed for her before the fire; when, seating herself, she deliberately placed her crook-headed staff on one side; and on the other, on the floor beside her, a little basket that she car-

ried. To this little basket we should, perhaps, have alluded before. It contained a little stock of merchandise—some tape, some balls of thread, and two or three oranges; the value of all of which would not exceed one sixpence sterling money. There was something piteous about this little basket; it looked so miserable—so wretched.

The day, as already mentioned, being very cold and wet, the little old woman was asked if she would take a little spirits.

"No, dear, thank you. It's five-and-forty years since a dhrop o' speerats, or anything stronger than wather, crossed my lips. Many thanks to you, dear, all the same, though. The bit o' fire," she added, toasting her little, old, withered hands before it as she spoke—"the bit o' fire is comfort enough; and a great comfort it is in such a day as this."

"And you drink nothing but water?" said her hostess, in some surprise at so unusual a peculiarity in one in her condition and circumstance.

"Nothing, dear, unless it be the dhrop tea; it's my only comfort."

"You have been always a sober woman, then?"

"Indeed, and I may say I have, dear. I never was given to dhrinking: I never liked it; but there was a time when I could take a little like other people. But I saw a scene once that made me forswear it for ever; and, from that day to this, I have never put a glass to my lips, and, please God, never will."

The curiosity of her hostess being excited by this allusion, she was asked what was the nature of the circumstance to which it pointed.

"Troth, dear," replied the old woman, "it was a case that's but too common; but, as it happened to my own sister, and before my own eyes, as I may say, it made an impression on me that five-and-forty years has done nothin to weaken.

"My sisther, who was as purty a girl as you could find in all Ireland—and that's a wide word, dear, but a thrue one—married a young farmer of the name of John Dowlan; as good-lookin a lad as you would see anywhere, and a well-doin.

"Awell, dear, for six or seven years they lived happily together. There never was a fonder couple; and matters throve wid them mightily. It was just a treat to see them. They were so loving; their house was so tidy; and everything about them so comfortable and orderly; their childer—for they had two—so clean and well dressed. It was a purty sight. But, och! dear, a terrible change came over them. John Dowlan took to the dhrinkin—the cursed dhrinkin. At first, and for some time, wid some regard to decency and motheration; but it was soon from bad to worse, as it always is in such cases, dear. Dowlan drank harder and harder. His farm went to rack and ruin; his tidy house was gradually stripped of its comforts; and his childer ran about as dirty and ragged as the childer of a Dublin beggar. But this wasn't the worst of it, dear, bad as it is. The heart of her broken by Dowlan's misbehavior, Nelly took also to the cursed dhrinkin; and then there was nothing but fightin and quarrellin from mornin to night.

"Well, dear, going one night, when things were in this way, wid a tate o' meal for the childer's supper—for they were now badly off indeed—I finds the house all dark, and no soul moving in it. I went in and called out, but nobody answered me. Thinking there was no one in the house, I was comin out agin, when I stumbled over something. I put down my hand to feel. It was my sisther lyin all her length on the floor. Believin that the poor crathur was the worse o' the dhrink, didn't I raise her up, and try to waken her. But no word would she speak, and no motion would she make. So, suspectin something wrong, didn't I lay her gently down agin, and run into a neighbor's house for a light.

"Och! och! God be wid us! what a sight did I see when I came back wid the light. Wasn't there my poor sisther lyin murdered on the floor; her face covered wi' blood; her long black hair all spread about, and thickened and glued together wid the life strames o' the poor crathur; and a deep gash in her forehead: and wasn't there John Dowlan lyin in another corner, mortal drunk, and a bloody axe beside him. And, och! och! och! wasn't it the dhrink that did all this? Hadn't they been dhrinkin and fightin all day long? and wasn't this the end of it? It was, aghra—it was. Now, wouldn't that sight have cured any one of dhrinkin, dear? A could and desolate house, without fire or candle; a murdered woman; and a senseless man, lyin more like a brute than a human crathur; and two poor, naked, starving childer in the next room, sleepin on a lock o' strae, and not knowin what had happened. There was a sight for you dear, wasn't it? Is it any wonder I shouldn't ever allow the cursed liquor to approach my mouth?"

"And what became of Dowlan?"

"Och, dear, and wasn't he hanged for the murder, in less than six weeks after, at Armagh!"

There was a peculiarity about the old woman, which struck every one who saw her, on the occasion of which we are speaking—these consisting of several members of the family, including two or three children, whom curiosity had gathered around her. This peculiarity consisted in certain strange, earnest, scrutinizing looks which she, from time to time, fixed on the different individuals about her.

What these looks meant, it was impossible to conjecture, as they conveyed no distinct expression of any particular purpose. They were odd, however, and remarkable.

"Now, dears," said the old woman, after she had talked herself into some familiarity with her auditory—a familiarity which had been farther promoted by a basin of broth and a slice of bread—"Now, dears, I will show you something that I wouldn't show to everybody."

And she began rummaging a deep pocket which hung by her side, and from which she cautiously drew forth, but not farther than to allow of its being barely seen, a small golden crucifix.

"See, dears," she said, addressing the children; "do you know what that is?"

"Is that our Savior on the Cross?" said a little curly-headed boy of about five years of age, gazing with eager curiosity on the sacred emblem.

"Yes, dear—yes," replied the old woman, stroking the boy's head kindly. "It is, jewel. He who suffered for our sins, and through whose mediation lies the only road to salvation."

For four or five years after this, the little, old, Irish beggar-woman was a frequent, although not a very regular, visitor of the family of which we are speaking, where, as she always suited her calls to the tea hour, a cup of that, her favorite beverage, always awaited her.

At the period of the old woman's first visit to the family alluded to, their circumstances were comfortable; and, for some time after, they continued so.

Misfortune, however, came, how or by what means it is not necessary to our story to explain. Be it enough to say, that Mr. Arthur was unfortunate, and, finally, so far embarrassed, that his household furniture was sequestrated for the rent. The day of sale came, and the fatal red flag was displayed at one of the windows.

The brokers were already gathering about the door, which stood wide open for all who chose to enter.

It wanted yet about twenty minutes to the hour of sale; but, as has been said, intending purchasers were already crowding about the door, and thronging the passages of the house. Amongst the latter, feebly struggling to make her way

in, was a little old woman in a gray cloak. It was the Irish beggar-woman. There was surprise, and an expression of deep and anxious interest, in her aged countenance. Pushing on, she found out the apartment in which the unhappy family had assembled, and tottered into the midst of them.

The sight of the old woman at such a moment gave much pain to both Mrs. Arthur herself, and the other members of the family. They thought it a most unseasonable visit.

"Och, dear, dear, and this is a sorrowful day wid ye," said the old woman to Mrs. Arthur. "Excuse me for comin at sich a time; but I heerd of your misfortune, and thocht it my duty, who had shared of your comforts, to share in your distresses. Will you spake to me a moment, Mrs. Arthur, dear?"

Mrs. Arthur retired with her to a window.

"Don't think it impertinent of me axin, dear," said the old women; "but what's all this for? Is it the rint, dear?"

Mrs. Arthur told her it was.

"And how much is it now, jewel? Come now, dear, don't be after cryin your eyes out in that way. I always put my trust in God while in trouble, dear; and, perhaps, he's nearer you this blessed moment wid assistance, than you're thinkin of. How much is the rint, dear?"

"It will be altogether about £20," replied Mrs. Arthur, sobbing, and not a little surprised at the old woman's inquiries, which, but for the manner in which they were put, she would have deemed impertinent.

"Twenty pound, dear. Well, get me a word o' your husband, as there's no time to lose."

Mr. Arthur was immediately brought to her.

"You're in distress, sir, and a sorrowful sight it is to me to see it; but, maybe, I can relieve you," said the old woman. "Put everybody out of the room but the mistress and yourself."

We will not pause to describe Mr. Arthur's astonishment at this address, but proceed.

The apartment being cleared—

"Now, dears," said the old woman, working her hand into the deep side-pocket from which she had drawn the crucifix on a former occasion, and from which she now pulled forth an old leathern purse—"Now, dears, ax no questions, and don't vex me wid refusals or thanks. Here's twenty gould guineas; and just you settle wid the harpies, Mr. Arthur, dear, and let there be no more about it. You'll pay me back again when you can, as I will be always comin and goin about the house, as usual. There, dear," she added, handing over twenty guineas to Mr. Arthur, which she had, in the meantime, counted out from the leathern purse. "Take that, and run away wid ye, and clear the house o' the spalpeens."

Mr. Arthur would have refused the money; but she would hear of no denial. He hastened to the apartment where the person sent from the sheriff's-officer to receive the proceeds of the sale and the auctioneer were. The sale had just begun. The first article had been put up, when Mr. Arthur approached the clerk and whispered something in his ear.

The words acted like a charm. The whole proceedings were instantly stopped: the rent and costs were paid; and, in ten minutes after, the house was cleared of strangers. It was once more the sanctuary of Arthur and his family.

After this, matters again improved with Arthur. The old woman continued her visits as formerly; but steadily refused receiving back any part of the twenty guineas she had advanced—always saying, when partial re-payments were offered her—

"Not now, dear: wait awhile till you get a little easier, and maybes you'll give it to me when I am more in need of it than at present."

About a year after, the old woman in-

formed Mrs. Arthur, one day, that she intended going to Glasgow to see some friends she had there, but that she would return in about a month.

To Glasgow she accordingly went, as was ascertained by subsequent inquiry; but she never returned, nor was anything more ever heard of her by the family whom she had so seasonably relieved.

EARLY ATTACHMENTS.

"It is a tale better, perhaps, untold—
A dark page in the history of mankind,
Which would be better wholly blotted out.
It grieves me much to speak of evil things,
Thou knowest—yet thou urgest me to speak,
Well, then, draw near and listen."—*Lady Bulwer.*

Marion Sommerville was a nice, lively, good-looking girl of eighteen, the heiress of the wide domains of Clarnsdell. An only child, she lost both her parents when very young; and, during her minority, which was, by her father's will, to extend only till the period of her marriage, she was under the guardianship of her maternal uncle. She was a good-natured girl enough; but, having been petted when a child, she had, what few women are unprovided with, a will of her own, which she exercised indiscriminately, according to the dictates of impulse. There was a want of determination too about her as regarded herself; she was too facile of purpose.

Even at the advanced age of eighteen, Marion still dwelt "with deep affection and recollection" on the happy moments she had spent at the village school of Anderton, some twelve years before. Although situated about twenty miles from her estate, Anderton was the nearest place where reading, writing, arithmetic, and needlework were taught in a genteel manner; and thither had she been sent, to the care of her deceased father's sister, an old maiden lady, for the purpose of being grounded in the rudiments of those polite accomplishments, prior to her being doomed to undergo the miseries of human life, at the rate of eighty, or perhaps a hundred guineas a-year, in an Edinburgh or a London boarding-school.

At the Anderton establishment there was a mixture of girls and boys; and, as is usually the case on such occasions, there was a deal of what children dignify with the name of "sweethearting;" which is neither more nor less than the girls—for they are always the first to make advances—putting themselves under the protection of those boys who happen to be in the daily habit of going the same way, or part of the same way, home. Marion's companion was a pretty little fellow, with curly auburn locks, two years older than herself, named Arthur Warrington; and, although it took him a considerable distance off his own road, he invariably accompanied Marion to the very door of her aunt's house. Marion felt proud of his attentions, and determined in her own mind never to quarrel with him, however much people might ridicule her for going with him. One day—one eventful day—having been rewarded by the schoolmaster with a half

holiday, or, in other words, the schoolmaster having rewarded himself with a few hours' relaxation from his very arduous duties, Marion and Arthur thought they might, as they thus had plenty of time upon their hands, go home by Hardy's Mill, which was about two miles farther round than their usual way. Accordingly they set off through the fields in high spirits gathering buttercups and daisies as they went; and it was late in the afternoon ere they arrived at the brink of the stream below the mill, which was crossed by a single wooden plank. With great glee Arthur ran across first, and then called to Marion to follow him. Terrified not a little, she began to creep along the plank upon all fours in a state of nervous trepidation; and when about the middle of it, her fears overcame her, she let go her hold, and fell into the stream, which, luckily, was rather shallow in the summer-time. Instantly Arthur leapt in after her, and, with considerable difficulty, succeeded in bringing her to the opposite bank, "all dripping wet." With a feeling of gratitude, her first impulse was to throw her tiny arms around his neck, and sobbed out—"Dear Taddy, I love you much!"

When she reached her aunt's house that night it was almost dark. Her aunt, Miss Wilhelmina Fizgig, had begun to entertain some fears for her safety, the servant maid having been despatched about six to the schoolhouse, to ascertain whether Miss Marion had been "kept in;" but, the dominie and his wife having gone out to tea, no one was visible but a little soot-bedizened girl, with her wiry hair done up in choicest whiteybrown, who acted as maid-of-all-work to the family; and she "didna ken naething about it." Thus was Miss Fizgig's servant compelled to return as wise as she went. Another hour having elapsed, during which Miss Fizgig had repeatedly pulled up her drawing-room window, and vainly peered out into the road, for the purpose of obtaining the first view of the little culprit, and the first tidings of her approach, the maid-servant was desired to leave off *scouring* the dishes in the kitchen, and to perform the same operation to the country round, and more particularly to the village of Anderton. These directions the maid-servant promised implicitly to obey; but, like Mrs. Maclarty, not being overwilling to be "fashed" with the performance of what she deemed superfluous labor, the more especially at a time when she was momentarily expecting a call from her *pro-tempore* sweetheart, John Dowdle, who, when he had nothing better to do, made love to her purely for the sake of the supper and aquavitæ with which she was wont to regale him, made a feint of leaving the house by the front, but almost immediately returned by the back door. At eight o'clock she once more went out, and came in again instantly, carrying the information, that "she couldna see Miss Marion," up stairs to her mistress, who thus allowed herself to be egregiously deceived into the belief that "the faithful creature" had actually done as she had desired her.

In about half an hour more, the young lady made her appearance *in propria persona*. She was well rated by her aunt for her extraordinary want of punctuality, and for the consequent trouble she had occasioned; and, after Miss Wilhelmina Fizgig had scolded her trembling little niece to nearly her heart's desire, she caught her up by one of the arms, and nearly jerked it off in an attempt to impress with effect upon her mind the unparalleled evil of the deed of which she had been guilty. As for the frock and trousers she had on, they were now rendered hardly fit for the meanest drudge to wear—at least so said Miss Fizgig, who concluded the evening's amusements by calling Marion "a little pest," and sending her supperless to bed. The next morning she was packed off to her uncle at Clarensdell. From that time Marion had never

seen Arthur; yet she thought not of him but with delight, and ended by fancying herself desperately in love with him.

Having been invited to spend a day or two with a friend of her's, whose father's house was in the immediate vicinity of Clarensdell, Marion rose betimes, and set out immediately after breakfast, accompanied by her waiting-maid, Barbara. Part of her road lay through the wood of Blantyre; and, when about the centre of it, she was not a little surprised to meet a young gentleman coming in the opposite direction. This was the more remarkable as the hour was so early, and the road not much frequented. He saluted her with a "Good morning, madam!" and passed on. There was something in the tones of his voice, ay, and in the features of his face too, which struck Marion as being familiar to her. She could not, however, bring herself to recollect where she had seen him. It was strange that an incident so commonplace as this could make any lasting impression upon Marion's mind; but so it was—she could not for the life of her banish the recollections of the form and voice of the stranger. It was unaccountable even to herself. He haunted her waking thoughts all that day, and her dreams all that night. The next morning it was still the same. Marion became silent and contemplative. Her friend, Miss Falkland, could not imagine what had come over her, but looked forward to an entertainment which her father intended giving the ensuing night as a thing to raise Marion's depressed spirits. And it did so; for at that entertainment Marion again beheld the stranger who had passed her in the wood the preceding morning. He paid her very great attention; and, when together, they were as happy a couple as were in the room that night. They invariably danced together, to the great annoyance and envy of sundry young ladies and gentleman, who were sadly shocked at the monopoly.

Once, during a sprightly conversation with the gentleman of the wood, Marion smiled one her sweetest smiles. He started. She gazed at him with astonishment.

"Pardon me!" he exclaimed; "but when you smiled then, you called up before me the image of a little girl I once knew."

"Indeed!" said Marion, while her heart fluttered as she spoke.

"Yes!" said the stranger with enthusiasm. "She was the sweetest, kindest, prettiest child I ever met with."

"And pray," inquired Marion, "what may have been the name of the little divinity?"

"Marion?" was the reply.

"What else?"

"Really, I cannot tell," said the gentleman, who, Marion felt assured, was no other than Arthur Warrington. "I never knew her by any other name than Marion."

"How odd!" exclaimed Marion, not wishing, as yet, to acknowledge her identity.

Shortly after this the party broke up, and Marion retired to her couch that night in much better humor with herself and everybody else than she had been for the last two days.

A week elapsed ere Marion Sommerville again beheld Arthur Warrington. She was strolling in the same wood in which he had so suddenly re-appeared; and, ere she was aware of any one's approach Arthur was again by her side. He spoke; and Marion felt she loved him. His converse was chiefly about *the* Marion who had been his school companion in days gone by. He said that now being in a situation to marry, he should like to look upon Marion again; and if he saw in her the same being he had once seen, if he beheld the same perfection in the woman as his boyish dreams had ascribed to the girl, he would not hesitate a moment to offer her his hand. He then recounted the adventure he and his little sweetheart had had at the mill stream. Marion hung upon

his account of it with breathless delight; and when he reached that part where she had thrown her arms around his neck upon his rescuing her from the water, and was about to repeat the words she had uttered on that occasion, she stopped him, and looking archly in his face, asked whether she would not tell him what his Marion had said; but, ere he could return an answer either in the affirmative or in the negative, she came out with—"Dear Taddy, I love you much!"

Arthur Warrington, on hearing those words spoken in nearly the same tone of voice as his remembrance assured him he had once heard them before, gave an involuntary start as the pleasant truth flashed across his mind.

"And are you indeed my own Marion?" he cried; "then the visions of my boyhood were not delusive. Marion," he continued, more calmly, "I have no fine gilded words with which to woo you; but believe in my truth and my sincerity, when I address you in this plain and simple phrase—I love you."

And the affection Marion entertained for him was reciprocal—at least she thought so, and after a while, she confessed it to him. Arthur was happy. He proposed, and was accepted, with the full consent of Marion's uncle. At the end of the week, however, business of importance called him home; and he tore himself reluctantly away, promising to return in less than a month, which was the time fixed upon for the solemnization of their nuptials. Thus deprived of the sweet solace of communion with her lover, except through the cold medium of the post-office, Marion's spirits, which during his stay, had been in the highest possible state, now fell considerably below zero. She pined in thought for more than two days, during which,

"Slumber soothed not, pleasure could not please."

During all that time, she looked eagerly for a letter from him her heart held dear, as the only thing that could raise her soul beyond the pale of calm indifference to every object around her.

On the third morning, the post-boy brought two letters for Marion—one was from Arthur Warrington. It was the first love-letter—certainly the first from Arthur Warrington—she had ever received. There was a strange flushing of her cheek, a fluttering at her heart, and her pulse beat quicker as she undid the seal, the impress of which was a dove bearing a letter, and the motto underneath was "*Répondez vite.*"

"What a mysterious feeling is that," says Lady Bulwer, in her talented novel of "Cheveley," "which we experience, upon beholding, for the first time, the writing of the person we love addressed to ourselves! However commonplace the subject and the words may be, yet to us they have a meaning and a mystery the same words never had before, and never will have again. They are looked upon again and again, in every possible direction: we try to discover if our names are written more clearly or more tremblingly than the rest; and, in either case, our hearts are satisfied with the omen. Even the paper is scrutinized to its very edges, as though we had never seen a sheet of paper before, or as if that sheet of paper must of necessity be different and superior to any that had been previously made, like characters traced in milk, which are weak and invisible till exposed to the heat of the fire; each time we gaze on this mysterious paper, the warmth of our own imagination brings out a force and a meaning that was imperceptible before; then every word is kissed as passionately as if they were the lips that could have uttered them."

All this did Marion feel; and a full hour passed unconsciously away, ere she laid down Arthur's letter, and took up the other which the post-boy had brought. It proved to be an invitation to spend a fortnight with a friend at Lilburn—a little village thirty miles distant; and her uncle,

observing the depressed state of her spirits, advised her to accept it. Accordingly, the next morning, after writing to Arthur, she departed for Lilburn.

Mrs. Esdaile, the friend whom she went to see, had been the daughter of a most intimate companion of her mother; and having recently bestowed her heart and hand upon Mr. Esdaile, a gentleman who had once belonged to the army, but having sold out, he lived by those imperceptible means which many in this world live by; that is, his neighbors could not comprehend how he contrived to live in the manner he did without a profession, trade, or calling of any kind whatsoever, and he did not seem disposed to enlighten them on the subject.

It was the first time that Marion Sommerville had seen her friend since her marriage, and the reception she met with was warm in the extreme. When Marion arrived, Mr. Esdaile was not at home. Her friend said, that he had gone a short way into the country. Marion was rather pleased than otherwise at his absence, as it afforded her an opportunity of hearing and telling those many little nameless circumstances which female friends, who have been some time parted, always have to tell.

After tea, Marion, at Mrs. Esdaile's desire, sat down at the piano and played over several of those airs with which they were both familiar. One song in particular, entitled, "I ne'er can love again," had been a great favorite of theirs, and Marion was called upon to repeat it more than once. The words ran someway thus:—

Alas, he's gone!—all hope is o'er;
No joy—no joy for me;
Within this blighted heart, no more
May comfort ever be.
All that the world affords, can bring
Not such delight as when
We pledged our faith beside the spring:
I ne'er can love again.

A suitor comes from distant land,
Where happiness doth live;
I cannot offer him my hand,
When I've no heart to give.
My rosy cheek, mine eyes so bright,
That won the praise of men,
Are faded, dim, and joyless quite:
I ne'er can love again.

The flowers are withering on the stem,
The leaves upon the boughs;
But I shall fall long, long ere then,
The sport of broken vows.
Oh! when I die, let me be laid
In yonder peaceful glen
Beside the spring let my grave be made,
Ne'er to know love again.

Ere Marion had finished the singing of this song for the third time, Mr. Esdaile and another gentleman entered the apartment unperceived by her. Seating themselves quietly on a sofa near the fireplace, "they spoke not, they moved not, they looked not around, but earnestly gazed" upon the fair vocalist, as if attention had been suddenly aroused within them, demanding at their hands the respect of silence. When the air terminated, they arose and drew nearer the piano; and Marion, in turning towards Mrs. Esdaile, for the first time observed them. They were instantly introduced by the lady of the house, as her husband, and his friend, Mr. Walsingham. Marion thought she had never before seen so elegant a man as Mr. Walsingham. His figure was tall and commanding, his eyes dark and penetrating, his manner agreeable; and he possessed that peculiar beauty so grateful to the eye of the female sex, black whiskers. In the course of the evening, he rallied her upon the burthen of the song he had heard her sing.

"I trust," said he, "that the words, 'I ne'er can love again,' were not uttered by you in sober earnest, else I shall certainly insist on all unmarried gentlemen adding a drop of prussic acid to their nightly toddy."

Marion, in the plain simplicity of her heart, answered him, in the most matter-of-fact manner possible, by saying that at the time she was singing a song she took no heed of the actual meaning of the words, but merely looked on them as so many partners of the notes, without which it was almost impossible to give due effect

to the air. When considered apart from the music, they were usually, she said, a collection of meaningless sentences, often amounting to the absurd, tagged together promiscuously.

Marion could not tell how it was, but she felt a sort of restraint in Walsingham's presence, which effectually put to the rout all her accustomed liveliness, and she could not converse with him in the same manner as she could with other people. Hers was a feeling of respect almost bordering upon awe. And yet Mr. Walsingham's conversation was comprised of nothing more than the merest commonplaces; certain it is, however, that some people have the art of bestowing on the commonest words an interest and a novelty of expression that others would fail of imparting to the most original ideas. Besides, Mr. Walsingham was in the best spirits imaginable, and seemed determined to gain the good graces of Marion. It is astonishing how the wish to please ensures success; about the only wish, alas! that does ensure its own fulfilment, and therefore I wonder that it is not a more universal one. That night, when Marion went to bed, her dreams were of Walsingham, and Arthur was forgotten. Notwithstanding the awe she felt in Walsingham's presence, it was evident that he had made some slight impression on her heart.

During her stay, Mr. Esdaile was polite and gentlemanly towards her, but his attentions were cold and commonplace when compared with those of Mr. Walsingham. So handsome and accomplished, too, as Mr. Walsingham was—at least she, from want of experience, considered him accomplished—there could be little wonder that Marion felt proud of his attentions. He was a daily visitor at Mr. Esdaile's, and in the evening—for it was yet but early autumn—they all strolled out together, on which occasions Walsingham was invariably the companion of Marion, nor did they usually think of retracing their steps, till after the moon had risen. On their return to the villa, they had always music, for Marion could sing, Mr. Walsingham could sing, Mrs. Esdaile could sing, and Mr. Esdaile could sing—a little; that is to say, he did not know a single note of music, but, having a pretty correct ear, he could lilt over a song after hearing it once or twice sung. Mr. Walsingham's knowledge of music was nothing very extraordinary, but he always contrived to sing a tolerable second when the person who sung the first was a young and handsome female.

Many a girl, older and more experienced than Marion Sommerville was—ay, and many a young man, too, have felt the powerful aid that moonlight walks and music, particularly duet singing, afford to the engenderment of love. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that Marion herself should have fallen a ready victim to such mysterious fascinations, when, in addition, her always constant companion was a handsome man who strove on every occasion to render himself agreeable.

Walsingham praised her eyes, her hair—indeed every feature she possessed—in the most enraptured manner; and for so doing, Marion deemed him a sensible, nay, a very sensible, man. She thought of Arthur; but he fell far into the shade when she attempted to compare him with her new-found friend, Mr. Walsingham. Arthur had never praised her eyes, and, as she felt well assured that they were exceedingly pretty, she began to entertain the idea that he was utterly insensible to their beauty. He had never even uttered one word of flattery. Oh! he was not for an instant to be put into competition with Mr. Walsingham. Yet, for all this, her better nature prompted, and she resolved to keep the vows she had pledged to Arthur. Poor girl! unskilled in the world's ways, she did not know that an elevated and sincere affection despises the arts of flattery, and that it is only a feigned love which delights in them.

There is, however, it must be owned, an extraordinary fascination in flattery, that makes its way even against the iron hearts of the votaries of long experience. There is nothing so likely to conciliate your good opinion of others, as to find that they either entertain or profess to entertain exaggerated notions of yourself. "A gift," says Solomon, "perverteth the wise;" and what gift so pleasing to the vanity of the human heart, as that one which, after all, costs least to offer—FLATTERY! It is impossible, if not ungrateful of you to judge impartially of those who have judged favorably of you. The smoke of the incense which they offer you, rises up between you and them, and you see them through the colored medium of that cloud, with all their good qualities magnified, and all their imperfections dimmed.

The evening preceding the day which Marion had fixed on for her return home, she found herself suddenly left alone in the room with Mr. Walsingham. Conscious that this might be viewed as improper by any one who might enter, she rose to retire. Mr. Walsingham gently detained her.

"Stay, Miss Sommerville," he said, "I wish a moment's converse with you."

Struck with this appeal, Marion turned, and demanded to know his wishes. Walsingham cowered beneath her glance; this action was but momentary, yet it did not pass unnoticed by Marion. She observed, too, a strangeness in his manner, and an unusual flush upon his cheek. He paused; and it was not till Marion had asked him a second time what he required of her, that he could summon fortitude enough to speak.

"I have long panted for this opportunity," said he, "and, believe me, it shall not be lost. Marion, it is needless to disguise my feelings—I love you! Then say at once, my own beloved, will you consent to become mine?"

As he uttered these words, he attempted to press Marion to his breast. She repulsed him indignantly: at the same time, quite overpowered with the abruptness of his offer, silent as a statue, she turned to leave the room. She caught the handle of the door, and tried to open it. It was locked, and there was no key.

"You see," said Walsingham, smiling a ghastly smile, "every precaution has been taken; and, unless you consent to become my wife before to-morrow at noon, you cannot be permitted to leave this room."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Marion, "a prisoner! And by what right, sir, do you presume to detain me? I will alarm the house. Mr. Esdaile shall know."

"You may save yourself the trouble, my dearest Marion. My friend Esdaile and his wife are aware of my design, and they have purposely left the house."

At these words, Marion threw herself down upon the sofa in a paroxysm of disappointment, covered her face with her hands, and gave vent to her grief in tears.

Upwards of an hour elapsed, and affairs wore the same aspect. Marion was still a prisoner, and Walsingham continued pressing his suit with the most indefatigable ardor. Driven to the verge of desperation, Marion rushed to the window, with the fixed determination of throwing herself over into the gardens below; by which act she would, in all probability, have only maimed, not killed herself, as she imagined she would, for the room in which they were was on the second story; but Walsingham, foreseeing such a proceeding on her part, had had the window carefully secured. Her efforts, therefore, to raise the casement proved unavailing, and she once more sunk down upon the sofa. Still Walsingham urged her to accept him, as the partner of her future life, the sharer of her joys and of her sorrows; and he vowed he would be more to her than ever husband had been to wife before—he would be always her adoring slave. Wrought up to a more than ordinary pitch of excitement,

by the conflicting powers of fear, grief, and despair, and, perhaps, believing in all that Walsingham had vowed, the poor girl at length yielded a reluctant consent to his proposals.

Early the next morning, Marion rose, and was preparing for her departure—for she considered the forced consent she had given Walsingham as by no means binding—when Mrs. Esdaile entered her apartment, and expressed astonishment at her proceedings.

"It is quite impossible, you know, my dear," she said, "that you can return home until you have fulfilled the promise you last night gave to Mr. Walsingham."

Marion attempted to remonstrate with her on the injustice of such a proceeding, knowing, as she did, her engagement to Arthur Warrington. Mrs. Esdaile was inexorable; and poor Marion was compelled to accompany her, Mr. Esdaile, and Mr. Walsingham, to the house of a justice of the peace, where the indissoluble knot was tied. That evening Marion fled from the house of her friend, Mrs. Esdaile, and returned home.

The object of Marion's being invited to Mrs. Esdaile's had been accomplished. Esdaile and his friend Walsingham were gamblers, and ruin was staring them in the face. The luck had gone against them. Reduced to such extremity, a desperate, but lawful act—by which they could obtain a supply of money, to enable them to redeem their recent losses—was all that remained to them. Marion Sommerville was an heiress, and Walsingham was unmarried. The snare was laid, and their victim was entangled in its meshes.

A day or two after Marion's return to Clarensdell, Arthur Warrington arrived to fulfil the contract. Not a word did Marion whisper of her broken vows. She thought that Walsingham would never dare to claim her, and therefore was she silent. Better would it have been for her had she confessed all to Arthur, and thrown herself upon his mercy; but, no, she could not summon resolution enough to do so, for the confession would, in some degree, implicate herself. With as much calmness, therefore, as she could summon to her aid, she went with Arthur to the altar, and there pledged her faith to him.

Arthur had taken a small but delightful little cottage in the vicinity of the town in which his warehouses were situated, and thither did he carry his bride. Months rolled by in harmony and joy; and Marion, in the enjoyment of pleasant dreams, thought that Walsingham, having repented of his conduct, was determined to leave her unmolested. How much, therefore, was she surprised, when, one morning, a card was brought to her, the address of which she at once knew to be in Walsingham's hand-writing. She opened it with no little trepidation, and read:

"Dear Marion,—There is a large oak tree growing at the extremity of your garden. Meet me beneath its boughs to-night at twelve. Fail not to come. I have much to say to you. Deny me this meeting, and Arthur Warrington shall know all. A court of law shall settle our disputes.

"Yours affectionately,
"Edward Walsingham."

At twelve, Marion stood beneath the shadow of the oak. She had obeyed the summons of Walsingham, from a fear of the threatened consequences. She felt she would rather make any sacrifice than that Arthur should come to a knowledge of her deceitful conduct. Ere she left the house, she had satisfied herself that her husband slept.

As the last stroke of the hour died away upon the breeze, Walsingham was at her side.

"Marion," he said, "I have sought this interview to tell you how greatly I am reduced in circumstances since the last time we saw each other." And he opened his cloak, and showed that the dress he

wore was in tatters. Marion recoiled from him. "Nay, shrink not," he continued. "Marion! this night you must fly with me. Beggar as I am, I claim you as my wife."

"Oh, have pity on me!" said Marion. "Say, will nothing move you?"

"Yes; money. Give me money!"

"How much," faltered Marion—"How much will you take to leave this country for ever?"

"Not all that you could give me would force me to become an exile from my native land. With all its faults, I love it still, and trust I never shall be compelled to quit it."

"And this man," thought Marion, "will be a basilisk in my path till my day of death. If I give him money now, he may make the same demand again and again, accompanied with the threat of exposure if I refuse. Better, at once, to fly far, far from hence. Yes; it shall be so. On Thursday night," she added, aloud, "I will again meet you on this spot, and bring a sum to satisfy your present need."

Ere then she hoped to be beyond his reach.

"On Thursday be it then. Here will we meet at twelve!"

He had scarcely uttered these words, when the figure of a man, unbonneted, rushed forward, and confronted him. It was Arthur Warrington.

"Villain!" cried Arthur, choking with passion, "I know not who you are. It matters not; my vengeance must be satisfied."

So saying, he struck at Walsingham with his sword. Walsingham drew forth a pistol; but Arthur, dashing it to the earth, ran him through the body with his sword, Walsingham fell. Then Arthur, seemingly nowise horrified at what he had done, turned towards the half-fainting Marion and said—

"Traitress! viper! hence!—hence from my sight for ever!"

"Dear Arthur!" exclaimed Marion, embracing his knees, "I am innocent—indeed I am!"

"'Tis false!" said Arthur, as he disengaged himself from her frantic grasp, and rushed from the scene.

In the morning, the body of Walsingham was nowhere to be found. That very night the cottage of Arthur Warrington fell a prey to the flames, and Arthur himself narrowly escaped with his life.

Shortly after these transactions, he wound up his affairs, and left the country, unknowing of the fate of her on whom his almost constant thoughts had dwelt for many a day, and with whom he had expected his after life would have been happily spent.

* * * *

We must pass over a period of twenty years, during which Arthur Warrington had amassed a considerable fortune in America, and had returned to his own native isle to enjoy it. He settled in England; for in Scotland, where his miseries had been, he knew that he could not be happy. Besides, as a country, he admired England most. "For my own part," says a modern novelist, and we are inclined to coincide with the sentiment, "there is to me an indescribable charm in the calm, the quiet, the soft, the cultivated, and, above all, the home look of English scenery, which neither the gorgeous, Balshazzar-like splendor of the east, the balmy and Sybarite softness of the south, the wildness of the west, nor the frozen, but mighty, magnificence of the north, can obliterate or compensate for. England (the country, not the people) *is* merry England still. There is a youth about England that no other country possesses—not even the *new* world; for there the vast and hoary forests—the rushing and stupendous torrents—all seem like Nature's legends of immemorial time."

The lord of the manor, Arthur Warrington, lost no opportunity of ministering to the comforts of his tenantry, and

of doing good to everybody: in short, he led the life of—

"A good old country gentleman,
All of the olden time."

He was still a bachelor, or, as he was pleased to style himself, a widower; for the deceit which had already been practised upon him by one woman, had engendered in him a dislike for the whole sex.

Within a plantation on his grounds, at the period of which we treat, two persons, of a vagabondish appearance, had reared a temporary habitation; and thither had they retired with their wives; their chief employment consisted in taking short excursions, and returning to their hut well stocked with game, poultry, and other provisions. The population of several of the hen-roosts belonging to the cottars around began daily to become

"Small by degrees, and beautifully less;"

and they had, in consequence, preferred several complaints to the steward on the subject; but, as Arthur Warrington, from mistaken motives of compassion, had given strict orders that the people in the plantation should not be disturbed, he could afford them no redress, although he plainly understood who were the depredators.

"I say, Walter," said the taller of the ruffians, as they sat by their peat fire one evening, after they had made an unusually large collection of delicacies, "don't you think the old fellow that this estate belongs to is afraid of us, that he lets us do as we choose, without taking the least notice of our proceedings?"

"I don't know," returned the other; "and, what's more, I don't care; for, if he or any of his servants were to attack us, blow me if I wouldn't sarve out every mother's son on'em with a brace of pistol bullets."

"Manfully spoken, Walter," said a woman with a very red face, the evident produce of ardent spirits and the heat of the fire, who sat on a stool at the farther corner, and who seemed, from the charge she took of him, to be his wife. "Manfully spoken; and I honor you for the sentiment. But," she added, rising, "it is time I were off to Melton for some more brandy; for, as Macheath says in the play —'My courage is out.' Good-bye, Walter." She then saluted him, took a quart bottle from a shelf, and, concealing it under a faded red cloak which partially enveloped her limbs, left the hut.

"Now, why can't you be as bold and as fearless as Amelia?" said the ruffian who had first spoke, to a slender-looking woman, the only remaining inmate of the hovel. "Why, Amelia would go through fire and water to serve her husband, and why can't you do the same, instead of being the pale heartless thing you are?"

This was spoken in a taunting tone of voice, and the poor woman did not seem inclined to venture any answer to it. All she did was to turn her lack-lustre eyes upon her interrogator, and then burst into tears. It was plain she was afraid of him —one could read so in her look, and to him she evidently attributed all her misfortunes. But this mattered nothing now —for the grief that had for years been gnawing at her heart-strings had nearly completed its work.

"Come, Walsingham!" cried he who had been styled Walter; "leave your high-born lady there to weep in private. Sorrow and solitude go hand in hand, my boy. Besides, I have something to say to you, which is for your ear alone."

So saying, Walter passed his arm through that of Walsingham; and the amiable pair took their departure, without deigning to cast another look at the poor heart-broken victim of their machinations. No sooner were they gone, than Marion—for it was indeed the once proud heiress of Clarensdell—put on her bonnet, and prepared to follow them. That there was some diabolical scheme *in petto* she felt assured of. The close observation of many years had enabled her to detect, by a glance at Walter Esdaile's countenance, the inward workings of his heart; and she

clearly saw that the communication he was about to make to Walsingham was one not scrupulously exact in principle.

Throwing a peat or two upon the waning fire, and pulling to the door of the hut, she stood alone on the outside.

"The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air passed by her cheek,
The leaves above were stirred;
But the beating of her own heart
Was all the sound she heard."

She listened, and, after a moment, she thought she heard a crackling sound, at a short distance, as if some one trode heavily among the underwood. She was not mistaken; and cautiously advancing in the direction whence the sound proceeded, she discerned two figures, who, she doubted not, were Esdaile and Walsingham. She saw them go on a little farther into the thickest part of the wood; and she could perceive Esdaile, ever and anon, turn round his head for the purpose, perhaps, of observing whether they were followed; but she took care, by cowering down among the underwood, not to betray herself. They passed on to a rude seat they had constructed beneath the boughs of a wide-spreading oak; and Marion followed as quickly, yet as noiselessly as possible, even to the very trunk of the tree beneath which they sat, and concealed herself behind it, so as distinctly to hear their conversation.

"But how," said Walsingham to his colleague, "is the thing to be accomplished? The fellow himself keeps at home of an evening; and, besides, his servants are so cursedly honest that there's no getting access to the house by fair means."

"My plan is this. I have discovered that he has given liberty to all his servants to go to a ball at Melton to-morrow evening; so that he will be alone in the house, and not a soul within call. It will then be an easy matter for either of us to enter by one of the lower windows, and make off with whatever valuables we can lay our hands on. That task be mine; while you will remain outside, ready to stab the fellow to the heart if he should pursue me; for, encumbered as I will be with the booty, it will be almost impossible for me to use my pistols."

"The plan is excellent," returned Walsingham; "but how gained you the intelligence regarding his servants?"

"No matter—I am certain of the truth of it. To-morrow evening, at seven, it will be pitch dark. Let that be the hour. I will leave the hut first, and you can follow me in about ten minutes afterwards, in order to prevent the suspicions of that lady wife of yours, who, I feel convinced, has her eye on us at every turn."

"Pooh! Not she—she *dare* not. She is too much afraid of her handsome husband. Ha! ha!"

"Well, then! to-morrow evening at seven be at your post, ready to strike to the earth my pursuer."

"It is settled," said Walsingham. "At seven o'clock, a stroke with the hand"—

"Must level with the earth the *second* person who shall pass from the house."

"'Tis well. Your hand. Now, let us return."

They rose from the seat, and proceeded onward through the wood in the direction of the hut.

All this time, Marion had been trembling behind the tree, fearful of being discovered. She could hardly believe her ears, when she heard the pair talk in so cool and deliberate a manner of their intention to murder a fellow-creature. And who was to be their victim?—Evidently the possessor of the wide domains on which they had built their hut, and to whose forbearance they owed their means of living.

From the many strange scenes that had met her eyes, during the twenty years she had followed the fortunes of Walsingham, Marion was prepared for much, but certainly not for murder. She had seen her estates sold, and the purchase-money lost at the gambling table by her unprincipled

husband; she had encountered want with him; she had borne curses from his lips, and blows from his hands; but all these bad deeds of his were trifles when weighed in the balance with the one to which he had but now given his ready acquiescence. Murder! She repeated the word aloud, and the very echo of her own voice startled her. Something must be done, and speedily, to prevent the completion of their base design. Once she thought of flying to the manor-house on the instant, and confessing all she had heard; but the next moment this was over-ruled by the thought that she would thus denounce, as an intended murderer, her own husband. At last she resolved to wait patiently till the next evening, and, by her presence at the manor-house, at the appointed hour of seven, shame Esdaile and Walsingham from the commission of the crimes they had meditated. Thus resolved, she rose from the ground, and hurried off by a cross path, in order to reach the hut before them.

Marion passed a sleepless night, and all next day there was a fearful anxiety hovering around her heart; but she happily succeeded in concealing it from her companions. The day drew towards a close, and the evening came on apace. As the clock struck six, she saw Esdaile depart, and, shortly afterwards, he was followed by Walsingham. Now was the time for action. Mrs. Esdaile, the virago of the past evening, with the illumined countenance, was fast asleep on a pallet bed in the corner of the hut, on which she had sunk down, quite overcome with the strength of the remains of the brandy she had purchased the preceding evening at Melton. Everything was propitious; so, wrapping her mantle closely around her, she proceeded towards the manor-house. Concealing herself behind a sun-dial on the lawn in front of the house, she had not remained long there before she saw Esdaile advance from one of the sides of the building, and walk past the very place where she lay concealed. Presently he was joined by Walsingham.

"The coast's clear," Esdaile said, *sotto voce*, to Walsingham. "Conceal yourself behind yonder tree;" pointing to one a short distance off. "I have," he added, "succeeded in unclosing one of the lower windows of the right wing of the house, and everything shall shortly be ours. Now, to your post. Here is the knife."

So saying, he placed a dagger in Walsingham's hand; and, as Walsingham proceeded to take his station at the tree, Marion, on whom this conversation had not been lost, glided swiftly along, unobserved, to the right wing of the building, one of the windows of which, as Esdaile had said, was open. Without loss of a moment, Marion crept into the room, and she had just time to secret herself in one of its darkest corners, when Esdaile entered, and carefully closing the window, made towards the door, which he opened, and Marion was again alone in the room. Her first intent had been to creep softly towards the room in which the only occupant of the house was, and, having locked him in, to carry off the key, thereby preventing him from discovering Esdaile, and endangering his own life; but this the quick advance of Esdaile had prevented. She still resolved, however, to attempt this, notwithstanding the chance she ran of encountering Esdaile; and had already got the length of the centre lobby of the house, from which broad stairs to the flat above ascended, when she heard a noise in an apartment overhead, a shuffling of feet, a pistol fired, the sudden opening of a door, and some one rush along the passage above. She saw the flutter of a garment at the top of the stairs, and heard the sound of a voice with which she thought she was familiar. Then, and only then, came the wish of saving herself from discovery by flight. It was almost impossible for her to retrace her steps the way she had come; for many winding passages intervened between the place where she

then was and the window at which she had entered; but the large door at the end of the lobby promised her the ready means of escape. To this she flew. The key was in the lock. One turn of it and she was free. Scarcely had she gained the outside, when a man was close upon her heels. She had ran forward but a few paces, when she heard a scream behind her, and the report of a pistol; and, turning round, more from terror than surprise, she beheld two bodies stretched upon the ground, writhing in the agonies of death. In pity, she approached, and, to her horror, beheld the forms of her husband and his villanous companion. Foiled in his attempt upon the life of the owner of the manor-house, who had discovered him in the act of abstracting some part of his valuable plate, Esdaile had rushed from the house, glad to escape with his life; but his accomplice, Walsingham, having received strict injunctions from him to plunge his dagger in the heart of the *second* person who came forth from the house, had obeyed those injunctions to the letter, and stabbed Esdaile to the heart. A loaded pistol was in Esdaile's hand at the moment, which, as he fell, accidentally went off, and Walsingham was instantly stretched a corpse beside him.

Little more remains to be told. Marion lost no time in unfolding to the gentleman whose life had been attempted, and who now came from the house, all the particulars of the intended robbery and murder. He listened to her story with the utmost patience; and, when he had heard all, he was unbounded in his thanks towards her for having saved his life. He promised to befriend her, and he afterwards did so. The sound of his voice had seemed familiar to Marion; and when the blaze of light within his manor-house revealed his features to her, she almost fainted when she saw them, for she knew she again stood by the side of ARTHUR WARRINGTON.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

THERE is a splendid book written, called "The Enthusiast;" but, though it discovers the author's talents, to my apprehension and feelings, it fails, after a few pages, to keep alive the attention—and why? Just because the author, portraying the general character of enthusiasm, steps beyond himself and his own personal observations, and talks about the workings of the principle in a new and untried combination of circumstances. From the law which regulates projectiles *in aere*, he reasons to what should regulate them *in vacuo;* he reasons from things seen to things unseen; and then leaves both himself and his reader in the mud and the mist of mere supposition. But in what I mean to say of enthusiasm, I pledge myself to state nothing but what I have felt or seen; and I shall separate this principle from all others, only marking its influence when it is in a state of intensity, as one marks the electric spark, not in the cloud or the machine, but as it passes from one locality to another. Enthusiasm is, in fact, the electrical element of life. It is more or less everywhere, and often where it is least suspected. It bursts forth, occasionally, in the character of the warrior, the scholar, the poet, the speculator; but it remains as substantially, perhaps, though not so ostensibly, in

the bosom of the parent, the husband, the wife, the child, the friend, the kinsman. The tradesman is an enthusiast if he hopes to succeed; the merchant, the laborer, the mechanic. I have seen a shoemaker as enthusiastic in making his shoes fit neatly without pinching, as the scholar would be in divining the meaning of a difficult passage. Without enthusiasm man had never been what he is. It found him in the world naked, and it clothed him; houseless, and it covered him; defenceless, and it armed him. It run him up through the pastoral, the agricultural, to the commercial state. It composed the "Idylls" of Theocritus, the "Georgics" of Virgil, and the "Fleece" of Dyer. Without this there had been no shepherds to sing, and no poets to sing of their singing; no husbandmen to labor, and no Virgils and Hesiods to speak of their labor; and no argonautic expeditions, and no sacred bard to celebrate their pursuit of the golden fleece, commerce. But though all this is true in the enlarged and diluted sense of the word, it is not so in that sense in which the term is commonly understood. He is quite an enthusiast in the pursuit of knowledge—of a fox—or of hoped-for discovery—or of fame—or of fortune—anybody knows to be terms applied to an unusually spirited pursuit of any or all of these. But the enthusiasm of which I speak is more limited still. It is a glow which originates and cools in the same bosom—which has no view beyond itself. It is not a mean to an end, but mean and end in one. Look at that boy—he is never to be found, at a leisure hour, without a fishing-rod in his hand; at that other youth—his book is his constant companion by the fountain and the hill; at that religious devotee—prayer and Bible-reading are his heaven; at that butcher's boy, killing a lamb—his father has put the knife into his hand to please him—he is an enthusiast in butchery, his passion feeds on itself—it is like virtue its own reward—he cares not for cutlets or brown roasts.

Having thus narrowed the field to a class, I shall now select an individual, and that individual shall be one with whom I have had many opportunities of becoming well acquainted. Curious reader, it is not you, nor your brother Robert, nor your uncle Andrew, nor any, so far as I know, of your kindred—it is "myself." And how has enthusiasm wrought in me? That I am just going to tell you. It has made me, in the first place, miserable—most miserable; and I'll tell you how. I took it into my head, when a boy of about eight or nine years of age, that my mother—my only living parent—was mortal; nay, that she was so old and infirm—though she was not more than fifty, and in perfect health—that she would drop down dead even before my eyes. I followed her wherever she went; held on by her apron string, roaring aloud most mournfully, and shedding, besides, a world of tears. In vain did my kind mother endeavor to rally me, to reason me, to scold me, and even to chastise me out of my dream—it had taken such hold of my imagination, that, sleeping, or waking, it was there. When my mother travelled anywhere abroad, I was sure to be after her like a domestic cur. When she went to offer up her private oblations to a throne of mercy, I crept in under her plaid, and heard every audible aspiration. In my sleep she was still before me as I had seen my grandmother—the lips parted, the eyes open, and set in night—it was horrible—I started into real life, and wept aloud. I rushed into my mother's apartment, felt her face all over, and cried bitterly. Reader, have you always been made of pot-mettle? Have you never experienced any such nervous enthusiasm as this? Have you been at all times a child of realities—a very steady, thinking, prudent person; slept like a top, eat like a raven, and talked to the amasement even of the minister himself? You may be a steady good person now. You may even be married, with a family of thirteen children. You may

have succeeded in the world, and feathered your nest. You may have presided well at various public dinners, and

"Never wrote
"One line which, dying, you would wish to blot"—

and for this simple and best of all reasons, that you have never written, as far as the public is concerned, any lines at all. You may be a sound-headed lawyer, a calculating merchant, an honest shopkeeper, or, what is still more commendable, because more rare, an honest judge. You may sole shoes or make great-coats to a nicety—fabricate chairs, or nails, or pins, or periwigs, to a thought; but you are no enthusiast. Do you see that poor maniac, who is just receiving a visit from his mother in his cell—whose eyes are turned up in wild uproar to the roof of his dungeon—and who, in the damp icicles, is apostrophising sun, moon, and stars, Venus, Jupiter, and Aldubaran? That emaciated form of scarcely twenty years of age—which a weeping mother clasps, and whom a frenzied son convulsively strains to his bare and fleshless breast—that is Ferguson the poet, the prince of enthusiasts—he at whose genius Burns lighted that torch which has filled the world with light! Do you mark that form sitting amongst the sands of Syracuse? The city is taken by the Roman armies. The enemy are within the walls; pillage and murder are the order of the hour. But what is that to him?—he is only an enthusiast. The soldier has challenged him to surrender; his sword is uplifted, and the challenge is repeated. He heeds it not; the sword descends—and the greatest mathematician, the most complete enthusiast which the world has ever seen, lies before you, a gashed and mangled corpse—the world! its wonders, its atoms, its various formations! the laws—the eternal laws of its construction and form. There is one who sung sweetly—oh, how divinely! There is one who sung sublimely—yes, as one overpowered with the Spirit of Him who said, "Let there be light, and there was light;" but the cord which was overstrained is snapped, and the bow is unstrung; the pressure upon the delicate fibres of the brain has been too much, and the building of God has given way. Poor Lucretius, the disease of which thou didst expire was "enthusiasm."

But it is time to shift the scene—to resort to that exquisite happiness, and extensive benefit to society, which enthusiasm is calculated to produce. Poetry is the language of nature. All languages originated in poetry—the ballad is the mother of all living and dead books. Whether it be repeated in the shape of Fescenine catches, on the banks of the Tiber—of glorious Epic, on those of the Scamander—of chivalrous narrative, by the rapid Rhone, or sweet Liger—whether it employ the time, and the enthusiastic efforts of the bard, the troubadour, the harper, or the minstrel—whether it resound through the recesses of Pindus, of Arcady, or of Yarrow—still, still the ballad presents the first germ of literature. What are the earlier pages of Livy's History, but popular ballads, connected and narratived?—what the history of our own Scotland—of her Bruces, and Wallaces, and all her many and valorous achievements—but ballads? And—

"How canst thou resist the boundless store
Of charms, which nature to her votaries yield—
The warbling woodland—the resounding shore—
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields—
. . . . . .
Oh, how canst thou resist, and hope to be forgiven?"

But who can or does resist?—Not even the robber Moor, who soliloquizes so poetically the setting sun. Not

"The swain who, journeying homeward, from
A day's long labor, feels
The form of beauty smiling on his soul?"

Poetry is spread as widely through the human heart, as is electricity through all the works of nature. Man can no more help being poetical, than he can new-model his frame. But what is the love, the passion of poetry, but enthusiasm—enthusiasm, which converts everything it looks upon

into beauty and sublimity. The man is born desert and lonely—and is there no beauty in solitude, no grandeur in expansion? The mountains are highland, wild, heathy, and tempest-beaten—and is there no sublimity in their cliffs, their scarred fronts, and scarred sides? The landscape is covered with wood, or there is at least a pleasing alternation of forest and glade, of peopled levels and wooded hills—and does not the soul nestle softly and lovingly amidst these pleasing varieties? But you are making faces, and there is something like an incipient yawn beginning to travel over your beauteous lips, my dearest madam. Well, I'll have done, with advising you to wed the "spirit of poetry," if you wish to be completely happy. You need not write poems, ma'am—that is not necessary. Livy never wrote poetry, and yet he is every inch a poet; Robertson never wrote verse, and yet he is essentially poetical. Witness Mexico and Montezuma. "Am I lying on a bed of roses?" —There, for example, is me, *now*—ay, just me—I am every inch a poet! and yet, with the exception of a few things which need not be excepted, I never wrote any poetry:—yet, I see you want a story, and you say, am I not reading "The Tales of the Borders, and of Scotland?"—I cry you mercy, and shall give you the results of my enthusiasm.

When in Edinburgh, at the College, while others prolonged the debauch, it might be, till two or three of a fine moonlight night, I have stolen away about twelve, taken my course through the King's Park to the echoing rock, and from thence to that long hollow valley of Bagdad, which runs betwixt Arthur Seat and Salisbury Craigs, and there I have seen the Island of Inchkeith lying, like a glittering diamond, on the face of the deep, and the silver sea, and the hazy shores of Fife, and the fleecy heavens, and the stars, and the "bonny lady moon," and two figures in the moonlight; they are walking away from me, and are busily engaged in conversation—they do not perceive me—I will ensconce myself behind this large stone till I see what may happen. They have now sat down on the greensward, and I hear their voices very much elevated. The woman is reproaching the man in loud and angry tones—the man makes no reply; or if he does, it is in an under tone—Ha! he has sprung upon the woman all at once, like a tiger, and she screams "Murder, murder!" aloud. Shall I allow a poor woman to be murdered in the solitude of nature, without making an effort, even at the risk of my own life, to save her? My resolution, nerved by the wine I had drunk, was taken in an instant—I sprang forward, crying loudly to my *companions* to assist me. When the horrible object understood how things were going, and imagining, no doubt, that there were more than *one* witness of its horrible doings, it took to its heels with the speed of lightning. I did not pursue; in fact, I had no inclination to do so, it was sufficient for me if I could save life—I did not wish to take it, either personally or legally. When I went up to the poor woman, she was all astonishment, and her first accents were uttered in thanksgiving to Almighty God for sending me into the desert for her rescue. I found that, although the villain had clutched her by the throat, he had not had time to suffocate her. Her throat was indeed sore from the pressure, and she breathed for some time with difficulty; but there were no deadly symptoms about her. What a mysterious Providence is about us!—and we often know it not. I had originally no intention of taking a moonlight walk that evening, or rather morning, had it not been to avoid the impertinence of a fellow-member of the Dialectic Society, who manifestly wished, in his cups, to fasten a quarrel upon me. I stepped out from Young's, and was off. I was manifestly the messenger of Heaven, and could not help regarding myself with a kind of reverence. The poor woman, who was in fact the wife of this worthless

man, gave me her history, to the following purpose:—

"That brute, as you very properly call him, is my husband, and was once as kind and affectionate to me as I could wish. Ours was what is called a pure love marriage, for I was born to better circumstances and prospects than, from my present condition and appearance, you may well imagine." Here the poor woman shed tears, and proceeded—"I was the daughter of a small proprietor in the neighborhood of Durham, where the Princess of Wales' regiment of Light Dragoons was raised, and was then lying, under the command of Lord Darlington. We—that is to say, my father, my mother, my sister and myself—used to go frequently into a field adjoining the city, and see this really handsome regiment reviewed, and go through their exercise. One day there was a mock battle represented, in the very field adjoining to my father's house. Several regiments were collected together, from Newcastle and elsewhere, for the purpose. It was to be a great show; and the whole town of Durham, as well as all the country round, were congregated to see the battle. Cannons were fired, charges of cavalry were made, and a detachment of the Darlington troop rode in pursuit of the supposed enemy, past our door. My father and I were at the upper window when the troop came dashing along, clearing fences, and springing over ditches in the finest style imaginable. Just as they came opposite to my father's door, a pig, which had escaped from its confinement in the back court, dashed headlong forward amongst the feet of the horses. One of the horses fell; and the rider, having pitched on his head, was seemingly killed on the spot. He was immediately carried into our house, and surgical aid was at hand. It was a dislocation of the neck bone, and was immediately put to rights; but the patient was bled, and ordered to be kept quiet for some days. I naturally became the young gentleman's nurse; for he was the son of a poor but titled family in the neighborhood of Darlington. Mr. Fitzwilliam was a handsome man, about my own age; but he was penniless, and a soldier of fortune. My father, early seeing the danger of my remaining in the way of temptation, had me sent off to a grand house in the neighborhood of Newcastle. But William Fitzwilliam had won my heart, and, in spite of all watchings and lookings, we were man and wife in less than a fornight after my departure for Newcastle.

"We were married at Gretna Green; and I have accompanied him ever since, through Carlisle and Dumfries, Ayr, Glasgow, and ultimately to Jock's Lodge, where the regiment is now lying. He has taken lodgings for me in Edinburgh; but, of late, has sadly deserted me. I have been enabled, by taking up linen, and sewing articles for the ladies' exhibition, to do something in aid of our scanty funds. But William has of late undergone a sad change. He has become addicted to gambling; has even introduced improper characters, both male and female, into my presence; and has talked particularly in his cups about a divorce and separation. He wishes *me*, he says, to divorce him; and takes every method of giving me sufficient grounds for so doing; but, with all his errors and vices, I love him still, nor can I think, now that I have time to reflect on it, he would have murdered me outright, even though you had not so providentially interfered. He has of late succeeded to a title, by the death of an uncle, who has disinherited him, and left his vast property past him. This preyed upon his spirits of late; and I have reason to know that he has been making love, and even offers of marriage, to a rich widow lady, who dwells not far from York Place, Edinburgh. But my marriage lines lie sadly in his way; and, it was to attain by force, what he could not otherwise, that he had almost, and, but for you, would have perhaps altogether murdered me, a few

minutes ago. Poor William! my heart still bleeds for him; but I will never give up, whilst I live, the only means which I have of proving myself an honest woman."

All Edinburgh rung next morning with the news—Lord M—— had shot himself dead in his bedroom.

In the year 1831, I had occasion to be several days in Durham. It occurred to me, one day, whilst I was sauntering about the Cathedral, that the house, where probably still lived the father of the poor, unfortunate Mrs. or rather *Lady* M——, might be in the neighborhood. I made inquiry; and, without much difficulty, found it out. From what I learned in the neighborhood, the poor woman had never taken up her husband's title. Her father, on hearing of her husband's tragical end, had relented, and taken her home to keep his house, and comfort him in his old age. I asked for her father, and was shown into a neat parlor, where the old man sat, comfortably pillowed, but terribly pained with gout and a complication of diseases. I introduced myself as an acquaintance of Mrs. Fitzwilliam, who was immediately sent for, and entered the parlor. She did not know me, nor was it wonderful; for, as I went to the country next day after the night adventure, I had no opportunity of calling upon her. Indeed, I should scarcely have known her either—her dress and manner were so much more imposing than they had been at our first and only interview. However, upon my referring to the circumstances, she immediately took me by the hand, burst into tears, and, presenting me to her father, who was almost blind—"Papa," said she, "this is the gentleman who saved my life." I had the old man's blessing. A bottle of home-made wine was called for and discussed, and I was pressed to come back to dinner; which, however, I politely refused, for I did not know how far my enthusiastic temperament might have gone, in the case of a truly beautiful woman, whom I had saved from death, and whose gratitude led her to think very favorably of me. I have not heard of her lately; but mean to write to my brother-in-law, who lives in Durham, about her, and to ascertain whether she is still living or dead; whether she is yet unmarrried, or has again ventured to face the blacksmith.

Such was one of my moonlight adventures; which, if you are so disposed, you are at liberty to denominate a "matter of moonshine." But my enthusiasm has not been limited to moonbeams. I am the mountain child, and wedded even up to this hour to the mountain-land, with all its wild, striking, and expanding associations. To meet a fair maiden in a *fair* is pleasant, as also to replenish her lap with sweetmeats and trinkets. To get "a canny hour at een, your arms about your deary," is snug, comfortable, and something more. Burns prefers "rigs of barley," and the "green rush bushes," as a courting parlor; whilst,

> "Last night, in my late rambles,
> All in the Isle of Skye,
> I met a lovely creature
> Up in the mountains high."

Now, the Isle of Skye, and its high mountains, are entire strangers to me; but I am well acquainted with two pretty decent hills, not above twenty miles from Dumfries, called Queensberry, *little* and *big;* and, amidst their elevated and retired glens, the following incident took place. I have from my boyhood been distractedly fond of fishing; and, up to this hour, whenever I visit my native glen, the mania returns; and, though things are sadly changed, and trouts are diminished both in numbers and size, yet still, in spite of all disadvantages, I fish. It was on an excursion on my way (whilst a young man of twenty, from college), that I found myself, one dark and misty day, amidst the deep and mazy windings of the *Brawn*. I was quickly and successively basketing trout after trout, humming all the while some old Scotch sonnet, and calling in my little dog, *Don*, from the sheep who were

pasturing on the adjoining hill, called the Dod, when a voice from the depths of the mist and the solitude reached my ear. It was a voice of wo and deep lamentation. Having chid Don's impertinence in giving tongue somewhat too freely, I found, seated upon a grey stone, and weeping aloud, a young woman, about my own age, with dark blue eyes, and a countenance of the most prepossessing expression. She sat beside an infant, which she had deposited on a bed of collected fern or braken, and who was fast asleep. When she saw me, she started, and seemed disposed to fly; but when I used my means to reassure her, she ventured to accost me, by informing me, that she had lost her way—that she was nursery-maid at Mitchelslacks, and had wandered that morning with her charge beyond her accustomed range, and the mist coming suddenly on, she found it impossible to retrace her steps. I thought myself quite in possession of the information which she wanted, and told her that I would see her and her little charge safely and immediately home. So, giving up my sport for the time I took up the sleeping infant, and immediately addressed myself, accompanied by the fair wanderer, to the journey. We were several miles distant from Mitchelslacks; but, as I considered myself as familiar with the ground, I struck immediately over the pathless hill, by what I termed a *near cut*, instead of retracing the stream for a couple of miles, and then crossing the Dod by a cart track. The child awoke, and finding itself in strange hands, screamed violently; so I was soon compelled to place the infant in the loveliest bosom I had ever seen. I felt my frame tremble all over, as I came into contact with pretty Peggy's person; and yet, for all the wealth of old Q——, I would not have even conceived anything which might occasion alarm to so beautiful and manifestly so innocent a creature. Yet I could not keep my eyes off her, and found out, in spite of a dark and crawling mist, that her frame was perfect symmetry, and rounded into that ripened plumpness which bespeaks the fully matured woman. We conversed freely as we travelled; and my romantic feelings became so excited with my position, that I thought but occasionally, and then indistinctly, of the direction, right or wrong, in which we were advancing. Peggy, from time to time, admonished me, that she trusted to me alone, as she was totally unacquainted with the hill. Having attained, at last, the summit of the steep, I expected to have found a cairn of stones, and, alongside of it, a shepherd's shieling or turf hut, where he reposed at noon-day, and shared his bread and milk with his faithful curs; but, no such shieling or cairn were to be seen. It then became manifest to me, all at once, that I, as well as my fair companion of the mist, had lost my way, and that, unless the day, which was still becoming darker and darker, should clear up, we should be in danger of increasing instead of lessening the distance betwixt us and Mitchelslacks. To increase our embarrassment, the child cried continually, evidently from hunger, and great drops of rain came down like hail-stones amidst the close and crawling mist. It was evident that a thunder storm was brooding—nor were we long kept in suspense; for, all at once, the mist was kindled into flame around us, and a sharp, smart crack, followed by the roar, of a thousand hills, told us that we were in the very centre of the electric cloud. Poor Peggy sank down at once, overcome with terror; whilst I, immediately and intuitively, squatted down beside her, clasping her to my bosom, child and all. I may truly say, with Patie, in regard to another lovely Peggy—

> "Whilst hard and fast I held her in my gripe,
> My very soul cam' louping to my lips."

But the awful flash and peal were repeated, and then, in very truth, and not metaphorically,

> "Down rushed a deluge of sonorous hail."

Peggy fainted outright, and the child

screamed itself into hysterics, when, all at once, a couple of shaggy shepherd's dogs gave tongue in the neighborhood. A young, yellow-haired shepherd lad stood over us in an instant; and, guessing at once how matters really stood, had us all removed, as soon as Peggy had recovered her senses, into the small shieling, in the immediate neighborhood of which we were unconsciously wandering. We had to stoop, and enter upon our hands and knees; and, when we were all stowed away, there was not an inch of houseroom which was not occupied either by human beings or dogs. But, though sitting or rather lying on rushes, these rushes were dry, and our humble shelter warded off the merciless pelting, whilst the thunder cloud gradually took to the top of the higher Queensberry, and left us with a clear sunny day, and two miles to walk to the child's home. The truth was, that the family at Mitchelslacks had become alarmed by the absence of maid and child, and had sent nearly half a score of shepherds, and a full score of dogs, to the hills and glens, on a voyage of discovery; whilst Mr. and Mrs. Harkness, the parents, were in a state which may more easily be imagined than described. All were now well; and I accompanied the young shepherd, with his sweetheart—for such I soon discovered they were—home, and had the happiness, by running on before, to be the first to announce the safety of their child to the worthy and distracted parents. They had, indeed, given up both the nurse and child for lost, and their despair had been at least equal to their joy, when I ran forward and threw the child in the mother's lap. Now, who could doubt that enthusiasm was abounding in the breast, and shining in the tear-wet eye of the mother, as she pressed the little lost one to her bosom? It was verily. But, after all I have said of the nature of this extraordinary feeling, I know not if it is ever experienced in a stronger and purer form than in that of *joy*. I care nothing for the cause—it may be any one you please. All I insist for is, that it shall be capable of stimulating, or rather exciting—for the former is a phrenological word—the mind of the individual, however stupid, obese, or phlegmatic to the boiling point of that most intense species of human happiness. All the many forms of the feeling seem to tend to this as the point of their realization. Pythagoras and his proposition, Argand and his lamp, Mungo Park and the waters of the Joliba, Mrs. Harkness and her child, and the child, probably, next day with a butterfly, are all instances of the feeling in the point of gratification. But I have been again wandering from my story—all enthusiasm together; for there was love in the affair, which many insist upon being the strongest, if not the purest example that can be presented of this mysterious and pervading essence. Those who think so can take their own view; I retain mine; and it is very probable that we are both wrong; and you, ma'am, to whom I formerly addressed myself, will put us right, by telling us that poetry is the only genuine and pure form in which this moral electricity can exhibit itself. Let it be as you say, though I would advise you to be on your guard, against your friend Miss ——, who lost her lover last week, and will insist that *hope* is the soul of the feeling, and that, when that is gone, enthusiasm has no more chance of getting into the mind or heart than I have of getting into your favor by this digression from a story of love, originating in, or perfected by *mist*, one of the most romantic mediums of the tender passion. So, to make a speedy conclusion, about a fortnight after this incident, I was again at my old sport, when I was accosted by my young friend, the shepherd, who now figured in holiday attire, and informed that as this was his wedding day, my company would be acceptable *o'er by yonder* at two o'clock. I pursued my sport till then, and, in the old cha'mer of Mitchelslacks, saw Joseph

Robson and Margaret Gibson made man and wife. There was neither dancing nor revelment of any kind, but there was a plentiful meal, many songs, and as much punch, prepared in a large bowl, as the company chose to make use of. All went merry as a marriage bell. And now I find I am checked by want of space, at the moment when the *jar* is fully charged, and the subtle spirit might have exploded in many more pretty coruscations.

JUDITH THE EGYPTIAN;

OR, THE FATE OF THE HEIR OF RICCON.

"The black-eyed Judith, fair and tall,
Attracted the heir of Riccon Hall.
* * * *
For years and years was Judith known,
Queen of a wild world all her own;
By Wooler Haugh, by silver Till,
By Coldstream Bridge, and Flodden Hill.
Until, at length, one morn when sleet
Hung frozen round the traveller's feet,
By a grey ruin on Tweedside,
The creature laid her down and died."—*Border Ballad.*

More than three hundred years have elapsed since the people called Gipsies first made their appearance in this country; and, from all that I have been able to trace concerning them, it seems to have been about the same period that a number of their tribes or families proceeded northwards, and became dwellers and wanderers on the Borders. Their chief places of resort, and where, during the inclemency of winter, they horded or housed together, were, Kirk Yetholm, Rothbury, Horncliff, Spittal, and Tweedmouth. I believe that there are none of them now in Horncliff, which, on the bringing in of the moor, ceased to be a refuge for them; and there are but few in Spittal. But, in Rothbury and Kirk Yetholm, they still abound, and of late years have increased in Tweedmouth—that is, during the winter season; for they take to the hedges as soon as the primrose appears, and begin their wanderings. The principal names borne by the different tribes in these parts are Faa, Young, Gordon, Bailie, Blyth, Ruthven, and Winter. Their occupations are chiefly as itinerant muggers or potters, horners or "cuttie-spoon" makers, tinkers or smiths and tin-workers, and makers of besoms and foot-bases. They are still, with very few exceptions, a wandering and unlettered race, such as their fathers were when they first entered Britain. At Kirk Yetholm, however—which is their seat of royalty on the Borders, and where they have a lease of the houses in what is called Tinkler Row, for nineteen times nineteen years, at a quit-rent—they have not been so neglectful of the education of their children as in other parts of the country.

At the period of their first appearance in this kingdom, the land was overrun with thieves and vagabonds, who, in the severe and sanguinary laws of Queen Elizabeth and her father Harry, were described as "*loyterers*" and "*sturdy beggars;*" and it is more than probable that many of these, finding the mode of life followed by the gipsies congenial to them, associated with or intermarried amongst them, and so became as a part of them; and this may account for many calling themselves gipsies, having European, or, I may say, British features. But the real gipsy there is no mistaking—their dark piercing eyes and Asiatic countenance mark them as distinctly as do the eyes and peculiar features of a Jew. (By the by, I wonder that no searcher after the marvellous has endeavored to prove them to be a remnant of the lost tribes of Israel.) Like the Jews, they are scattered over the whole earth—like them, they are found in every land; and in every land they remain a distinct people.

Who they are, or whence they came, are questions involved in considerable mystery. Their being called Gipsies or Egyptians in this country, I hold to be a popular error which they themselves propagated. Egypt, from the earliest period, was distinguished above all lands for its soothsayers and diviners; and, as the chief occupation of the wanderers then was (and in many places still is) fortune-telling, they had cunning enough to profess to be Egyptians, or natives of the land wherein was taught the mysteries of rolling away the clouds which conceal fate and futurity. They have neither the language nor the manners of the Egyptians. No reason could be assigned for their leaving the land of the Pharaohs; and, although the gipsies of the present day profess to be Egyptians, they can bring forward no proof in support of the pretension. From all that I have read concerning them, it seems to me to be clearly proved, that they are natives of Hindostan, where they formed a part of the lowest caste of Indians, called Pariahs or Suders—a class held in detestation and abhorrence by the other castes. That the gipsy clans have a language peculiar to themselves, and which they frequently speak amongst themselves, is well known. It is not a written language; and they have endeavored to conceal a knowledge of it from the people amongst whom they dwell. They have called it *gibberish;* and it has been very generally believed to be nothing more than what is usually understood by that term, or that at most it was a sort of *slang*, similar to the phrases used among thieves. This is an error. So far as those who have examined it have been able to ascertain, the secret language spoken by the British gipsies appears to be, with but trifling corruptions, the same as that which is spoken by the Indian caste of Suders in Hindostan.* But a stronger proof that the gipsies scattered over Europe derive their origin from the Suders of India is demonstrated by the facts that the Suders were the only people who professed the art of palmistry—that they, like the gipsies, are a wandering race—that their occupations are almost identically the same, being fortune-tellers, dancers, and wandering musicians—that the smiths amongst them go about exactly in the same manner as the tinkers in this country—that, like the gipsies, their favorite food is that of animals that have died of disease—that, like them, they have no fixed religion—and like them, they endeavor to conceal their language. And the certainty of their being originally the same people is further strengthened, from the Suders having fled in thousands from

* I shall subjoin a few words as specimens, from the comparative glossaries of Grellmann and Richardson—

Gipsy.	*Hindostanee.*	*English.*
Bebee	Beebe	An Aunt
Mutchee	Muchee	Fish
Can	Kan	The Ear
Gur	Ghur	A House
Riah	Raye	A Lord
Dai	Da'ee	Mother
Mass	Mas	Food
Nack	Nak	The Nose
Loon	Loon	Salt

India, during the murderous ravages of Timur Beg in 1408, which corresponds with the period of the first appearance of the gipsies in Europe. And that they are not Egyptians is strongly proved by the fact, that there are tribes of them in Egypt, where, as in other countries, they are regarded as *strangers and foreigners.*

I may have wearied the patience of the reader with this long and perhaps prosy introduction; but there may be some to whom it will not be uninteresting, as throwing a light on the probable origin of a singular people, of whom Judith the gipsy was one. And now to our story.

One of the chief men amongst the gipsies on the Borders, at the beginning of the last century, was Lussha Fleckie, who was only inferior in authority among the tribes to King Faa, who dwelt at Kirk Yetholm, and boasted of reigning lord over a *free* people. Lussha's avocations, like the avocations of all his brethren, were mere apologies for idleness. He was one day a tinker, on another a grinder, and on a third a wandering piper. He was a man of great stature and uncommon strength, and renowned for his exploits as a fisher and a sportsman.

The name of his wife was Mariam, and they had a daughter called Judith, who, as she grew up towards womanhood, became known throughout Roxburgh and Northumberland as the Gipsy Beauty—or the Beautiful Gipsy. The appellation was not unmeritedly bestowed; for, though her skin was slightly tinged with the tawny hue of her race, a soul seemed to glow through her regular and lovely features, and the lustre of her dark eyes to throw a radiance over them. She was tall, and her figure was perfect as her face—it was symmetrical and commanding. Yet she was at once conscious of her beauty and vain of it, and her parents administered to her vanity. They had her fingers adorned with trinkets, her neck with bugles; for Lussha Fleckie, like most of his race, was fond of gold and silver ornaments; and, amongst others, he had in his possession a silver urn, which had been handed down to him through generations, and in which his fathers, as he now did, had deposited the fruits of their spoils and plunder, until it was filled with rich coins as a miser's coffer. He therefore, although a vagrant, was not a poor man, and could afford to deck the charms of his daughter. Judith was early initiated by her mother into the mysteries of the sibyline leaves—her education indeed extended no farther; and, at the age of fifteen, she was an adept in the art of palmistry. The proudest ladies in broad Northumberland or fair Roxburghshire, eagerly submitted their hands to the inspection of the beautiful fortune-teller. The searching brightness of her dark eyes seemed to give a prophetic reality to her words; and, as she caused them to kindle with apparent joy or become transfixed at the discovery of coming wo, her fair and high-born patrons have trembled before her, and inquired—"What is it, Judith?" And, being a favorite with them all, for they both loved and feared her, her person was bedecked with their cast-off garments.

It was early in summer when about forty of the Faa people encamped near the foot of the Eildon hills. A few minutes served for the erection of their portable village, in a secure and sheltered situation, and speedily, supported on pieces of crossed branches, the caldrons swung over the crackling fires, each of which blazed fierce and merrily from between two stones. Savoury exhalations impregnated the air, and gave token of a feast. The banquet being spread upon the sward, when it was finished, and the brandy cup had been sent round, Lussha Fleckie took his Northumbrian pipes and began to play a merry reel. Old and young, men, women, and children, started to their feet, and joyous

"Tripped the light fantastic toe."

Judith glided through the midst of them,

with her bright waving tresses falling on her shoulders, as queen of the glad scene. Of her it might have been said—

> "A foot more light, a step more true,
> Never from heath-flower dashed the dew;
> Even the light harebell raised its head,
> Elastic from her airy tread!"

Her partner in the dance was Gemmel Græme; and in his veins also flowed gipsy blood. Gemmel was now a youth of twenty, and one of the most daring of his race. A passionate enthusiasm marked his disposition. In agile sports and feats of strength he had no competitor. In these he was what Lussha Fleckie had been. He boasted of his independence, and that he had never placed a finger on the property of friend or neighbor, nor been detected in levying his exactions on a stranger or a foe. His merits were acknowledged by all the tribes on the Borders; and, though he was not of the royal family of Faas, many looked to him as heir-apparent to the sovereignty. He held in princely contempt all trades, professions, and callings, and thought it beneath the dignity of a "lord of creation" to follow them. When, therefore, he accompanied the tribes in their migrations from place to place, he did not, as was the habit of others, assume the occupation of either tinker, grinder, bass-manufacturer, or the profession of a musician—but he went forth with his gun and his hound, or his leister and net, and every preserve, plantation, and river, supplied him with food, and the barns of strangers with bread.

Judith was two years younger than Gemmel Græme, and he had not looked upon her lovely face with indifference; for the stronger passions, and the gentler feelings of the soul, find a habitation in the breast of the wandering gipsy as in those of other men. He had a bold manly bearing, and an expressive countenance. Judith, too, had seen much of his exploits. She had beheld him to the neck in water, struggle with the strong salmon, raise it up, and cast it on the shore. She, too, had witnessed instances of his daring spirit, and in every sport had seen all vanquished who dared to contend with him. Yea, when the scented blossom, like fragrant fleece, overspread the hawthorn hedge-rows, and the primrose and wild-violet flowered at its roots—when the evening star shone glorious in the west, brightening through the deepening twilight—when the viewless cuckoo sighed "good night" to its mate, and the landrail took up its evening cry—then have Judith and Gemmel sat together, by the hedge-side, at a distance from the encampment, with her hand in his. Then he would tell her of the feats he had achieved, of the wrestling matches he had won, or the leaps he had made, and, pressing her hand, add—"But what care I for what I do, or for what others say, when the bright een o' my bonny Judith were na there to reward me wi' a blink o' joy!"

"Ye're a flatterer, Gemmel," whispered she.

"No, bonniest," answered he, "I deny that; I am nae flatterer. But if I were, ye are far beyond flattery sic as mine; and it is nane to say, that to my een ye are bonnier than yon gowden star, that shines by its single sel' in the wide heavens—and to me ye are dearer than the mountain is to the wild deer, or the green leaves to the singing birds."

Then he would press his lips to hers, and she blushed but upbraided him not. But, in the character of Judith, as in that of every woman over whose bosom vanity waveth its butterfly wings, there was something of the coquette. She did not at all times meet the affections of Gemmel with mutual tenderness, though she loved him beyond any one else, and was proud to see him wear her yoke. She had often smiled upon others, while her eyes glanced cold as illuminated ice upon him. Yet never was there one on whom she so smiled that repented not having courted or obtained it. For, as Gem-

mel's hand was strong, and his love passionate, so was his jealousy keen and his revenge insatiate. There were cripples in the tribe, who owed their lameness to the hand of Gemmel, because, in some instance, Judith had shown a capricious preference to them while she slighted him.

Now, as has been said, it was a day of feasting and rejoicing amongst them, and Judith was Gemmel's partner in the dance. Walter, the young heir of Riccon, was riding round the Eildons, with his grey goshawk upon his arm, and his servant followed him; and hearing sounds of music and shouts of revelry, he turned in the direction from whence they proceeded. He drew up his horse within a few yards of the merry group, and, from the first glance, the striking figure and the more striking features of Judith arrested his attention. His eyes followed her through the winding mazes of the dance. They sought to meet hers. Gemmel Græme observed him, and a scowl gathered on his brow. When the dance was ended, he led Judith to a green hillock on which her father sat, and approaching the heir of Riccon, inquired fiercely—"What want ye, Sir?—what look ye at?"

"Troth, friend," replied Walter, the Master of Riccon, who was of too courageous a temperament to be awed by the face or frown of any man, "I look at yer bonny partner, and I want to speak to her, for a lovelier face or a gentler figure my een hacna looked on since my mother bore me."

"Sir," retorted Gemmel more fiercely, "ye hae yer grey goshawk, yer horses, and yer servant; I dinna covet them, and dinna ye covet what is mine, and to me mair precious. Away the road ye cam, or ony road you like, but remain not here. Your company isna desired. Is it the manners o' you gentry to break in where ye are uninvited? Again I warn ye, *while the earth is green*, to turn your horse's head away! I, Gemmel Græme, wha never vowed revenge but I satisfied it, warn ye!"

"As well," replied young Walter haughtily, "might you vend your threats upon the rocks that compose those cloven mountains, as waste them upon me. I shall speak wi' your bonny partner." And he struck his spurs into his horse to proceed towards her.

Gemmel grasped the bridle, and in a moment horse and rider were upon the ground.

"Gemmel Græme!" shouted Lussha Fleckie, "is that the welcome ye gie to strangers? Foul fa ye! ye passionate tyke!—tak yer hands aff the gentleman, and if he wishes to join in oor merriment he's welcome. Gae, Judith, bring forward the gentle stranger."

Gemmel withdrew his hand from young Walter's throat; and, as he did so, he uttered wild and bitter words, and flung himself, as if in carelessness, on the ground, his head resting on his hand.

Judith, at her father's bidding, went and conducted the heir of Riccon to where her father sat and the late dancers were assembled, and Gemmel was left alone. A brief conversation passed between Lussha and Walter, during which the latter failed not to express his admiration of Judith. Her father smiled—there was a look of triumph in the eyes of her mother. The pipes again struck up, the dance was resumed, and Walter, the heir of Riccon, was the partner of Judith; while Gemmel Græme lay upon the ground gazing upon them and gnashing his teeth.

"We maun see that nae harm come to the young Riccon oot o' this," whispered some of the eldest of the tribe to each other, who had not again joined in the dance, "for Gemmel is kicking his heel upon the ground, an' whistlin' to himsel', and the horse-shoe is on his brow. It was wrong in Lussha to provoke him. There is an ill drink brewing for the young laird. He is dancing owre gunpoother where the touch-fire is creeping to it."

The dance was ended, and young Walter, taking a costly ring from his finger, placed it on Judith's, and whispered—"Wear it for my sake." And her cheeks seemed more lovely as she blushed, smiled, and accepted the gift.

Gemmel started to his feet as he beheld this. But Walter dashed his spurs into his horse, and riding away, in a few minutes was out of sight. Gemmel glanced upbraidingly on Judith, and he passed by her parents in sullenness and in silence.

But the heir of Riccon had not ridden far, when he turned round and said to his servant—"We go now to Melrose, and from thence ye shall go back and watch the movements o' the party we have seen. Mark ye weel the maiden wi' whom I danced and whose marrow ye never saw; for rather would I that she was lady o' Riccon Ha', than that I shouldna meet her again."

Shortly after the departure of Walter, some of the tribe, perceiving that what had passed between him and Judith was likely to lead to a quarrel between Lussha Fleckie and Gemmel Græme, and knowing, from the nature of both, that such a quarrel would be deadly in its results, proposed that the festivities should terminate, and the encampment break up. The proposal was carried by a majority of voices; and even Lussha, though conscious of the reason why it was made, knew so well the fiery and desperate nature of him who was regarded by the tribe as the future husband of his daughter, that he brooked his own temper and agreed to it. And, while they began to move their tents, and to load their asses and their ponies, Gemmel stood whistling moodily, leaning against a tree, his eyes ever and anon directed with an inquisitive scowl towards the tent of Judith's father, his arms folded on his breast, and at intervals stamping his foot upon the ground; while his favorite hound looked in his face, howled, and shook its tail impatiently, as though it knew that there was work for it at hand.

Early on the following day, the servant of the heir of Riccon returned, and brought him tidings that the encampment had broken up, and Judith and her father had erected their tent in the neighborhood of Kelso; for, as the ballad upon the subject hath it—

> "Often by Tweed they sauntered down
> As far as pleasant Kelso town."

Walter mounted his horse, and arrived within sight of their tent before the sun had gone down. At a distance from it he perceived Judith. She was alone, and holding her hand towards the declining sun, gazing upon her fingers as if admiring the ring he had presented to her on the previous day. He rode to where she stood. She seemed so entranced that she perceived not his approach. She was indeed admiring the ring. Yet let not her sex blame her too harshly: men and women have all their foibles—this was one of Judith's; and she was a beautiful but ignorant girl of eighteen, whose mind had never been nurtured, and whose heart had been left to itself, to be swayed by every passion. He dismounted—he threw himself on his knees before her—he grasped her hand—"Loveliest of women!" he began——But I will not follow him through his rhapsody. Such speeches can be spoken but at one period of our lives, and they are interesting only to those to whom they are addressed: therefore, I will spare my readers its recital. But it made an impression on the heart of Judith. He spoke not of *his* feats of strength, of his running, leaping, and wrestling, as Gemmel did; but he spoke of *her*, and in strains new but pleasant to her ear. And, although she had chided her first lover as a flatterer, she did not so chide the heir of Riccon. Vanity kindled at his words, and even while he knelt and spoke before her, she forgot Gemmel, and already fancied herself the jewelled lady of Riccon Hall.

He perceived the effect which his first gift had produced, and he saw also how earnestly she listened to his words. He

wore a golden repeater, which he had purchased in Geneva, and which was secured by a chain of the same metal, that went round his neck. He placed the chain around her neck, he pressed the watch upon her bosom. In her bosom she heard, she felt it beat, while her own heart beat more rapidly.

"Hark!—hark!" said he, "how constantly it beats upon your breast—yet, trust me, loved one, my heart beats more truly for you."

Before they parted, another assignation was arranged. From that period, frequent interviews took place between Walter and the lovely Judith, and at each visit he brought her presents, and adorned her person with ornaments. Her parents knew of his addresses, but they forbade them not.

Now one evening they had taken up their abode in a deserted building near to Twisel bridge; and thither the young laird came to visit Judith. Her father invited him into what had once been an apartment in the ruined building, and requested him to sup with them. Walter consented; for the love he bore to Judith could render the coarsest morsel sweet. But, when he beheld the meat that was to be prepared and placed before him, his heart sickened and revolted, for it consisted of part of a sheep that had died; and, when Lussha beheld this, he said—"Wherefore shudder ye, young man, and why is your heart sick? Think ye not that the flesh o' the brute which has been slain by the hand o' its Creator, is fitter for man to eat than the flesh o' an animal which man has butchered?"*

Walter had not time to reply; for, as Lussha finished speaking, a dog bounded into the ruins amongst them. Judith started from the ground, she raised her hands, her eyes flashed with horror.

"Ah!" she exclaimed in a voice of suppressed agony, "it is Gemmel's—Gemmel's hound! Fly, Walter, fly!"

"Wherefore should I fly?" returned the youth; "think ye, Judith, I am not able to defend myself and you against any man?—Let this fierce braggart come."

"Away!—haste ye away, sir!" said Lussha earnestly, grasping him by the arm, "or there will be blood and dead bodies on this floor! Come away! Gemmel Græme is at hand, and ye dinna ken him sae weel as I do!"

Walter would have remonstrated, but the gipsy, still grasping him by the arm, dragged him to a door of the ruin, adding —"Steal away—quick! quick among the trees, and keep down by the Till to Tweedside. Dinna speak!—away!"

It was a grey midnight in July, and the heir of Riccon had not been absent three minutes, when Gemmel Græme stalked into the ruin, and with his arms folded sat down upon a stone in sullen silence.

"We are glad to see ye, Gemmel," said Mariam; "ye hae been an unco stranger."

"Humph!" was his brief and cold reply.

The supper was spread upon the ground and the mother of Judith again added—"Come, Gemmel, lad, it is o' nae use to be in a cankered humor for ever. Draw forward and help yersel'—ye see there is nae want."

"So I see!" replied he, sarcastically; "did ye expect company? I doubt yer fare would hardly be to *his* palate!"

"What do you mean, Gemmel?" cried Lussha; "think ye that we are put up wi' yer fits?—or wherefore, if ye hae naething to say, come ye glunching here, wi' a brow as dark and threatening as a nicht in December?"

Gemmel rose angrily and replied—"I hae something to say, Lussha, and that something is to Judith, but not in your presence. Judith, will ye speak wi' me?" added he, addressing her.

Judith, who had sat in a corner of the

* Gipsies always assign this as a reason for their preferring the flesh of animals that have died, to that of such as are slaughtered.

ruin, with her hands upon her bosom, covering the watch which young Walter had given her, and forgetting that the golden chain by which it was suspended from her neck was visible, cast a timid glance towards her father, as if imploring his protection.

"I am no sure, Gemmel," said Lussha, "whether I can trust my daughter in yer company or no. If I do, will ye gie me yer thumb that ye winna harm her, nor raise your hand against her."

"Harm her!"—exclaimed Gemmel, disdainfully—"I scorn it!—there's my thumb."

"Ye may gang, Judith," said her father.

Judith, with fear and guilt graven on her lovely features, rose and accompanied Gemmel. He walked in silence by her side until they came to an old and broad-branched tree, which stood about forty yards from the ruin. A waning summer moon had risen since he arrived, and mingled its light with the grey gloam of the night, revealing the ornaments which Judith wore.

"Judith," said Gemmel, breaking the silence, and raising her hand from her bosom, with which she concealed the watch, "where got ye thae braw ornaments! Has yer faither found a heart to lay his fingers on the treasures in the silver jug?"

She trembled and remained silent.

"Poor thing! poor thing!—lost Judith!" exclaimed Gemmel, "I see how it is. For the sake o' thae vile gewgaws ye hae deserted me—ye hae sacrificed peace o' mind, and bidden fareweel to happiness! O Judith, woman!—wha is the flatterer noo? Do you mind syne we sat by the hedge-side thegither, when the corn-craik counted the moments round about us, and tried to mind us hoo they flew—when the sun had sunk down in the west, and the bonny hawthorn showered its fragrance owre us, as though we sat in the garden where our first parents were happy? Do you mind o' thae days, Judith?—and hoo, when my heaving bosom beat upon yours, as we sat locked in ilka other's arms, I asked, 'Will ye be mine?' and ye let yer head fa' on my shouther, and said, '*I will!*'—Judith! do ye mind o' thae things, and where are they noo?"

"Gemmel Græme," replied she, and she wept as she spoke, "let me gang—I canna hide wi' ye—and ye hae nae richt to put yer questions to me."

"Nae right!" he returned—"O Judith! hae ye forgotten a' yer vows?—or hae ye forgotten the time when, in caulder nichts than this, when the snaw was on the ground, and the trees were bare o' leaves, that ye hae stood or wandered wi' me, frae the time that the sun gaed down, until the sea-birds and the craws sailed owre oor heads seeking for their food on the next morning?—and now ye tell me ye canna bide wi' me? O Judith! ye hae dune what has made my heart miserable, and what will make yer ain as miserable!" And as he spoke he still held her hand.

"Let me gang, Gemmel," she again sobbed, and struggled to wrest her hand from his grasp—"I hae naething to say to ye."

"Then ye will leave me, Judith!" he cried, wildly—"leave me for ever, wi' a withered heart and a maddened brain!" She answered him not, but still wept and struggled the more to escape from him.

"Then, gang, Judith!" he cried, and flung her hand from him, but beware hoo we meet again!"

Some months after this, and when the harvest-moon shone full on the fields of golden grain, and the leaves rustled dry and embrowned upon the trees, there was a sound of voices in a wood which overhung the Tweed near Coldstream. They were the voices of Walter the heir of Riccon and of Judith.

"Leave," said he, "dear Judith, leave this wandering life, and come wi' me, and ye shall be clad in silks, dearest, hae ser-

vants to wait on ye, and a carriage to ride in ?"

"Ah !" she sighed, "but a wandering life is a pleasant life ; and, if I were to gang wi' ye, would ye aye be kind to me, and love me as ye do now ?"

"Can ye be sae cruel as doubt me, Judith ?" was his reply.

"Weel," returned she, "it was for yer sake that I left Gemmel Græme, wha is a bald and a leal lad, and one that I once thought I liked weel. Now, I dinna understand about your priests and your books, but will ye come before my faither and my mother, and the rest o' oor folk, and before them swear that I am yer lawfu' wife, the only lady o' Riccon Ha', and I will gang wi' ye ?"

"My own Judith, I will !" replied Walter, earnestly.

"You will not !" exclaimed a loud and wild voice, "unless over the dead body of Gemmel Græme ?"

At the same moment a pistol flashed within a few yards of where they stood, and Walter the heir of Riccon fell with a groan at the feet of Judith. Her screams rang through the woods, startling the slumbering birds from the branches, and causing them to fly to and fro in confusion. Gemmel sprang forward, and grasped her hand—"Now, fause ane," he cried, "kiss the lips o' yer bonny bridegroom !—catch his spirit as it leaves him ! Hang roond his neck and haud him to yer heart till his corpse be cauld ! Noo, he canna hae ye, and I winna !—fareweel !—fareweel !—fause, treacherous Judith !"

Thus saying, and striking his forehead, and uttering a loud and bitter scream, he rushed away.

Judith sank down by the dead body of Walter, and her tears fell upon his face. Her cries reached the encampment where her parents and others of her race were. They hastened to the wood from whence her cries proceeded, and found her stretched upon the ground, her arms encircling the neck of the dead. They raised her in their arms and tried to soothe her, but she screamed the more wildly, and seemed as one whose senses grief has bewildered.

"Judith," said her father, "speak to me, bairn—wha has done this ? Was it"——

"Gemmel !—wicked Gemmel !" she cried ; and in the same breath added, "No ! no !—it wasna him ! It was me ! —it was me ! It was fause Judith."

Gemmel Græme, however, had dropped his pistol on the ground when he beheld his victim fall, and one of the party taking it up, they knew him to be the murderer. Lussha Fleckie, touched by his daughter's grief, and disappointed by his dream of vain ambition being broken, caused each of his party to take a vow that they would search for Gemmel Græme, and whosoever found him should take blood for blood upon his head.

And they did search, but vainly, for Gemmel was no more heard of.

Twelve months passed, and autumn had come again. A young maniac mother, with a child at her breast, and dressed as a gipsy, endeavored to cross the Tweed between Norham and Ladykirk. The waters rose suddenly, and as they rose she held her infant closer to her bosom, and sang to it ; but the angry flood bore away the maniac mother and her babe. She was rescued and restored to life, though not to reason, but the child was seen no more.

For thirty years the poor maniac continued at intervals to visit the fatal spot, wandering by the river, stretching out her arms, calling on her child, saying—"Come to me—come to yer mother, my bonny bairn, for ye are heir o' Riccon, and why should I gang shoeless amang snaw ! Come to me—it was cruel Gemmel Græme that murdered your bonny faither—it wasna me !"

It was in January the body of a grey-haired woman, covered with a tattered red cloak, was found frozen and dead, below

Norham Castle. It was the poor maniac Judith, the once beautiful gipsy. Some years afterwards, an old soldier who had been in foreign wars, came to reside in the neighborhood, and on his deathbed requested that he should be buried by the side of Judith, and the letters G. G. carved on a stone over his grave.

THE WOOERS.

In the neighborhood of a certain little town in the west, and not twenty miles distant from Glasgow, there lived a certain young lady, whom we shall call Miss Barrowman. She was the only daughter of a person of considerable landed property—a sort of half squire, half farmer—and was thus—as heiress apparent of Netherlea, and proprietrix, in her own right, of a goodly person, and blooming countenance—early supplied with a full complement of suitors of various descriptions. She had them in dozens; and amongst these were several young men, to whom, on the score of eligibility, she could not possibly urge any reasonable objection. Yet, strange to say, she did object to them, one and all, and that without assigning any reason for her doing so. It was very odd, and everybody thought so. The general impression, however, on the subject was, that Miss Barrowman had determined to live a life of single blessedness, and to retain both her cash and comfort in her own hands. There were some, however, who attributed her coyness to a secret attachment, although no one could say or conjecture who the favored object was.

Such were the opinions entertained of Miss Barrowman's motives for her conduct towards her various lovers; but they were neither of them correct. She had not determined to lead a life of celibacy; neither had she yet formed any secret attachment. She acted, in this matter, under the influence of a very singular fancy—a fancy for which we will not pretend to account, and for which, we rather think, the fair whimsicalist herself would have had some difficulty in accounting. Miss Barrowman had determined to marry no other than a ploughman. So far as the profession went of him who was to be the man of her choice, on this she had resolved. A ploughman her husband must be, and nothing else. It is probable that, in seeking a mate in this class, she had formed some peculiar notions of her own, on the subject of simplicity of heart and purity of morals. She had conceived, it is not unlikely, that amongst this class she would find, more readily and more certainly than in any other, a man of the most perfect integrity of mind, and of the most unsophisticated feeling.

These, we say, it is more than probable were the considerations which influenced Miss Barrowman, in the very extraordinary resolution to which she had come on the important subject of a husband. But whether they were or not, such was the resolution she had formed, and by this resolution she determined to abide.

Miss Barrowman, however, had long been of this mind as to the profession of her future lord, before any one knew of it. She had for many years kept the secret locked up in her own bosom; but it at length got wind, in consequence of some expressions which she had inadvertently allowed to escape her. This, however,

was not till after her father's death; till she had become mistress, uncontrolled mistress, of all his broad acres and well-hoarded gear.

The discovery of this strange peculiarity in the matrimonial calculations of Miss Barrowman, excited, as might be expected, a prodigious sensation throughout the country, and, in particular, created a tremendous commotion amongst her gentlemen lovers. They could not understand it; nor, indeed, could anybody else. The former at first treated the matter as a joke, and would not believe it; but, on reflecting a little on the great length of time during which Miss Barrowman had withstood all their efforts to gain her affections, and the steadiness with which she continued to withstand them, they began to think there must be something in it, and, at length, gradually withdrew from the siege altogether, one after the other.

But at this point in the progress of the general effect of Miss Barrowman's peculiar notions on the subject of matrimonial alliances, a very curious result ensued. The class of suitors who had just been driven off, had no sooner retired from the field, than another advanced; a distinct and separate body. And who were they, thinkest thou, gentle reader? Why, they were precisely of that description, as to profession, from whose unsophisticated ranks the lady of Netherlea had determined on choosing a husband. They were ploughmen. Every one of them ploughmen, to a man. The effect of the rumor of Miss Barrowman's peculiar predilection having been to inspire hopes of the tenderest kind in the bosom of every unmarried tiller of the soil within twenty miles of her residence; and the effect again of this effect was, to bring them in dozens, on various pretences, about Netherlea, and all pinked out in the primitive buckism of flaming red waistcoats, red garters tied in a flashy knot at the knee, and corduroy jackets.

They formed, perhaps, as original a set of wooers as ever young lady had the happiness of being surrounded with.

This very open and palpable way of meeting her wishes, however, was not exactly to Miss Barrowman's taste. She did not want such a display of rustic gallantry to be directed towards her, nor such an avowed competition amongst the clod-hoppers of the country for the honor of her hand. It rather shocked her a little, and all but drove her from her original resolution—an effect which was further promoted by an occurrence which we now proceed to relate.

About a mile distant from Netherlea, there stood, in the "lirk" o' a hill, a certain little cottage, occupied by a Mrs. Oswald and her son. Mrs. Oswald was a widow; and her son, Sandy, a merry ploughman, in the service of a Mr. Williamson, a farmer, and tenant of Miss Barrowman's. Sandy was a good-natured fellow, well meaning and honest, but by no means a bright youth. He was, in fact, rather a soft lumpish sort of a chap, but a laborious and faithful servant; and, on this account, well liked by his master—as, indeed, he was by everybody else—for his inoffensive manners and extreme good-nature.

Now, it had, of course, reached Sandy's ears, and those of his mother too, that the young lady of Netherlea had determined to choose of his particular craft for a husband, but it had never struck him that there was any chance of his being the lucky man on whom her choice would fall, and he had therefore never made the slightest attempt to attract the notice of the fair lady of Netherlea. This supineness to his own interest, Sandy's mother marked, for some time, with great impatience, but she said nothing on the subject; at least nothing directly; for she did drop a broad hint now and then, although without venturing on an explicit expression of her wishes. At length, however, when she saw that neither her

hints nor any innate ideas of his own would prompt him to any active measures in the matter, she could contain herself no longer.

"Dear me, Sandy, man," she broke out one night, as her hopeful son sat by the fire, employed in demolishing the contents of an enormous bicker of porridge which he held between his knees, a tremendous horn spoon in his right hand, and a capacious bowl of milk in his left—"Dear me, Sandy, man," she said, as she wiped up some whole and some broken dishes, which she was ranging over the dresser in such a way as to produce the most imposing effect, "I wonder to see ye hae sae little spunk. Ye're no your faither's son ava, man."

"What's the case noo, mither?" said Sandy, driving away at his bicker with unabating energy.

"The case—my word, need ye ask that?" replied his mother, impatiently. "Isna there the leddy o' Netherlea, wi' lapfous o' gowd and lumps o' laun, wad mak a man o' ye for ever, just for the liftin, and yet ye'll no put doon your haun to pick her up?"

To this philippic Sandy made no reply, but continued delving away at his porridge. He was evidently thinking, however—this being a process which he could carry on without interrupting the necessary and pleasant labors in which he was employed?

"What for, man," resumed his mother, "dinna ye rig yersel oot in your Sunday claes o' an afternoon, and take a daunder doon by the hoose, and let the leddy see you, the same as Tam Norrie's doin, and Hugh Blair, and Watty Craig, and a wheen may o' them? What for dinna ye do that, Sandy? Ye're a weel-faured strappin chiel, although I say't that suldna say't, maybe, and might hae as guid a chance as ony o' them."

Still Sandy said nothing; for his bicker was not yet finished, and Sandy made it a rule never to say or do anything till that great end was accomplished. It was now nearly so, however, for the sound of the spoon coming in contact with the wood, might at this moment be distinctly heard. Sandy was now scraping his bicker. It was cleared out. Not as much as a sparrow would peck at was left. The remains of the milk was swigged off, the bowl which had contained it was placed within the porridge dish, the spoon within that, and the whole handed over to his mother. This done, Sandy threw himself back in his chair with an air of comfortable satiety, and looking at the fire thus bespoke his affectionate parent:—

"What was that ye war sayin, mither, about the young leddy o' Netherlea?"

"I was sayin, Sandy," replied his mother, "that if ye waur worth your lugs ye wad mak up to her as ithers are doin, and try to get her into your ain creel."

Sandy looked at the fire with a grave face, into which face, moreover, he threw as marked an expression of thought as he could conveniently command, but which look marvellously like stupidity, and said simply and briefly:—

"I doot it wad be o' nae use, mither."

"Faint heart never wan fair leddy, Sandy," replied the latter. "Try your luck, man. I'm sure ye're as likely a chiel as ony that's after her, and a hantle mair likely than a wheen o' them. Up and be doin, man. Od, your faither, honest man, had me whiskt awa afore the minister before I had time to think what I was aboot. My word, he was a man o' mettle in thae days. Wi' him it was but twa words, a clap on the shouther and awa wi't. Od, there wasna a lass in the country, gentle or simple, that wad hae stood an hour afore him. He had a tongue wad hae wiled the very lavrocks frae the lift. Up man, Sandy, and be doin. Put on your Sunday claes this very afternoon, put a wee hair o' your faither's spunk in your waistcoat pocket, and away doon to Netherlea, an see what ye can do."

Sandy continued musing intently, but saying little. Hitherto he had never dreamt of adventuring on the bold and decisive proceeding thus recommended to him; but urged as he was now by his mother, and struck as he was now, also, by certain stirrings of ambition suddenly generated within him, he began to think of the matter more seriously, and to see it, that is, his own proposed share in it, in a more feasible light than he had formerly viewed it.

"We may try't, mither," he said, after a pause of some duration, which he employed in thinking, and dangling the while his mother's little bent poker between his finger and thumb; making it ring, anon, against the fender. "We may try't, mither," he said. "Nae harm in that, ony way."

"Nane, Sandy, my man, nane whatever," replied his mother, delighted with her success in arousing what she called the spirit of her hopeful youth of a son.

"We'll gie her a trial, ony way," resumed Sandy, who had now risen to his legs, and was in the act of throwing off his working jacket.

"That's richt, Sandy. That's what I ca' spunk. Will I bring oot your Sunday claes!"

"Ye may dae sae," said her son. "Whether do ye think I should put on the velveteen jacket or the corduroy ane, mither?"

"To my taste, noo, Sandy; but please yoursel, my man," replied the latter; "ye look best in the velveteen ane; mair genteeler, and I think it's the maist likely ane to tak her ee."

"Put it oot then, mither," said Sandy; and a joint process, having for its end the fitting out of Sandy's person in the most captivating way possible, was began at one and the same moment by Sandy and his mother. The latter proceeding to a large wooden chest, and commencing to disentomb therefrom sundry articles of wearing apparel, such as stockings, trousers, waistcoat, jacket, &c., &c., all of which she deposited on a chair for their owner's appropriation; the former to execute a series of ablutionary ceremonies, previous to his donning the Sunday gear which his mother was laying out for him. The first step of Sandy's proceedings in this department of the intended fit-out, was to provide himself with a huge brown-ware basin, which he three-parts filled with water, a lump of black, dirty-looking soap, and a towel. These collected, and the first of them placed on a stool, Sandy threw his shirt over his head, and began to plunge and splutter away with great energy and activity. When he had done, and rubbed himself dry, his broad red face actually glowed with heat, and shone, at the same time, as if it had been newly varnished.

"Ye're lookin just uncommon weel the nicht, Sandy," said his delighted mother, looking, with maternal pride and gratulation on the huge, flaming, and shining orb, which her son called his countenance. Sandy smiled at the compliment; and, when he did so, displayed a row of teeth which were eminently calculated to set off his other charms, being finely diversified in size, color, and position. In a few minutes after, Sandy's toilet was all but completed. He had only now to put the last finishing touch to his person. For this purpose he sat down at a small table, placed before him a small oblong piece of wood, about an inch thick, in the centre of which was set and secured by a chaste edging of putty of about half an inch in breadth, and richly ornamented by an irregular series of thumb-marks, a piece of looking-glass of a sort of rhomboidal shape, of about two and a half to three inches surface.

By the aid of this ingenious piece of mechanism, in which his own captivating image was reflected, Sandy commenced tearing down his carroty locks with a short, dumpy, toothless comb, and trimming, with the same convenient instru-

ment, a pair of fiery-colored, bushy whiskers, of which he was justly not a little vain. These little matters done, Sandy's usual routine of proceedings in the affair of outward decoration was exhausted. He could do no more. All that art could do was done.

Having completed his toilet, Sandy rose to his feet, clapped his best hat on his head—and an excellent one it was, the nap being fully an inch and a half ong—put his watch, of about the dimensions of an ordinary saucer, in his fob, pulled out to its fullest length the broad blue ribbon to which it was attached, and to whose outer extremity was appended a very handsome brass seal with a glass face, a brass key, and a small foreign *bucky* (shell); the whole being in excellent taste, took a switch in his hand, and thus prepared at all points, sallied forth to win the affections of the lady of Netherlea.

His mother followed him to the door, and looked with pride at the receding figure of her "weel-faured, buirdly son."

At this point of our story, we must let the reader into a certain small secret regarding Sandy Oswald, and in connexion with his present adventure, which we did not hint at before. We told the truth as to his feelings on the subject of coming forward with his suit to the lady of Netherlea, but we did not tell the whole truth. There was something in reserve which we did not disclose, and this was, that there was at this moment in the service of that lady, a certain young woman to whom Sandy had made earnest love for an entire twelvemonth before, and to whom he had, a hundred times, sworn everlasting fealty. Now, this was an awkward affair. Being the accepted lover of the maid, how could he come forward as a suitor of the mistress? If he attempted the latter, the former was on the spot to detect and expose his faithlessness. It was a puzzling predicament. He could not move a peg in the matter without subjecting himself to such exposure as we have hinted at; and this, gentle reader, was the principal reason why he had hitherto refrained from the enterprise on which, in the desperate hope of being able to escape the notice of his deceived fair one, he was now going. It was on the strength of this forlorn hope then, and which he trusted farther to promote by some dexterous manœuvring, that Sandy was now adventuring on the daring measure recommended by his mother.

On this adventure he did not proceed, however, without some misgivings. He did not see how he could possibly secure the notice of the mistress without attracting that of the maid also, and being thus awkwardly interrupted in his designs; for he did not doubt that if Mysie saw him, she would at once presume that it was her he was seeking, and would hasten to seise an opportunity of joining him. He, however, resolved to try, although the occurrence just alluded to was one certainly to be avoided by all means, if possible, and the faithless swain determined to avoid it if he could. With this view he approached the house by the most concealed routes, creeping along hedges, darting across parks, and skulking down dyke-sides, till he came within a stone throw of Netherlea House. Having arrived at this distance, and being, as he thought, in a pretty secure position, Sandy determined to hold it for a short time, until he had resolved on his next proceeding; and, in the meantime, to keep a sharp look-out for the lady of Netherlea, whom he thought he might possibly see walking about, or discover in some other equally accessible position. Alas, little did Sandy dream that his vile tergiversations had all been marked, and his still viler faithlessness more than guessed at, and that too by the very two most concerned in his treacherous proceedings—the maid and mistress of Netherlea. This was the fact. The two happened to be out walking; and were seated, during the very time that Sandy was performing his zig-

zag advances towards the house, on a small eminence in the neighborhood, which commanded a full view of all that was passing below. They thus witnessed, without being observed by him, the whole of his strange manœuvring. For a time they were both much at a loss to conceive what he meant—what object he was driving at. But women's wit is sharp in these matters; and a hasty comparing of notes, and observations, and circumstances, and conjectures, between the maid and the mistress, soon brought them to the facts of the case.

At first Mysie thought he was coming on a visit to her; and she blushed, as her mistress, who knew of the footing on which she and Sandy stood, expressed precisely the same opinion. But both the time of day and the manner of his approach were unusual. He was not wont to come till the twilight, nor, when he came to visit her, did he come by stealth, as he was now doing; he came openly. More extraordinary still, he was on this occasion in full dress, garters and all. Now, he never came to see Mysie, excepting on Sunday, in this high state of feather. What then could this and all the rest of it mean. Mysie soon solved the difficulty.

"Oh, the loon!" she suddenly burst out with—"I'll wad my best new gown, he's come to see if he can get a sicht and a word o' you, mistress, and no o' me. That's the way he's dinked himsel oot in his Sunday claes; and that's the reason, too, that he has been joukin and howkin his way doon like a mowdiwart, just to keep oot o' my sicht."

Mysie's mistress had arrived at precisely the same conclusion on the subject, although she had not expressed it. Now, however, that her maid had, she acknowledged its probability with a blush and a laugh at the same time.

"It's very possible that what you conjecture is true, Mysie," said Miss Barrowman. "Nay, I have no doubt of it; and, since it is so, if you like we'll play your faithless swain a trick."

"Wi' a' my heart—wi' a' my heart, mem," replied Mysie, eagerly. "I wad like to be revenged on the fause hearted loon."

"Well, then, Mysie," said Miss Barrowman; and she finished the sentence by giving her maid certain instructions, the result of which the reader will find in the sequel.

Obedient to these instructions, and rejoicing in the prospect of revenge which they promised to lead to, Mysie ran off to execute them, while Miss Barrowman took the direction of Sandy's concealment, which she approached slowly, in order to give the lurker an opportunity of speaking to her, if he so designed. Rejoiced beyond measure, and not a little astonished too, at his good luck, Sandy saw Miss Barrowman advancing towards him, and, the moment he saw her, he popped out of his retreat and made in the direction she was coming with an air as if their meeting, on his part, were accidental. When within a few yards of the lady of Netherlea, Sandy began to smile as hard and as captivatingly as he could, and, when a little nearer, took off his hat, placed himself directly in her way, and said—

"Guid e'en to you, my leddy. There's a fine afternuin. Hae ye been takin a walk?"

"Indeed have I, Sandy," replied Miss Barrowman, graciously, and affecting a little coquettish embarrassment. Sandy marked with great gratification, this symptom of the desirable effect he had produced, and, gathering courage from it, proceeded—

"Do you no find it eerie, mem, walkin your lane?" said Sandy, with a look meant to be at once sly and languishing.

"O no, Sandy," replied Miss Barrowman; "I like a solitary walk, now and then, very much, although, if one could always get the one they liked with them,

it would certainly be much more agreeable."

And the young lady sighed.

"It wad surely be that, mem," said Sandy, now *nickering* like a pony. "Wad ye no tak a wee bit turn, mem, back wi' me the length o' the hazel wood? I'm sure I wad be unco prood o' the honor," added Sandy, who was every moment becoming more eager and confident in his manner.

"No, no, Sandy—not just now," replied Miss Barrowman, confusedly, and in a hurried whisper; "but if you'll come to the garden gate in an hour hence, I'll be there to let you in, and we can take a turn in the garden."

"Thank ye, mem—thank ye," said Sandy. "I'll be punktwal."

"Do, Sandy," replied Miss Barrowman; "but, in the meantime, get out of the way as fast as you can, for I expect Mysie every instant to make her appearance."

It required no more to make Sandy vanish. In a twinkling he was out of sight, although not out of hearing; for he might have been heard, and traced too, for several seconds, crashing his way through the hedges and birches that at once obstructed his retreat and formed his concealment.

Having made this arrangement with Sandy, Miss Barrowman hastened home; and, with great glee, informed Mysie of what had transpired, and of the appointment which she had made with her lover.

"Now, Mysie," said Miss Barrowman, "is all ready?"

Mysie exultingly replied that it was.

"Now, then," continued Miss Barrowman, "what I want you to do is this:—It will be quite dark when Sandy comes to the garden gate; so, as we are much about a size and a figure, you will wrap yourself in one of my cloaks, put on one of my bonnets, and receive him; and, if you keep your head well muffled up, speak very low, and as little as possible, he will never doubt but that you are me. Well, then, hear all that he has to say. Let him come out with the full measure of his faithlessness. Treasure up his words, so as to be able to serve them up to him again on another occasion, and then conduct him stealthily, as it were, into the house, under pretence that you feel chill in the air, and are so fond that you wish a little more of his company. When you have got him into the house, we will together manage the rest."

"O mistress! O mistress!" exclaimed Mysie, clapping her hands in uncontrollable ecstasy, "that's juist delightfu. It's graund, graund. Oh, we'll gie him a coolin."

Faithful to his appointment, and already believing himself Laird of Netherlea, Sandy was at his post at the precise time fixed on. Indeed, he had been there fully half-an-hour before. When that hour came, Sandy beat a gentle rat-tat-tat, with the points of his fingers, on the garden door. The signal was instantly attended to; the door was cautiously opened; and, in a second after, the happy Sandy Oswald found himself in Netherlea garden, with its young mistress, as he had no doubt, by his side.

"Nae fear o' Mysie comin this way, my leddy?" said Sandy, in a low whisper, and it was one of the first things he said. "She kens naething aboot our meeting, I houp."

"No," muttered Mysie, in an all but inaudible tone.

"That's richt," replied Sandy; "for she's a glaiket, silly taupy, and, I verily believe, thinks I hae some notion o' her. Gude save the mark! he wad be unco ill aff for a wife wad take Mysie Blackater."

"I thought ye liked her," in a voice that barely passed the threshold of the speaker's muffle.

"Liked her!" replied Sandy, contemptuously. "Just a piece o' nonsense. I dinna gie a strae for her—an ugly pukit like thing."

"I thought ye used to reckon her pretty, and call her so?"

"Tuts! juist daffin—juist to please the puir silly thing."

"I thought ye pledged yer word to marry her?"

"A' a piece o' nonsense. Said something like that for fun, maybe, but never intended it. Na, na," continued Sandy, now becoming more ardent in his manner, and seizing his fair companion by the hand —"I ken whar I wad look for a wife if I thocht there was ony chance o' gettin her;" and Sandy looked "unutterable things," which, however, could not be seen in the dark.

Mysie now thought it full time to conduct her faithless swain into the house; and she now proposed it.

"But are ye sure we can keep clear o' Mysie?" inquired Sandy, anxiously, and evidently in great terror of such a rencontre taking place. He was assured he had nothing to fear on this score; and, on the faith of this assurance, Sandy at once followed his conductor, not a little elated with the very marked preference which such a proceeding as being invited into the house indicated.

Executing her part of the plot admirably, although frequently in danger of marring it by an untimeous burst of laughter, Mysie now led her victim to the altar—that is, to a certain closet, which was to be the scene of future operations. The door was open.

"Hist!" said Mysie, in a tone of alarm, and stooping suddenly precisely opposite said closet—"I hear a foot. It's Mysie."

"God's sake, woman, whar'll I gang?" said Sandy, in great terror. "Let me get into some hole or ither."

"Here—in here, man. Quick, quick wi' ye," whispered Mysie earnestly, and with well-affected agitation. And she thrust the "fause loon," as she called him, into the closet already referred to; and, bidding him remain there as still as death till she came for him, she shut the door. The finale was now at hand. Having secured Sandy, and placed him in the proper position, Mysie hastened to find her young mistress. She had not to go far to succeed in this. Miss Barrowman was at hand. She had been watching the whole proceedings. The two, however, having now met, were obliged, before advancing another step in the programme of their trick, to rush to a distant part of the house, in order to relieve themselves, by some free bursts of laughter, of the pain which they were suffering from its suppression. Having obtained this relief by two or three hearty and continuous peals, and having regained sufficient composure to go through with the remainder of the evening's proceedings, the mistress and maid again approached the den in which they had secured their unsuspecting victim.

With a somewhat similar feeling, however, with that which prompts the cat to delay the *coup de grace* to the unfortunate mouse which its evil stars have put in her power, did Miss Barrowman and her maid Mysie determine on having a little more sport with their victim before visiting him with the cold catastrophe in store for him.

With this view, Miss Barrowman herself now advanced, on tiptoe, to the door of the closet in which Sandy was confined; and, in a whisper, directed through the keyhole said—

"Are ye comfortable, Sandy?"

"I canna say *that* preecesly," replied Sandy, in the same tone; "but I'm as weel as can be expeckit. Mysie's no gaun aboot, is she?" he added. Mysie was now standing close by her mistress.

He was assured she was not.

"Whan will't be convenient to let me oot?" resumed Sandy.

"Presently, Sandy," was the reply. "But are ye sure, now, that ye detest Mysie, and that ye like me?"

"As fac's death, mèm," replied Sandy, energetically.

Miss Barrowman and Mysie now tripped away to put their last move in execution. A moment's dead silence occurred. In the next, an appalling shout, or rather roar, accompanied by the squashing, plashy sound of a tremendous descent of water, announced that Sandy had been suddenly subjected to the cooling influence of a mysterious deluge of some kind or other. This was the fact, then, good reader. Sandy had been closeted in a shower-bath, and was, at this moment, enjoying the most liberal dispensation of that ingenious contrivance. For some seconds, both the plashing of the water and the shouting of the sufferer continued with unabated vigor; but at length, the former, but not the latter, ceased, and that instant Miss Barrowman and her maid, each with a candle in their hands, threw up the door of the shower-bath closet, and, with well-affected alarm and astonishment, simultaneously exclaimed, "Sandy Oswald!"

"Gracious me! what brought ye here, Sandy?" added Mysie. "Hoo on earth got ye in here, and what brought ye? What war ye wantin?"

"What brought ye into my house, sir?" chimed in Miss Barrowman, with assumed severity of manner. "What business have you here? You could not surely have been intending any good. It is a strange affair, and I must know the meaning of it."

To all these questions and remarks, Sandy made no reply; and, for a very good reason, he did not know what reply to make, but stood squeezed up into a corner of the bath, where he had vainly sought to escape the deluge that was pouring down on him from above, and of whose source he could form no idea—having never seen or heard of such a thing as a shower-bath in his life.

Squeezed up into a corner, then, and having a very strong resemblance to a huge half-drowned rat, stood Sandy, as we have said, during the delivery of the above queries and remarks by his two tormentors. To these, as we have also already said, Sandy had yet made no reply. He was much too confounded by his present situation to admit of that. He was drenched to the skin by some mysterious deluge; he was exposed to the eyé of Mysie; his faithlessness was about being discovered; and, to crown all, Miss Barrowman seemed desirous of withdrawing her patronage—nay, of denying altogether her having inveigled him into the house; and, to add still farther to his confusion, he thought the little he now heard of Miss Barrowman's voice did *not* resemble that of his fair garden companion; but he could not exactly tell. He did not, in short, know what to think of the matter. He had, however, a confused idea of there being something wrong somewhere.

"Come oot o' that, man," at length said Mysie. Sandy mechanically obeyed, with a forced unmeaning smile on his countenance, but still without speaking. When he had fairly emerged from his watery retreat—

"Nae fear o' Mysie comin this way, my leddy?" said Mysie, imitating the tone in which her faithless lover had put the same question in the garden; and holding the candle close to his face in order to enjoy a full view of its expression under the infliction of the torture. "She ken's naething aboot oor meeting, I houp?" continued Mysie. "Wadna he be ill aff for a wife that wad tak Mysie Blackater? Wadna he, Sandy? I'm sure ye wadna gie a strae for her—an ugly pukit thing; and although ye hae sworn a hunner times that she should ae day be yours, and that ye liked her aboon a' ither things on this earth, it was a' juist a piece o' nonsense, spoken for fun. A thing ye never intended. Wasna't Sandy, lad; wasna't—eh?"

We leave the reader to judge of Sandy's feelings during this operation of serving him up with his own faithless words. We should have a difficulty in describing them, but more in describing what he did, and

how he looked under the torturing process. This was exceedingly like a fool, with an unnatural and inane smile on his very stupid face, which he directed alternately to Mysie and her mistress, but still without giving utterance to a single syllable.

After Mysie had put her deceitful swain through his facings, her mistress took up the cue and began :—

"Perhaps the honor of your visit, Sandy, was intended for me ?"

Sandy grinned.

"Probably you have been struck with a fancy to become Laird of Netherlea, Sandy, and lord and master of its lady. Was that the object of your adventure ? Was it that that brought you here ?"

"Ke', ke', mem, I'm sure ye ken that weel aneuch," said Sandy, with a very broad grin, and now speaking for the first time. "Didna yo bring me here, yersel, frae the garden ?"

"No, you fause-hearted villain, it was me," here interposed Mysie, fiercely. "It was me that met ye in the garden, and it was into my ain twa lugs that ye poured a' your hypocritical and deceitful speeches. 'Od, I hae a guid mind to cleave ye wi' the candlestick ;" and Mysie flourished that formidable weapon as if she was about to execute the deed she menaced. But although she had intended to do so desperate a thing, Sandy took care that it should not be in her power. He had, for the last two or three minutes, been eyeing the door with a wistful look, and, at this critical moment, availed himself of the observations he had made by making a sudden bolt towards it, and another out of it, and away like a grey hound. The whole proceeding was the work of an instant, and was accomplished before Mysie or her mistress could make any remark on the subject.

On clearing the house, Sandy kept at the top of his speed, and without looking either to the right or to the left, till he reached his mother's house, where he flung himself down in a chair in a state of breathless exhaustion.

"Losh hae a care o' me, Sandy, what's the matter ?" said his mother, in great alarm. "Ye're clean dune oot ; and Lord be wi' us," she said, putting her hand on his soaked jacket, "ye're a' wat. Ye're dreeping, I declare. Hae ye fa'n into ony water ?"

"I didna gang to the water, mither—the water cam to me," replied Sandy.

"What do you mean by that Sandy, my man ?" inquired his mother.

"Tuts, it's a lang story, and no worth tellin," said her son, who did not care to enter into particulars regarding his night's adventure.

"Weel, then, my man, how came ye on wi' the leddy o' Netherlea ? Did ye foregather wi' her ?"

"Ou, ay," replied Sandy drily.

"An' how cam ye on, then, wi' her ?" inquired the anxious mother. "Did ye speak her fair and cannily ?"

"Weel aneuch that way, I fancy," said Sandy, with the same brevity, and the same evident disinclination to be communicative on the subject.

"Dear me, my man, Sandy," rejoined his mother, impatiently, provoked by his taciturnity on a matter in which she felt so deeply interested, "can ye no tell me at ance how cam ye on."

"I'll tell ye something at ance, mither," replied Sandy, with an equal degree of impatience, "and that is, that ony body that likes may tak the leddy o' Netherlea for me. That I'll hae naething mair ado wi' her, and that they'll be devilish weel educat that'll catch me gaun after an heiress again—that's a' I say, mither ;" and saying this, Sandy began to divest himself of his drenched garments, and immediately after rolled his chilled body into bed, without vouchsafing another word on the subject of his experience of that eventful night. Nor could he, at any time after, ever be induced, by his affectionate parent, to shed the smallest degree of additional

light on that experience, or to give any account whatever of the incidents it included.

With regard to the heiress of Netherlea, we believe, that attaining wisdom with years, she finally married a person better suited by birth and education to her own tastes, habits, and pursuits, than she could possibly have found in a ploughman, however worthy and deserving in other respects such a person might have been.

MR. SAMUEL RAMSAY THRIVEN;

A TALE OF LOVE AND BANKRUPTCY.

CHAP. I.—A WAY OF MAKING MONEY.

All the world knows that Mandeville, the author of the "Fable of the Bees," and Shaftesbury, the author of the "Characteristics," divided a great portion of mankind on a question which is now no question at all. That there are, assuredly, some instances to be met with of rational bipeds, who exhibit scarcely any traces of a moral sense, and act altogether upon the principle of selfishness, we do not deny; but this admission does not bind us to the selfish theory, for the very good reason, that we hold these creatures to be nothing better than a species of monsters. Nor do we think the world, with the tendency to self-love that prevails in it, would have been the better for the want of these living, walking exemplars of their patron—the devil; for, of a surety, they show us the fallen creature in all his naked deformity, and make us hate the principle of evil through the ugly flesh-case in which it works, and the noisome overt acts it turns up in the repugnant nostrils of good men. Now, if you are an inhabitant of that scandalous free-stone village that lies near Arthur Seat, and took its name from the Northumbrian king, Edwin—corrupted, by the conceit of the inhabitants, into Edin—you will say that we mean something personal in these remarks; and, very probably, when we mention the name of Mr. Samuel Ramsay Thriven, who, about twenty years after Mr. John Neal introduced to the admiring eyes of the inhabitants of the Scottish metropolis the term haberdasher, carried on that trade in one of the principal streets of the city, our intention will be held manifest. And what then? We will only share the fate, without exhibiting the talent of Horace, and shall care nothing if we return his good-humor—a quality of far greater importance to mankind than even that knowledge "which is versant with the stars."

Now, this Mr. Samuel Ramsay Thriven, who took up, as we have already signified, the trade designated by the strange appellative introduced by the said John Neal, was one of those dabblers in morals who endeavor to make the whole system of morality accord with their own wishes. As to the moral sense, so strongly insisted for by the noble author of the "Characteristics," he considered it as a *taste* something like that for *vertù*, which a man might have or not have just as it pleased Dame Nature, or Mr. Syntax Pedagogue, but which he could pretend to have as often and in as great profusion as it pleased himself. It was, he acknowledged, a very

good thing to have, sometimes, about one, but there were many things in the world far better—such as money, a good house, good victuals, good clothing, and so forth. It was again, sometimes, a thing a man might be much better without. It formed a stumbling-block to prosperity; and when, at the long run, a man had made to it many sacrifices, and become a beggar, "rich in the virtue of good offices," he did not find that it got him a softer bed in an alms-house, or a whiter piece of bread at the door of the rich. These sentiments were probably strengthened by the view he took of the world, and especially of our great country where there is a mighty crying, and a mighty printing, about virtue, magnanimity, and honesty, in the abstract, while there is, probably, less real active honesty than might be found among the Karomantyns—yea, or the Hottentots or Cherokees. Then, too, it could not be denied that "riches cover a multitude of sins;" why, then, should not Mr. Thriven strive to get rich?

Upon such a theory did Mr. Samuel Thriven propose to act. It had clearly an advantage over theories in general, in so much as it was every day reduced to practice by a great proportion of mankind, and so proved to be a good workable speculation. That he intended to follow out the practical part of his scheme with the same wisdom he had exhibited in choosing his theory of morals, may be safely doubted. Caution, which is of great use to all men in a densely populated country, is an indispensable element in the composition of one who would be rich at the expense of others. A good-natured man will often allow himself to be cheated out of a sum which is not greater than the price of his ease, and there are a great number of such good-natured men in all communities. It is upon these that clever men operate; without them a great portion of the cleverest would starve. They are the lambs with sweet flesh and soft wool, making the plains a paradise for the wolves. A system of successful operations carried on against these quiet subjects, for a number of years, might have enabled Mr. Samuel Ramsay Thriven to have retired, with his feelings of enjoyment blunted, and his conscience quickened, to some romantic spot where he might have turned poetical. An idle man is always, to some extent, a poet; and a rogue makes often a good sentimentalist.

This ought clearly to have been the course which worldly caution should have suggested as the legitimate working out of the theory of selfishness. But Mr. Thriven was not gifted with the virtue of patience to the same extent that he was with the spirit of theorising on the great process of getting rich. He wanted to seize Plutus by a *coup de main*, and hug the god until he got out of him a liberal allowance. The plan has been attended with success; but it is always a dangerous one. The great deity of wealth has been painted lame, blind, and foolish, because he gives, without distinction, to the undeserving as well as to the worthy—to the bad often more than to the good. It is seldom his god-ship will be coaxed into a gift; and if he is attempted to be forced, he can use his lame leg, and send the rough worshipper to the devil. Neither can we say that Mr. Thriven's scheme was new or ingenious, being no other than to "*break* with the full hand"—a project of great antiquity in Scotland, and struck at, for the first time, by the act 1621, cap. 18. It existed, indeed, in ancient Rome, and was comprehended under the general name of stellionate, from stelio, a little subtle serpent, common in Italy. Always in great vogue in our country, it at one time roused the choler of our judges to such an extent that they condemned the culprits either to wear the yellow cap and stockings of different colors, or be for ever at the mercy of their creditors. But these times had gone by, and a man might make a very respectable thing of a break, if he could manage it adroitly enough to

make it appear that he had himself been the victim of misplaced confidence. So Mr. Samuel having given large orders to the English houses for goods, at a pretty long credit, got himself in debt to an amount proportioned to the sum he wished to make by his failure. There is no place in the world where a man may get more easily in debt than in Scotland. We go for a decent, composed, shrewd, honest people; and, though we are very adequately and sufficiently hated by the volatile English, whom we so often beat on their own ground, and at their own weapons, we enjoy a greater share of their confidence in mercantile matters than their own countrymen. Vouchsafe to John the privilege of abusing Sawney, and calling him all manner of hard names, and he will allow his English neck to be placed in the Scotch noose, with a civility and decorum that is just as commendable as his abuse of our countryman is ungenerous and unmanly. Mr. Thriven's warehouses were, accordingly, soon filled with goods from both England and Scotland; and it is no inconsiderable indication of a man's respectability that he is able to get pretty largely in debt. When a man is to enter upon the speculations of failing, the step we have now mentioned is the first and most important preliminary. Debt is the Ossa which from the successful speculator rolls into the rich vale of Tempe. There are some rugged rocks in the side of his descent to independence—such as the examinations under the statutes—that are next to be guarded against, and the getting over these is a more difficult achievement than the getting himself regularly constituted a debtor. The running away of a trusty servant with a hundred pounds, especially if he has forged the cheque, may be the making of a good speculator in bankruptcy, because the loss of a thousand or two may be safely laid to the charge of one who dare not appear to defend himself. The failure and flight of a relation, to whom one gives a hundred pounds to leave him in his books a creditor in a thousand, is also a very good mode of overcoming some of the difficulties of failing; and a clever man, with a sharp foresight, ought to be working assiduously for a length of time in collecting the names of removing families, every one of whom will make a good "bad debtor." These things were not unknown to Mr. Thriven; but accident did what the devil was essaying to do for him, or rather, speaking in a more orthodox manner, the great enemy, taking the form of the mighty power, yclept Chance, set the neighboring uninsured premises, belonging to Miss Fortune, the milliner, in a blaze; and a large back warehouse, in which there was scarcely anything save Mr. Thriven's ledgers, was burnt so effectually, that no person could have told whether they were full of Manchester goods, or merely atmospheric air of the ordinary weight—that is, thirty-one grains to a hundred cubic inches.

When a respectable man wishes ardently for a calamity, he arrays his face in comely melancholy, because he has too much respect for public decorum to outrage the decencies of life. Mr. Samuel Ramsay Thriven accordingly *looked* the loss he had sustained with a propriety that might have done honor to a widower between whom and a bad wife the cold grave has been shut for the space of a day, and then set about writing circulars to his creditors, stating that, owing to his having sustained a loss through the burning of a warehouse where he had deposited three thousand pounds worth of goods, he was under the necessity of stopping payment. No attorney ever made more of letter-writing than Mr. Samuel did on that day: in place of three shillings and fourpence for two pages, every word he penned was equal to a pound.

CHAP. II.—THE INSCRIPTION.

"WELL," said Mr. Samuel Thriven, after he had retired to his house, "this has been

hard and hot work; but, a man has a satisfaction in doing his duty, and that satisfaction may not be diminished by a bottle of port."

Now the port was as good as Offey's; and Mr. Thriven's thirst was nothing the less for the fire of the previous night, which he had done his utmost not to extinguish, and as he was in good spirits, he, like those people in good health, who, to make themselves better, begin to take in a load of Morrison's pills, drew another cork, with that increased sound which belongs peculiarly to second bottles, and, in a short time, was well through with his potation. "How much, now," said he, as he pretended, in a knowing way, to look for a dead fly in the glass, which he held up between him and the candle, shutting, in the operation, the left eye, according to the practice of connoisseurs—"How much may I make of this transaction in the way of business? Let me see—let me see."

And, as he accordingly tried to see, he took down from the mantelpiece an ink-bottle and a pen, and, having no paper within reach, he laid hold of a small book, well-known to serious-minded people, and which was no other, in fact, than "The Pilgrim's Progress." But it was all one to Mr. Samuel Ramsay Thriven, in the middle of his second bottle, what the book was, provided it had a blank leaf at the beginning or end thereof. It might, indeed, have been the "Louping-on-Stone for Heavy-Bottomed Believers," or the "Economy of Human Life," or the "Young Man's Best Companion," or "A New Way to Pay Old Debts;" or any other book or brochure in the wide republic of letters which the wisdom or wit of man has ever produced. It may verily be much doubted if he knew himself what book it was.

"Well, let me see," he said again, as he seized the pen, and held the blank leaf open before him. "The three thousand pounds lost by the fire is a very good item; I can easily make a very good list of very bad debts to the extent of five hundred pounds; I have three thousand of good bank-notes in the house; and if I get off with a dividend of five shillings in the pound, which I can pay out of my stock, I may clear by this single transaction, in the way of business, as much as may make me comfortable for the whole period of my natural life."

And having made some monologue of this kind, he began to jot down particulars; laying on the table his pen, occasionally, to take another glass of the port wine, and resuming his operation again, with that peculiar zest which accompanies a playfulness of the fancy on a subject of darling interest. So he finished his arithmetical operation and dream, just about the time when the wine finished him; fell sound asleep; and awoke about two in the morning, with a headache, and no more recollection of having committed his secret to the blank leaf of "The Pilgrim's Progress," than if he had never written a word thereon at all.

CHAP. III.—THE FACING OF CREDITORS.

Of all men in the world, a bankrupt requires to wear a lugubrious look. It is proper, too, that he should keep the house, hold out the flag of distress, and pretend that he is an unfortunate mortal, who has been the prey either of adverse fate or designing rogues. Of all this Mr. Thriven was well aware as ever man could be; no man could have acted the dyvour better than he, even though he had been upon the pillory, with the bankrupt's yellow cap on his head. Creditors kept calling upon him—some threatening imprisonment, and some trying to cajole him out of a preference; but Mr. Samuel was a match for them all.

"It is all very well to look thus concernedly," said Mr. Horner, a large creditor; "but will this pay the two hundred pounds you owe me?"

"Would to heaven that it might!" replied Mr. Thriven, drawing his hand over

his eyes; "but, alas! it is the peculiar feature of the misfortune of bankruptcy, that a man who has been himself ruined ay, burnt out of his stock by a fire that he had no hand in raising, and thus made a beggar of, probably for ever—receives not a single drop of sympathy in return for all the tears he sheds for his unfortunate creditors. Your case concerns, me, sir, most of all; and, were it for nothing in the wide world but to make up your loss, I will strive with all my energies, even to the urging of the blood from the ends of my laborious fingers, and to the latest period of a wretched existence."

And Mr. Horner being mollified, he was next attacked by Mr. Wrench.

"It is but fair to inform you, sir," said the vulture-faced dealer in ginghams, "that I intend to try the effect of the prison upon you."

"That is because the most wicked of nature's elements—fire—has rendered me a beggar," replied Mr. Samuel, rubbing again his eyes. "It is just the way of this world: when fate has rendered a man unfortunate, his fellow creature, man, falls upon him to complete his wretchedness; even like the creatures of the forest, who fall upon the poor stag that has been wounded by the fall from the crags, man is ever cruelest to him who is already down. Yet you, who threaten to put me in jail, are the creditor of all others whose case concerns me most. The feeling for my own loss is nothing to what I suffer for yours; and, I will never be satisfied till, by hard labor, I make up to you what I have been the unwilling and unconscious instrument of depriving you of."

And having got quit of Wrench, who declared himself not satisfied, though his threat, as he departed, was more feebly expressed, he was accosted by Mr. Bairnsfather.

"Your face, sir, tortures me," said Mr. Samuel, turning away his head, "even as one is tortured by the ghost of the friend he has murdered with a bloody and relentless hand. All my creditors put together do not furnish me matter of grief equal to your individual case. Do not I know that you are the father of ten children, whom probably I have ruined. Yet am I not also ruined, and all by a misfortune whose origin is beyond the ken of mortals."

"You have spoken a melancholy truth, Mr. Thriven," replied the father; "but will that truth feed my children."

"No, sir; but I will feed them, when once discharged under a sequestration," rejoined Mr. Thriven. "Your case, above all the others, it shall be my care to assuage. Nor night nor day shall see my energies relaxed, till this wrong shall be made right."

"Our present necessities must be relieved," rejoined "the parent." "Could you not give us a part of our debt, in the meantime."

"And be dishonest in addition to being unfortunate!" ejaculated Mr. Samuel. "That, sir, is the worst cut of all. No, no. I may be imprisoned, I may be fed on bread and water, I may be denied the benefit of the act of grace, but I shall never be forced to give an undue preference to one creditor over another. You forget, Mr. Bairnsfather, that a bankrupt may have a conscience."

After much more of such converse, Mr. Bairnsfather retired. And the next who came for the relief which she was not destined to receive, was Widow Mercer.

"This is a dreadful business, Mr. Thriven," said she, as she ran forwards in the confusion of unfeigned anguish.

"Dreadful, indeed, my good lady," answered he; "and who can feel it more than myself—that is, after you."

"You are a man, and I am a woman," rejoined the disconsolate creditor; "a woman who has struggled since the death of her good husband, to support herself and a headless family, who, but for their mother's industry, might have, ere now, been reduced to seek their bread as the

boon of pity. But, ah sir, it cannot be, that you are to class me with the rest of your creditors. They are men, and may make up their losses in some other way. To me the loss of fifty pounds would be total ruin. Oh sir, you will!—I know by that face of sympathy, you will make me an exception. Heaven will bless you for it; and my children will pray for you to the end of our lives."

"All this just adds to my misery," replied Mr. Samuel, "and that misery, heaven knows, is great enough already. Your case is that of the mother and the widow; and what need is there for a single word, to tell me that it stands apart from all the others. But, madam, were I to pay your debt, do not you see that both you and I would be acting against the laws of our country. What supports me, think ye, under my misfortune, but the consciousness of innocence. Now, you would cruelly take away from me that consciousness, whereby, for the sake of a fifty pound note, you would render me miserable here, and a condemned man hereafter. A hotter fire, of a verity, there is, than that which burnt up my stock. But I am bound to make amends for the loss I have brought upon you; and you may rest assured that, as soon as I am discharged, I will do my best for you and your poor bereaved sons and daughters."

And thus Mr. Thriven managed these importunate beings, termed creditors, in a manner that he, doubtless, considered highly creditable to himself, in so far as he thereby spread more widely the fact that he had been ruined by no fault of his own, at the same time that he proved himself to be a man of feeling, justice, and sentiment. Meanwhile, his agent, Mr. Sharp, was as busy as ever an attorney could be, in getting out a sequestration, with the indispensable adjunct of a personal protection, which the Lords very willingly granted upon the lugubrious appeal, set forth in the petition, that Mr. Thriven's misfortunes were attributable to the element of fire. A fifty pound note too, sent his shopman, Mr. Joseph Closs-muns, over the Atlantic; and, the coast being clear, Mr. Thriven went through his examinations with considerable eclat.

CHAP. IV.—THE WINDFALL.

"These men," said Mr. Thriven, after he got home to dinner, "have worried me so by their questions, that they have imposed upon me the necessity of taking some cooling liquor to allay the fervor of my blood. I must drink to them besides, for they were, upon the whole, less severe than they might have been; and a bottle of cool claret will answer both ends. And now," he continued, after he drank off a bumper to the long lives of his creditors —"the greatest part of my danger being over, I can see no great risk of my failing in getting them to accept a composition of five shillings in the pound. But what then? I have no great fancy to the counter. After all, a haberdasher is at best but a species of man milliner; and I do not see why I should not, when I get my discharge in my pocket, act the gentleman as well as the best of them. All that is necessary is to get the devout Miss Angelina M'Falzen, who regenerates the species by distributing good books, to consent to be my wife. She has a spare figure, a sharp face, and a round thousand. Her fortune will be a cover to my idleness; and then I can draw upon the sum I have made by my failure, just as occasion requires."

At the end of this monologue, a sharp broken voice was heard in the passage; and Mr. Samuel Thriven's bottle of claret was, in the twinkling of an eye, replaced by a jug of cool spring water.

"Ah, how do you do, my dear Miss M'Falzen?" cried Mr. Samuel, as he rose to meet his devout sweetheart.

"Sir," responded the devout distributer of tracts, stiffly and coldly, "you are in far better spirits than becomes one who is the means of bringing ruin on so many

families. I expected to have found you contrite of heart, and of a comely sadness of spirits and seriousness of look."

"And yet I am only feasting on cold water," replied Samuel, letting the muscles of his face fall, as he looked at the jug. "But you know, Miss Angelina, that I am innocent of the consequences of the fire, and, when one has a clear conscience, he may be as happy in adversity over a cup of water, as he may be in prosperity over a bottle of claret."

"A pretty sentiment, Mr. Thriven—la! a beautiful sentiment," replied Miss Angelina; "and, satisfied as I am of your purity, let me tell you that our intercourse shall not, with my will, be interrupted by your misfortune. I would rather, indeed, feel a delight in soothing you under your affliction, and administering the balm of friendship to the heart that is contrite, under the stroke which cannot be averted."

"And does my Angelina," cried Samuel, "regard me with the same kindness and tenderness in my present reduced circumstances, as when I was engaged in a flourishing trade, which might have emboldened me to hope for a still more intimate, ay, and sacred connexion?"

"Mr. Thriven," replied the other, gravely, "I have called in behalf of Mrs. Mercer."

Samuel's face underwent some considerable change.

"I have called in behalf of Mrs. Mercer, who has reported to me some sentiments stated by you to her, of so beautiful and amiable a character, and so becoming a Christian, that I admire you for them. You promised to do your utmost, after you are discharged to make amends to her and her poor family for the loss she will sustain by your bankruptcy. Ah, sir, that alone proves to me that you are an honest, innocent, and merely unfortunate insolvent; and to show you that I am not behind you in magnanimity, I have paid her the fifty pounds wherein you were indebted to her, and got an assignation to her debt. You may pay me when you please; and, meanwhile, I will accept of the composition you intend to offer to your creditors."

"Fifty pound off her tocher," muttered Samuel between his teeth, and then took a drink of the cold water, in the full memory of the claret.

"It scarcely beseems a man," said he. "to be aught but a silent listener when his praise is spoken by one he loves and respects. But, it is possible, Miss M'Falzen, that my misfortune has not changed those feelings—those—excuse me, Miss Angelina—those intentions with which I had reason to believe, you regarded me."

And, with great gallantry, he seized the fair spinster round the waist, as he had been in the habit of doing before he was a bankrupt, to show, at least, that he was now no bankrupt in affection.

"To be plain with you, sir," replied she, wriggling herself out of his hands, "my intention once was to wait until I saw whether you would come unscatched and pure out of the fiery ordeal; but, on second thoughts, I conceived that this would be unfair to one whom I had always looked upon as an honest man, though, probably, not so seriously minded a Christian as I could have wished; therefore," she added, smiling—yet no smiling matter to Samuel—"I have, you see, trusted you fifty pounds—a pretty good earnest—he! he!—that my heart is just where it was."

Mr. Samuel Ramsay Thriven kissed Miss Angelina M'Falzen.

"But oh, sir," she added, by way of protest, "I hope and trust that not one single spot shall be detected in your fair fame and reputation, and that you will come forth out of trial as unsullied in the eyes of good men, as you were pure in the estimation of one who thus proves for you her attachment."

"Never doubt it," replied Mr. Samuel. "Innocence gives me courage and confidence."

He placed, theatrically, his hand on his heart.

"And what think you," added Miss Angelina, "of John Bunyan's book, which I lent you, and which I now see lying here? Is it not a devout performance—an extraordinary allegory? How much good I do by these kind of books! Ha! by the by, Mrs. Bairnsfather, good creature, wishes to read it. So I shall just put it in my pocket. To be plain with you, she is much cast down, poor creature, by the loss her husband has sustained through your involuntary failure; and I have said that she will find much comfort in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

"A stanch book, madam," replied Samuel, seriously—"an extraordinary allegory, worth a piece of the vellum of the old covenant. I have derived great satisfaction and much good from it. I have no doubt it will support her, as it has done me, under our mutual affliction.

"Oh, how I do love to hear you talk that way," replied Miss Angelina. "It is so becoming your situation. When do you think you will get a discharge? I will answer for Mr. Bairnsfather agreeing to the composition; and you know I am now a creditor myself in fifty pounds. Of course you have my vote; but you will tell me all about it afterwards. Good day, Mr. Thriven."

"Good day, Miss M'Falzen."

The which lady was no sooner out than was the bottle of claret. In a few minutes more Mr. Thriven was laughing over his replenished glass, as totally oblivious of the secret carried away by his lover, on the blank leaf of the good old tinker's book, as he was on that night when he made free with the two bottles of port as good as Oficy's.

"The matter looks well enough," said he. "I can make no manner of doubt that my composition will be accepted; and then, with the two thousand five hundred, at least, that I will make of my bankruptcy, and the round thousand possessed by Miss Angelina M'Falzen, I can perform the part of a walking gentleman on the great stage of the world."

"Is Mr. Thriven within?" he now heard asked at the door.

"Ho, it is Sharp!" muttered he, as he shoved the bottle and the glass into a recess, and laid again hold of the water jug.

"Water, Thriven!" cried the attorney, as he bounded forward and seized the bankrupt by the hand. "Water; and Miss Grizel M'Whirter of Cockenzie dead, of a dead certainty, this forenoon; and you her nephew, and a will in her drawers, written by Jem Birtwhistle, in your favor, and her fortune ten thousand; and the never a mortal thought the old harridan had more than a five hundred."

"The devil a drop!" cried Mr. Samuel Thriven. "The devil a drop of water; for, have I not in this press a half bottle of claret, which I laid past there that day of the fire, and never had the courage to touch it since. But *me* her heir! Ho, Mr. Joseph Sharp, you are, of a verity, fooling a poor bankrupt, who has not a penny in the world after setting aside his composition of five shillings in the pound. *Me* her heir! Why I was told by herself that I was cut off with a shilling; and you must say it seriously ere I believe a word on't."

"I say it as seriously," replied the writer, "as ever you answered a home-thrust to-day in the sheriff's office, as to the amount of stock you lost by the burning of your premises—as sure as a decree of the fifteen. I say your loss had made her repent; so come away with the claret."

Mr. Thriven emptied the whole of the half bottle, at one throw, into a tumbler.

"Drink, thou pink of an attorney!" said he, and then fell back into his chair, his mouth wide open, his eyes fixed on the roof, and his two hands closed in each other, as if each had been two notes for five thousand each.

"Are you mad, Mr. Thriven?" cried Sharp, after he had bolted the whole tumbler of claret.

"Yes!" answered Mr. Samuel Ramsay Thriven.

"Have you any more of this Bourdeaux water in the house?"

"Yes!" answered Mr. Thriven. "Open that lockfast" (pointing to a press), "and drink till you are only able to shout 'M'Whirter'—'Cockenzie'—'Thriven'—'ten thousand'—'hurra!'—and let never a word more come out of you, till you fall dead drunk on the floor."

The first part of the request, at least, was very quickly obeyed, and two bottles were placed on the table, one of which the attorney bored in an instant, and had a good portion of it rebottled in his stomach by the time that Mr. Thriven got his eyes taken off the roof of the chamber.

"Hand me half a tumbler!" cried he, "that I may gather my senses, and see the full extent of my misfortune."

"Misfortune!" echoed Sharp.

"Ay!' rejoined Samuel, as he turned the bottom of the tumbler to the roof. "Why did Grizel M'Whirter die, sir, until I got my discharge?"

"Ah, sir!" replied Sharp, on whom the wine was already beginning to operate —"You have thus a noble opportunity of being the architect of a reputation that might be the envy of the world. You can now pay your creditors in full—twenty shillings in the pound, and retain five thousand to yourself, with the character of being that noblest work of Nature—an honest man."

"When a thing is utterly beyond one's reach," rejoined Samuel, looking, with a wry face, right into the soul of the attorney, "how beautiful it appears."

Sharp accepted coolly the cut, because he had claret to heal it; otherwise he would have assuredly knocked down Mr. Samuel Thriven.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Sharp!" continued his friend; "but I felt a little pained, sir, at the high flown expression of the great good that awaits me, as if I were not already conscious of being, and known to be that noblest work of Nature. The cut came from you, Mr. Sharp, and I only returned it. All I regret, sir, is that my aunt did not live till I got my discharge, because then, not being bound to pay my creditors one farthing, I might have paid them in full, without obligation at all, and thereby have proved myself what I am—a *generous* man. No more of the claret. You must away with me to Cockenzie, to see that the repositories are sealed, and the will safe."

"By my faith, I forgot that!" replied Sharp; "a pretty good sign that, if you are a generous man, I am not a selfish one. We had better," he added, "let the claret alone till we return from Cockenzie. What think you?"

Now Samuel had already told Sharp that he was to have no more of the wine; and the question of the attorney, which was a clear forestaller, would have angered any man who was not an heir (five minutes old) of ten thousand. But Samuel knew better than to quarrel with the attorney at that juncture; so he answered him in the affirmative; and, in five minutes afterwards, the heir and the lawyer were in a coach, driving off to Cockenzie. The bankrupt was, in a few minutes more, in a dream—the principal vision of which was himself in the act of paying his creditors in full with their own money, and earning a splendid reputation for honesty.

The sooner he performed the glorious act, the greater credit he would secure by it; his name would be in the *Courant* and the *Mercury*, headed by the large letters—"Praiseworthy instance of honesty, coming out, in full strength, from the ordeal of fire."

"What has Miss Angelina M'Falsen been doing at the house of Mrs. Bairnsfather?" cried Sharp, as he turned from the window of the carriage (now in the

Canongate) to the face of Samuel, whose eyes were fixed by the charm of his glorious hallucination.

"Lending her the Pilgrim's Progress!" answered Samuel, as he started from his dream.

Now Sharp could not for the life of him understand this ready answer of his friend, for he had put the query to awaken him from his dream, and without the slightest hope of receiving a reply to a question, which savoured so much of the character of questions in general; so he left him to his dream, and in a short time they were at Cockenzie.

CHAP. V.—THE TEA PARTY.

"WELL, my dear," said Mr. Bairnsfather to his wife, when he came home to tea on that same afternoon of which we have now been narrating the incidents, "I hope you are getting over our losses; yet I have no very good news for you today, for all that Thriven intends to offer of dividend is five shillings in the pound."

"It is but a weary world this we live in!" said the disconsolate wife. "We are all pilgrims; and there is for each of us some slough of despond, through which we must struggle to the happy valley."

"What, ho!" rejoined the husband, "I have come home to tea, and you are giving me a piece of Bunyan. Come, lay down your book, for Mr. Wrench and Mr. Horner are to be here to get some of your souchong."

"And I," replied the goodwife, "asked Miss Angelina M'Falzen to come back and get a cup with us. I could not do less to the devout creature, for she took the trouble of going to Mr. Thriven's today, and getting from him 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' that she might bring it to me to reconcile me to the evils of life, and, among the rest, the loss which we have sustained by her friend's failure."

"Poh! I hate all Pilgrim's-Progress-reading insolvents!" rejoined the husband, taking the book out of his wife's hands. "Go, love, and get ready the tea, while I sojourn with the Elstow tinker, in the valley of humiliation, out of which a cup of China brown stout and some converse will transport me to the 'house beautiful.'"

And Mr. Bairnsfather, while his wife went to prepare tea, and his many children were dispersed here and there and everywhere, got very rapidly into "Vanity Fair," of the which being somewhat aweary as he said, with a yawn, he turned the leaves over and over, and at last fixed his eyes on the leaf that had once been, though it was now no longer, blank. The awl of the Elstow tinker himself never could have gone with greater determination through the leather of a pair of bellows, than did Mr. Bairnsfather's eye seem to penetrate that written page. Like the seer of the vision of a ghost in the night, he drew his head back, and he removed it forwards, and he shut his eyes, and opened his eyes, and rubbed his eyes, and the more he did all this, the more he was at a loss to comprehend what the writing on the said blank leaf was intended to carry to the eyes of mortals. It was of the hand-writing of Mr. Samuel Ramsay Thriven, for a certainty—he could swear to it; for the bill he had in his possession—and whereby he would lose three fourth parts of two hundred pounds—was written in the same character. What *could* it mean?

"What *can* it mean?" he said, again and again.

"How should I, if you, who are a cleverer man, do not know, Mr. Bairnsfather," said Mr. Wrench, who was standing at his back, having entered in the meantime. "I have read the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' which Mrs. B. says you are reading, more than once, and fairly admit that there are obscure passages in it. But here comes Mr. Horner, who can perhaps unravel the mystery, if you can point out what limb of the centipede allegory it is which appears to you to have a limp."

"By my faith it is in the tail," said Mr. Bairnsfather, as he still bored his eyes into the end of the book.

"Let me see the passage," said Mr. Horner.

And all the three began to look at the writing, which set forth the heads and particulars of Mr. Samuel Thriven's gain by his bankruptcy.

"A very good progress for a pilgrim," said Mr. Horner; and they looked at each other knowingly, and winked their six eyes, and nodded their three heads.

Miss M'Falzen and the tea came in at this moment. The three creditors were mute, and the devout spinster was talkative. Mrs. Bairnsfather then filled up and handed round the tea-cups (they sat all close to the table), and her husband handed round to his two friends the book.

"What an interest that book *does* produce," said Miss Angelina, apparently piqued by the attention shown to the genius of the tinker.

"Come, now, Miss Angelina," said Mrs. Bairnsfather, "confess that that copy produces no small interest in yourself, considering the hands it was in today."

"Fie, fie! ma'am," rejoined the blushing spinster. "How could the touch of a man's fingers impart a charm to mere paper. If Mr. Thriven had appended some pretty piece of devout or poetical sentiment to it, why, you know, that would have made all the difference in the world, ma'am. He is really an excellent man, Mr. Thriven; though we have all suffered in consequence of his loss, yet, I dare say, we all feel for his unmerited misfortune."

The three creditors were too much absorbed in Bunyan even to smile.

"When did you lend this copy to Mr. Thriven?" inquired Mr. Wrench; and the two others fixed their eyes, filled with awful import, on the face of the devout spinster.

"Just the day before the fire!" replied she; "and ah, sir, how delighted I am that I did it, for he assures me that it has sustained him wonderfully in his affliction."

The three men smiled, rose simultaneously, and retired to a parlor, taking Bunyan with them. Their looks were ominous; and Mrs. Bairnsfather could not, for the world, understand the mystery. After some time, they returned, and looked more ominously than before.

"It is worth three thousand pounds, if it is worth a penny," said Mr. Horner, seriously.

"Every farthing of it," rejoined Mr. Wrench. "The most extraordinary book I ever saw in my life."

"An exposition miraculous, through the agency of heaven," added Mr. Bairnsfather.

Now all this time their tea was cooling, and the hostess examined and searched the eyes of her husband and guests. Have they all got inspired or mad, thought she; but her thought produced no change, for the men still looked and whispered, and shook their heads, and nodded, and winked, and left their tea standing, till she began to think of the state of the moon.

"How delighted I am," ejaculated Miss M'Falzen; "for I never saw such an effect produced by the famous allegory in any family into which I ever introduced it. You see the effect of agitation in devout matters, Mrs. Bairnsfather."

"You know not half the effect it has produced on us, ma'am," said Mr. Horner. "It has electrified us—so much so indeed, that we cannot remain longer to enjoy your excellent society. You will, therefore, ladies, excuse us if we swallow our tea cleverly, and go to promulgate in the proper quarters the information afforded us by this wonderful production."

"The sooner we are away the better," added Mr. Wrench, drinking off his cup. "We must call a private meeting, and lay it secretly before them."

"Certainly," added Mr. Bairnsfather; "and you, Miss M'Falzen, authorise us to tell the peregrinations of the book, into whose hands it has been, and how it came here."

"Bless you, sir," cried the devout spinster—while Mrs. Bairnsfather kept staring at her husband and guests, unable to solve the strange mystery—"You do not know a tithe of the good that this little book has achieved. It has been in half the houses in the Cowgate and Canongate. It is relished by the poor, and sought after by the rich; it mends the heart, improves the understanding, and binds up the wounds of those that are struck by the hands of the archers. Oh! I agitate in the good cause mightily with it, and others of the same class; and may all success attend your efforts, also, in so excellent a cause. Call meetings by all means, read, expound, examine, exhort, entreat, and, hark ye, take Mr. Samuel Thriven with you, for his heart is in the cause of the improvement of his fellow-creatures, and he knows the value of the allegory of the devout tinker of Elstow."

"We cannot do without Mr. Thriven," replied Mr. Bairnsfather with a smile; and while Mrs. Bairnsfather was calling out to them to take another cup, and explain to her the meaning of their conduct, the creditors rose altogether, and, taking their hats and Bunyan, were on the point of leaving the room in great haste and manifest excitement, when the door opened, and the soft voice of Widow Mercer saluted them.

"Have you heard the news?" said she.

"Does it concern Mr. Thriven?" replied more than one.

"Yes, to be sure it does!" rejoined she. "We will all now get full payment of our debts; what think ye of that, sirs?"

"Hush, hush!" said Mr. Bairnsfather, in the ear of the widow. "Say nothing of 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' You know Miss M'Falzen is a friend of Mr. Thriven's."

"'The Pilgrim's Progress!'" ejaculated the widow.

"Alas! he is, of a verity, mad!" rejoined Mrs. Bairnsfather.

"'The Pilgrim's Progress,'" again cried Mrs. Mercer.

"Tush, we knew all about it!" whispered Mr. Wrench. "You also have seen the book."

"Yes," replied the widow, "I have, as who hasn't? but Lord bless me!"—and she whispered in his ear—"what, in the name of wonder, has 'The Pilgrim's Progress got to do with Mr. Thriven having got ten thousand pounds left him by Mrs. Grisel M'Whirter?"

The whisper was communicated to the two other creditors by Mr. Wrench. The three merchants, stimulated at the same moment by the same impulse of joy, laid hold of the good widow, and whirled her like a top round the room, snapping their fingers the while, and exhibiting other perfectly innocent demonstrations of gladness.

"The most extraordinary method of proselytising," said the spinster, "that I, who have carried on the trade of mending the species for many years, have ever yet seen."

"It is all beyond my poor wits together," added the wife.

And beyond her poor wits the creditors allowed it to remain, for they immediately went forth upon their intended mission. In some hours afterwards, accordingly, there was a secret meeting in "The White Horse," not less dangerous to Mr. Samuel Thriven than was that held in the Trojan one to old Troy.

CHAP. VI.—THE PAYMENT.

Now all this time, while Mr. Thriven's creditors were in "The White Horse," he himself was in heaven; for Sharp and he having found all right at Cockensie, returned and sat down to finish the claret which had been forestalled by the attor-

ney before setting out. They resolved upon consigning Mrs. Grizel M'Whirter to the cold earth a day sooner than custom might have warranted; and the reason for this especial care was simply that Mr. Samuel wished, with all the ardor inspired by the Bourdeaux waters, to make a grand and glorious display of his honesty, by calling all his creditors together, and paying them principal and interest—twenty shillings in the pound. They even, at this early period, set about making a draft of the circular letter, which was to announce the thrilling intelligence.

"Heavens! what a commotion this will produce among the trade!" said Samuel, as he threw himself back in his chair, and fixed his enchanted eye on Sharp's copy. "It will electrify them; and, sir, the editors of the newspapers are bound as patrons of public virtue, to set it forth as an example to others to induce them to do the same in time coming. And now, since we have discussed so much business and claret, we will retire to our beds; I to enjoy the satisfaction of having resolved on a noble action, and you the hope of making a few six-and-eightpences by the death of Grizel M'Whirter of Cockenzie."

"*A few!*" cried Sharp, in an attorney's heroics. "You will see when you count them, I am not less honest or generous than yourself."

The friends thereupon separated, to enjoy in their beds the two pleasures incident to their peculiar situations.

At the end of the period—less by one day, than the customary time of corpses being allowed to remain on the face of the earth—Mrs. Grizel M'Whirter was buried; and as her will containeda specific assignation to the greater part of her money, the same was, in a day or two afterwards, got hold of by Mr. Thriven, and out went the round of circulars to the creditors, announcing that on the following Thursday, Mr. Thriven would be seated in his house, ready to pay all his creditors their debts, and requesting them to attend and bring with them their receipts. Among these circulars was one to Miss Angelina M'Falsen—the very woman he had promised, before he succeeded to Miss Grizel M'Whirter's fortune, to make a wife of; a pretty plain proof that now, when he had become rich, he intended to shake off the devout spinster who had attempted to reform him by lending him of the allegory of Tinker of Elstow. The eventful day at length arrived, when Mr. Thriven was to enjoy the great triumph he had panted for—viz., to pay his creditors in full every farthing with their own money; and, at the hour appointed, a considerable number arrived at his house, among whom not a few knew, as well as they did the contents of their own Bibles, the nefarious device of the haberdasher. When the creditors were seated—

"It ill becomes a man," said Mr. Thriven, affecting a comely modesty—"It ill becomes one who resolves merely to do an act of ordinary justice, to take credit to himself for the possession of uncommon honesty. Therefore, I say, away with all egotistical assumption of principles, which ought to belong to a man, merely (as we say in trade) as part and parcel of humanity; for, were it a miracle to be honest, why should we not tolerate dishonesty, which yet is, by the voice of all good men, condemned and put down. The debts due to you I incurred, why then should I not pay them? It makes not a *nail* of difference that I lost three-fourths of the amount thereof by fire; because, what had you to do with the fire? *You* were not the incendiaries. No; the fault lay with me; I should have insured my stock, in gratitude for the credit with which you honored me. It is for these reasons that I now disdain to take any credit to myself for coming thus cleverly forward to do you an act of justice, which the will of heaven has put in my power, by the demise of that lamented woman, Mrs. Grizel M'-

Whirter, and which you could by law have forced me to do, though, probably, not so soon as I now propose to do it of my own free will and accord."

Mr. Thriven paused for a burst of applause; and Mr. Bairnsfather, with a smile on his face, stood up.

"It is all very well," said he, glancing to his friends, "for Mr. Thriven to pretend that no merit attaches to one who acts in the noble and generous way he has resolved to follow on this occasion. Every honest act deserves applause, were it for nothing else in the world than to keep up the credit of honesty. No doubt we might have compelled Mr. Thriven to pay us out of the money to which he has succeeded, and to this extent we may admit his plea of no merit but the readiness, if not precipitancy he has exhibited on the measure is not only in itself worthy of high commendation; but, by a reflex effect, it satisfies us all, of that of which we probably were not very sceptical, that his failure was an honest one, and that he is not now making a display of paying us out of any other money than his own."

"Shall we not accord to these sentiments of our brother creditor?" said Mr. Wrench, rising with great seriousness. "How seldom is it, in the ordinary affairs of life, that we find the true Mr. Greatheart of 'The Pilgrim's Progress;' but when we do find him, shall we not say to him, let him have his reward—and what shall that reward be? Empty praise? No! Mr. Thriven needs not that, because he has the voice of conscience sounding within him—far more musical, I deem, to the ear of honesty than the hollow notes of external applause. A piece of plate? very good for praise-devouring politicians to place on the table when the clique is carousing and settling the affairs of the State; but altogether unsuitable for the gratification of meek, self-denied, retiring honesty. A book of morals; what say ye to that, friends?" I throw it out merely as a hint."

"And I second the suggestion," said Mr. Horner, "with the amendment, that there shall be an *inscription on a blank leaf*, setting forth, in detail, the merits of the individual, and where could we find a better than the allegory of the progress of the pilgrim, written by the tinker of Elstow?"

A round of applause, fully suitable to the appetite of Mr. Samuel, followed Mr. Horner's amendment. The process of payment commenced, and was completed to the satisfaction of all parties; and when the creditors went away, Mr. Thriven sat down to consider the position in which he stood. He had got applause, but he did not well understand it. Above all, he could not comprehend the allusion to the book written by John Bunyan. "Well," he said, as he took up the *Mercury*, "it is beyond my comprehension; and, after all, the good people may only mean to present me with some suitable gift in consideration of the act of justice I have this day done them. Let me see if there be any news;" and he fell back in his chair in that delightful *langueur d'esprit* to which a newspaper of all things is the most acceptable. "Why," he continued, as he still searched for some racy bit, "did not Sharp undertake to get a notice inserted, by way of an editor's advertisement, of three lines, to immortalise me, and pave my way to the hand of Miss Clarinda Pott?" And he wrung the muscles of his face as if they had been like a dishclout filled with the humor of his bile. At length his eye stood in his head, his mouth opened, and he became what artists would call "a living picture." The part of the paper which produced this strange effect, consisted of merely a few lines to this import:—"*New light.*—The matter which the fire in ——— Street failed to illumine has, we understand, been illustrated by no less an individual than John Bunyan, tinker at Elstow. Everything may be reduced to an allegory; the world itself is an allegory; and this scrap of ours is nothing but an allegory."

Samuel laid down the paper. "What can this mean?" said he. "If this be not an allegory, I know not what is."

"Ah, sir, you are a man this day to be envied," said Miss M'Falzen, who now entered. "You have proved yourself to be an honest man. I was sure of it; and you know, Samuel, when all deserted you, I stuck fast by you, and even gave the—the—excuse me, sir—the consent you asked of me, while you had no prospect before you in this bad world other than beggary."

"What consent, ma'am?" replied Mr. Thriven, with a face that displayed no more curiosity than it did love.

"Bless me, Mr. Thriven, do you forget?—Is it possible that you can have forgotten so *interesting* an occasion?"

"I believe, by the by, ma'am, you have called for your debt," said Mr. Thriven.

"Debt!" ejaculated the devout spinster. "Why should there be any debt between two people situated as we are. Why should not all claims be extinguished by the mixture of what Mr. Sharp calls *the goods in communion*. If I take this money from you to-day, won't I be giving it back after the ceremony. True, my small fortune is now nothing to yours; yet I will remember with pleasure, and you will never surely forget, that all I had was at your service when you had lost all you had in the world; so, you see, my dear Samuel, if you have this day proved yourself to have a noble spirit, I am not behind you."

"What is the exact amount of your claim, Miss M'Falzen?" said Mr. Thriven, with a determination to distance sentiment.

"And would you really pay it, cruel, cruel man?" said she, somewhat alarmed.

"Certainly, ma'am," replied he drily.

"Are you serious?" said she again, looking him full and searchingly in the face.

"Yes," answered he more drily than ever.

"Can it be possible that your sentiments towards me have undergone a change, Mr. Thriven?" rejoined she. "Ah! I forgot. You are now a man of ten thousand pounds, and I have only one. The film is falling off my eyes. O deluded Angelina!"

"Then you will see the better to count the money I am to pay you," said he, attempting to laugh. "Fifty pounds, ma'am. Here it is, I will thank you for Mrs. Mercer's bill."

"Well, sir, since it has come to this, I will none of the money. Alas! this is the effects of John Bunyan's famous book. Good-day—good-day, Mr. Samuel;" and the spinster, covering her face with her handkerchief, rushed out of the room.

CHAP. VII.—THE DENOUEMENT.

"Thus have I got quit of the spinster," said Mr. Thriven, "and thus have I, too, got quit of my creditors. But how comes this? She also talks of Bunyan; every body talks of Bunyan. But this paper? No, spite—spite—let them present me with an inscription on a blank leaf. It will do as well as a piece of plate. I will get the words of praise inserted in another newspaper, and then begin to act the gentleman in earnest on my ten thousand. I shall instantly engage a buggy with a bright bay; and a man-servant with a stripe of silver lace round his hat, shall sit on my sinister side. Let them stare and point at me. They can only say there rides an honest man who failed, and paid his creditors twenty shillings a pound. Ho! here comes Sharp."

"What is the meaning of this?" said he, holding out the paper. "Some wretched joke of an editor who would take from me the honor intended for me by my creditors. I see by your face that you smell an action of damages."

"Joke!" echoed Sharp. "That copy of Bunyan which Miss M'Falzen was lending to Mrs. Bairnsfather that day

when we went to Cockenzie, is now in the hands of the Procurator Fiscal."

"Oh, the devout maiden lends it to everybody," replied Samuel. She will be to get the fiscal to reclaim sinners by it, rather than to punish them by the arm of the law."

"Is it possible, Mr. Thriven, that you can thus make light of an affair that involves banishment?" said Sharp. "Did you really write on a blank leaf of that book the details of the profit you were to make of the burning?"

Samuel jumped at least three feet from the floor; and when he came down again, he muttered strange things, and did strange things, which no pen could describe, because they were unique, had no appropriate symbols in language, had never been muttered or done before since the beginning of the world, and, probably, will never be again. It might, however, have been gathered from his ravings, that he *had* some recollection of having scribbled something about his failure, but that he thought it was in the blank leaf of a pocket-book, the which book he grasped and examined, but all was a dead blank. He then threw himself on a chair, and twisted himself into all possible shapes, cursing Miss Angelina M'Falzen, himself, his creditors, every one who had the smallest share in this tremendous revolution from wealth, hopes of a high match, buggy, servant with silver lace, even to disgrace, confiscation, and banishment.

"You are renowned for the quickness, loopiness, subtleness, of thy profession. Can you not assist me, Sharp? A man's scrawls are not evidence of themselves."

"But with the testimony of Clossmuns, who has returned from Liverpool, they will be conclusive," replied the attorney, whose game now lay in Mr. Samuel's misfortunes. "Such evidence never went before a jury since the time of the *regiam majestatem*."

"What then is to be done?" inquired Samuel.

"Fly! fly! and leave me a power of attorney to collect your moneys. There is two thousand of Grizel M'Whirter's fortune still to uplift—your stock in trade is to be disposed of—I will manage it beautifully for you, and in spite of an outlawry, get the proceeds sent to you wheresoever you go."

"Dreadful relief!" ejaculated the other, "to fly one's country, and leave one's affairs in the hands of an attorney."

"Better than banishment," replied Sharp, grinding his teeth, as if sharp set for the quarry that lay before him. "What do you resolve on? shall I write out the power of attorney, or will you wait till the officers are on you?" muttering to himself in conclusion—"a few six-and-eightpences—i'faith, I have him now!"

"Then there is no alternative?" rejoined Samuel.

"None!" replied Sharp. "I have it on good authority that the warrant against you was in the act of being written out, when I hurried here, as you find, to save you. Shall I proceed to prepare the commission?"

"Yes—yes! as quick as an ellwand that leaps three inches short of the yard."

And while he continued in this extremity of his despair, Sharp set about writing at the factory—short and general—giving all powers of uplifting money, and reserving none. It was signed. In a few minutes more Mr. Thriven was in a post-chaise, driving on to a sea-port in England. The news of the flight of the honest merchant, with all the circumstances, soon reached the ear of the devout spinster, even as she was weeping over the result of the interview she had had with her cruel lover. She wiped her eyes and repressed her sobs, and congratulated herself on the consequences of her devout labors. Mr. Thriven was not heard of again; neither was his cash.

THE DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM.

"Say you love
His person—be not asham'd of't; he's a man
For whose embraces, though Endymion
Lay sleeping by, Cynthia would leave her orb
And exchange kisses with him." MASSINGER.

"THE morn was fair, the sky was clear," when Mr. Andrew Micklewhame set his foot aboard one of the "Stirling, Alloa, and Kincardine Steam Company's" boats, at the Chain Pier, Newhaven, for the purpose of proceeding to the first-named place, on a visit to his old friend, David Kerr, who had been, for upwards of twenty years, a respectable ironmonger in that romantic town. On reaching Alloa, however, where, as every one knows, the steamers pause for such length of time as enables them to take in a supply of coals, and the tide to run up, it began to rain, in the manner best expressed by the household phrase, "auld wives and pipe staples." Notwithstanding this, Andrew being determined to make the most of his time—for a week was the utmost limit of his leave of absence from the Edinburgh cloth establishment in which he was in the habit of wearing away his days and his coat sleeves—ascended from the cabin where he had been luxuriating over the only volume—the first of "Wilson's Tales of the Borders"—of which its library could boast; and unfurling his umbrella, walked ashore in the fond hope of seeing or hearing something worth the seeing or hearing. And Andrew was not disappointed; for, to his unspeakable delight, he descried against the gable-end of a white house, a play-bill, on which "Venice Preserved," appeared in letters of half-an-inch deep; the part of Pierre, by Mr. Ferdinand Gustavus Trash, and Jaffier, by Mr. Henry Watkins. The afterpiece, "Rob Roy." Being extremely partial to theatrical amusements, of whatever description, and, moreover, being a contributor to a dramatic review, published weekly in the Scottish metropolis, it occurred to Mr. Andrew Micklewhame that here he might, in all probability, find materials sufficient on which to establish a funny critique, that would print to the extent of at least six of the twelve pages of the aforesaid dramatic review, and yield him good pay. Such an opportunity was not to be lost. He, therefore, resolved on remaining at Alloa that night to witness the performances, and proceeding to Stirling next morning by the earliest conveyance.

Having arranged this to his own content, he stalked majestically into an inn—without stopping to notice the sign which projected angularly over the door, bearing the representation of a ship in full sail, among emerald waves, with moon-rakers and sky-scrapers ingeniously mixed up with the indigo clouds above—and stoutly called for a pint of porter and a biscuit, to take the edge off his appetite. This inn rejoiced not in a landlord; he that *was* the landlord had, some twelve years before, taken himself off to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns," and his widow had not been lucky enough to meet with another ready and willing to let himself become entangled with her in the meshes of matrimony. The waiters who had, in her husband's time, been wont to serve the customers, had either died out, or gone to other and better situations, and left her

with one solitary maid of all work—the same who had officiated as barmaid to the inn for fifteen years.

This maid of all work—Kirsty by name—was a tall, hard-featured woman, of—by her own acknowledgment—two-and-forty; not very tidy in her adornment, nor very bewitching in her manner. She it was who brought Mr. Andrew Micklewhame the pint of porter and the biscuit.

"I suppose, my dear!" said Andrew—(He had been a gay deceiver in his youth, and, ever since that period, the phrase, "my dear!" had stuck to him, and always when speaking to a female did he use it)—"I suppose, my dear," continued he, "I can have tea, and a beef-steak, or something of that kind, to it, in"—(here he stopped, and looked at his watch, from which he ascertained that it was then half-past four o'clock)—"in an hour and a half; and, as I purpose staying here to-night, I should like a bed. Will you arrange this for me?"

"Ye can easily get yer tea, sir," said the woman of forty-two, looking pleased at being addressed "my dear;" but, as for the bed, unless ye like to sleep in a dooble-bedded room, we canna gie ye accommodation. The lad that sleeps in ane o' the beds, is a dacent sort o' a callant. We dinna ken much aboot him though; for he only comes here at nicht for his bed; and in the mornings, after his breakfast, awa' he gangs, and we never sees his face till nicht again; except upon the Sundays, when he aye has a pairty o' braw leddies an' gentlemen to dinner wi' him. He has leevt that way for a fortnicht or three weeks; an' my mistress hasna been the woman to ask him for a penny. Fegs! I'm thinkin' she has taen a notion o' the callant. What he is or what he dis we dinna ken, an' nacbody can tell us."

"Mysterious being!" inwardly ejaculated (as the novelists' phrase goes) Mr. Micklewhame; then turning to Kirsty, with an inquiring look, he said—"Is he genteel in appearance? of good address? of pleasing manner? Is he"——

"Ou, ay!" was the reply; "he's a' that—I never seed a genteeler young man in a' my days; and sae handsome too; sic black whiskers, an' sae broad aboot the shuthers. My certie, he's a stalworth chiel. An', as for his address, heth, man, he often gies me a kiss in the mornings as he gangs oot, and promises me anither whan he comes back again. Ye needna be the least feared to sleep in the same room wi' him."

"Feared!" muttered Micklewhame. "Afraid of a man with black whiskers and broad shoulders! I flatter myself I never was afraid in my life." So saying, he elevated himself on his pins to the same degree as he rose at that moment in his own estimation. Then turning to the table whereon he had deposited his hat, he seized it up, and, with a dexterous jerk, stuck it on his head, at the same time exclaiming—"Ye may prepare the bed for me—I'll sleep in the room with this mysterious man; and, while the tea is getting ready, I'll just take a short stroll."

With these words he left the inn.

Mr. Andrew Micklewhame was a middle-aged man, with a rotundity of corpus, and a bachelor to boot. In his youthful days his love for the fair sex had partaken more of a general than a particular character; and now that he had arrived at the meridian of life, his taste had grown too particular for him to choose a partner for the remainder of his days from among those unmarried ladies whom he ranked among his acquaintances. "Girls," he would say, "are not now half so pretty, nor half so domestic, as they were in my young days." Then he would enter into a long tirade against the march of intellect, usually ending with a few observations upon pianoforte playing, and cooking a beef-steak, the latter accomplishment being in his opinion—as it is in that of every well-

thinking person—the greater accomplishment of the two. One lady was too young; another was too old; a third was too tall; a fourth was too small; a fifth had no money; a sixth *had* money, but was downright ugly; a seventh was ill-tempered: in short, with every one on whom his matrimonial ideas had condescended to settle, he had some fault to find. There is no pleasing one who is predetermined not to be pleased.

Once, indeed, at a party to which he had been accidentally invited, he had felt a kind of a sort of a nervous tremulousness come over him on being set down at the supper table beside a lady, who, he discovered, was a widow; not from her garb, however; for widows — that is, young widows free of encumbrance — usually dress themselves in a much gayer manner than they were wont to do when "nice young maidens." He had made himself as agreeable as it was in his power to do, drinking wine with her at least half-a-dozen times, and otherwise doing, as he supposed, "the polite." Nay, he even went so far as to volunteer his services in seeing her home; and on the way over (she was from the country, and, *pro tempore*, resided with a friend in Bruntisfield Place, fronting the Links), he had the boldness to pop the question. He was accepted, and invited to breakfast with the lady the following morning. The morning came; but Andrew did not go—the fumes of the wine having subsided, and "Richard being himself again." He had taken a second thought on the subject, and determined on remaining a bachelor; by which arrangement the Widow Brown was, like Lord Ullin for his daughter, "left lamenting." Who her husband had been? whether she had money? what was her situation in life? were what Andrew tried long and earnestly to discover, but in vain—the Widow Brown seemed wrapped in mystery; and, from that hour, when he imprinted a kiss upon her lips, under a lamp-post, at two o'clock in the morning, in Bruntisfield Place, he had neither seen nor heard of her. Years—six in number—had elapsed since then, and Andrew had not ventured to accept another invitation to an evening party; but, as soon as his business for the day was over, he returned to his solitary lodging in Richmond Street; and, for the remainder of the evening, followed the example of the gentlemen of England, and "lived at home at ease," never stirring out, except to pay an occasional visit to the theatre.

The localities of Alloa were quite unknown to Andrew, for the best reason in the world—he had never been in it before; but, by dint of attending to the usual expedient resorted to on like occasions—that of following his nose—in the space of a few minutes he discovered that his feet, or fate, had led him into a dockyard, where a vessel was just upon the point of being wedded to the ocean. Some women and men—the former, as usual, predominant—were seated on logs beneath a shed; others, the more impatient, seemingly, were walking about with umbrellas and parasols above their heads—young men with young misses—old men and babes. Children in their first childhood, of various shapes and sizes, chiefly barefooted, were scampering among the wet sawdust, round about the logs of wood, in the shed and out of it, quite absorbed in the spirit-stirring game of "tig"—ever and anon yelping out each other's names, and otherwise expressing their joy at not being "it." Among their seniors there was a great deal of gabble to very little purpose, with a preponderate share of bustle and agitation.

"Carpenters were thumping away at the blocks on which the vessel rested, making more noise than progress. At length the blocks were fairly driven out, and away boomed the vessel into the Forth, amid the cheers of the assembled spectators. The general interest then subsided; and, in a few minutes there-

after, with the exception of the carpenters and some stray children, the dockyard presented the picture of emptiness. The din had ended; and the multitude, reversing the condition of Rob Roy, had left desolation where they had found plenty.

Tea over, Mr. Andrew Micklewhame, having first seen to his accommodation for the night, and secured a place in the Stirling omnibus, which was advertised to start the next morning precisely at nine, wended his way quietly to the theatre. It was in the Assembly Room—a rumbling old mansion, on the windows of which "Time's effacing fingers" had taken *pains* to leave their marks so effectually, that sundry detachments of old soot-bedizened "clouts" filled up those interstices where glass had once been. "The nonpareil company of comedians" entertained their audiences and held their orgies on the second floor —the first being occupied as an academy, where "young gentlemen are taken in and done for." The scenes in which the establishment rejoiced, were five in number. Luckily, "Venice Preserved" did not require so many; but in "Rob Roy," the manager was compelled to make them perform double duty; and, consequently, the same scene was thrust on for the inside of a village inn apartment in Bailie Nicol Jarvie's, and the interior of Jean M'Alpine's change-house. The audience department was most gorgeous; there were boxes, pit, and gallery; or, in other words, front, middle, and back seats—the term "boxes" being applied to the front form, to which there was a back attached, most aristocratically garnished with green cloth, with brass nails in relief. At the farther end of this form "an efficient orchestra" was placed. It consisted of a boy to play the panpipes and the triangles at one and the same moment, a lad to thump away at the bass drum, and a blind man to perform on the clarionet—the last being dignified in the bills by the title of "leader of the orchestra, and conductor of music." The whole under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Ferdinand Gustavus Trash.

After an immensity of preliminary puffs into the clarionet, occasional rattles on the drum, and consultations among themselves as to the air to be played, the musicians struck up the spirit-stirring "All Round my Hat;" which, though achieved in a beautiful disregard of time and concord, was received with great—ay, with very great applause, by the momentarily increasing audience, some of whom mistook it for "God Save the King," and, in an extreme fit of loyalty, bawled out—"Off hats! stand up!" with which command many did not hesitate to comply.

There was a pause, interrupted at length by the loudly expressed wish of the gods that the curtain should draw up. Up it went accordingly, and "Venice Preserved" commenced with some show of enthusiasm. Belvidera was personated by an interesting female of five-and-thirty, who, after parting in tears from Jaffier, a youth of eighteen, as the means of acquainting the audience with her extraordinary vocal abilities, consoled herself and them with that very appropriate ditty —"Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town," accompanied by the orchestra. The Doge of Venice, not to be outdone as it were, left his throne after the terrific disclosures of Jaffier, and, in honest exultation at the discovery of the horrid plot, solaced the mysterious Council of Ten with—"I was the boy for bewitching them." The bass drum was particularly distinguished in the accompaniment.

In a critique of the performances which Mr. Micklewhame wrote, he says—"It would have greatly added to the delight of those conversant with the pure English idiom, had many of the actors paid a visit, for a short time, to the *first* floor of the Assembly Room, ere venturing to appear on the second."

The meagreness of the company compelled several of the principal performers to play

inferior parts in addition to those against which their names appeared in the bill. For instance, in "Rob Roy," the same person who performed Rashleigh had to "go on" in the capacity of a peasant, and sing a bass solo in the opening glee. Owen and Major Galbraith were *done* by the same individual. Mattie sang in the opening glee, and danced the Highland Fling and the Pass of Lochard, with Dougal and Bailie Nicol Jarvie. Some of the audience were scandalised at the appearance of Mattie on this occasion, and began to entertain great doubts of the morality of the Bailie, when they saw his handmaid in his company so far from the Trongate.

Seated on *the* front form, with green cloth back studded with brass nails, and immediately behind a row of sixpenny dipped candles, tastefully arranged in order among an equivalent number of holes in a stick placed in front of the drop-scene, to divide the audience from the actors, Andrew Micklewhame gazed on all this with the stoical indifference of one who is used to such things: in short, he gazed on it with the eye of an experienced critic—the best of all possible ways to mar one's enjoyment of a play. Occasionally, however, he felt inclined to indulge in a hearty laugh; but the dignity of the critic came to his aid, and he restrained it by turning away his face from the stage and casting his scrutinising glance around the inhabitants of the seats in the rear, or listened to the remarks of those in the pit. It was during the latter part of the performance of the first act, and the interval between it and the second, that he, in this manner, overheard the fragments of a conversation carried on, *sotto voce*, in the seat immediately behind him. He had the curiosity to steal a glance at the speakers. They were a young woman, with fine dark eyes, and a young man, of apparently five-and-twenty years of age, with cheeks *red*olent of rouge, enveloped in a faded Petersham greatcoat, whom Andrew immediately set down as belonging to the company of comedians. He could hear the young woman with the dark eyes upbraiding the young man with the colored cheeks for deserting her; then the young man said he had intended to write to her soon, with some money, so she ought not to have followed him.

"I am pretty well situated in lodgings here at present," continued the young man; "but I cannot venture to take you there to-night, for the fact of my being a married man would not, were it known, raise me in the estimation of the landlady. But I will procure other lodgings for you after the play is over; and if you do not hear from me in the morning, at farthest by ten, you may call for me at the inn where I am staying." He ended by observing that he was wanted in the next act to go on as a Highlander; and, accordingly, he left her, and crept in behind the curtain.

There was nothing very extraordinary in all this; yet, though Andrew knew that such occurrences happened daily, he could not help thinking of what he had just overheard, and feeling interested in the damsel of the sparkling eyes. He did not dare, however, to take another peep at her, as he thought it would be too marked; and when he rose, at the termination of the performances, to go away, the seat behind him was quite vacant; nor could he discern, among the dense mass of human beings that obstructed the door-way, the slightest vestige of her, or the youth in the shabby greatcoat, who had acknowledged himself her husband.

The rain had not ceased when Mr. Micklewhame left the Assembly Room, so he hurried to his inn with all possible despatch. Mr. Micklewhame prided himself on his knowledge of the principles of economy; and when he travelled, he invariably made it a point to take no more than two meals per diem—breakfast and tea—both with a meat accompaniment; but this evening—this particular evening

—as he sat toasting his toes before an excellent fire, in a comfortable parlor of a comfortable inn, and heard the rain pattering against the casement, it, some how or other, entered into his head that a tumbler of punch would be by no means amiss. A tumbler of punch was ordered in accordingly; after that came a second; and a third; and—no we can't exactly say that there was a fourth. At all events, there was a marked inclination first towards one side of the staircase, and then towards the other, in Mr. Andrew Micklewhame's ascent to his bedroom that evening. Nay, more; he attempted to kiss Kirsty as she was depositing the candlestick upon the table; but he missed his aim, and measured his length on the floor. By the time he was up again, Kirsty had vanished.

Mr. Micklewhame was a little annoyed that he could not use the precaution of bolting his door. The mysterious man, with the black whiskers and broad shoulders, had not yet claimed his bed, although it was pretty well on towards

"The wee short hour ayont the twal."

"I don't half like this sleeping in a double-bedded room, with a man I never saw," he thought, but did not venture to say it aloud, lest some one might be within ear shot, and set him down as a coward. "I wonder," exclaimed he, as he proceeded to undress before the yet glowing embers of a consumptive fire, "whether—hic—whether the f—f—fellow snores. I sha'nt sleep, I'm sure—hic—I sha'nt—hic—sleep, if the f—f—fellow snores."

Having delivered himself of this very sensible observation, he got into one of the beds in the best way he could, covered himself up warm, and fell fast asleep.

Dreams visited his pillow; distorted visions, in which Kirsty, the dark-eyed damoiselle, and the man with the black whiskers, bore prominent parts, flitted across his fancy. Then he felt himself borne through the air by a vulture in a shabby brown greatcoat, which set him down on the top of a high house, and flew away. He thought he got up and groped his way along the house-top; but, missing his footing, he fell over, and would certainly have had his brains dashed out upon the pavement below, had not the motion of his descent caused him to start and awaken. All was still within the chamber. He looked out of bed, but could discover no signs of the appearance of his mysterious neighbor; so he composed himself to sleep again. This time, however, he was not so successful as at first; for it was only after some time that he could coax himself into a sort of doze—something betwixt sleeping and waking. While in this state, he fancied he saw the man in the brown greatcoat enter the room; then he saw a flash of light; then he imagined he smelt sulphur; and then, all of a sudden, he felt himself in reality pulled half out of bed.

"Hollo! hollo!" cried he; "what the deuce is the matter?" and he rubbed his eyes until he found himself wide awake.

"Sir, sir!" cried a voice, "you've made a mistake—you've got into my bed in place of your own."

Any one in Andrew's place but Andrew himself, would have cursed and sworn like a trooper at a person daring to awaken him from a comfortable snooze, upon such slight pretences; but Andrew was a peaceable man—he never liked to make any disturbance—and he actually, without saying a word, turned out of the bed he had warmed for himself, and allowed the stranger to get into his place. He was sure, at all events, that he had not given up his bed to any but the lawful tenant of the room; for a blink of firelight gleamed upon a pair of extensive whiskers, with shoulders to correspond. The features struck Andrew as being familiar to him; but he could not, though he tried, for the life of him, recollect where he had before seen them. He cursed the fellow's impudence, as he discovered that the smell of sulphur which had saluted his olfactory nerves,

was *not* the smell of sulphur, but of a candle having been blown out. He did not dare, though, to utter a word on the subject. He felt very much afraid—indeed, so much so, that it was not till after an hour's perambulation through the room, that he could prevail on himself to lie down in the empty bed. Again he fell fast asleep.

When he awoke, the morning light was streaming into the room through the chinks of the shutters. He wondered very much what o'clock it was, as he remembered that he purposed setting off by the omnibus at nine, and groped about for his watch. Horror!—he had left it beneath the pillow of the other bed.

Jumping to the floor with considerable agility, and opening the shutters with a bang, in the hope that noise and daylight would bring him courage, the first objects that met his astonished gaze, were a shabby brown greatcoat and a shocking bad hat, lying carelessly on a chair. Had any one asked Andrew to shave his head without soap, or give sixpence for a penny loaf, he could not have been more amazed or terror-stricken than he was at that moment. That the shabby brown greatcoat and the shocking bad hat belonged to the mysterious man with the black whiskers, and that the mysterious man with the black whiskers, and he who had sat beside the damsel with the bright eyes at the play, were one and the same individual, Mr. Andrew Micklewhame had not the smallest doubt, and thereupon he began to get a little fidgetty regarding his watch. The curtains of the bed were closely drawn—so closely that Andrew could not see in; and he did not just like at first to open the curtains, and disturb the whiskered youth in the same manner as the whiskered youth had disturbed him. No. Andrew was a more generous minded man than that.

He paced the room for some time, fancying all sorts of things about the owner of the shabby brown greatcoat, but never taking his eye off the curtains, resolved to rush forward on the first appearance of their opening.

"'Tis for no good this fellow lives here," thought Andrew. "All a sham, too, his being connected with these players. I have no doubt in my own mind that he is either the murderer of Begbie in disguise, or a resurrectionist. Ah! perhaps he has run away from the world, and come here for the purpose of committing suicide in a quiet way. But no; why should he? That's quite improbable." And, after thinking all this, he paused for about five minutes, then exclaimed, not aloud, however—"I can bear this suspense no longer. Eeod! I'll ask the fellow who he is, and, at the same time, claim my watch!"

So saying, he rushed forward with a determined air, drew the curtains, and discovered—the bed was empty!

"He can't have gone far, for he left his coat and hat behind him," were Andrew's reflections; and as he said this, he looked for his watch, and then for his clothes. Amazement! they were all gone; watch, shirt, coat, vest, and inexpressibles—all had vanished. In a paroxysm of fury he rang the bell; and, presently, the voice of Kirsty, from without, inquired, as she half-opened the door, and thrust forward a pair of well worn Wellingtons, which Andrew recognised as not belonging to him—"D'ye please to want onything else?"

"Anything else!" roared Andrew, choking with rage, and utterly regardless of the respect due to the sex of the speaker. "Come in here, and help me to find my trousers!"

"O you—ye'll wait awhile, I'm thinkin, or I do siccan a thing."

"Zounds! that infernal fellow must have carried them off!" muttered Andrew.

"Na, na," said Kirsty; "it's no the infernal gentleman ava, man. I wadna be the least surprised but it's that auld

punchy buddy that sleepit in this room last nicht, and ran awa this morning, wi' the nine o'clock omnibush, without payin his reckonin, that's ta'en your breeks; but ye needna mind, ye can just pit on *his* for a day."

This was too much. To be told that he himself was the thief of his own o-no-we-never-mention-ems, and that he had run away that morning without paying his reckoning, was more than Andrew Micklewhame could bear.

"Are you mad, woman?" cried he. "Confound you, I'll leave your house instantly, and bring an action for the recovery of my clothes."

"Your claes, quotha—your claes. My man, thae tricks winna do here, I can tell ye. Ye're fund oot at last. My certie, to hear a fallow speakin o' claes, whan it's weel kenned he had nae maer than a brown greatcoat, an auld hat, an' a pair o' boots I wadna gie tippence for. Ye're fund oot at last. There's twa chaps below has twa or three words to say to ye."

"They may go to the devil, and you along with them!" was Andrew's pert rejoinder.

"Bide a bit—juist bide a bit. Hy," cried Kirsty, seemingly over the bannisters of the stair, to some unknown individual or individuals below. "Stap up this way, will ye?"

And fast upon the heels of this summons, in walked two justice of peace officers, who, despite the asseverations of Mr. Andrew Micklewhame that he was himself and no other, ordered him to don the brown greatcoat, and the shocking bad hat, and follow them.

"We've pursued you from Queensferry," said the first—"round by Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Stirling; and Grog the innkeeper is determined to punish you, unless you pay him for the eight weeks' board you had in his house, and our expenses over and above."

It was in vain that Mr. Micklewhame protested he had never been in Queensferry in his life; nor had he the honor of the acquaintance of Grog the innkeeper; but, at length, seeing that it was impossible to convince the officers to the contrary, he thought it advisable to pay the amount of their demand, and trust to law and justice afterwards for retribution. Even with this he found himself unable to comply—his purse, containing every rap he owned in the world, was in the pockets of his inexpressibles.

There was no help for it. With despair in his countenance, he donned the shabby brown greatcoat and the dilapidated Wellingtons, took the shocking bad hat in his hand, and, in silence, followed the officers of justice down stairs, determining to appeal to the generosity of the landlady, who, he had no doubt, would give full credence to his story.

The present mishap of Mr. Micklewhame had arisen solely from the fact of his having taken so much toddy overnight, which was the means of his sleeping longer and more soundly in the morning than usual. Kirsty, ever vigilant, had gone to the door of the double-bedded room and knocked, at the same time calling out, with a stentorian voice, that "The omnibush was ready to start." All this was unheeded by Andrew, who slept on, utterly unconscious of the progress of time. Not so, however, was it with the other occupant of the chamber; for no sooner did he hear Kirsty's summons, than a lucky thought occurred to him; and he bawled through the door, in tones "not loud but deep," that he would be down instantly. He then proceeded, in the coolest manner possible, to adorn himself in the habiliments of his somniferous neighbor; which, he soon perceived, were "a world too wide" for him—a fault which he instantly remedied by the assistance of a pillow, disposed of after the manner he had seen greater actors than himself "make themselves up" for the character of Falstaff. Thus equipped,

he removed Andrew's watch from beneath the pillow, and placed it in the same pocket it had occupied the preceding day; took off his portable bushy whiskers, and put them in his pocket; then bidding adieu to his brown greatcoat and napless hat, which, with the accompaniment of a pair of well-worn Wellington boots, had been his only attire for many a day, he strode from the apartment, carefully shutting the door behind him. As he got to the foot of the stairs, there was Kirsty in the outer passage. For a moment he felt undetermined what course next to pursue; but his never-failing wit came to his aid, and stepping into a side room, the window of which looked out into the street, he desired Kirsty to bring him his bill of fare—*i. e.*, the bill of fare peculiar to Mr. Andrew Micklewhame—and a sheet of writing-paper, with pens and ink. Those being brought, and Kirsty having shut the door, leaving him "all alone in his glory," he scribbled a few lines on the paper, and made it up in the form of a letter. This was no sooner done, than the "impatient bugle"—*vulgo vocato*, tin horn—of the omnibus cad, who stood on the opposite side of the street, just behind the omnibus, holding open the door with his left hand, blew a blast so loud and shrill, that all those in waiting in the street, who had serious intentions of proceeding to Stirling by that conveyance, seemed, of one accord, to know that it was their last warning; so shaking hands with the friends who had come "to see them off," they scrambled nimbly up the steps of the omnibus, and passed before the view of the bystanders into its ponderous interior. Our actor saw this, and, without more ado, he opened the window and jumped into the street. His letter he deposited in the post-office receiving-box, and his body in the omnibus, which, being now full, the cad banged to the door, gave the signal to the driver, and off the omnibus rattled; nor did Kirsty or her mistress know of the escapement of their guest, whom they both believed to be Andrew Micklewhame, until he was a considerable part on his way to Stirling.

* * * * *

Kirsty was in the bar, stamping the post-mark on some letters—for her mistress was post*master*—and talking to a young woman with bright eyes.

"The villain that he is!" said Kirsty. "A married man!" Wha wad hae thoucht it? an' a playactor too, crinkypatie! He'll be doon the noo, and ye'll see him then. There's twa gentlemen gaen up to him a wee while ago."

At this moment the landlady opened the door of a parlor off the bar, and handed to Kirsty some letters, which she had been ostensibly arranging for delivery—in reality, making herself acquainted with their contents.

"Here's six for delivery, and one to lie till called for!" Kirsty took them; and as her mistress shut the door, read aloud from the back of the letter—"To lie till called for." The name, 'Mrs. Isabella Young!'"

"What!" exclaimed the dark eyed young woman, starting, "a letter for me?" And she almost snatched it out of Kirsty's hand. A gleam of joy played upon her handsome face as she read—

"Dear Isy,—I enclose you a crown; if you want more, apply to Manager Trash for my arrears of salary. I'm off to Perth with the toggery of an old fellow who slept in the same room with me last night. They'll perhaps talk of pursuing me; if so, detain them as long as possible, and follow, at your leisure,

"Your affectionate
"Patrick Young."

At this juncture appeared Andrew in the custody of the two officers; and the damsel of the dark eyes, taking her cue from the document she had just perused, rushed forward and threw herself into his arms, exclaiming, "My own, my lost one!—Oh! do not—do not drag my husband from

me!" The latter part of her sentence was addressed to the officers of justice.

"Loshifycairyme!" cried Kirsty; "he's lost his bonny black whiskers, and turned fatter nor he was!" Then, after a moment's reflection, she added—"But thae player buddies can do onything!"

"My pretty one," said Andrew, "I know nothing of you!" Yet the young woman still clung to his embrace. "You vile woman," he continued, waxing wroth, "get you gone. I'll tell your husband if you don't!" But Mrs. Young clung closer and closer to him. He then addressed himself to Kirsty, desiring her to inform her mistress that he wished to say a few words to her. "Tell her," he continued, "that I am in great tribulation here, and I wish her to advance a small sum of money to these gentleman, which will be returned with grateful thanks as soon as I get to Edinburgh."

Kirsty grumbled a little at being sent on such an errand; but proceeded into the little parlor off the bar. In a few seconds she returned, saying—"My mistress'll no advance money to ony man unless to her lawfu' husband; and she says gif ye like to marry her she'll do't, but no unless. I'm sure I dinna ken what she means, seeing ye're a married man already!"

"What!" exclaimed Andrew; "marry a woman I never saw?"

"On nae ither condition will she advance the money. Between oorsels, my mistress is worth at least twa thousand."

"Two thousand pounds!" thought Andrew. "The speculation wouldn't be such a bad one, after all." And, after a show of hesitation, he gave a reluctant consent, as the only way, and a speedy one, to relieve him from his difficulties. His private debts amounted to at least a hundred pounds; and with two thousand pounds he could pay that; ay, and live like a prince besides.

The whole party was ushered into the little back parlor, where, to complete Andrew's amazement, he descried, seated over a cup of coffee, the identical Widow Brown to whom he had given the slip six years before. She rose and shook him by the hand.

"Be not amazed!" she said. "The moment I saw you, from the window of this room, enter my inn yesterday, I recognised you, and my love for you returned. I know all." She certainly did, for she had read Patrick Young's letter to his wife. "I shall procure your immediate release; and should you rue the consent you have just given, you are free to return to Edinburgh as you came—a single man!"

"Generous woman!" cried Andrew, sinking on one knee. "This—this is too much! Think ye I could again desert you? No, by heaven!"—Here he laid his hand upon his breast, and turned up the white of his eyes in an attempt to look pathetic. The widow raised him and led him to a seat. The officers were dismissed; and the damsel with the dark eyes escaped through the open door as they went out, fearful of being detained for her deceitful attempt upon the person of Andrew Micklewhame.

In a few days the nuptials were solemnized; and Andrew Micklewhame ever blessed the lucky chance that led him to Alloa.

History is silent regarding the ultimate fate of Mr. Patrick Young; but it is to be hoped that he was either hanged or sent to Botany Bay. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Micklewhame thought it worth their while to pursue him for the injuries he had done them; and Grog the innkeeper could not, for his myrmidons had lost the scent of the stroller from the moment he fled from Alloa.

RINGAN OLIVER.

THERE is, perhaps, no traditionary history so popular in Jed Forest as that of Ringan Oliver of Smailcleughfoot. Ringan was one of the champions of the Covenant—one of those stern, devoted worthies to whom Scotland owes so much of its civil and religious liberty. He was a man of uncommon strength and courage, excelling in every athletic exercise, but especially in that of the broadsword, in which he might be said to be almost matchless. It is reported of him, that he measured nearly a yard across the shoulders, being otherwise well built in proportion; and also that, when an old man, he could have taken up in the wield of his arm a ten half-fu' boll of barley, and thrown it on a horse's back with the utmost ease. Of his early life there are comparatively few anecdotes preserved; but it would appear that he was all along a steady and active supporter of his party; for it is well known that he fought in many, if not in all of the battles wherein his misused country asserted its disposition never to submit to misrule and tyranny. At the skirmish of Drumclog he fought side by side with Hackston of Rathillet, and Hall of Haughead, and won their especial applause by his bravery; and at Bothwell Bridge he was one of the three hundred who, under Hackston and Hall, so well contested the passage, and for a while withstood the repeated efforts of Monmouth's army. In this service, besides being severely wounded, he had his hip joint dislocated, but was saved from falling into the hands of the enemy by the exertions of his friends. In the long and relentless persecution to which the Covenanters were subjected by this unfortunate battle, Ringan, like many others, was a proscribed fugitive. While under hiding, he was much in the company of his friend Hall—a man to whose character his own, in many points, closely approximated, and with whose family, at a subsequent period, he was connected by marriage. The fate of Hall is well known. He lost his life at Queensferry, in defending himself when about to be taken by the governor of Blackness. He had parted from Ringan only a short while before this happened; and bitterly, bitterly did the latter ever afterwards regret his being from the side of a friend to whom he was so much attached, in his hour of need. But in those days, when oppression and slaughter made such cruel mastery of an afflicted country, the regrets of friendship were particularly unavailing.

The dark period of crime and bloodshed at length ended in the Revolution; and Ringan, whose principles forbade him to remain idle while the good work was unfinished, again girt on his sword and gave his services to the army that was sent to oppose the rebellion of Dundee. He was at the battle of Killiecrankie, where he greatly distinguished himself, killing, as it is said, all that came before him. In the disastrous defeat and dispersion of Mackay's army which followed, he and a small party of friends, by keeping together, made good their retreat, and reached Dunkeld next morning a little after daybreak. Here a circumstance occurred which sufficiently proves that Ringan lacked nothing of the true spirit of chivalry—a quality, by the way, for which the Covenanters were not much celebrated—their fighting not being for personal honor, but for the establishment of what they considered to be the true kingdom of Christ, and the extirpation of Popery, Prelacy, and Erastianism. The party

had halted at a friend's house in the town, for the purpose of taking some refreshment, and had just seated themselves at table, when their ears were regaled by a proclamation made on the street opposite their window. It was bawled forth, in tones of fire and brimstone, from the leathern lungs of an ancient, smoke-dried Highland drummer, and ran as follows:—

"Ochilow, an' a petter ochilow! This is to pe kiving notice to all it may pe concerning, that Rory Dhu Mhore of ta clan Donochy, will pe keeping ta crown of ta causeway, in ta town of Tunkeld, for wan hour an' muore; an' he is tesiring it civilly to pe known, that, if there pe any canting, poohooing, psalm-singing, Whig repellioner in ta toun, let him pe so bould as to pe coming forth from his holes, an' looking ta said Rory Dhu in ta face; an' ta said Rory Dhu hereby kives promise to pe so fhery condescending as to pe cutting ta same filthy Whig loon shorter py ta lugs, for ta honor of King Shames. Ochilow! Cot save King Shames!"

Weary, dispirited, and satiated with carnage as he was, this ridiculous challenge was so uniformly insulting in its tenor, that Ringan did not for a moment hesitate in resolving to answer it. His friends left no argument untried to dissuade him from his purpose; they represented to him what madness it was for men in their condition to notice every foolish bravado; also, what small chance he would have of anything like fair play, in a place so decidedly in favor of a barbarous enemy; and, these means failing, they made fast the door, in hopes to restrain him by personal force;—but all was in vain—his determination was fixed, not to be shaken,

"My friends," said he, rising, and grasping his sword, "let me out, I beseech you. I must and will fight with this Philistine. God do so to me and more also, if I do not either humble this proud boaster, or he shall humble me."

The words had not been well spoken, before the speaker had made his way through the window, and in a few moments more had confronted the challenger, who was parading the street a few paces in rear of the old drummer. The challenger, it may be remarked, was a Highlandman among a thousand. To a gigantic stature and a Herculean make, he added the reputation of being one of the best swordsmen of his day, having slain more men in single fight than he was years old. He was, besides, a personage of the most ferocious air and aspect; and, as he now appeared in all his accoutrements, striding along and bearing himself so proudly, with his head thrown back, and his turned up nose scornfully snuffing the morning wind, the sight might well have appalled any Christian that had the least regard for the thing called self-preservation.

"Diaoul! fwat may she pe that will pe approaching, in such ways and manners, pefore a Highland shentlemans?" asked Rory Dhu Mhore, of the clan Donochy—already snorting with choler at the sight of an antagonist.

"I am," said Ringan, calmly, "the soldier of King William, our temporal deliverer, and the servant, however unworthy, of King Christ, our Spiritual Redeemer; and here I stand to bid you make good your proud and profane boasting."

"Fhery goot, intect," returned Rory Dhu, writhing his grim features into a sneer of the most haughty contempt; "fhery goot, inteet. You were after suppering at Killiecrankie, and now you are after a preakfast at Dunkeld. And you shall have it!" roared the speaker, drawing the sword, and brandishing it round his head. "Come on, you everlasting Lowland baist, and I will pe kiving your carrion to the crows of the airth."

Thus menaced, Ringan lost not a moment in drawing in his turn; and the combat commenced. For some time its issue appeared somewhat doubtful. With regard to both strength and skill, the parties were well matched; but the High-

landman, besides being the fresher of the two, had retained his target—the use of which gave him, in the long run, no small advantage. Ringan soon became aware of the oversight he had been guilty of in fighting upon an unequal footing; but it was now too late to remonstrate. In all his battles he had never, by individual prowess, been so hard bestedd. The longer he fought, the more was he sensible the day went against him. Both he and his enemy were wounded; but his own wounds were the most severe, and he experienced so much faintness that, ultimately, he was able only to protract the contest by yielding ground, and warding off the fastcoming blows. His friends saw his condition, and their hopes grew faint; but when at length they saw his antagonist bear so hard upon him as to bring him to his knee, they gave up his fate as decided. But in this they were happily mistaken; for, while every eye was strained to see him receive the finishing blow, the fortune of the war, by one of those circumstances which so frequently baffle foresight, was instantaneously reversed. In his eagerness to finish the work, the Highlandman had for a moment forgot to preserve his defensive; and the Borderer, who had been watching for this as his last chance, summoned all his lagging vigor, and directed a thrust at a part of his opponent's body left uncovered by the target; which thrust proved effectual, the steel piercing him through the entrails. On receiving the fatal wound, and so unexpectedly, Rory Dhu Mhore, of the clan Donochy, uttered a loud abrupt roar, like that of a stricken ox, sprang several feet upwards into the air, and then tumbled down upon the causeway, a dying man. A yell of mingled grief and rage, for the fall of their champion, burst from such of the spectators as were his friends; and, as it was accompanied by a general rush towards the immediate scene of contest, it is likely that the victor would have been butchered on the spot, had not his fellows been on the alert, and ready at the instant to surround him and bear him back to their quarters—a service which they accomplished with some difficulty, and no small danger. To have prolonged their stay in Dunkeld, under the existing circumstances, would have been madness. The party, therefore, after Ringan's wounds had been hastily dressed, and his strength recruited by some slight refreshment, left the house by a back door, gained the Tay unobserved, and, getting across in a chance boat, took the road to Perth without molestation. It is more than probable, however, that the fugitives would not have been allowed to escape so easily, had not the intelligence just been received in Dunkeld of the fall of Lord Dundee—a circumstance more adverse to the hopes of the Jacobites than if his victory had been a defeat.

The wounds which Ringan had received in the duel did not prevent him from immediately joining the Cameronian regiment, under the gallant Cleland, nor from returning with it to Dunkeld, within the brief period of three weeks, to act a conspicuous part in the defence of that place against the forces of Colonel Cannon, Dundee's successor. But the memory of this action, in which a handful of brave men withstood, and eventually repulsed, an army above five times their own number, occupies a brilliant place in the page of history.

After the liberties of his country had been fully secured, Ringan returned home, to spend the remainder of his life in the bosom of his family, and in the undisturbed exercise of the duties of his religion. He resided at Smailcleughfoot—a small farm which he held of Lord Douglas, distant three miles from Jedburgh, and half a mile from Ferniehirst, then the seat of the Marquis of Lothian. In his retirement on the "sylvan Jed," the old Covenanter was not more famed for his feats as a warrior than he was respected as a most intelligent man, whose integrity was

unimpeachable. His character did not escape the notice of his neighbor the Marquis, who not only held him in high estimation, but frequently sought his counsel in affairs of the greatest moment. This friendship, however, was ultimately destined to prove the source of the brave old man's ruin. The Marquis, on being called to London by some pressing business, sent for Ringan before his departure, and, showing him a room in Ferniehirst Castle wherein lay his most valuable papers, gave him the key thereof, and told him that he left it to his exclusive keeping during his absence. This honorary trust he accepted; but soon had reason to think that it was not without its perils. No sooner was the Marquis gone, than his son and heir, who, it would appear, was a very different man from his father, came to Ringan, and peremptorily demanded the key. It needs scarcely be said, that this demand was met by a respectful but decided refusal. The young man, however, was unwilling to be said nay; he entreated, threatened, and even mistook his man so far as to proffer bribes; but all was to no purpose—Ringan was by no means to be wrought upon; he turned away from the unprincipled supplicant, with only a look of indignant contempt. Time wore away—the Marquis returned, and found that he had not misplaced his confidence. Everything in the strong room remained in the exact condition in which he had left it. In restoring the key to its owner, and receiving his acknowledgments, the old man made no mention of the applications wherewith he had been insulted in the discharge of his trust; for he considered that such a disclosure, however consistent it might be with duty, could not be made without wounding the feelings of a father.

Shortly after this event the old nobleman died, and was succeeded in his titles and estates by his son. The new Marquis, who had never for a moment forgot the contumacy of Ringan in the matter of the key, now determined upon the gratification of his revenge; and the contiguity of the Covenanter's farm to the baronial residence, rendered this task comparatively easy of accomplishment. Incited by their lord, the vassals of Ferniehirst commenced a regular series of insults and injuries, not only to the old man in person, but to all that belonged to him. For a long time Ringan bore this bad treatment patiently, resenting it neither by word nor deed. He knew that it was in vain for him to attempt contending with so powerful an adversary, and thought to disarm his malice by non-resistance. But in this he was mistaken; his forbearance produced only fresh and aggravated persecution. At last it fell out, on a harvest day, that the Marquis, having gathered together a company of his retainers, with horses and hounds, crossed the Jed, and chose for a hunting ground Ringan's field of barley; the grain being dead ripe and ready for the sickle. This outrage was not to be borne. Ringan went to the huntsmen, and civilly, but firmly, told them to desist from hunting in his field, as they were utterly destroying his crop.

"And pray, Father Greybeard," asked the person who acted as chief huntsman, "are you to prescribe limits to where my Lord Marquis is to sport, and where he is not? Let me give you a small piece of advice, my old hero—carry yourself home, and look to the preservation of your health, by keeping your feet warm and your pate rather cool."

To this talk the old man made reply, that he was unaccustomed to jesting; that in what he requested of them there was nothing unreasonable; and he concluded by saying that, if they persisted in the destruction of his corn, he would certainly shoot their dogs.

"Foh! go home and pray, you old canting scoundrel," cried the huntsman. "Shoot our dogs, indeed! I'll tell you

what, if you persist much longer in insulting gentlemen, we will hunt you to your old haunts—the hills."

This provocation was far too gross for the spirit of the old man to brook. He retired into the house, and, returning with his gun, instantly put his threat into execution, by shooting two of the hounds. In having driven him to the commission of this act, the huntsmen had attained their purpose; they, therefore, now departed, uttering vows of deep vengeance. The Marquis rode directly to the sheriff of the county, and complained that he had been interrupted in his field-sports by an old Cameronian rascal, who had given him insulting language, and shot two of his best dogs. A summons was immediately issued for Ringan to appear and answer for his misdemeanor at the sheriff-court; but he refused to comply; "for," said he, "I have done no wrong; I am accused neither by my God nor my conscience. What I did was done in defence of my lawful property, and I am resolved to abide by the issue, whether it be for weal or wo."

The offender proving thus contumacious, the next thing to be done was to prepare a warrant for his apprehension, and for bringing him to justice by force. But in this course an unforeseen difficulty presented itself—no sheriff's officer can be found that would undertake to put the warrant in execution, it being well known that the old man would never suffer personal restraint without making a stout resistance. In this dilemma the sheriff could think of no plan of proceeding against the accused party so feasible as that of employing against him his accuser. He accordingly lodged the warrant in the hands of the Marquis, telling him to secure the old rebel at all events. "If one man," said the sheriff, "be insufficient for the purpose, take two; if two cannot do the business, take three, take ten, take fifty, take a hundred if you will; but secure him, alive or dead." Thus authorized and encouraged, the Marquis hastily collected and armed a large party of his friends and vassals, and set about the instant execution of his enterprise. Ringan, meanwhile, had seen the storm gathering around him; and now that it was about to burst on his defenceless grey head, he felt no dismay. His friends would have advised him to seek safety in flight; but this he refused, saying—"I fled not from danger when I was young and desirous of living, and shall I flee now, when I am old and ready for the grave? He charged his advisers that they were upon no account to take any part in his quarrel, as their doing so could serve little purpose, and would infallibly be the means of drawing down vengeance upon themselves. Accordingly, when the Marquis and his little army were seen approaching Smailcleughfoot, Ringan's friends and family—none of the latter being able to lend him any assistance—retired from the house, and stationed themselves on the top of a high scaur immediately opposite, where they might witness the issue of the contest. The old man was not, however, left altogether alone; he had an auxiliary in the person of a devoted maid-servant, whom no entreaties could induce to desert her loved and revered master in the time of need. With her help he secured the door and windows, putting the house into as good a state of defence as circumstances would admit of. He next collected together all the firearms in his possession—these consisting of two or three old rusty muskets, and as many horse pistols—and instructed the maid in the process of loading them. These preparations had scarcely been made before his assailants were close at hand. They halted at a short distance in front of the house; and, on his presenting himself at a window, Sir John Rutherford—a friend of the Marquis, acting as leader and spokesman of the party—summoned him to surrender himself their prisoner, otherwise, by virtue of the sheriff's warrant, they would proceed to take him by force of arms.

"Sirs," said Ringan, "you shall have my answer in few words. I will surrender my liberty to no one so long as I can defend it, or at least till you can make it appear that I have been guilty of a breach of the laws of my country. But this you cannot do, for I have done no wrong to any one, and therefore protest against all your proceedings as oppressive and cruel."

"Hillo, hillo!—none of your preaching, old fellow," cried Sir John. "You are going to favor us with a new act and testimony. In a word, do you surrender yourself our prisoner, or do you not?"

"I do not," was the reply, given in a firm tone. "I am ready, God supporting me, to defend myself to the last extremity."

"Forward, then, my friends!" cried Sir John. "Let us burst open the door, and drag the old canting thief out by the ears."

In obedience to this command, the besiegers had advanced a few steps, when the besieged presented his musket, and told them to approach the door at their peril.

"The old rebel resists the course of justice—shoot him, friends!" cried Sir John Rutherford; and he had not the words well uttered when half-a-score of carabines flashed, and their contents rattled through the window at which the old man was stationed.

"Bad ball practice for so many," coolly remarked the veteran, as, levelling his musket, he fired in his turn, and with such narrow effect that the bullet carried away one of the curls of Sir John Rutherford's wig.

Actual hostilities having thus commenced, both the attack and the defence were, from this time forward, carried on with unabating vigor. Shower after shower of bullets rattled and rang through the windows: one detachment of the beseigers attempting to burst open the door, and another to set fire to the roof; but the efforts of neither were attended with success—the door being of trusty oak, and the thatch of the roof too damp to burn. The beseiged, on their part, were no less active than their assailants; while, to their strength, they were certainly both more skilful and determined. The maid supplied her master with loaded guns; and he kept up so brisk and well-directed a fire, that his enemies were repulsed in every attempt they made to effect an ingress by the windows, or those parts of the house that were of themselves the least defensible. How long this unequal warfare might have lasted, it is hard to say, had not the course of events been precipitated by the fate of Ringan's faithful assistant. The old man had cautioned the maid against exposing herself within the range of the enemy's guns, telling her to keep always close behind him; but, in her zeal to render him good service, this caution was neglected—a bullet pierced her heart—she uttered but one sigh, and fell dead at his feet. All the veteran warrior's self-possession now forsook him: he instantly adopted the desperate resolution of opposing himself to the dastardly murderers in an open field; of being fully avenged, or—he did not care which—of perishing in the attempt. Grasping his broadsword in one hand, and a heavy axe in the other, he undid the door, and was in the act of springing forth, when—his foot having got entangled in a rope which had been used in fastening a bolt—he fell, and, ere he could recover himself, a ruffianly wretch of the name of Allan, a tinker, struck him on the head with a forehammer—the blow stunning him and breaking his jawbone. To remove his weapons and bind his hands was now the work of a moment; and it was attended with neither difficulty nor danger, as he was past making the least resistance. When his senses began to recover, his eyes opened first upon the Marquis, who, probably fearing he had carried his revenge too far, was bending over his victim, and wiping the blood from his face, in order to ascertain the extent of his injury. Instantly the

old man darted on his oppressor a look of stern reproach, and, spurning him from him with his foot, told him that he could endure his hatred but not his kindness. The victors now led their prisoner away, and, as they crossed the Jed at Ferniehirst Mill, where there is a fine well, the old man, feeling faint from his loss of blood, begged for a little of the water.

"Poor Ringan!" cried the Marquis, half in pity, half in mockery—"give him a drink, by all means—perhaps it may help to cool his choler."

"Young man," said the captive, with dignity, "I am in your power, and your childish taunts cannot, therefore, insult me. You have finished your day's work, and I cannot help saying, that it has been a day's work more befitting a butcher than a Scottish nobleman. It is well that your father is in his grave; he has been spared from witnessing his son's degeneracy."

The rest of Ringan's story shall be briefly told. He was conveyed to Jedburgh, and from thence to Edinburgh, where he was imprisoned in the Tolbooth. After a confinement of eight years, he was at length released, but so much altered in appearance, that they who had known him well in his better days, could not now recognise him. He survived the date of his release only a few years, and died in a house in the Crosscauseway, Edinburgh, in 1736. He was buried among the martyrs in Greyfriars' churchyard.

It may not be unpleasing to add, that Ringan left behind him a son named Robert, who was a child at the time of his father's capture, and who, after he had grown a man, met with Allan the tinker at the well near Ferniehirst Mill. Robert had long tracked the old fellow, with a desire to inflict on him that punishment which the station of his father's other enemies placed it beyond his power to inflict. The tinker was sitting at the side of the small well, with his wallet open before him, a female companion along side of him, and in the act of enjoying that "feast of liberty in which all strollers so much delight.

> "Meantime, far hind, out owre the lee,
> Fu' snug, in a glen whar nane could see
> Thir twa, in kindly sport and glee,
> Cut frae a new cheese a whang."

And, every now and then, the old gaberlunzie was trilling, in an old, broken, but still joyous voice, some of the old lilts that, in his younger days, were composed on the great religious contest in which he had taken a part. Again he applied to his wallet; and he did not hesitate, old as he was, to have occasional recourse to the lips of her who sat beside him.

> "The preeing was guid, it pleased them baith;
> To loe her for aye he gave his aith;
> Quo scho, 'To leave thee I will be laith,
> My winsome gaberlunzie man.'"

The scene roused the blood of Robert, who thought of the treacherous and cruel part the old sinner before him had played on that melancholy occasion, when his father's misfortunes were crowned with the last and greatest of his evils. Stepping forward, he accosted the loving couple, and deliberately took his seat by the side of the well, from which his father had, on that memorable day, been denied a drink of its pure water.

"Ha! callant!" cried Allan, "I hae seen the time when a drap o' that water was prayed for by an auld, cantin Cameronian, as if it had belanged to that spring o' life they thought nane had ony richt to drink frae but themselves. But the deil a drap o't he got, the auld prayin rynk; and his wizzened craig was left to wheezle forth his prayers, or curses on the heads o' them wha fought for the guid cause o' the kirk and 'the man.'"

"What was the name o' the prayin rynk, as ye ca' him?" said Robert.

"Wha hasna heard o' Ringan Oliver, the Cameronian?" replied Allan. "Faith, an' he was nae feckless smaik that, either in bane, limb, or lire. How he did drive his lang iron kevel into the wames o' the troopers, and murgeoned his Cameronian

aiths as he saw their smolt spirits scour awa to heaven like fire flaughts! But it was braw to see the auld scoundrel worry wi' drouth on the day when he couldna get a drink frae that wall to cool his burnin craig."

"Stand up, my freen," said Robert, rising in great wrath; and, taking the old beggar's stick, put it into his hands. "Stand up. A man that's no owre auld to love and lee, is no owre auld to fecht in his ain defence.

The sturdy carle sought his feet, and, clutching his burly knotted piece of oak, asked the plea of battle.

"I am Ringan Oliver's son," cried Robert, while his eyes flashed a fire that told his deadly revenge.

"And a stalwart warlock ye are," replied the tinker; "but, auld as I am, I'll mense my staff against yours yet, for the memory o' that auld Cameronian wolf."

And he did not wait for the onset of his younger foe, but dealt a heavy blow on the head of Robert, who was, in the meantime, laid hold of by the gipsy quean behind. His youth and vigor, however, were too much for his opponents. The first sturdy blow brought the beggar to his knees; and, while he was rising, Robert put the woman *hors de combat*, and then returned to wreak his vengeance on his principal enemy. This he did with so much address and with such stern determination, that he left him lying on the ground all but dead.

Thus was one of the enemies of his father punished; and often did Robert try to get some satisfaction for the old man's wrongs from those who had a greater share in his misfortunes; but in this he never succeeded. They lay beyond his reach; and the chief workman, to whom so much responsibility attached itself, was allowed to go free. Such, alas, is the way of the world! It only remains to be said, that the old champion's broad-sword—a true Andrew Ferrara—is still preserved. It is at present in the possession of his collateral descendant, Mr. James Veitch of Inchbonny, by Jedburgh, the self-taught natural philosopher.

THE GUIDWIFE OF COLDINGHAM;

OR, THE SURPRISE OF FAST CASTLE.

Near where St. Abb stretches in massive strength into the sea, still terrible, even in ruins, may be seen the remains of Fast Castle, one of the most interesting in its history—as it is the most fearfully romantic in its situation—of all the mouldering strongholds which are still to be traced among the Borders, like monuments of war, crumbling into nothingness beneath the silent but destroying touch of time. After the death of the bluff Harry the Eighth of England, who had long kept many of the corruptible amongst the Scottish nobility and gentry in his pay, the ambitious Somerset, succeeding to the office of guardian of the young king, speedily, under the name of Protector, acquired an authority nothing inferior to the power of an absolute monarch. He had not long held the reins of government when he rendered it evident that it was a part of his ambition to subdue Scotland, or the better portion of it, into a mere province of England.

The then governor of Scotland, Hamilton, Earl of Arran (for Queen Mary was

but a child) was not ignorant of the designs of Somerset, and every preparation was made to repel him on his crossing the Borders. It was drawing towards evening on the first of September 1547, when the Protector, at the head of an army of eighteen thousand men, arrived at Berwick; and nearly at the same instant, while the gloaming yet lay light and thin upon the sea, a fleet, consisting of thirty-four vessels of war, thirty transports, and a galley, were observed sailing round Emmanuel's head—the most eastern point of Holy Island. On the moment that the fleet was perceived, St. Abb's lighted up its fires, throwing a long line of light along the darkening sea, from the black shore to the far horizon; and scarce had the first flame of its alarm-fire waved in the wind, till the Dow Hill repeated the fiery signal; and, in a few minutes, Domilaw, Dumprender, and Arthur's Seat, exhibited tops of fire as the night fell down on them, bearing the tidings, as if lightnings flying on different courses revealed them through Berwickshire and the Lothians, and enabling Roxburghshire and Fife to read the tale; while Binning's Craig, repeating the telegraphic fire, startled the burghers of Linlithgow on the one hand, and on the other aroused the men of Lanarkshire.

Before, therefore, the vessels had arrived in the bay, or the Protector's army had encamped in the Magdalen Fields around Berwick—Berwickshire, Roxburgh, the Lothians, Fife, and Lanark, were in arms. The cry from the hills and in the glens was, "The enemy is come!—the English!—to arms!" The shepherd drove his flocks to the inaccessible places in the mountains; he threw down his crook and grasped his spear.

At the same time that Somerset crossed the Borders on the east, the Earl of Lennox, who, from disappointed ambition, had proved false to his country, entered it at the head of another English army to the west.

But I mean not to write a history of Somerset's invasion—of the plausible proposals which he made, and which were rejected—nor of the advantages which the Scots, through recklessness or want of discipline, flung away, and of the disasters which followed. All the places of strength upon the Borders fell into his hands, and he garrisoned them from his army, and set governors over them. The first place of his attack was Fast Castle; in which, after taking possession of it, he left a governor and strong garrison, composed of English troops and foreign mercenaries, causing also the people around, for their own safety, to make to him an oath of fealty, renouncing their allegiance to the young queen. But while there were many who obeyed his command with reluctance, there were others who chose rather to endanger or forfeit their lives and property than comply with it. It had not, however, been two years in the hands of the English when, by a daring and desperate act of courage, it was wrested from them.

A decree went forth from the English governor of the Castle, commanding them to bring into it, from time to time, all necessary provisions for the use of the garrison, for which they should receive broad money in return; for Somerset and his chief officers—the Lord-Grey and others—had caused it to be published, that they considered the inhabitants of that part of Scotland as the subjects of young Edward, in common with themselves, and not as a people with whom they were at war, or from whom their soldiers might collect provisions, and pay them with the sword.

The English, indeed, paid liberally for whatsoever they received; and there was policy in their so doing, for there were not a few who preferred lucre to their country, and the effigy of a prince upon a coin to allegiance to their lawful monarch. But, while such obeyed with alacrity the command of the governor of Fast Castle to bring provisions to his garrison, there

were many others who acquiesced in it reluctantly, and only obeyed from the consciousness that disobedience would be the price of their lives.

At this period, there dwelt in Coldingham a widow named Madge Gordon. She was a tall and powerful woman, and her years might be a little below fifty. Daily she indulged in invectives against the English, and spoke contemptuously of the spirit of her countrymen, in submitting to the mandate of the governor of Fast Castle. She had two cows and more than a score of poultry; but she declared that she would spill the milk of the one upon the ground every day, and throw the eggs of the other over the cliffs, rather than that either the one or the other should be taken through the gates of the Castle while an English garrison held it.

Often, therefore, as Madge beheld her neighbors carrying their baskets on their arms, their creels or sacks upon their backs, or driving their horses, laden with provisions, towards the Castle, her wrath would rise against them, and she was wont to exclaim—

"O ye slaves!—ye base loun-hearted beasts o' burden!—hoo lang will ye boo before the hand that strikes ye, or kiss the foot that tramples on ye? Throw doun the provisions, and gang hame and bring what they better deserve—for, if ye will gie them bread, feed them on the point o' yer faither's spears."

Some laughed as Madge spoke; but her words sank deep into the hearts of others; and a few answered—

"Ye are as daft as ever, Madge—but a haverel woman's tongue is nae scandal, and ye ken that the governor winna tak cognizance o' ye."

"Me ken or care for him, ye spiritless coofs, ye!" she replied; "gae tell him that Madge Gordon defies him and a' his men, as she despises you, and wad shake the dirt frae her shoon at baith the ane and the other o' ye. Shame fa' ye, ye degenerate, mongrel race! for, if ye had ae drop o' the bluid o' the men in yer veins wha bled wi' Wallace and wi' Bruce, before the sun gaed doun, the flag o' bonny Scotland wad wave frae the Castle towers."

"Mother! mother!" said an interesting-looking girl of nineteen, who had come to the door as the voice of Madge waxed louder and more bitter—"dinna talk foolishly—ye will bring us a' into trouble."

"Trouble! ye silly lassie, ye," rejoined Madge; "these are times indeed, to talk o' the like o' us being brought into trouble, when our puir bluiding country is groaning beneath the yoke o' an enemy, and we see them harrying us not only oot o' hoose and ha', but even those that should be our protectors oot o' their manhood! See," added she, "do ye see wha yon is, skulking as far as he can get frae our door, wi' the weel-filled sack upon his shouthers? It is yer ain dearie, Florence Wilson! O the betrayer o' his country!—He's a coward, Janet, like the rest o' them, and shall ne'r ca' ye his wife while I live to ca' ye daughter."

"O mother!" added the maiden, in a low and agitated voice—"what could poor Florence do? It isna wi' a man body as it is wi' the like o' us. If he didna do as the lave do, he wad be informed against, and he maun obey or die!"

"Let him die, then, as a man, as a Scotchman!" said the stern Guidwife of Coldingham.

Florence Wilson, of whom Madge had spoken, was a young man of three or four and twenty, and who then held, as his fathers had done before him, sheep-lands under the house of Home. He was one of those who obeyed reluctantly the command of the governor to bring provisions to the garrison; and, until the day on which Madge beheld him with the sack upon his shoulders, he had resisted doing so. But traitors had whispered the tale of his stubbornness and discontent in the Castle; and, in order to save himself and his flocks, he that day took a part of

his substance to the garrison. He had long been the accepted of Janet Gordon; and the troubles of the times alone prevented them, as the phrase went, from "commencing house together." He well knew the fierce and daring patriotism of his intended mother-in-law, and he took a circuitous route, in order to avoid passing her door laden with a burden of provisions for the enemy. But, as has been told, she perceived him.

In the evening, Florence paid his nightly visit to Janet.

"Out! out! ye traitor!" cried Madge, as she beheld him crossing her threshold; "the shadow o' a coward shall ne'er fall on my floor while I hae a hand to prevent it."

"I'm nae coward, guidwife," retorted Florence, indignantly.

"Nae coward!" she rejoined; "what are ye, then? Did not I, this very day, wi' my ain een, behold ye skulking and carrying provisions to the enemy!"

"Ye might," said Florence—"but ae man canna tak a castle, nor drive frae it five hundred enemies. Bide ye yet. Foolhardy courage isna manhood; and, had mair prudence and caution, and less confidence, been exercised by our army last year, we wouldna hae this day to mourn owre the battle o' Pinkie. I tell ye, therefore, again, just bide ye yet."

"Come in, Florence," said Madge; "draw in a seat and sit doun, and tell me what ye mean."

"Hoots, Florence," said Janet, in a tone partaking of reproach and alarm, "are ye gaun to be as daft as my mother? What matters it to us wha's king or wha's queen?—it will be lang or either the ane or the ither o' them do onything for us. When ye see lords and gentry in the pay o' England, and takin its part, what can the like o' you or my mother do?"

"Do! ye chicken-hearted trembler at yer ain shadow!" interrupted Madge—"though somewhat past its best, I hae an arm as strong and healthy as the best o' them, and the blood that runs in it is as guid as the proudest o' them."

Now, the maiden name of Madge was Home; and when her pride was touched, it was her habit to run over the genealogical tree of her father's family, which she could illustrate upon her fingers, beginning, on all occasions—"I am, and so is every Home in Berwickshire, descended frae the Saxon kings o' England and the first Earls o' Northumberland." Thus did she run on, tracing their descent from Crinan, chief of the Saxons in the north of England, to Maldredus his son, who married Algatha, daughter of Uthred, prince of Northumberland, and granddaughter of Ethelrid, king of England; and from Maldredus to his son Cospatrick, of whose power William the Conqueror became jealous, and who was, therefore, forced to fly into Scotland in the year 1071, where Malcolm Canmore bestowed on him the manor of Dunbar, and many baronies in Berwickshire. Thus did she notice three other Cospatricks, famous and mighty men in their day, each succeeding Cospatrick, the son of his predecessor; and after them a Waldreve, and a Patrick, whose son William marrying his cousin, he obtained with her the lands of Home, and, assuming the name, they became the founders of the clan. From the offspring of the cousin, the male of whom took the name of Sir William Home, and from him through eleven other successors, down to George, the fourth Lord Home, who had fallen while repelling the invasion of Somerset a few months before, did Madge trace the roots, shoots, and branches of her family, carrying it back through a period of more than six hundred years; and she glowed, therefore, with true aristocratic indignation at the remark of her daughter to Florence—"What can the like o' you or my mother do?" And she concluded her description of her geneological tree, by saying—"Talk noo the like o' yer mother, hizzy!"

"Aweel, mother," said Janet mildly—

"that may a' be; but there is nae cause for you fleeing into a tift upon the matter, for nae harm was meant. I only dinna wish Florence to be putting his life in jeopardy for neither end nor purpose. I'm sure I wish that oor nobility would keep to their bargain, and allow the queen, though she is but a lassie yet, to be married to young king Edward, and then we might hae peace in the land, and ither folk would be married as weel as them."

"We shall be married, Janet, my doo," said Florence, gazing on her tenderly—"only ye bide a wee."

Now, it must not be thought that Janet loved her country less than did her mother or her betrothed husband; but, while the land of blue mountains was dear to her heart, Florence Wilson was yet more dear; and it was only because they were associated with thoughts of him that they became as a living thing, as a voice and as music in her bosom. For, whence comes our fondness for the woods, the mountains, the rivers of our nativity, but from the fond remembrances which their associations conjure up, and the visions which they recall to the memory of those who were dear to us, but who are now far from us, or with the dead? We may have seen more stupendous mountains, nobler rivers, and more stately woods—but they were not *ours!* They were not the mountains, the rivers, and the woods, by which we played in childhood, formed first friendships, or breathed love's tender tale in the ear of her who was beautiful as the young moon or the evening star, which hung over us like smiles of heaven; nor were they the mountains, the woods, and the rivers, near which our kindred, the flesh of our flesh, and the bone of our bone, SLEEP! But I digress.

"Tell me, Florence," said Madge, "what mean ye by 'bide a wee?' Is there a concerted project amongst ony o' ye, an' are ye waiting for an opportunity to carry it into effect?"

"No," answered he, "I canna say as how we hae devised ony practicable scheme o' owrecoming our oppressors as yet; but there are hundreds o' us ready to draw our swords an' strike, on the slightest chance o' success offering—and the chance may come."

"An' amongst the hundreds o' hands ye speak o'," returned Madge, "is there no a single head that can plot an' devise a plan to owrecome an' drive our persecutors frae the Castle?"

"I doot it—at least I hae ne'er heard ony feasible-like plan proposed," said Florence, sorrowfully.

Madge sat thoughtful for a few minutes, her chin resting on her hand. At length she inquired—"When go ye back to sell provisions to them again?"

"This day week," was the reply.

"Then I shall tak my basket wi' eggs an' butter, an' gae wi' ye," answered Madge.

"O mother! what are ye sayin?" cried Janet; "ye maun gang nae sic gate. I ken yer temper wad flare up the moment ye heard a word spoken against Scotland, or a jibe broken on it; an' there is nae tellin what might be the consequence."

"Leave baith the action an' the consequence to me, Janet, my woman," said the patriotic mother; "as I brew, I will drink. But ye hae naething to fear; I will be as mim in the Castle as ye wad be if gieing Florence yer hand in the kirk."

The day on which the people were again to carry provisions to the garrison in Fast Castle arrived; and, to the surprise of every one, Madge, with a laden basket on each arm, mingled amongst them. Many marvelled, and the more mercenary said—

"Ay, ay!—Madge likes to turn the penny as weel as ither folk. The English will hae guid luck if ony o' them get a bargain oot o' her baskets."

She, therefore, went to the Castle, bearing provisions with the rest of the peasantry; but, under pretence of disposing of her goods to the best advantage,

she went through and around the Castle, and quitted it not until she had ascertained where were its strongest, where its weakest points of defence, and in what manner it was guarded.

When, therefore, Florence Wilson again visited her dwelling, she addressed him, saying—

"Noo, I hae seen oor enemies i' the heart o' their strength; an' I hae a word to say to ye that will try yer courage, an' the courage o' the hunders o' guid men an' true that ye hae spoken o' as only bidin their time to strike. Noo, is it yer opinion that, between Dunglass an' Eyemouth, ye could gather a hundred men willing an' ready to draw the sword for Scotland's right, an' to drive the invaders frae Fast Castle, if a feasible plan were laid before them?"

"I hae nae doot o't," replied he.

"Doots winna do," said she; "will ye try it?"

"Yes," said he.

"Florence, ye *shall* be my son," added she, taking his hand—"I see there is spirit in ye yet."

"Mother," said Janet, earnestly, "what dangerous errand is this ye wad set him upon?—what do ye think it could matter to me wha was governor of Fast Castle, if Florence should meet his death in the attempt?"

"Wheesht! ye silly lassie, ye," replied her mother; "had I no borne ye, I wad hae said that ye hadna a drap o' my bluid i' yer veins. What is't that ye fear? If they'll abide by my counsel, though it may try their courage, oor purpose shall be accomplished wi' but little scaith."

"Neither fret nor fear, dear," said Florence, addressing Janet; "I hae a hand to defend my head, an' a guid sword to guard baith." Then turning to her mother, he added—"An' what may be yer plan, that I may communicate it to them that I ken to be zealous in our country's cause?"

"Were I to tell ye noo," said she, "that ye might communicate it to them, before we were ready to put it in execution, the story wad spread frae the Tweed to John o' Groat's, and frae St. Abb's to the Solway, and our designs be prevented. Na, lad, my scheme maun be laid before a' the true men that can be gathered together, at the same moment, an' within a few hours o' its being put in execution. Do ye ken the dark copse aboon Houndwood, where there is a narrow and crooked opening through the tangled trees, but leading to a bit o' bonny green sward, where a thousand men might encamp unobserved?"

"I do," answered Florence.

"And think ye that ye could assemble the hundred men ye speak o' there, on this night fortnight?"

"I will try," replied he.

"Try, then," added she, "and I will meet ye there before the new moon sink behind the Lammermoors."

It was a few days after this that Madge was summoned to the village of Home, to attend the funeral of a relative; and while she was yet there, the castle of her ancestors was daringly wrested from the hands of the Protector's troops, by an aged kinsman of her own, and a handful of armed men. The gallant deed fired her zeal more keenly, and strengthened her resolution to wrest Fast Castle from the hands of the invaders. She had been detained at Home until the day on which Florence Wilson was to assemble the stout-hearted and trust-worthy in the copse above Houndwood. Her kindred would have detained her longer; but she resisted their entreaties and took leave of them, saying that "her bit lassie, Janet, would be growing irksome wi' being left alane, an' that, at ony rate, she had business on hand that couldna be delayed."

She proceeded direct to the place of rendezvous, without going onwards to her own house; and, as she drew near the narrow opening which led to the green

space in the centre of the dark copse, the young moon was sinking behind the hills. As she drew cautiously forward, she heard the sound of voices, which gradually became audible.

"Well, Florence," said one, "what are you waiting for? Where is the grand project that ye was to lay before us?"

"Florence," said others, "let us proceed to business. It is gaun to be very dark, and ye will remember we have to gang as far as the Peaths* the night yet."

Florence answered as one perplexed, but in his wonted words—"Hae patience—bide a wee;" and added, in a sort of soliloquy, but loud enough to be overheard by his companions—"She promised to be here before the moon gaed down upon the Lammermoors."

"Wha did?—wha promised to be here?" inquired half a dozen voices.

"I did!" cried Madge, proudly, as she issued from the narrow aperture in the copse, and her tall figure was revealed by the fading moonbeams. With a stately step, she walked into the midst of them, and gazed around as though the blood and dignity of all the Homes had been centred in her own person.

"Weel, Madge," inquired they, "and, since ye are come, for what hae ye brought us here?"

"To try," added she, "whether, inheriting, as ye do, yer faithers' bluid, ye also inherit their spirit—to see whether ye hae the manhood to break the yoke o' yer oppressors, or, if ye hae the courage to follow the example which the men o' Home set ye the other nicht."

"What have they done?" inquired Florence.

"Hearken," said she, "ane and a' o' ye, and I will tell ye; for, wi' my ain een, I beheld a sicht that was as joyfu' to me as the sight o' a sealed pardon to a condemned criminal. Ye weel ken that, for near twa years, the English have held Home Castle, just as they still hold Fast Castle beside us. Now, it was the other nicht, and just as the grey gloam was darkening the towers, that an auld kinsman o' mine, o' the name o' Home, scaled the walls where they were highest, strongest, and least guarded; thirty gallant countrymen had accompanied him to their foot, but, before they could follow his example, he was perceived by a sentinel, wha shouted out—'To arms!—'to arms!' 'Cower, lads, cower!' said my auld kinsman, in a sort o' half whisper, to his followers; and he again descended the wall, and they lay down, with their swords in their hands, behind some whin bushes at the foot o' the battlements. There was running, clanking, and shouting through the castle for a time; but, as naething like the presence o' an enemy was either seen or heard, the sentry that had raised the alarm was laughed at, and some gaed back to their beds, and others to their wine. But, after about two hours, and when a'thing was again quiet, my kinsman and his followers climbed the walls, and, rushing frae sentinel to sentinel, they owrecam ane after anither before they could gie the alarm to the garrison in the castle; and, bursting into it, shouted—'Hurra!—Scotland and Home for ever!' Panic seized the garrison; some started frae their sleep—others reeled frae their cups—some grasped their arms—others ran, they knew not where—but terror struck the hearts o' ane and a'; and still, as the cry 'Scotland and Home for ever!' rang frae room to room, and was echoed through the lang high galleries, it seemed like the shouting o' a thousand men; and, within ten minutes, every man in the garrison was made prisoner or put to the sword! And noo, neebors, what my kinsman and a handfu' o' countrymen did for the deliverance o' the Castle o' Home, can ye not do for the Fast Castle, or will ye not—and so drive every invader oot o' Berwickshire?"

"I dinna mean to say, Madge," an-

* The Pease Bridge.

swered one, who appeared to be the most influential personage amongst her auditors —"I dinna mean to say but that your relation and his comrades hae performed a most noble and gallant exploit—one that renders them worthy o' being held in everlasting remembrance by their countrymen—and glad would I be if we could this night do the same for Fast Castle. But, woman, the thing is impossible; the cases are not parallel. It mightna be a difficult matter to scale the highest part o' the walls o' Home Castle, and ladders could easily be got for that purpose; but, at Fast Castle, wi' the draw-bridge up, and the dark, deep, terrible chasm between you and the walls, like a bottomless gulf between time and eternity!—I say, again, for my part, the thing is impossible. Wha has strength o' head, even for a moment, to look doun frae the dark and dizzy height o' the Wolf's Craig?—and wha could think o' scaling it? Even if it had been possible, the stoutest heart that ever beat in a bosom would, wi' the sickening horror o' its owner's situation, before he was half-way up, be dead as the rocks that would dash him to pieces as he fell! Na, na, I should hae been glad to lend a helping and a willing hand to ony practicable plan, but it would be madness to throw away our lives where there couldna be the slightest possibility o' success."

"Listen," said Madge: "I ken what is possible, and what is impossible, as weel as ony o' ye. I meant that ye should tak for example the dauntless spirit o' my kinsman and the men o' Home, and no their manner o' entering the castle. But, if yer hearts beat as their hearts did, before this hour the morn's nicht the invaders will be driven frae Fast Castle. In the morning we are ordered to take provisions to the garrison. I shall be wi' ye, and in the front o' ye. But, though my left arm carries a basket, beneath my cloak shall be hidden the bit sword which my guidman wore in the wars against King Harry; and as I reach the last sentinel—'Now, lads! now for Scotland and our Queen!' I shall cry; and wha dare follow my example?"

"I dare! I will!" said Florence Wilson, "and be at yer side to strike doun the sentinel; and sure am I that there isna a man here that winna do or die, and drive owre enemies frae the Castle, or leave his body within its wa's for them to cast into the sea. Every man o' us, the morn, will enter the Castle wi' arms concealed aboot him, and hae them ready to draw and strike at a moment's warning. Ye canna say freends, but what this is a feasible plan, and ye winna be outdone in bravery by a woman. Do ye agree to it?"

There were cries of—"Yes, Florence, yes!—every man o' us!"—and "It is an excellent plan—it is only a pity that it hadna been thocht o' suner," resounded on all sides; but "Better late than never," said others.

"Come round me, then," said Madge; and they formed a circle around her. "Ye swear now," she continued, "in the presence o' Him who see'th through the darkness o' night and searcheth the heart, that nane o' ye will betray to oor enemies what we hae this nicht determined on; but that every man o' ye will, the morn, though at the price o' his life, do yer utmost to deliver owre groaning country frae the yoke o' its invaders and oppressors! This ye swear?"

And they bowed their heads around her.

"Awa, then," added she, "ilka man to his ain hoose, and get his weapons in readiness." And, leaving the copse, they proceeded in various directions across the desolate moor. But Florence Wilson accompanied Madge to her dwelling; and, as they went, she said—

"Florence, if ye act as weel the morn as ye hae spoken this nicht, the morn shall my dochter, Janet, be yer wife, wi' a fu' purse for her portion that neither o' ye kens aboot."

He pressed her hand in the fulness of his heart; but she added—

"Na, na, Florence, I'm no a person that cares aboot a fuss being made for the sake o' gratitude—thank me wi' deeds. Remember I have said—a' depends on yer conduct the morn."

When they entered the house, poor Janet was weeping, because of her mother's absence, for she had expected her for two days; and her apprehensions were not removed when she saw her in the company of Florence, who, although her destined husband, and who, though he had long been in the habit of visiting her daily, had called but once during her mother's absence, and then he was sad and spoke little. She saw that her parent had prevailed on him to undertake some desperate project, and she wept for his sake.

When he arose to depart, she rose also and accompanied him to the door.

"Florence," said she, tenderly, "you and my mother hae some secret between ye, which ye winna communicate to me."

"A' that is a secret between us," said he, "is, that she consents that the morn ye shall be my winsome bride, if ye be willing, as I'm sure ye are; and that is nae secret that I wad keep frae ye; but I didna wish to put ye aboot by mentioning it before her."

Janet blushed, and again added—

"But there is something mair between ye than that Florence, and why should ye hide it frae me?"

"Dear me, hinny!" said he, "I wonder that ye should be sae apprehensive. There is nae secret between yer mother an' me that isna weel kenned to every ane in the country-side. But just ye hae patience—bide a wee—wait only till the morn; and, when I come to lead ye afore the minister, I'll tell ye a'thing then."

"An' wherefore no tell me the noo, Florence?" said she. "I am sure that there is something brewing, an' a dangerous something too. Daur ye no trust me? Ye may think me a weak an' silly creature; but if I am not just so rash and outspoken as my mother, try me if I haena as stout a heart when there is necessity for showing it."

"Weel, Janet, dear," said Florence, "I winna conceal frae ye that there is something brewing—but what that something is I am not at liberty to tell. I am bound by an oath not to speak o't, and so are a hunder others, as weel as me. But the morn it will be in my power to tell ye a'. Noo, just be ye contented, and get ready for our wedding."

"And my mother kens," Janet was proceeding to say, when her mother's voice was heard crying from the house—

"Come in, Janet—what are ye doing oot there in the cauld?—ye hae been lang enough wi' Florence the nicht—but the morn's nicht ye may speak to him as lang as ye like. Sae come in, lassie."

As the reader may suppose, Madge was not one whose commands required to be uttered twice; and, with a troubled heart, Janet bade Florence "Good night," and returned to the cottage.

It was a little after sunrise on the following day, when a body of more than a hundred peasantry, agreeably to the command of the governor, appeared before the Castle, laden with provisions. Some of them had the stores which they had brought upon the backs of horses, but which they placed upon their own shoulders as they approached the bridge. Amongst them were fishermen from Eyemouth and Coldingham, shepherds from the hills with slaughtered sheep, millers, and the cultivators of the patches of arable ground beyond the moor. With them, also, were a few women carrying eggs, butter, cheese, and poultry; and at the head of the procession (for the narrowness of the drawbridge over the frightful chasm, beyond which the Castle stood, caused the company to assume the form of a procession as they entered the walls) was Madge Gordon, and her intended son-in-law, Florence Wilson.

The drawbridge had been let down to them; the last of the burden-bearers had crossed it; and Madge had reached the farthest sentinel, when suddenly dropping her basket, out from beneath her grey cloak gleamed the sword of her dead husband!

"Now, lads!—now for Scotland and our Queen!" she exclaimed, and as she spoke, the sword in her hand pierced the body of the sentinel. At the same instant every man cast his burden to the ground, a hundred hidden swords were revealed, and every sentinel was overpowered.

"Forward, lads! forward!" shouted Madge.

"Forward!" cried Florence Wilson, with his sword in his hand, leading the way. They rushed into the interior of the Castle; they divided into bands. Some placed themselves before the arsenal where arms were kept, while others rushed from room to room, making prisoners of those of the garrison who yielded willingly, and showing no quarter to those who resisted. Many sought safety in flight, some flying half-naked, aroused from morning dreams after a night's carouse, and almost all fled without weapons of defence. The effect upon the garrison was as if a thunderbolt had burst in the midst of them. Within half an hour, Fast Castle was in the hands of the peasantry, and the entire soldiery who had defended it had either fled, were slain, or made prisoners.

Besides striking the first blow, Madge had not permitted the sword of her late husband to remain idle in her hands during the conflict. And, as the conquerors gathered round Florence Wilson, to acknowledge to him that to his counsel, presence of mind, and courage, as their leader, in the midst of the confusion that prevailed, they owed their victory, and the deliverance of the east of Berwickshire from its invaders, Madge pressed forward, and, presenting him her husband's sword, said—

"Tak this, my son, and keep it—it was the sword o' a brave man, and to a brave man I gie it—and this night shall ye be my son indeed."

"Thank ye, mother——mother!" said Florence. And as he spoke a faint smile crossed his features.

But scarce had he taken the sword in his hand, ere a voice was heard, crying—

"Where is he?—where shall I find him?—does he live?—where is my mother?"

"Here, love!—here! It is my Janet!" cried Florence; but his voice seemed to fail him as he spoke.

"Come here, my bairn," cried her mother, "and in the presence o' these witnesses receive a hand that ye may be proud o'."

As part of the garrison fled through Coldingham, Janet had heard of the surprise by which the Castle had been taken, and ran towards it to gather tidings of her mother and affianced husband; for she now knew the secret which they would not reveal to her.

As she rushed forward, the crowd that surrounded Florence gave way, and, as he moved forward to meet her, it was observed that he shook or staggered as he went; but it was thought no more of; and when she fell upon his bosom, and her mother took their hands and pressed them together, the multitude burst into a shout and blessed them. He strove to speak—he muttered the word "Janet!" but his arms fell from her neck, and he sank as lifeless on the ground.

"Florence! my Florence!—he is wounded—murdered!" cried the maiden, and she flung herself beside him on the ground.

Madge and the spectators endeavored to raise him; but his eyes were closed; and, as he gasped, they with difficulty could understand the words he strove to utter—"Water—water!"

He had, indeed, been wounded—mortally wounded—but he spoke not of it. They raised him in their arms and carried

him to an apartment in the Castle; but, ere they reached it, the spirit of Florence Wilson had fled.

Peor Janet clung to his lifeless body. She now cried—"Florence!—Florence!—we shall be married to-night!—yes!—yes!—I have everything ready!" And again she spoke bitter words to her mother, and said that she had murdered her Florence. The spectators lifted her from his body, and Madge stood as one on whom affliction, in the midst of her triumph, had fallen as a palsy, depriving her of speech and action.

"My poor bereaved bairn!" she at length exclaimed; and she took her daughter in her arms and kissed her—"ye hae indeed cause to mourn, for Florence was a noble lad!—but, oh, dinna say it was my doing, hinny!—dinna wyte yer mother!—will ye no, Janet? It is a great comfort that Florence has died like a hero."

But Janet never was herself again. She became, as their neighbors said, a poor, melancholy, maundering creature, going about talking of her Florence and the surprise of Fast Castle, and ever ending her story—"But I maun awa hame and get ready, for Florence and I are to be married the nicht."

Madge followed her, mourning, wheresoever she went, bearing with and soothing all her humors. But she had not long to bear them; for, within two years, Janet was laid by the side of Florence Wilson, in Coldingham kirkyard; and, before another winter howled over their peaceful graves, Madge lay at rest beside them.

THE RECLUSE OF THE HEBRIDES.

"Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom;
My woes here shall close ne'er
But with the closing tomb."—*Burns.*

I RESIDED, some years ago, in the island of Tyree, which is one of the most western of the Hebrides; and, in the course of my business, had often occasion to cross by the base of Ben Chinevarah, whose rugged and sterile appearance impresses the mind with a sickening sadness. The narrow footpath sometimes dives into the deep and sullen gloom of the mountain glen, whose silence is unbroken, save by the torrent's red rush, and again winds along the edge of the steep precipice, among the loose rocks that have been hurled from their beds aloft by the giant efforts of time, where the least false step would precipitate the unwary traveller into the abyss below. There no cheering sound of mirth was ever heard, the blythe whistle of the ploughman never swelled upon its echoes, nor often did the reapers' song disturb its gloomy silence. The ear is assailed, on the one hand, by the discordant and dismal notes of the screech-owl; and, on the other, by the angry roar of the waves that beat, with ceaseless lash, the broken shore. A small hut now and then bursts upon the view, raising its lowly roof beneath the shelter of the mountain rock, and adds to the cheerlessness of the scene. One of those small cottages often attracted my notice, by its external neatness, and the laborious industry by which a small garden had been formed around the dwelling; and, by degrees, I ingratiated myself into the good graces of its owner, who, I found, by his knowledge

and conversation, was of a different cast from the dwellers around him. I knew, by his accent, that he was a foreigner; and, feeling an interest in him, I often endeavored to gain some account from him of the early part of his life; but when the subject was hinted at, he at once changed the conversation.

Having occasion, last summer, to spend some days at the house of a friend in Argyleshire, I availed myself of this opportunity to visit my old acquaintance at Tyree. I found him stretched on the bed of sickness, and fast verging towards his end. When last I had seen him, his appearance, though infirm, evinced but few signs of physical decay; and, though the storms of fourscore winters had blown over him, still his eye sparkled with animation, and his raven locks retained the fresh and jetty color of the native of "Italia's sunny clime." But now, how changed the appearance. His eyeballs were dim, deep sunken in their sockets; a few scattered gray hairs waved carelessly over his finely arched eyebrows; and his forehead and cheeks were deeply furrowed with the traces of sickness and secret wo. When I entered the lowly dwelling, he raised his lack lustre eyes, and stretched forth his hand to meet my grasp.

"And is heaven yet so kind," said he, raising his wasted hand in thanks to the Disposer of all Good, "as to send one pitying friend to soothe my dreary and departing moments. Ah! sir, the hand of the grim tyrant is laid heavily upon me, and I must soon appear in the presence of an unoffended Deity. If you knew how awful are the feelings of a mind loaded with iniquity, of a soul immersed in guilt, when the last moment is approaching that separates us from mortality, and the misdeeds of a wicked life stand in ghastly array, adding stings to an already seared conscience, you would shrink at what you now deem the gay dreams of youthful frailty, and shun the delusive and seducing snares of a wretched world."

Pointing to a block of wood alongside his pallet bed, he desired me to be seated, and, after drying the tear of sorrow from his swollen eye, he thus proceeded:—"Often, in those moments when the sweet beams of health were mine, have you desired a recital of the events of my past life; but a feeling of shame withheld me from the task. Now, when I have nothing to fear but death and the dread hereafter, if you will have the patience to hear me, I will briefly unfold to you the causes which reduced me from a state of affluence to become a fugitive amid the rugged rocks and the inclement skies of a foreign land." I assented, and he went on with his story.

"My name," said he, "in the more fortunate years of my life, was Alphonsus; and the city of Venice gave me birth. I was the only child of an opulent citizen; and need scarcely inform you that no restraint was laid upon my inclinations when a child; and the dawn of manhood beheld me plunged amid every intemperance which that luxurious city then afforded. Money was plentifully supplied me by my parents to support my extravagances; and I sought after happiness among the rounds of pleasure and the gay circles of society; but I only met with desires ungratified, hopes often frustrated, and wishes never satisfied. I had a friend. He was called Theodore. I loved him as dearly as a selfish being like myself *could* love any one. He shared in all my pleasures.

"An amorous, jealous, and revengeful disposition is commonly laid to the share of the Italians; and, with sorrow I confess, those formed the principal ingredients of my character. I had reached my twentieth year of thoughtlessness and folly, when one night at the opera, a young lady, in an opposite box, attracted my attention; and my eyes were insensibly riveted upon the beauteous figure. I need not tell you that she was beautiful—she was loveliness itself. I will not trespass on your time in describing the new and pleasing sensa-

tions that arose in my bosom; you have trod the magic paths of pleasure, and bowed to the charms of beauty; they are not unknown to you.

"I felt that all my libertine pursuits had only been the shadows of pleasure; and from that moment I determined to abandon them, and fix my love on her alone. We became acquainted, and I found that she was as worthy of the purest love as my fond wishes desired. She was the only child of Count Rudolpho. And, for the space of three months, I was a constant visitor at her father's palazzo. In due time I pleaded the force of my love. But, gods! what were the sensations of my soul, when the tear started from her eye of beauty, and the dreadful sentence burst upon my ear—'I am the bride of Theodore!'

"I burst from her presence with a palpitating heart, and returned homewards agitated by the conflicting passions of despair and revenge. I drew my sword from its sheath, and promised the blood of Theodore, of the friend of my bosom to its point. The steel trembled in my grasp as the vow fell from my lips, and my heart recoiled at the idea of shedding blood; but the still small voice was an unequal match with the baneful principles of a corrupted soul."

The Recluse stopped, and the loud sobs of sorrow and repentance alone burst upon the gloomy silence of the scene. The hectic flush of fever played and wantoned across his pallid features, as if it seemed to exult in the weakness of mortality, and delight in the loveliness of its own soul-loathed ravages. The tears dropped large and plentiful from his eyes, and his spirit seemed bended and broken with the racking remembrance. I bent over the wasted form of the wretched penitent, and, while I poured the voice of comfort in his ear, and wiped the tears from his eyes, his soul resumed its wonted firmness, and even a smile beamed upon his blanched lips, as he grasped my hand and pressed it to his bosom in silence and with thankfulness.

"Behold!" said he, drawing an old sword from beneath the side of his miserable straw pallet; "behold this steel, red-rusted with the blood of Theodore, from which the bitter tears of sixty long winters have been unable to efface the stain. Pardon the feelings of an infirm old man. My soul weeps blood at the remembrance.

"I pitched upon the bridal eve of Theodore for that of his death, and the seizure of his bride; and hired the leader of a band of ruffians to assist me in the scheme. The fatal night, so big with horror, at last arrived. The sun sank sullenly into the shades of the west, and his departing gleams glanced redly and angrily upon me. The raven wings of early night fell upon Venice; and I stepped into my gondola, with my hired followers. We set forward upon our errand. The palazzo of Count Albert was soon gained. Busy nature waxed calm and hushed; the artizan had retired to the sweets of his lowly but happy cottage; the convent bell had tolled, solemn and slow, the vesper knell; and then

"uprose the yellow moon,"

silvering the rippling waters of the canals, and glancing its beams upon the glittering palaces of Venice. It was a lovely night; but my soul ill brooked the calm grandeur of the scene.

"By the treachery of a servant, my comrades were admitted into Count Rudolpho's grounds, whilst I attended the nuptial rites with the well-dissembled face of friendship. Joy was dancing in every eye but mine. My hand trembled at times on the hilt of my poniard, and I awaited the favorable moment with a degree of impatience bordering on frenzy. Many a fair maid was there tripping amid the joyous throng, whose beauty might have warmed the frigid heart of an anchorite; but my eyes and mind were upon the dear, dear Violetta: she was lovelier than ever, but—she was the spouse of Theodore.

"The garden of the Count was remarkably beautiful, and the trees in it had been grandly festooned with variegated lamps on the present occasion. The night was pleasant and calm, and the youthful couple retired from the crowded saloon to the garden for a few minutes to enjoy the freshness of nature. I silently followed, unperceived, till they seated themselves in an arbor, whose beauty was unworthy of a villain's tread. Then suddenly I presented myself at the entrance; and the unsuspicious Theodore rose to embrace me. How shall I give utterance to the rest? My friend rose to embrace me; and I drew my poniard, and was about to plunge it into his bosom, when Violetta, whose attention this action had not escaped rushed between us to stay my hand. Horror! her heart received the blow I had intended for her husband. She uttered a piercing cry, and fell, a bleeding corpse, at my feet.

"The sound attracted the attention of my ruffianly associates, who were ready at hand to carry off the bride, and they hurried to the spot. Theodore at first surprised and terror-stricken, now roused himself to energy. With the fury of a maniac, he rushed upon me and felled me senseless to the earth. How long I lay in this situation, I know not; but when my senses returned, the palazzo was in flames, and the clashing of swords and the groans of the wounded sounded horribly in my ears. And this was my doing. I had been the means of introducing into Count Rudolpho's grounds a band of desperadoes, to whom bloodshed was familiar; and I doubted not that they were at their work of blood and rapine. I repented of the deed, but it was too late.

"The murdered Violetta lay on the ground at a short distance from me; the moonbeams played full upon her ghastly and distorted features; and her robes, her bridal robes, were deeply stained with blood. Her pulse had long since ceased to beat, and she felt cold to the touch. Resolved that no profane hand should consign to the earth her blessed remains, I threw the body across my shoulder, and fled with it from the garden. I felt not the weight of the burden, for excitement made me 'hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.' I soon reached the canal, leapt into my gondola with my precious burden, and shortly afterwards, gained my father's palace. Ere the moon set, I had dug a deep grave in his garden, in which I buried her on whom I had doated, bedewing the earth with my tears as I proceeded in my work.

"It was at length completed; and, with the morning's dawn, I fled from Venice. Despair added wings to my flight, and the land of France received me in her fostering arms. I have, since that time, wandered in many a clime to wear away my grief, but in vain. I have fought under the banner of your king; and, though my arm was never palsied in the day of battle, death has been denied me. I now lie here, aged and forlorn. The hand of death is heavy on me, and chilly tremors are creeping over my exhausted frame. The just decrees of God have denied me even a friend to close my weary eyes; and my dust must mingle with the dust of strangers, far, far from the sepulchre of my fathers, and the home of my childhood."

After a short pause, the Recluse continued:—

"Here, sir," said he, "take this sword—it has been the constant companion of my travels—its blade is unsullied by ignoble blood; and when you look upon it, after the grave receives the wretched Alphonsus, it may convey a lesson that volumes could not inculcate."

I received the sword from his hand, which was trembling and cold. He turned his face from me; and before I had time to speak, a deep groan announced his departure to the mansions of another world. I called the inmates of the adjoining cottage, who took charge of the

body; and I left the spot with a feeling which words cannot express, but which will be understood by those who look with the eye of pity upon the errors of a fellow-mortal.

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

Lives there a man who calls his heart his own,
Can look on ripening beauty's breathing eye—
The breast of snow—love's altar and its throne—
The lips round which sweet smiles and graces fly—
The more than sculptured elegance—the tone
Of loveliness and health, whose vermil dye
Is with the early lily blent, on cheeks
Whose very blush of love and conquest speaks.

Say, is there one on these can fondly gaze,
Nor feel his heart turn rebel to his will;
Till all that charmed is changed—the voice of praise—
The smile of friends—his haunts, by wood or hill—
The sports, the joys, the all of early days—
Have lost their music, and he gazeth still
Upon the fair enchantress—changer—all!
Till she, too, changed, shall on his bosom fall.

BURNPATH was a small fishing village in the South of Scotland, of which, many years ago, a Mr. Robertson was minister. He had a daughter of great beauty, whose name was Mary. It was October, and there had been a wreck upon the coast during the night. By daybreak, old and young were upon the beach. Amongst them was Mary Robertson. She came upon the seeming lifeless body of a youth, who, by his dress, appeared to be an officer. She bent over him. She fancied there was still warmth at his heart. She called for help, and bearing him to her father's house, within an hour animation was restored.

On the following morning, Mr. Robertson led into the breakfast parlor, a noble-looking young midshipman. Youthful enthusiasm, sadness, and gratitude, appeared blended on his features. His eyes were of a deep and piercing black; at first sight, almost unpleasantly so, seeming to search the very thoughts of those on whom he looked. But his countenance was animated and expressive; and his bright brown hair fell carelessly, in thick natural curls, over a broad and open brow. His stature somewhat exceeded the middle size; and his person, though not inelegant, was rather robust than handsome; while his age could not exceed five and twenty. Mutual congratulations were exchanged; and he had been seated but a few minutes, when Mary placed a small pocket Bible in his hands. He glanced at her for a moment, almost unmeaningly; and opened it with a look of perplexed curiosity. When the Psalm commenced, he seemed surprised and startled at the affinity it and the chapter which was read by Mary bore to his own situation. He appeared puzzled, confounded, interested; and, when they knelt in prayer, he looked round in embarrassment, as one who wist not what to do. He was evidently a stranger to such things. Of the prayer, he knew not what to think. He was at once pleased, overpowered, and offended.

"It may be all very good," said he to himself; "but it is scarce civil to call a gentleman a sinner to his face! He is very anxious about my spiritual state today, but my body might have perished for him yesterday, had not that glorious creature exerted herself."

While he thus thought, he gazed obliquely on her kneeling form, his head resting on his hand, with his face turned toward the chair where she knelt, till his gaze became riveted—his thoughts ab-

sorbed; and, as she, with her father, rose, he started to his feet, and, almost unconscious of what had passed, looked round in ill-disguised bewilderment.

Leaving him, however, to overcome his confusion, we shall introduce our readers to what we know of his family.

Henry Walton—for so, in future, we shall designate him—was the only son of Sir Robert Walton, in the county of Devon. Sir Robert was proud of his son, and loved him second only to his bottle, his chestnut hunter, and his hounds; or, rather, he loved them less, but thought of them more.

"Bravo! Hal is father's better," said he; "there goes a chip of the old block!" as Henry cleared a five-barred gate, or brought down a pigeon on the wing with a bullet. Not that he would have risen a shade in the esteem of the Baronet, had he carried in his head the wisdom of Greece and the eloquence of Rome. All oratory was alike to him save the "sound of the bugle-horn." Henry, however, had other qualifications, which were a theme of continued praise with his father. He was a keen sportsman—a dead shot; and when but nineteen, disguised as a countryman, he had attended the annual "revel" at Ashburton, where his father presided as umpire, and was to bestow five guineas, from his own purse, on the victor wrestler. Having inserted a fictitious name upon the lists, he entered the ring, and alternately threw his three brawny opponents two fair back-falls each, amidst the deafening shouts of all the strong men in Devonshire. He now approached, hanging his head, toward his father, to receive the extended reward.

"Swinge! look up, man!" vociferated Sir Robert in the excess of his admiration, accompanying the request with a hearty slap on the shoulder; "Swinge! I say, look up, man, for thou'st a good un!"

Henry bowed, and, without speaking, retired with the purse; and, to increase the astonishment of the spectators, divided its contents among the three chopfallen and, in truth, not over-pleasant-looking antagonists he had vanquished. At this act of generosity, the Devonians shouted and bellowed forth their lusty and reiterated applause, as if determined to shake down the sun from the heavens, to crown the brows of the conqueror. Sir Robert shouted louder than the loudest—rushed into the ring—grasped the hand of the victor, and shook it with an honest enthusiasm that would have relieved a more delicate hand from the future trouble of wearing fingers.

"Faith, and dang it!" said he, "and thou art a good un. Now, for that same, instead of five guineas, here are ten for thee. But why, man, look up, and let us see thy face, and pull off thy night-cap."

So saying, he without ceremony unfastened a napkin Henry had bound around his head, to aid his concealment.

"Swinge! what!" shouted Sir Robert —"my own son—my own Hal! father's better!—O Lord! O Lord!"

He danced in the extreme of ecstacy, and hugged him furiously to his heart, till he who had overthrown three, fell beneath the muscular embrace of his father.

Henry's grandfather, after living forty years in the unnatural and unsocial state by some called single blessedness, and remaining proof against the shafts of blind gods and bright-eyed divinities, found his philosophy disturbed by the laughing face, the exquisite neck, and the well-rounded arm of a pretty haymaker, who was a parish apprentice to one of his own tenants. Blue eyes, auburn locks, and a waist symmetry itself (for it, too, had arrested the admiration of the bachelor), are not to be trifled with in a hay-field, in a glowing day in June, when the melting fragrance smells to heaven, the lark pours down the full tide of melody and affection over the nest of his delighted and listening mate, and the very butterflies pursue each other, flutter, shake their downy wings, and wanton love in the dreamy air! If a bachelor

will go abroad on such a day, he should lock up his heart in his writing-desk. But our old baronet, never having made the discovery that he was in possession of one, overlooked this precaution—

"Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again;"

till the whole group of curtsying hay-makers burst into a titter at the confusion of his Honor. He shortly found means to declare his passion, though it is true he never dreamed of marriage: but the fair maiden dreamed of nothing else; and, to the astonishment of her wealthy lover, would hear of nothing else. Therefore, Susan Prescott became Lady Walton, and, in due time, the mother of Sir Robert.

Within two years after their marriage, the Baronet dropped from his chair, while drawing the cork of his third bottle, in a fit—which Lady Walton could not remember the name of! She wept, like a dutiful widow, over her husband; who, having a constitutional terror of the thought of death (though by no means a coward), had ever banished everything that tended to remind him of mortality; and thereby dying without a will, left the future guardianship and education of Sir Robert to his mother. She had, indeed, had fifty tutors, as she said, superintending the studies of the young heir of the Priory; for none staid beyond a month, and she assured them—"She would allow no such hungry nothings to contradict her Bobby, who was a good scholar, and mother's darling."

For the little, therefore, that Sir Robert did know, he was more indebted to natural quickness, and the occasional lessons of the vicar, who forced them upon him in defiance of his mother's displeasure, than to his fifty tutors.

On the year after his coming of age, in despite of the tears and upbraidings of Lady Walton, Sir Robert ordered his travelling carriage, his double-barreled fowling-piece, and all the *et ceteras* of a sporting campaign; and left the "garden and watering-place of England" (as its inhabitants call it, and with some cause), for a shooting excursion on the moors of Scotland. Against this journey his mother wept, prayed, and protested; but her tears, her entreaties, and protestations, were lost upon her son; who, after seeing his pack properly *packed* up, sprang into his carriage, whistling

"Over the hills and far awa,"

with a suddenness and a weight that made the wheels creak and the horses stagger; while her Ladyship kept thrusting beneath his feet bundles of stockings, flannels, and dreadnoughts, sufficient for a Greenland voyage, or a North West passage—"Quite certain," as she said, poor soul, and sobbing as she said it, while she scrambled up to the carriage for another parting kiss, that her dear Bobby would be frozen to death, that he would, in that cold, outlandish country! But they could expect no better, who would not take a mother's advice."

"Good-by, mother!" cried Sir Robert. Crack went the whip—whir went the wheels—the horses tossed their heads—the hounds raised a farewell note—and away went the baronet, with a sound heart and light, to the hills of "bonny Scotland."

The shooting season had but commenced. Sir Robert had been but a few days in the Highlands, when he became acquainted with a brother sportsman. Major Cameron was a hardy, weather-beaten veteran, who had only his half-pay to live upon, with his honest scars, and the blood of Lochiels in his veins, to boast of. He had been distinguished as a fearless and able officer, was possessed of considerable shrewdness, and his knowledge, if not deep, was general. He had had a dream of ambition in his youth; but a Majority, with permission to retire upon half-pay—and, more than these, the death of a

beloved wife, with the education and care of an only daughter—dispelled the enchantment. He now rented a beautiful cottage, and a few surrounding acres, in the neighborhood of Inverness.

Shortly after their acquaintance, the Major—though certainly not struck with the attainments of the young baronet, yet pleased with his constant good humor, his love of sport, and, perhaps (but we can't tell), not overlooking his fortune and his own daughter—invited him to his house. The simple elegance of Miss Cameron's household startled Sir Robert. She, too, stood before him in all the glory of young womanhood. To say that she was beautiful, is to say the least that we could say. Her person was tall, graceful, and commanding; and her mind adorned, not merely with ornamental, but domestic accomplishments. It is true her father, though a good soldier, a good citizen, and an indulgent parent, had no fixed or guiding principle of religion. He believed himself a Christian; but he was one of those who do not make their religion the rule of their life; and under such a teacher, while she received a high sense of honor and a pure morality, her religion, like that of many others, consisted in attending the church, and finished with the service.

To think of a warm-hearted, unsophisticated young fellow, like Sir Robert, holding out against the artillery of her eyes for a week, were as impossible as to suspend the earth from a packthread! He looked—that is to say, he looked as stupid—as people generally do when the eyes have to perform the office of the tongue. Within a fortnight, the young sportsman bade good-bye to the moors. His game lay in the Major's cottage. His blood rose to a fever heat without Lady Walton's flannels. Twenty times in the twenty-four hours he sighed, looked in her face, and said, "Miss Cameron!" looked to the ground again, and said no more. And when, at length, the Major rallied him on letting the shooting season slip—"Why, dang it, d'ye see, Major," said he, "I came here to shoot, and I've got shot myself! So, if thou art my friend, now or never ask Miss Cameron."

The Major had already reasoned that he must die and leave his daughter unprovided for, and an orphan. The thought cut him to the heart. It had often cost him tears. The baronet was rather ignorant, but he was good-natured. It was evident he loved his daughter—she might instruct him. He was rich; he had influence—the Major might yet obtain a regiment!

"Yes, yes," said the veteran to himself, "she *must*—Jess *shall* marry the Englishman."

Miss Jess Cameron was sufficiently aware of the state of her lover's heart, not to be surprised by her father's announcement of his wishes; and, having weighed the matter much in the same manner, with the additional reflection that Sir Robert was a handsome fellow—though rather huge withal—she blushed a soft consent; and the marriage articles being agreed to, signed, and sealed, before brown October had run its course, the travelling carriage containing Sir Robert, his lady, and father-in-law, was again on its way to Buckham Priory.

On their arrival, the then dowager Lady Walton grew pale—then all the hues of the rainbow—and finally settled into a bursting red.

"Lady Walton!—Lady Walton, indeed!" she repeated, and wrung her hands; till "Lady Walton!" was heard in every room of the Priory.

"Two Lady Waltons in one house!" she again cried, and flew to her bottle for consolation. Cider had been her favorite beverage; but, continuing to mix it too strongly with brandy, in a few years after this proof of her son's disobedience, the good lady went out of this world with nearly as little ceremony as her dear deceased husband.

Previous to his being sent to the university, Henry's studies were anxiously di-

rected by his excellent mother and grandfather; while his father took upon him the guidance of his bodily exercises. He had now been about four years in the navy. Sir Robert swore, "Hal was not father's son, in making choice of such a profession." His mother would rather he had chosen the army, while his grandfather sighed and wondered at his taste. Such, at this period of our story, were the inhabitants of the Priory; whom having introduced to our readers, we proceed with our narrative.

Return we now to the Manse. Burnpath was a beautiful, though irregular little village, lying, perhaps, a quarter of a mile (we cannot speak to a measured certainty) from the sea. The long, bleak, dark ridge of Lammermuir smiled into fertility, as its eastern boundary descended towards the kirk. A young forest of pines spread proudly over the surrounding hills. A wimpling burn, which, at times, assumed the airs of a cataract, ran in manifold and antic windings through a steep ravine, or rather chasm, in the mountains that stretched back into the desert. The brook imitated, as it neared the sea, the importance of a river, and separated the Manse from the village. A wooden deal, resting on the opposite banks, served as a bridge during the flood; and, in summer, four large stones, about three feet apart, answered all the purposes of a ferry.

We have already said the Manse looked to the sea. It was a dark, dingy-looking house—old, black, and solid; with deep, narrow, castellated windows; and huge, massy chimneys, rising, like staircases, from its foundations, on the outside of each gable. It was surrounded by a clump of oaks, and thin, dry, aged firs, the extremities of which had forgotten the seasons. Several were broken and branchless, and two uprooted by the late storm. The tombs joined with a corner of the building. The owl already shrieked on the eaves for its midnight meal; and the daw perched on the roof of the anticipated ruin. The bat wheeled around it undisturbed; and the villagers, though accustomed to its gloom, felt loneliness creep through their flesh as they approached it after twilight. The house had no evil name; but situation is everything (as landlords say) and the Manse had an evil situation.

The picture, however, had two lights. Before it, lay a sloping garden, disposed and pruned by the hand of taste; and from its highest elevation, its shadow was seen sleeping in the depths of the quiet sea. Around it spread the purple hills; and, with the breeze that swept down their heathery sides, bearing health upon its bosom, mingled the notes of the shepherd's flute and the bleating of his flocks. There, too, amidst the young pines, the wild dove welcomed the spring, the lark filled the air with music, and the linnet trilled its artless note from the yellow whins. Within, the fire of comfort blazed, and the eye of affection beamed. Such was the village of Burnpath, and its Manse.

Mr. Robertson felt for Henry, a feeling of admiration and pity. He admired his ardent and enthusiastic spirit—he pitied its recklessness. He admired the fervid brilliancy of his imagination—he lamented its objects. He admired the warmth and intensity of his feelings, the extent of his knowledge, and the clearness of his understanding—while, to use his own words, he pitied his ignorance of the knowledge which alone maketh rich unto salvation. These sentiments, with a pious and an anxious wish that he might be instrumental in awakening within him a concern for his future welfare, induced him to solicit Henry to remain for several weeks beneath his hospitable roof. The invitation was accepted, with a rapture that might have betrayed other feelings than gratitude; but this Mr. Robertson attributed to the warmth of his young friend's disposition.

Mary, too, heard the proposal made

and accepted, with a delight which she strove not to disguise. Melancholy passed from her brow, a smile played upon her cheeks, and a tear—no, it could not be called a tear—it was a drop of joy—of—but no matter. Henry was by her side—he had taken her hand—she offered not to withdraw it. He said nothing—there was no need to say anything. It was mere congratulation at the prospect of his remaining a few weeks longer. Mary thought *that* was her meaning; *it* was, doubtless, Henry's also; and her father thought so too.

About twelve weeks had passed. Henry felt exquisitely happy. Mr. Robertson's prayers had become quite delightful; for then he could take long deep draughts of—he scarce knew what—on the lovely form that knelt by his side; save when she, too, stole a sidelong glance, and their eyes met—were withdrawn—and both blushed—blushed, it may be, at their want of devotion. Nevertheless, Henry was happy; Mary was happy, too. Happiness is contagious: her father grew cheerful and jocular. He was convinced Henry was becoming religious.

CHAPTER II.

The morning stars were twinkling still,
The cock but thrice did craw,
When our guid laird rode owre the hill,
In weddin suit sae braw.

And aye he clapped his ain brown mare
That she her feet micht ply;
And aye he crooned a canty air—
"A happy man am I."

"Oh! a happy man am I," quo' he,
"As e'er was blest or born!"
And owre the hill he rode in glee,
Upon his weddin morn.

Now ane by ane the stars gaed out,
And birds began to sing;
And a' the air became a shout
Of music on the wing.

His cheek was flushed but it grew pale
Before the stars returned,
And music was a maniac's wail
Where desolation mourned

For vainly whimpered he a catch,
And vainly did he ride—
'Twas but to see another snatch
Away his bonny bride!

It had been long understood that the lovely Mary Robertson was to become the wife of a rich bachelor, of ripe middle age, named Mr. Cuthbertson. Their wedding-day, indeed, had been long fixed by her father and wooer, and its eve had arrived. But, on that day, she secretly gave her hand to Henry Walton.

On the evening preceding the day appointed for his marriage, Mr. Cuthbertson came smiling through Burnpath, patting the shaggy neck of his companion. He appeared to sit lighter on his saddle than usual; and the glad creature, either participating in his joy, or grateful for the termination of its journey, ambled and affected all the importance of a

"Courser of the Ukraine breed."

The rider had laid aside his fashionable blacks. Stopping in the passage, and casting off what was rather a warm than a fashionable roquelaure, he displayed a coat of superfine Saxony blue; which, upon a body of better proportions, would, in those days, have purchased immortality for the most fashionable schneider in Bond Street. Beneath, appeared a waistcoat white as the driven snow, adorned with ornamental mother-of-pearls, and unbuttoning his overalls, a pair of

"Lean and slippered pantaloons."

were discovered, of the same consistency and hue as his coat. Thus prepared, after smoothing back his hair from his forehead, and adjusting his cravat, the joyous bridegroom made one stride to the parlor door.

We know not how our unfortunate progenitor looked in Paradise, when questioned—"Adam, what hast thou done?" but, certainly, not less horror-stricken was our well-dressed lover, when his next step brought him in front of his lovely bride; with her arms thrown around the

neck, and her face, bathed in tears, buried in the bosom of Henry Walton. His mouth opened to its utmost width. His large eyes became still larger; they strained forward from their sockets, ready to leap on the devoted pair. His clenched hands were raised, and in contact with the roof. The shaking began in his heart, and his knees caught the contagion. Every joint appeared under the power of electricity, and communicated its influence to the furniture in the room. The quivering vibrations of his whole person resembled a wire suspended from the ceiling, and struck by an instrument, which gave forth one sepulchral sound; and with a loud, deep groan, his tall figure fell insensible on the floor.

Mary groaned also, and endeavored to raise him, but could not. Henry sprang to his assistance, and lifting him from the ground, placed him upon the sofa. For a time, his bones seemed melted, and his joints out of their place. At length his eyes began to roll—his teeth grated together—he threw out his two clenched hands furiously—tore open his spotless vest, and rending it in frenzy, the unfortunate mother-of-pearls followed the fragment, and were driven across the room. The destruction of his costly *Marseilles* recalled a portion of his scattered senses; he gave a piteous glance at his breast, to see the rend "his envious fingers made;" then turning his eyes upon Henry, who still bent over him, he uttered a loud yell; thrust his fingers in the throat of his rival, as a tiger springs upon its prey; and, in a moment, darted to his feet. Cuthbertson was, at no time, deficient in physical strength; and now, aided by frenzy, his grasp was the dying gripe of a giant. Henry, who was unprepared for the attack, became black in the strangling hold of his antagonist. Mary, recalled to a consciousness of her situation by the conflict, screamed for assistance, supplicated and threatened, but in vain. At that moment her father returned from Edinburgh. So soon as his astonishment admitted of words, he mingled his inquiries, entreaties, and threats, with his daughter's. Cuthbertson's eyes gloated with indignation; his teeth gnashed; he uttered short, thick screams, and his fingers yet clung to the throat of his opponent. Henry, however, who, though less in stature, inherited the gigantic strength of his father, and the skill of a wrestler, threw his arms around his man, fixed his knuckles into the most susceptible part of his back, and raising his foot to his knee, hurled him to the earth, with a violence that seemed to shake the very walls of the Manse.

In a moment Cuthbertson was again upon his feet, "weeping, wailing, and gnashing his teeth." Henry stood by Mary's side.

"Mary," said her father, "tell me the cause of this unseemly scene—that, on my return, instead of the sounds of joy and rejoicing, I hear wrath and profane language; and, behold, my best friends tear each other as wild beasts!"

Mary was silent; she glanced at Henry, and clung to his side for protection.

"O sir! sir!" exclaimed Mr. Cuthbertson—"we are ruined—lost—undone! The villain!—the monster!—the seducer!—has torn from me the pride o' my heart, and the delight o' my een! He has turned the house o' joy into shame, and the bridal sang to lamentation! O Mr. Robertson! what's to be dune noo? Mary, Mary, woman, wha wad hae thocht this o' you?"

Mr. Robertson's blood chilled in his veins; his flesh grew cold upon his bones; an icy sweat burst from his forehead; anger and sorrow kindled in his face. He looked upon his daughter with a blighting frown. It was the first she had ever seen upon his mild features. His tongue faltered; he said, "Mary!" as if an accusing spirit from the grave had spoken it; and the frown blackened on his countenance. She heard her name as she had never before heard it from a parent's lips.

She beheld his look of anguish and of scorn—the tear and the curse meeting in a father's heart for his own child! She uttered a self-accusing groan, and fell lifeless at his feet.

Janet Gray, the aged housekeeper, and who had been Mary's nurse, entered with the maid-servant, and carried her to her room. Her father turned with an upbraiding look toward Henry, and said—

"Mr. Walton, as an injured man and a mourning parent, I demand from you the explanation of circumstances which, I fear, have brought dishonor upon my house, and shame upon my grey hairs! Tell me!—tell an agonized father—was your heart so void of mercy and of gratitude, as to ruin the bosom that saved you from destruction? Answer me, Henry Walton!—I conjure you as in the presence of your Maker—remove my fears, or seal my misery!"

"It is your own deed!" exclaimed Henry bitterly. "I loved your daughter. I would have fled from your house for ever. You—you withheld me! and my soul grew mad with love. I would still have fled, have buried me in the deep from which she snatched me; but I could not rule destiny. She loved me—*only* me. She is mine! Your daughter *cannot* wed that man."

Mr. Robertson seemed smitten by a voice from heaven; he wrung his hands—threw himself back in despair, and wept.

"Canna marry me!" cried Mr. Cuthbertson—"she *shall* marry me! And on you, ye sacrilegious dyvour, I'll have satisfaction, if satisfaction can be had in the three kingdoms; for baith heaven and earth will rise up and battle upon my side!"

"Sir," said Henry, in sympathy for your feelings, I forgive those epithets. If I have robbed you of her hand, I have not of her affections—they were never yours. But I will not withhold from you the satisfaction you demand; and, to-morrow, or this hour, I shall be ready to offer you such reparation as a gentleman may."

"Then," cried Mr. Cuthbertson, who understood him literally, "renounce my bride for ever; and restore her to my heart—if a gentleman can do that—restore her spotless as a lily opening to the spring."

"Henry Walton," said Mr. Robertson, rising with apparent composure, "you have rendered this a house of shame, but it shall not be a house of blood. Such language may be fitting for the world, but not for the presence of a minister of peace. This moment leave my roof; and may Heaven change your heart, and forgive your ingratitude!"

Thus saying, he took his hand, and led him to the door. Henry offered not to resist or expostulate, and bending a proud farewell, the doors of Burnpath Manse closed on him for ever.

Mr. Cuthbertson, now relieved of his rival's presence, took out his tobacco-box, pulled a chair to the fire, ordered a pipe, threw his legs across each other, and commenced smoking with the utmost satisfaction and indifference; save that he occasionally bent an anxious gaze on the torn vest; and looking carefully round the room for the unlucky fragment, and its mother-of-pearl buttons, his eyes fell upon it, and lifting it from the floor, he commenced fitting it to the parent cloth, and, with perfect complacency, said—"Hoot, it will mend again. The seam, when the coat is buttoned, will never be noticed. Here, lassie," he cried to the servant who entered the room, "was ye ever at the sewing school?"

"Yes, sir," replied the girl.

"Weel, do ye think, ye could mak a job o' my waistcoat?" returned he. "If ye do it neatly, ye shall have half-a-crown to yersel, besides the ribbons the morn. But haud awa, and see hoo your mistress is in the first place, and come and tell me."

On Henry's departure, Mr. Robertson entered his daughter's room. She was lying delirious, calling for "her Henry, her husband, to save her!" Janet Gray sat by her side.

"Can it be thus, Janet?" said he. "Does she call him *husband*?"

Janet pointed to the ring upon Mary's finger, and was silent. Mr. Robertson recled back, and leaned his head against the window. The wind howled without, and the rain dashed upon the casements. He hastened down stairs, and entered the parlor as Mr. Cuthbertson gave his last injunction to the maid.

"My friend," said he, "I have acted rashly in turning this young man from the house. I fear my daughter is, indeed—his—his wife!"

"His wife!" ejaculated Mr. Cuthbertson—"his wife!"—The pipe fell from his mouth—the fragment of the waistcoat was cast in the fire. "His wife!" he exclaimed a third time, and stamped his foot upon the floor.

"Go," said Mr. Robertson to the girl, "see if Mr. Walton be yet in the village; and tell him that I beg he will instantly return. It is a dreadful night," continued he, addressing his forlorn friend, "and in putting him from my house, I have neither acted as a father, a man, nor a Christian."

"Oh! may darkness gather round his soul, and despair be the light of his heart!" cried Cuthbertson; "for he has made me miserable."

The maid returned, and stated that Mr. Walton had not been seen.

"He will have taken to the moors," said Mr. Robertson; "and, ignorant of the dangerous way, in the darkness of the night, his blood may be upon my head."

"Are ye mad? are ye daft?" said Mr. Cuthbertson wildly; "Mr. Robertson! would you insult me in the midst of my bereavement? Would ye leave *me*—*me*, that ye've kenned for thirty years—to sorrow as one that has no hope?"

"Have not I also my sorrows?" replied Mr. Robertson—"the sorrows of a father whose last spring of comfort is dried up? But let me not add sin to sorrow." And he hurried from the house.

"His wife! his wife!" muttered Mr. Cuthbertson to himself. "Am I in my right senses? Am I mysel?—or is this a dream? Me that was to be married the morn? His wife!—Oh, mercy! mercy!—hoo lang am I to be the warld's laugh, and the warld's jeer!" And he crushed the broken pipe beneath his heel. "His wife!" he exclaimed, and rushing across the room, adding—

"Frailty, thy name is woman!"

CHAPTER III.

The sea is silent and the winds of God
Stir not its waters; on its voiceless waves
Thick darkness presses as a mighty load, [graves
Weighing their strength to slumber. O'er earth's
The lonely stars are dreaming; and the wind,
Benighted on the desert, howls to find
Its trackless path, as would a dying hound.
The thick clouds, wearied with their course all day,
Repose, like shrouded ghosts, on the black air;
Or in the darkness, having lost their way,
Await the dawn! 'Tis midnight reigns around—
Midnight, when crime and murder quit their lair;
Their footsteps, like their conscience—void of sound;
Their mission, blood—their recompense despair!

Hour succeeded hour—midnight was past; Mr. Cuthbertson still roamed disconsolate through the parlor, at times uttering a low, bitter sort of howl; and the wind howled still more disconsolately through the old firs: but Mr. Robertson returned not. Mary had sunk into a slumber, and Janet crept softly down stairs to inform her master.

"Is Mr. Robertson not here, sir?" inquired she, addressing Mr. Cuthbertson.

He looked at his watch. His own feelings were instantly swallowed up in anxiety for his friend.

"Preserve us!" he exclaimed—"it is one o'clock! and six hours since he gaed to the moors, after the author o' a' our sorrows! What can hae come owre him? Janet, haste ye, cry up the callant; fetch me my cloak; and we'll awa seek for him."

Janet hurried to execute his orders; and in a few minutes Mr. Cuthbertson and the minister's boy left the house. For three hours they continued their fruitless search upon the moor. They were now near the cottage of an aged widow, whom Henry and Mary were wont to visit. A light glimmered through the solitary pane; and, as they approached it, a murmuring sound fell upon their ears.

"Wheesht? dinna mak a noise," whispered Mr. Cuthbertson, shaking as he spoke.

Glancing through the little window, they perceived Henry Walton bending over the fire. His face was pale and agitated. There was blood upon his brow; and, as he stretched out his hand to stir the decaying embers, it appeared red and trembling. Mr. Cuthbertson's hair stood erect. He placed his finger upon the boy's lips, and stole cautiously from the cottage. When at the distance of a hundred yards, he looked cautiously behind and around him; then said, in a deep whisper, while every joint shook—"Did you see the blood! He has murdered him!"

They reached the Manse, and communicating their fearful discovery to Janet, spoke of obtaining a warrant for Henry's apprehension.

The 5th of January dawned; but for a bridal it brought blood. Mary's senses were returned, but she knew not of Henry's departure, nor the absence of her father.

"Janet," said she, "send my Henry to me. If we have sinned against my father, we will now kneel together at his feet for his forgiveness! I will water them with my tears! He could never behold me weep; and he will not now spurn his poor child from his presence. Go, Janet, go! I cannot live unless we obtain his blessing."

Janet turned away and wept. She sighed, "My poor ruined bairn!" and hid her face against the wall.

"O Janet!" said Mary, "will you too hide your face from me! Forgive me, Janet—forgive your poor Mary! If I have given offence to my father, I should have sinned against heaven in marrying Mr. Cuthbertson; for would it not be sinful to give the hand to one, while the heart clings to another? Come, Janet, do not turn from me. My father *will* bless us—Mr. Cuthbertson himself will pardon us. Go call my Henry.

"The wretch is not here!" cried Janet, in the transport of her feelings; "and, oh, that the sea had swallowed him!—or buried you baith in its bosom—that I should say such a word!—before I had lived to see my Mary the wife of—a—— but it shanna be spoken by me! O Mary! Mary!—may heaven hold ye guiltless!"

"Janet!" said Mary, grasping her hand, "have I merited this language?—or what—Janet—what is its meaning? You tremble! Speak, Janet!—speak!"

At that moment, a sound of voices was heard without. Mary glanced from the window; and beheld the mangled and bleeding body of her father, borne on the shoulders of a group of villagers! She gave but one scream!—but one thought flashed through her bosom. It was that she was a wife, the wife of a murderer!—of the murderer of her father!—and Janet caught her in her arms.

Mr. Robertson was senseless, but his eyes still moved; and there was a quivering motion about his breast. His wounds were dressed by the village surgeon, Mr. Leslie, but his recovery was pronounced impossible. Mr. Cuthbertson and the boy had whispered their suspicions to the villagers; and their fears augmented their evidence of Henry's guilt. A party, who were despatched to the widow's to secure him, returned without procuring any farther trace of him. That Henry had committed the deed, no one but the surgeon aforementioned entertained a doubt.

As Mary recovered, she cast a chilling glance of despair upon old Janet. A few tears followed—they were but a few; and

dashing them away—"Follow me, Janet!" said she, calmly, but sternly. The old woman obeyed, with a fearful and mechanical motion, as deprived of power to resist the command. She entered the apartment where her father lay. Mr. Leslie watched anxiously over him; while Mr. Cuthbertson, and three or four villagers, conversed in deep whispers in a corner of the room. They fell back at her approach. The kindest-hearted gazed on her with horror. The boldest shuddered, and avoided the touch of her garments. Every bosom was filled with dark thoughts; but none dared to whisper them in her presence. At the accusing glance of her tearless eyes, they crowded closer together. She approached the bed where her father lay, bent for a moment over his body; kissed his pale forehead; and, without a word, without a sigh, sat down by his side. The surgeon took her hand.

"Be comforted," said he; "your father will yet be able to explain all; and whoever is guilty, it will not be as some have said, and perhaps wish." And he cast an upbraiding glance towards Mr. Cuthbertson.

"What do you mean, Doctor?" inquired Mr. Cuthbertson vehemently, and with a degree of indignation of which, to do him justice, he was seldom criminal. "What do you mean, Doctor?" he repeated, raising his voice. "God forbid that I should wish the blood of a worm to lie at the door o' my deadliest enemy! I have but gien evidence and testimony of the scenes and of the blood of which I was a witness—evidence, sir, that has convinced every weel-disposed mind, but your ain; which, it is weel kenned, bears the mark of the beast, and the image of the suspected person's! And could I, Doctor—could I see the blood of my best friend—the blood of my mair than faither—on the face and the hands of his murderer and not give evidence to the truth?"

Mr. Leslie would have replied, or ordered all, from the privilege of his profession, to withdraw. But Mary had riveted her eyes upon the speaker. When he concluded, she arose, walked firmly across the floor to where he stood, and darting upon him a glance that struck dismay into his heart, and to the hearts of all—"Tell me, accusing spirit," she said, in a voice clear and slow, but dreadful and piercing as its wonted sounds were melodious—"tell me by what right ye accuse my husband?"

She had never heard Henry named as being guilty; and her fearful interrogation, the vehemence with which it was uttered, the absence of a single tear or a sigh—of anything like a woman's or a daughter's grief—clung like icicles to the hearts of all present. And she, whom yesterday they regarded as not inferior to an angel, they now shrank from as the wife of a murderer; nor merely his wife, but his accomplice—his accomplice in the murder of her own father! Overpowered by the conviction, one by one, they slunk fearful from her sight. Each, in his own way, told his suspicions; and, before night, the gentle Mary Robertson was whispered of with horror; yea, tongues that in the morning blessed her, trembled to pronounced her name.

Although Mr. Cuthbertson did not participate in the idle suspicions of those around him regarding her, yet, awed by her appalling look, the unearthly earnestness of her tone and manner, united with the almost horrible calmness of her sorrow, he stood silent, quaking in her presence; and as she cast upon him a deadly glance of accusation and scorn, he also shrank from the room with the deluded villagers.

Mary again took her seat by the bedside. Night came and the morning dawned; and day succeeded day, but still she sat silent, motionless, and tearless; her cheeks pale and emaciated, watching as a spirit by the bed of death. Buried in her own griefs, her eyes fixed upon her father's face, sleep approached her not; of food she was almost unconscious when presented; and

consolation fell upon her ears as on a lifeless thing. Life had, indeed, returned to her father; but, with it, reason had fled. Ignorant of all around him, he now fancied himself surrounded by his wife and his children. He spoke to them; he called them by their names. The follies, and the glad days of youth, passed in array before him. Then would he call upon his Mary, his poor lost Mary! With him she was the infant—the darling—the pride of his age—and the ruined wife, within an hour! Again would he weep, raise his hands to bless her, burst into a loud laugh in the midst of his blessing, and cry—"The murderers!" and in the same breath, "Your husband, Mary!" Still her features moved not, and her eyes were dry as summer heat.

The wild ravings of Mr. Robertson tended to strengthen the conviction of Mr. Cuthbertson and his friends, of the certainty of Henry's guilt; and the circumstances, augmented by all that indignation and personal suffering could suggest, were transmitted to his family at Buckham Priory.

Still Mr. Leslie would admit of no steps for his apprehension; declaring that, although the life of Mr. Robertson was beyond hope, yet, as the fever abated, a lucid interval would take place before death, when the facts of the melancholy event might be learned from himself. Mr. Leslie and Mary were, therefore, the only individuals ignorant of the intelligence sent to the Priory; and, for many days, with but momentary intermission, he continued by the bed of the sufferer, eager to catch the first word of certainty regarding the innocence or guilt of his unhappy friend. Mary sat beside him as a pale ghost: she was neither heard to breathe, nor seen to move; but gazed, the skeleton of what she was, on her dying parent.

He had sunk into a long and undisturbed sleep; and Mr. Leslie having announced that when he awoke his reason would have returned, Mr. Cuthbertson, Janet, and three of the kirk elders, were anxiously waiting in the room. He at length awoke, and, with a fond, but feeble voice, cried—"Mary!"—my child!"

Every ear was strained to listen—every eye turned to the bed. She started from her long, death-like trance, and threw her arms around his neck.

"My father!" she cried wildly, and pressed her lips to his. They were the first words she had spoken since demanding of Mr. Cuthbertson why he accused her husband.

"My dear Mary!" said he, "I feel I have but a few minutes to live. Call your Henry, that I may obtain his forgiveness—that you both may receive the blessing of a dying father! My dear, dear child!" he added, and endeavored to press her to his breast.

She started to his embrace. The tears burst in torrents from her eyes. A loud laugh rang through the room! She threw herself upon the bed, and cried—"Am I not the wife of a murderer! My father!—say—is not your Mary the wife of her father's———Tell me—tell me!—are the hands of my Henry clean?—shall I behold him again? Speak! Oh, speak, my father!"

"Your Henry! my beloved child!" said he; "no! no! where is my son?"

Mr. Cuthbertson hung his head in confusion. The elders looked upon him upbraidingly, and pressed closer to their minister.

Mr. Robertson now briefly received from Mr. Leslie an account of the suspicions that rested upon Henry, and their cause. He begged to be raised upon his bed; and, throwing his feeble arm around his daughter, said—"Forgive me, my dear child—forgive your dying father; and, when you meet your Henry, obtain me also his forgiveness. Two men sprang upon me on the heath. I cried to Heaven for help; for I thought not that man could hear me. I was wounded, cruelly wounded, when my cries brought a stran-

ger to my assistance! He closed with the unhappy men, and by their cries appeared to overpower them. I heard his voice—it was Henry's!—my child, your injured husband's! I endeavored to fly—where I ran I know not. I rushed bleeding over the heath—the earth seemed turning with me—and I remember nothing until this hour. And now I feel that death is with me! My friends—farewell!"

He took Mr. Cuthbertson's hand—"Be a father to my dear child! Best, generous friend—bear Henry your forgiveness, and my blessing!" He pressed his daughter for the last time to his bosom—"God of the orphan, protect my Mary! Farewell!—my child—my joy—farewell!"

They raised her from his breast; but his spirit had passed into the presence of Him who gave it. Mary fell upon her knees; she raised her eyes to Heaven. The sealed up fountains of her heart gushed out afresh; and destroying joy held conflict with bitter agony, bereavement, and sorrow.

Weeks passed on—a successor to Mr. Robertson was already nominated. Materials were placed around the Manse, in order to its undergoing improvements for his reception. To Mary they were a renewal of griefs; and at times she almost regarded them as an insult to her sorrows. She had now to leave the hearth where her first smile of infancy was greeted by a parent's kiss. The furniture being to her unnecessary, and not knowing where to remove it, she felt compelled to announce it for sale. Previously, she had sent her father's books as a present to Mr. Cuthbertson. On the day of sale, many attended to procure a remembrance of a man whose memory they esteemed. A stranger, however, whose motive appeared a determination to secure all, without regard to the value, was the sole purchaser. Many surmises where whispered round regarding him; but he was unknown to all. On several of the carts, however, in which the goods were conveyed away, appeared the words—"*Thomas Cuthbertson, Esq., Cuthbertson Lodge.*"

Mary left the Manse on the preceding day, and remained an inmate with a farmer in the neighborhood. She crossed the little wooden bridge in calm resignation, her eyes fixed upon the ground, and fearful to cast a look behind. But Janet followed and wept. On the third morning after leaving the Manse—"Janet," said Mary, "business of importance calls me immediately to England. At this season, and at your years, it will be impossible you can accompany me. In a few months—I hope—I trust, Janet, your Mary will be able to send for you again. In the meantime, at Mr. Cuthbertson's you will find a home—in him a friend. I have prepared you a conveyance, and must myself depart to-morrow."

"Oh! dinna speak o't!—dinna think o't, my dear bairn!" cried Janet—"what is there in the season, or what is there in the distance, that I am na able to follow ye? Can ye think that I wad see you, you a young an' unprotected cratur, gang hunders and hunders o' miles, wi' naebody to look after ye—naebody to gie ye an advice! O Mary! neither you nor ane o' your faither's house ever refused me a favor that I asked—an' it surely winna be my ain Mary that will deny me, in a case like this, an' for her ain guid? Dinna think o' leavin' me behint ye!"

Mary threw her arms around her neck. "Distress me not, Janet!" cried she—"it is impossible you can accompany me. But we shall meet again!"

Janet knew not the forebodings that distressed the mind of her young mistress, nor suspected the romantic and desperate nature of her journey.

"How can it be impossible?" continued she—"O my bairn!—how can it be impossible? But if it be His will that we maun part, oh, may it be only for a season, to accomplish the all-wise purposes o' His unerring providence; for He can

bring good oot o' apparent evil. An' oh, mind, Mary, hinny, ye hae nae faither noo to direct ye!—Ye winna hae me to advise ye! But put your trust in the Faither o' the faitherless. He will be your director. An' oh, should ye enter the houses o' the ungodly, where family duty is unheard, as duly as ye rise, let the blessed thought o' the morning exercise in your faither's house, summon ye to your knees. And at night, when others sit down to cards an' to gambling, think that there were nae sic books in the house where ye were brought up; an' that the hours they spend in wickedness an' folly, were there spent in prayer and in edification, concerning the things that belong to our eternal peace. I ken, my dear bairn, that my words winna be wasted upon you. An' oh, let me say wi' the wise man—'If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.' Let them ca' it amusement—to kill time—or what they will. Life is uncertain an' time is precious. Flee ye rather to your closet, an' there, in secret, pour out your soul before a prayer-hearing God. An' only think, if shuffling pieces o' painted pasteboard, sacrificing fortune, health, an' reputation, be for a moment to be put in the balance wi' the sublime privilege o' holding conversation wi' Him that sitteth upon the throne for ever and ever, an' filleth immensity wi' his presence! They may mock you, they may persecute you; but think o' Him that was mocked, scourged, spit upon, an' crucified on a tree, for your sake; an' remember that He has said—'They who are ashamed o' Him before men, o' them will He be ashamed before His Father who is in heaven.' Pray for a humble an' a contrite spirit. In a' your trials may He be your rock o' support; an' wi' this assurance, I will go down to the grave in peace."

Next morning Mary parted from her faithful domestic. The farmer, with whom she resided for a few days, sent a cart with her luggage to the inn, where the coach passed for Edinburgh. Every inhabitant in the village—the old, the young, and the middle-aged—were assembled round the house, to say "Farewell!" and bestow their blessing. Every eye was wet; and, as she came forth to take their hands, hers alone was dry. She spoke not, for anguish fettered her tongue; and as she, without a sigh, took the hand of the last, and went forth, a homeless orphan, from the midst of them, they might have said to each other—

"The sadness which thou seest is not sorrow,
Her wounds are far too deep for simple grief."

CHAPTER IV.

HAIL, Prudence! well-fed child of Forethought—hail!
Cold, cautious Beauty, in a Quaker's bonnet—
Thou friend indeed, when friends and patrons fail—
Accept a stranger's, would-be-follower's sonnet!
At thy hard heart, the purseless fool may rail:—
What, though thy cheeks with pity ne'er were pale—
Ne'er went ye shoeless—dinnerless—and ne'er
From friendship begged a cup of meagre beer—
Ne'er bartered from thy back thy clothes for sale,
To help thy hunger—never met the sneer
Of wealth nor wisdom—ne'er a copper gave,
But saved thy pence a-day, and pounds a-year
No man's mean debtor;—and no passion's slave;
Thy law, thy god—thy self; thy aim—TO SAVE.

NONE will believe Henry's feelings to have been of the most enviable description, as he crossed the little wooden bridge leading from the Manse; yet there are no moments of despair of such dark and continued depression, but that hope, like the flash of an angel's wing, will dart across the bosom; and as we would hurry onward in desperation, will chain us in incertitude. Acted upon by the contention of such feelings, and as the shadow of hope is more potent in the soul than the dense and solid gloominess of despair, he hurried across the heath to the cottage of the widow; where, having once met with Mary, he believed that there he should be more immediately associated with the presence of her spirit—that there, at least, she would still be present in remembrance; and perhaps he conceived, that, having found him there once, there also she would fly again to find him. The supposition was sufficiently improbable;

but he is indeed a wise man who can resist believing that to be possible, which is the first of his desires. The widow was too blind to observe his agitation; too deaf to interrupt him by conversation; and he had seated himself on the round stool by the turf fire, brooding in silence how to act, when hearing

——"the cries of one in jeopardy,
He rose and ran."

With the parties the reader is already acquainted. Having rushed upon the assailants without identifying the object of their attack, he drew their fury upon himself; and holding with them a retreating conflict, separated them from each other. One of the ruffians, discharging a pistol without effect, and, overpowered by Henry's superior strength, screamed to his comrade for assistance; and, upon regaining his feet, both fled for safety, leaving their unknown antagonist to follow up the rescue of their victim. But the darkness of the night, and Mr. Robertson's attempt at flight, thwarted his efforts. Therefore, after an ineffectual search for an hour, he re-entered the cottage.

Wearied by the loneliness of the objects around him, and urged to change of scene by the irksome despondency of his feelings, as the shadows of the morning began to throw their first uncertain glimmering over the fading stars, he arose from the dying embers, which had withdrawn both their heat and light; and approaching the bedside of the aged invalid, gave a last and an indistinct look of sympathy on her withered features, where time, disease, and poverty had left their ravages. The gloomy picture of wretchedness cut him to the heart.

"Farewell, Peggy!" said he, and he cast a parting glance around the hovel; where the dun rays of morning gave a deeper squalidness to the apartment, and rather than affording light, made misery visible.

"Are ye here yet, my bairn?" inquired she anxiously—"whar are ye gaun?" And she stretched forth her feeble hand to detain him.

He made no reply; but, drawing his purse from his pocket, laid it upon her pillow. From Mary's sufferings and circumstances, he feared the widow was deprived of her best or only friend. He farther considered himself as the principal cause of that deprivation; and deemed it his duty to make, as he best could, equivalent restitution. It was partly this feeling of niggard justice, but more a momentary gush of sympathy, that influenced the action, without reflecting upon what might be his own necessities. All he knew of want was from the pages of some novelist, as ignorant of its meaning as himself, or the picture of a beggar who solicited his alms; but, as he dropped him his loose pence, or a piece of silver, he stopped not to see hunger written on the eyeballs of the supplicant. Generosity, too, is often the weakness of noble and ardent minds. It is a weakness that pleases in the act; and, even where misplaced or thoughtlessly bestowed, it is a "failing leaning to the side of virtue;" and the reflection, if not pleasing, has but little of bitterness.

For three hours he wandered across the moors, which were arrayed in all the loneliness of winter sterility. The sheep were crowded together, and penned on the hill tops. The whistle of some lonely shepherd, and the barking of his faithful colly in reply, were the only sounds that broke upon the silent torments of our traveller. Though without caring where, or in what direction, his journey for the day might terminate, he purposely deviated from the main path. About noon he gained the summit of Dunse Law. Had the earth been touched by the finger of a potent wizard, the burst of transformation could not have been more instantaneous or enchanting. For hours, and but for a moment before, he had waded through the snows of a desert, where winter moaned to the freezing air, or slept in the clefts of the barren hills, undisturbed by life or

vegetation. Such was the scene behind him. At his feet, the Merse lay like a vast garden shielded from the storm, and looking glad in conscious security. The Whitadder, breaking amidst hanging woods from the obscurity of the wilderness, poured its sound upon his ears. The sun, till then obscured by mountain mists, smiled over the snowy top of Cheviot, upon the fairy strath. The Blackadder, leaping from the icy fetters of its upland birth, ran to embrace the Whitadder; smaller streams hastened to join them; and the Tweed, rolling undisturbed, in deep majesty, down the middle distance, with the pride and the heart of a parent, received and had room for all. The sea, kissed by motionless clouds, lay far to the east; and, cheerful towns, glad villages, rich villas, and farm-steads groaning beneath a load of plenty,

"Thick as autumnal leaves,"

studded the spacious valley, which was still lovely, though in its winter nakedness. The trees were leafless; but the numerous forest-looking plantations of pines, added a green variety to the scene.

Hitherto the bleak hills were in unison with his feelings; but misery and melancholy are so foreign to the natural temperament of humanity, that it is almost impossible for the heart to be so soured as to continue long wholly insensible to the influence of surrounding objects. An impression of comfort and cheerfulness was diffused around him; and, unused to sorrow, when gladness met his eye, his breast answered the landscape with a sigh, and felt lighter. He stood for a moment to contemplate it. It was one of those long deep draughts of admiring observation, when the eyes wander above, below, and around, till they swim in a whirl of poetry. But a man must be alone, before he can feel the soul of a breathing landscape. Were we travelling with a clever, impertinent, stage-coach hunter after the picturesque, who vents his stupid admiration by the mouthful at every turn of the road, we would go through Italy with such a fellow, and swear,—"It is all barren." We know not how long he stood, for nature steals like sleep upon the senses; but he was aroused from his contemplation by the following unceremonious salutation—

"That's a sicht no to be seen ilka day! Ye should come up here an' tak a peep at the Merse aboot the end o' May, an' then ye wad see a sicht guid for weak een!"

The speaker was a brawny, ruddy-faced man; his age could not exceed forty. He wore a short dark-grey coat, a double-breasted waistcoat of the same material, white corduroy knee breeches, dark blue stockings, a pair of half leggins of the same consistency as his breeches, and above these were wrapt firmly-twisted straw ropes round the ankles, which converted his substantial double-soled shoes into all the purposes of snow-boots. He wore also a plaid, which was merely thrown round his neck as a protection to the throat. His stature might be five feet ten; and with him were two companions, who shared no small portion of his attention. The one was a pepper-colored dog, betwixt the greyhound and the colly breed, which appeared, in all but speech, to answer every thought that arose in its master's mind. The other was a formidable hazel cudgel, or walking-stick, which was the better secured to his grasp by a piece of whip cord, forming a loop to its head, and twisted round his hand. This he, from time to time, surveyed with a look of admiring satisfaction; and Rover, as he called his dog, evidently shared in his complacency.

"Ye'll be for Dunse, now, I reckon?" continued he.

"What is the name of the town in the valley before us?" returned Henry.

"Odd! ye maun be a stranger hereaway, I take," replied the other—"that's Dunse; ye've heard the saying, 'Dunse dings a' for honest men an' bonny lasses;' an' that's as true a saying as if it had been

prented at the end o' the gospels. Ye wad say it yersel' if ye were acquaint wi' them. There's mony a clever fallow come out o' Dunse, lad; frae Duns Scotus, doon to the present time. I belang there mysel', in a kind o' way. Ye'll be stoppin' there a' night, nae doot?"

"Perhaps I may," answered Henry, who, as he walked by the side of his new companion, scarce knew how to receive his instantaneous familiarity.

"Weel, I think ye had better," said the other, "If ye hae far to gang; for ye look gay sair fagged. I dinna think ye've been used wi' walkin', Sir. Hae ye come far?"

This was a question Henry felt inclined to answer drily; but there was something in the countenance of the other which made it impossible to be angry or offended with his inquisitive curiosity; and he replied—"At daybreak I left the house of a friend; but I cannot say the milestones have been sufficiently numerous to make me note the distance."

"I dare say no!—I dare say no!" resumed the stranger, with a well-pleased laugh. "It's a dreary bit that back owre there, at a' times. The puir peeseweeps starve to death on't, in the very middle o' simmer; an' they are the last craturs that I ken o' to starve! But as for lookin' for milestanes there, ye micht as weel expect to find the grace o' God in the court o' a Spanish inquisition. I think, by yer tongue, ye're an Englishman. What pairt do ye come frae, if it be a fair question?"

"From Devonshire," was the reply.

"Frae Devonshire!" said the stranger, with surprise, "Odd, I see, by the map, that's maistly at the Land's End! An' are ye gaun hame the noo?"

"Yes—perhaps," said Henry, vexed at everything that reminded him of his situation.

"Then ye arena vera sure about it, like?" returned the other; "but, if ye intend to walk a' the way, yer shoon winna be meikle in yer debt afore ye get to yer faither's. But is yer faither living?—that's the question."

"I believe so," said Henry, hastily, wearied of his inquiries.

"Then ye're no vera sure about that either!" resumed the incorrigible querist. "Ye've been a guid while awa, may be? I think ye look something like a better sort o' a sailor. Ye'll be in the King's service, I fancy?"

"I was," replied Henry, in a tone which indicated his determination to finish the conversation.

"An' what ship did ye belang to?" continued the undisturbed and unwearied inquisitor.

"The Biblia!" said Henry, with a quickness approaching to bitterness, and half determined to bid his companion walk on.

"The Biblia!" ejaculated the other, and stood still, staring upon Henry with astonishment. "Lord preserve us! I'll wager ye what ye like, ye're the young officer that was saved by Miss Mary Robertson! Am I no richt?"

"You are," said Henry; but he could feel anger no more. The mention of his Mary's name had molten down every angry feeling into a semblance of herself.

"Save us a', man! an' are ye him?" said the stranger. "She is really an extraordinary being, Mary Robertson. My mither ance lived in her faither's parish; an' I hae heard her rame owre her guid qualities, till, although I had ne'er seen her then—an' I was double her age, ye may say—as sure as death, I could hae cut my fingers aff, when I thocht that she was a gentle cratur, an' a minister's dochter, an' me nae better than a rough drover! An' whan I did see her, she was jist exactly what I think the angels will be like—an' better, I'm sure, it's hardly possible for them to be. I'm confident it would tak the langest Lapland winter that e'er darkened snaw, to rin owre but the half o' what I hae heard in her praise, an' ken, frae my ain knowledge, to be fact."

During this harangue, Henry's feelings became too violent to be suppressed. He accused himself for having harbored a thought against the stranger; and, approaching his side, grasped his hand in both of his, and gazed in his face with a look of earnestness and emotion, that a single word would have robbed of half its worth. The other returned his pressure, with a fervency that evinced his sympathy.

"Faith, now, that's what I like!" said he; "that shews sterlin' gratitude! Gratitude is like a dumb man speakin'! Ye're a noble young chield, I can see by the vera look o' yer e'en! I could swear by the grip o' yer hand, were it nae mair, that, officer though ye be, ye ne'er made a rope's end come across the back o' a better man than yersel."

The stranger was bound for Newcastle, and he at once seemed determined that Henry should be his companion by the way. On leaving Longframlington in the morning, the noble prospect which the lofty situation of the village commands, compensated for the damp chaff bed and flat ale of the inn. Behind them, rose Cheviot and the Scottish hills; to their right, the mountains of Cumberland were visible; and between, the long, broad, irregular valley, with its hundred farms—a nursery for rivers, and receptacle of upland streams; to their left, the sea—the Coquet Isle; and proud vessels were seen rejoicing on their course, as if conscious of their own magnificent beauty, bending their stately prows to the passing billow, and again rising in majesty, like a proud steed pawing the earth, bending its neck of thunder, and tossing it again in the air, in the pride of regal sublimity and conscious strength. Before them spread a deep plain, through which winded the Coquet and the Wansbeck.

"Damp beds are a bad thing for the rheumatism," said Willie, as they reached the bridge over the former river; "an' they sell an excellent preventive here in the Angler's Inn. It's nae use palavering," continued he, as Henry remonstrated—"I tell ye it's nae use palavering; there's a lang road before us afore bedtime."

It would be an endless task, however, to follow our worthy drover through his houses of call, at which he felt a habitual thirst that he conceived to be natural. During most of the day, according to the adage, it did not rain but poured. The roads became at first clammy, and in the end almost impassable. At length, drenched, wo-begone, and bespattered with mud, like two spirits escaped from the Deluge, they reached Newcastle, and silently bent their steps down Northumberland Street. The rain abated none of its violence, and again Henry regretted the prodigality of his generosity, in parting with the entire contents of his purse. He had slept none the preceding night. Misery, fatigue, and the long continuance of the cold bleaching rain, battled in his heart, and pressed upon his pride, with a weight that caused it to bend, though it could not break it. He drew his breath quick and short. An anxious, disquiet feeling, approaching to peevishness, seemed sticking in his throat, and he longed that his companion would speak of halting for the night. After proceeding down Northumberland and Pilgrim Streets, nearly a mile in a direct line, Willie, halting before a gateway, said—"Now, I usually stop down here, at the Bird an' Bush; it's a kind o' carrier's quarters; but, ye see, the like o' the York Hotel is aboon my fit; an' I'll answer for our being comfortable. Come awa—faith we'll hae a nicht o't! A jug o' boiling brandy, mistress, for twa drowned men!" shouted he, as they entered the house.

Next morning, Henry desired his friend to favor him with his address.

"Now, what are ye driving at, Mr. Walton?" said Willie, eagerly, and with a degree of sorrow; "ye are surely no thinkin' o' leavin' me already. Stay a

day or twa, man, to see the toun. Ye see, I'm here about a bit lawsuit; an' if I dinna get it settled here, I dinna ken but I may hae to gang up to London. The matter o' five thousand pounds is worth the lookin' after! Hoots! dinna say ony mair about partin' yet—will ye no, Mr. Walton?"

His honest and unsophisticated kindness was oppressive to his young companion, whose first wish was an opportunity to reward him.

"Whether we talk of parting or not," said Henry, "let me, at least, have the happiness of knowing where to find you hereafter."

"Weel," replied the other, "onybody kens whar to find Wull Watson, o' Finchley-hill, by Edrom, in the county o' Berwick. I maun awa oot, an' see my attorney body. But noo, mind, Mr. Walton, dinna be oot o' the way at denner-time; I tak it exactly at ane o'clock."

Henry being left alone, walked to the quayside, with the hope of finding a vessel in which he might obtain a passage for London; where, he conceived, it would not be difficult, amidst his own or his father's friends to procure the advance of a sum sufficient to defray the expense of conveyance and overcome his embarrassments.

A neat-looking brig was clearing out, and on the eve of sailing. He stepped aboard, and inquired if he could be accommodated with a passage to London.

"Like enough," said the mate, who was busied in giving directions for hauling off; "but go aft, and speak to the master."

A black, porky, surly-faced man, in a shabby blue surtout, like a cloak thrown over a barrel, stood smoking a pipe by the side of the companion, and overlooking the preparations for sailing. To him Henry repeated his question.

"A passage!—why—yes," said the skipper; "thou mayst have a passage; but where's thy luggage?—we be hauling off."

This was a question for which Henry was unprepared; and his momentary hesitation did not escape the lynx-eyed tyrant of the brig, who immediately added—"You've got none, eh? Well—all's one wi' us; a guinea and a half, if you please, sir. That is wur usual fare—we make nyae reduction for want o' luggage, lad. Be quick, if ye please, sir—hang it! d'ye see, they are taking away the planks!"

On Henry's assuring him he would be paid on their arriving at London—"Ashore! ye swindling scamp!" vociferated the skipper. "Ashore!—or, by the Lord Harry! I'll chuck ye overboard! Here's a precious scoundrel!" cried he to the people on the quay—"tried to humbug mye out of a passage!"

Henry would have felled him to the deck, but he immediately sought protection among his crew; and the vessel being then about ten feet from the shore, he sprang upon the bulwarks, and with reckless violence threw himself into the midst of the assembled crowd. Those who the instant before were prepared to receive him with hootings, gathered around him in wonder; some declaring, he had made "a clean jump of five yards!"

Rage, and the tumult of his troubled feelings, flashed from his eyes. He pressed through the throng like a madman. Many were wistful to offer him a kindness, but quailed at the wild haughtiness of his looks. The face of man sickened him. In every eye, he read suspicion and scrutiny; and hurrying across the bridge, and up Gateshead, he turned off the road into the fields, and threw himself down by the side of a deserted coal-mine, in secret to give vent to the bitterness of his spirit.

The day passed, and the boisterous agony of his bosom subsided into a gnawing calmness. At midnight, he arose shivering and benumbed, the night damp dripping from his glossy hair, and turned towards the town. He felt he would rather die than again be dependent on the generosity of his late fellow-traveller.

CHAPTER V.

Well, of all teasing tortures, sure the worst
Is, on some tedious journey, to be curst
In a companion, with a shapeless thing
Clad in the scrapings of an insect's wing!
A pert vain fop, a libertine, and fool,
Who minces oaths per rood, and walks by rule;—
The barber's nightmare dream!—the tailor's dread!—
Who, if you cannot sleep, will "talk you dead!"
Who deems his sickly face, and scented glove,
Sufficient charms for every lady's love;
Nor doubts the brightness of his tortured hair,
To be a passport to insult the fair!

MARY'S friends, who assembled to bid her adieu, had again returned, weeping, on their way to Burnpath. She had parted with the lingering few who attended her to the coach, seen their hands waved, and heard their farewell—"*God bless you!*" pronounced with tears; but her own cheeks were still dry. Yet their clear paleness, and melancholy expression, appeared like a marble sanctuary of grief, lighted by the lamp of sorrow which burned within. Her youth, and the elegance of her figure, rendered still more interesting by her garb of mourning, which cast its deep shadows over the ivory purity of her beauty, singled her out as an object of sympathy to some, and of admiration and scrutiny to all her fellow-passengers.

It was a beautiful March morning, ruffled only by a breeze from the south-west, which, although not cold, was occasionally too strong to be pleasant. The whins were already adorning the barren heath with their golden covering; and, as they approached the northern extremity of the mountains, in a moment, spring rejoiced in the song of the lark and the labors of the husbandman. The empire of sterility was suddenly stayed in the pride of its desolation; and a straight line, stretching from the sea as far as the eye could reach, seemed to declare—"Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther;" while in summer the heather put forth its gorgeous blossoms, and the strong wheat, towering by its side, waved gracefully over it; the one touching the other, and each thriving in the strength of its own true region.

Mary's travelling companions grew clamorous in their admiration of the scene; and a small gentleman, who was determined to be nothing, if not critical, checked what he considered their want of taste, by observing that the landscape was spoiled by too great a proportion of water. While another remarked, that "he was perfectly of his opinion, and thought that the country would be much finer, were it not for the fir trees, and others that he did not know the name of."

"By my faith! but ye are twa judges, I warrant ye!" said a sturdy countryman, with an equally sturdy cudgel between his knees, and who had hitherto devoted his attention exclusively to a sagacious-looking dog which occupied a place by his side—"ye are twa judges, without a doot! Wud and water destroy a landscape! Was ye born in a coal-pit, gentlemen!—or in the region round about Bow-Bells, where the smoke and the trees, I understand, are meikle o' a color? I thocht yer famous Doctor Johnson said we hadna a tree in a' our country!"

To these sarcastic and half unintelligible observations, the young gentlemen deemed it prudent to be silent; and the first-mentioned connoisseur—who appeared to have been brought to the coach in a band-box, fresh from the hands of his tailor—with the impudent and unfeeling effrontery of an empty coxcomb, who considers his own insignificant form and disagreeable face irresistible, commenced an attack upon Mary, who had hitherto remained silent, playing off his impertinent badinage, to the edification of his own ear, and the annoyance of all around him. But she, buried in her own thoughts, did not even deign to answer him with one monosyllable—with one glance of scorn. An angry scowl, from time to time, was given by the countryman, who sat facing him; and another from the dog, that looked in its master's face, and, catching the expression of his eyes, gave a low growl, indicating its wish to punish the object of his

resentment. The young gentleman, however, still affected to despise the displeasure of his plebeian fellow-traveller; and, throughout two stages, he continued to persecute, with ill-timed mirth and vulgarity, which he mistook for wit, the lovely and unprotected being whom chance had thrown for a few hours by his side.

Sinking beneath the weight of her sorrows, she was resting her brow pensively on her hand, when the coach stopped for a few minutes at an inn by the way-side; where her loquacious companion, whose assumed familiarity now amounted to insolence, having called for a glass of brandy and water, attempted to pull her hand from her face, saying—"Come, my pretty dummie, if you can't speak, you can perhaps drink!"

"Drink yersel', ye infernal impudent puppy!" exclaimed the countryman; and, at the same instant, raising his cudgel, he dashed the glass in a hundred pieces, spilling the brandy and water on the inexpressibles of the exquisite, and causing the blood to gush from the ends of his fingers, which had received part of the blow.

"Scoundrel!" vociferated the trembling pattern of the fashions, half choked with pain and passion, while he stretched out, at arm's length, his gentle fingers, dripping with gore; and casting a rueful look at his soiled cassimeres, added—"Scoundrel! you shall answer for this!"

"No a word oot o' yer head! ye unmannerly vagabond!" cried the other; "no a word oot o' yer head!—or there's the grund for ye!"

And, suiting the action to the word, he seized him neck and heel, and the next moment the thing of "shreds and patches," his fashionables covered with March dust, was weeping, and mincing genteel oaths upon the pavement.

"Let him lie there, and be hanged to him," said the countryman; "he deserves a' he's got."

"No, no!" interrupted Mary; "let no one suffer upon my account. The ignorance of the young man is his sufficient punishment."

"I wad say that wad be bad logic, ma'am, in a court o' law," said her champion; "but, howsever, if I helped the insignificant cratur doon, I'll help him up again."

He leaped from the coach, raised the gentleman like a child in his arms, and placed him again in his former seat, remarking—"Noo, see that ye be quiet till we get to Edinburgh, least a warse thing happen ye. But I didna intend to smash yer bits o' leddy-like fingers, after a'. Are they sair hurt?" And taking them in his owr Herculean fist to examine them, he inquired—"Has ony o' ye a bit rag?"

The coach drove off; and Mary, having dressed the wounds of her late tormentor, he hung his head upon his breast, and was silent during the rest of the journey.

For some time they had seen Arthur's Seat uprearing, in bold magnificence, its stony front, and bearing, even at this view, some resemblance to a lion preparing to spring upon its prey; together with the Calton Hill and its observatory; and the proud castle, high towering in gigantic majesty between them, like the genius of war, defying its thunderbolts. And now the fair City of Palaces, glistening in the sun, opened to their right, like a sea of silver; while, to their left, grey and venerable with years, rose pile upon pile, house rising upon house, in eccentric but sublime array, bearing the shapes of departed ages; and their hoary summits, partly veiled in the cloudy columns which floated around them, seemed like the ghosts of time, looking down, "more in sorrow than in anger," from their irregular and strong towers, on the beauty and order of modern improvements; while Leith, stretching out its arms to embrace it, and a hundred fair gardens smiling around their union, with the blue Frith circling them, and bearing the wealth of other nations to their threshold, make Edinburgh

appear, to the eye of the traveller, one of earth's fairest cities.

On their stopping at the Black Bull, the countryman sprang first to the ground, and, with the air of a cavalier, politely assisted Mary from the coach.

"I ask your pardon, ma'am," said he; "but, as I ken ye are a stranger, if ye will alloo me, I'll just tak yer bit trunk under my arm, and show ye to ony place ye may be gaun to; for I ken every fit o' Edinburgh, jist as weel as I ken Burnpath or Cowdingham."

She expressed her gratitude for his kindness; but begged that he would not think of burdening himself with her trunk.

"Burden! hinny!" said he; "I wush I micht ne'er hae a greater burden, than to carry it back th' nicht again, to whar it cam frae! Mind ye, thae cadie an' porter bodies are extortionable craturs, whan they get haud o' ony ane that they think they can impose upon. And, throwing the trunk upon his shoulder, he added, "Now, ma'am, if ye'll just say whar ye wish to gang, I'm at yer service."

Mary knew but little of Edinburgh, and that little appeared to her like the broken remembrance of a dream. She was here without friends, almost without an acquaintance; and the only individual whose house she could look to as a temporary home, during her stay in the Scottish capital was a commercial gentleman, called Lindsay, residing in Brown Square, who had been highly esteemed by, and was distantly related to her father. On her signifying a wish to be conducted there—"To Brown Square!" said the countryman, whom the reader will have perceived was no other than Willie Watson, the Berwickshire drover—"To Brown Square!—ye shall be there in ten minutes. An', besides, it wunna tak me oot o' my way in the least, for my line o' business, ma'am, lies in the Grassmarket; an' I can just whup down Merchant Court, an' be there in a jiffy after seein' ye safe."

On arriving at the house of Mr. Lindsay, the footboy who opened the door stated that his master was in Glasgow, and that Mrs. Lindsay and daughters were at home, but were then dressing, in order to go out to an evening party. Mary's heart felt sick. There was a coldness in the accent and manner of the very boy. She knew Mr. Lindsay only; his wife and daughters she had never seen. She hesitated in what manner she should give in her name, and her confusion became visible. She was shown into a parlor, and Willie, having placed her trunk in the passage, seemed anxious to witness her reception before leaving; but Mary took his hand, thanked him for his friendly care and attention, and desired that, if possible, she might see him again before he left town.

"Ye may depend on that, ma'am," said he, "ye may depend on that"—and a tear stole down his weather-beaten cheek—"I wad hae liket to see hoo ye are to be situated before I left ye; but, although I am only a plain farmer, I'm no insensible o' what is due to guid breedin'. Sae I'll bid ye guid-day the noo, ma'am; but I'll mak it my business to ca' the morn, afore I gang east again; an', if ye hae ony word to send, I wul tak it as a favor to be the bearer."

The honest drover, making a slight bow, worth all the formal suppleness of superficial politeness, took his leave. Mary remembered having seen him formerly; and had heard him spoken of, but only as a wrestler and a pugilist, whose quarrels were in the mouth of every one, and the terror of a peaceable neighborhood. But now she could only look upon him as a warm-hearted man, who, whatever were his faults, could not be destitute of redeeming virtues.

"Half-an-hour passed, and she was still left to muse upon her reception, without seeing either Mrs. Lindsay or her daughters. She felt it as an indignity to a friendless orphan—to the only child of a man who befriended them, and placed

them in the path of fortune. She had arisen with the intention of leaving the house, and seeking a lodging elsewhere, when Mrs. Lindsay and her three daughters, rustling in a gaudy and tasteless display of showy silk, rich brocade, and Brussels lace, with head-dresses as ridiculous and unnatural as silver tissue, golden ears of corn, artificial hair, and the wearied fingers of their maid could make them, sailed into the room. Each in her turn slid towards Mary, like a boat gliding for a few yards by a single stroke of the oars—halted within three feet, like a young recruit at the word of command—dropped a low and graceful congee—gently extended the tip of her fore-finger—smiled—whispered—and withdrew to a chair.

The mother and daughters having paid their formal salutations to their visiter—"You look shockingly pale, child," said the former; "don't you think so, girls?" And again turning to Mary—"I believe your father and Mr. Lindsay were acquainted—were they not?"

"They *were*, ma'am," answered Mary, shocked at the cool indifference of a question so little to have been anticipated.

"Your father is dead lately, I think my husband was saying," returned the other.

Mary could only reply, "Yes!"

She would have wept, but indignation at the unfeeling ingratitude of the other withheld her tears.

"And met with his death rather unfortunately too, did he not?" continued Mrs. Lindsay.

This was too much. A crowd of thoughts and recollections flashed at once upon her bosom; she replied only with a sigh, and the tears burst forth.

"Nay, do not distress yourself, dear child," said the wife of her father's friend—"those sort of things will happen, you know; and our tears will do no good."

"Perhaps Miss Robertson is fatigued with her journey and will take a glass of wine," said the youngest daughter, whose heart was not touched by the frigid affectation of her mother and sisters; and she hastened to present it.

"I am sorry Mr. Lindsay is from home," added the matron, "and we do not expect him before to-morrow. Do you intend making any stay in town?"

"Only a few days," rejoined Mary.

"And perhaps you have not procured a lodging?" inquired the other.

"Oh, dear mamma," replied the youngest, who at that moment entered with the wine, "I am sure Miss Robertson will have no objections to sleep with me; and, if she only do, I shall be so happy."

"True, child!" returned the mother; "and I should be very happy if she would: but remember your father is from home, and we are just going out to a party, so that you see the thing is quite impossible—we cannot leave Miss Robertson alone."

"Nay, nay, mamma," said the daughter; "you and sisters can give my apologies to Lady Sillerdykes (should she discover I am absent), and I shall remain at home to bear Miss Robertson company, which will give me a great deal more pleasure."

"Do not name it, my dear friend," said Mary; "you nor any one shall make a sacrifice of enjoyment for me. I have met with trials more severe than the procuring of a lodging, or passing a night alone."

"She is the most foolish, wilful girl in the world," resumed the mother. "To talk of not going to my Lady's—when—would you believe it, Miss Robertson?—these four dresses, which were made for the occasion, cost one hundred and twenty pounds! For the life of me, I don't know what her father will say when the bill is presented! And yet to talk of not going!—not going, indeed! Do you suppose if you will not appear in public, that your father is to keep you in private all your life!"

"La! now mamma!" said the laughing

girl, how you do talk! Get husbands for sisters before you think of me."

As she spoke, a loud knocking was heard at the front door. Mrs. Lindsay bit her lips—the two elder sisters looked to each other in dismay. The youngest flew smiling to the passage, and entered, holding her father's hand, saying—"Miss Robertson, father—your friend—my friend—from Burnpath."

"Miss Robertson!" exclaimed Mr. Lindsay, who had unexpectedly returned. He hurried forward, pressed her hand fervidly within his. He gazed on her face for a few moments with silent tenderness; and, at length, in a voice broken with emotion, said—"Welcome! welcome, beloved child of my best friend!—welcome to my house—to *your* home!" Still holding her hands, and turning to his wife and daughters—"Behold," said he, "all that remains of our first benefactor! Mrs. Lindsay, henceforth be to her a mother; children, regard her as a sister."

"Oh, I am sure I shall," said the youngest, fondly smiling in her face—"and love her too."

"At present," said Mary, "I shall be with you but a few days; but for your affection for my beloved father, accept his orphan's tears—accept her gratitude."

"Let it be for a few days, or for a few years," added Mr. Lindsay—"whatever is mine, you may at all times command."

Mrs. Lindsay now endeavored, by overwrought civility, to atone for her past indifference. And having, as she conceived, by her attentions and protestations of affection for Mary, sufficiently delighted her husband to venture upon informing him of the invitation to Lady Sillerdykes—"My love," said she, with an endearing smile, "would you believe it!—my lady Sillerdykes has sent your daughters and me the kindest invitation in the world, to attend her party to-night! There is to be a Marquis there!—several lords!—and I don't know how many baronets!"——"And needy fortune-hunters," added her husband, "ruined gamesters, and corrupters of morals, *ad libitum*."

"Oh! shocking, love!" replied Mrs. Lindsay; "you really distress me!—you are always so cynical! But you know, if you won't, I *must* take our children into society, like other people. And, with our prospects, the present honor, I assure you, my dear, is not to be overlooked."

"Oh! doubtless! doubtless!" said Mr. Lindsay, with a sarcastic smile; "its advantages will be incalculable!"

The worthy merchant, not having deemed it prudent to set up his own carriage, and Brown Square being but indifferently situated for the approach of one, Mrs. Lindsay and her two daughters had the mortification of walking to the College, to procure a hackney-coach; in which miserable vehicle they were to come in contact with the coroneted and crested equipages of their companions for the night, in the Crescent.

In the company of Mr. Lindsay and his youngest daughter, Mary forgot the insulting coldness of her reception. She undisguisedly related to him all the events which had recently transpired at Burnpath; save one—one on which all the rest in a measure revolved—her own marriage. And this she wished not to conceal from him—but feared, and knew not how to communicate it. It was known to but few beyond Burnpath; and until she should see Henry, or hear from him, she knew not how far she might act wisely in divulging it; and his mysterious silence, since his departure, increased her hesitation.

Next day, Willie Watson strode across Brown Square, "To inquire after the bit lassie," as he said; "for he feared, as far as he could judge, she wad meet wi' but a blae reception!"

He had heard of her marriage with Henry; and his name being at the moment uppermost in his thoughts, on the servant opening the door, he inquired—"Is *Mrs. Walton* within, this morning?"

"There is no such person here," said the boy, attempting to shut the door.

"Nae sic person here!" said Willie, intercepting him with his foot—"Nae sic person here, do ye say? What's come owre her then? Did I no bring her trunk here yesterday?"

"Oh! Mrs. Walton!—beg pardon!—yes, yes! I had forgotten!" said the crafty urchin, while a laughing devil twinkled at the corners of his eyes; and hurrying to the parlor, where Mary was sitting with Mrs. Lindsay and family—"A person wishes to speak with *Mrs. Walton*," said he.

"Mrs. Walton!" responded all, raising their eyes inquiringly—"Mrs. Walton!"

She trembled—blushed—cast her eyes upon the ground—shed a sudden tear—and, rising with the dignity of a princess, laid her hand upon Mr. Lindsay's, saying—"Yes, my dear friend, I *am* Mrs. Walton; hereafter you shall know all. Show the stranger to me."

"How singular!" ejaculated Mrs. Lindsay.

"Did you ever!" exclaimed Miss Lindsay, in the attitude of adoration.

"Such a discovery!" cried her sister.

"Ah! my dear Mrs. Walton!" said the youngest, leaping towards her, "and you *are* married, are you? Well, I wish you joy with my whole heart."

"I trust I may rejoice that it is so, my amiable friend," replied Mr. Lindsay; "but reveal nothing to me which it would give you pain to relate."

Willie Watson was heard stalking along the passage, shaking the walls "with thundering tread." Making his best bow to the company, and firmly smoothing down his hair over his forehead, as he began to speak, he began also to smooth round his hat; and, continuing to turn it in his hand, said—"I ask your pardon, leddies, and yours, too, sir, for coming in amang ye in a figure like this; for it doesna do to be owre particular in my line o' life. But, ye see, having a great regard for Mrs. Walton's connexions—the memory o' her worthy faither in particular—no to mention that the like o' me has even the honor o' being familiar, I may say, wi' her worthy husband, the son o' the great Sir Robert Walton o' Devonshire, ye ken, that (I saw it in the papers mysel') gied twa thousand pounds, no lang syne, for an Arawbian mare—I say, no even to mention this, coming to the toun wi' her yesterday, I couldna think o' gaun hame till I heard how she was situated, an' to see if she has ony word to send east by to Berwickshire."

His professing acquaintance with Henry, rendered him doubly interesting to Mary, and she more than forgave the confusion he caused by the betrayal of her secret. He further had mentioned circumstances relating to her husband's family with which she was unacquainted; and, with the natural energy of her manner, she thanked him for the kindly interest he manifested in her behalf. Mr. Lindsay, to testify the sincerity of his welcome, placed him a chair beside his own, and ordered a morning dram. (A false and pernicious token of hospitality, which we trust to see exploded for ever.) One glass begot another; and between Mr. Lindsay and the drover, an acquaintance that had been forgotten for almost thirty years was revived. The elder Misses Lindsay and their mother, were forgetting the shock they sustained on the entrance of the unpolished figure before them, in their redoubled attentions to the —wife of a Baronet's son!—when the Honorable Timothy Higgins was announced.

"Oh! shocking!" exclaimed Miss Lindsay, rising in perturbation—"and that odious man!—show the gentleman into the drawing-room."

Mr. Lindsay was at this moment in the midst of a school adventure, in which Willie Watson and himself had been the principal actors.

"The Honorable Fiddle-de-dee!" said

he, having heard the words "odious man," applied to his old school-fellow—"Show him in here. I certainly am entitled to see that no *honorable* visitors to my house be *dishonorable*. Show him in here."

"Oh! horrid!—Mr. Lindsay, you are the most unaccountable man"——said Mrs. Lindsay.

"My love!" replied the husband.

"I'll be bidding ye guid-day, Mr. Lindsay," said Willie; "for, although I hae the honor to be acquainted wi' Mr. Walton, I maun say, after a', that drovers arena just the kind o' company that yer Honorables, and Richt Honorables, wad like to sit doun wi'; though cast off the bit coat, an' they wad maybe find wha is the best man, for a' that."

"Be seated," said Mr. Lindsay; "whoever may come, my house is large enough for an old friend."

Mr. Higgins had arrived on the preceding day from England, was at Lady Sillerdykes' soiree in the evening, and having escorted the Misses Lindsay and their mother home, had sent in his card to pay his respects to the ladies in the morning. Miss Lindsay was his partner during the evening; and she had already informed Mary that he was a divine creature, though his form was rather *petit;* and he had had the misfortune, a few weeks ago, as he told her, to have his right hand wounded in an affair of honor, which caused him at present to wear it in a sling, and rendered him indescribably interesting.

The mighty Mr. Higgins now entered, in all the imposing dignity of five feet two; bowed, smiled—bent his body—begged they would excuse his misfortune; saw Mary—blushed, shook—turned his eyes to the farther end of the room—started, and almost fainted at the feet of the ladies! Mary slightly, and somewhat disdainfully, returned his confused bow. Mr. Lindsay was rising to welcome him, when, to the horror of all, Willie Watson stalked across the floor, offered his hand to the Honorable and petrified Mr. Higgins, saying—"Weel, sir, hoo's a' wi' ye the day? Hoo's your fingers? I'm very sorry for that bit lick I gied them yesterday?"

Mr. Higgins trembled—perspired—grew pale—stuttered he would call again—turned his back upon the drover, and muttering something about the engagements, to the astonishment of the ladies, bowed, blushed, and backed out of the room.

"I fear, my, dears," said Mr. Lindsay, "your Honorable has met with a surprise;—he has made but a short visit."

"The less o' his company the better," said Willie, "if we may judge by the specimen Mrs. Walton an' me had o' it on the coach yesterday."

He then narrated his impertinent conduct towards Mary, and bursting into a loud laugh, said—"But it wad hae been nae joke, after a', if I had left his bits o' honorable fingers on the road, for the crows to build their nest wi'. Mrs. Walton," continued Willie, as he rose to depart, "if I micht mak sae free as to ask a favor, ye wad greatly oblige me by a word or twa in private."

This being granted, he proceeded—"I I was just wishing to ken, ma'am—if it's no impertinent in me to ask—when ye heard frae Mr. Walton. For, to tell ye the truth, ma'am, I like him maist as weel as ye can do yersel'. I gaed frae Dunse to Newcastle wi' him; an' four happier days I never spent in my life. He invited me, if ever I was up in the south, to come ower and spend a while at his faither's. But I've heard naethin' o' him since he left Newcastle."

He forebore alluding to the nature of Henry's disappearance, or the circumstances attending it; for what he wanted in politeness he had supplied to him in feeling. It was a question which, of all others, Mary would have avoided; for the thought that she *had not* heard from Henry was her deepest affliction. But she could not tell a falsehood; and, least of all, to one who gloried in the thought

of being her husband's friend, and who had acted as hers. Melting into tears, she replied, that she had not.

Willie drew his coat sleeve across his eyes.

"Forgie me, ma'am!—forgie me for askin' ye," said he; "but I expect to be in London very soon; an', if I dinna see *you* in *Devonshire*, I'll at least bring ye word frae it! Guid-day the noo, ma'am!—guid-day!" And again drawing his sleeve across his eyes, the good-natured drover bent his way to the Grassmarket.

CHAPTER VI.

Withering and scorching as the eye of God,
Is the proud glance of injured innocence,
When bent by woman upon worthless man.
For, what are threatening frowns, or strength of arm,
While virtue grasps omnipotence, and wields
The burning electricity of heaven,
At which a giant trembles! To behold
A woman fixed as death—deep, calmly desperate—
Ready to die, and die with dignity—
Wearing her honor in her life's last blood—
Makes naught the fiercest purposes of man,
And buries passion in his blushing soul!
Or who could view the tear steal silent down
The cheek where beauty blossomed, ere the winds
Of misery nipped its roses in their bud,
Nor beg that he might chase that tear away,
Though falling for an enemy?—Or feel
His heart burst forth—his hand already raised
To strike in her defence. For woman's tears
Are as a sovereign's voice whom all men love;
And there is neither left the will, nor power,
To stand a rebel to their fond appeal.

On the day after leaving the worthy drover, Henry Walton obtained a passage to London, from whence he found but little difficulty in pursuing his journey to his father's house.

Now, when Henry Walton returned to Buckham Priory, the seat of his ancestors, he found that his parents were from home; and there accompanied him from London a Sir Mark Wallingford—a gay man and a man of the world, but withal a heartless man.

Henry longed for the return of his parents, that he might acknowledge to them his marriage with Mary Robertson, and that he might hear their lips pronounce her *their* daughter.

One morning, as Sir Mark was passing through the hall, he perceived a letter, in a fine female hand, addressed to Henry, and bearing a Scottish post-mark. It was a temptation he could not resist. He took up the letter and placed it in his pocket. "A Scottish Venus!" said he—"A Greenland dove!" The letter was from Mary, announcing her intention of leaving Scotland for her husband. The words, husband and wife, with which the letter began, were lost upon Wallingford. He resolved to proceed to London, and there wait the arrival of his friend's northern rosebud.

When Mary, therefore, arrived in London, she found Sir Mark Wallingford there to receive her in her husband's name, whom he said he expected from Devonshire daily. The appearance of the house to which he conducted her, was not in keeping with his professions; yet she had no suspicion.

A day, however, did not pass, until the villain unmasked the villainy of his soul. It was now that all the energy of Mary's character was revealed. The villain felt himself crouch in her presence; and, although he at first ordered the landlady to keep her a prisoner, that personage soon tired of acting jailer, without knowing who was to pay. His threatenings and his visits ceased.

One day, the landlady abruptly entered the apartment, and said—"I ask your pardon ma'am—and, to be sure, I am very sorry to see a young creature in distress—but I has a family of my own to provide for; and as you 'an't paid last week's lodgings, I shall thank you ma'am, to have the goodness to settle it now; and, as I must look to the character of my children, poor things, in what sort of people I keep, I hope, ma'am, you will have no objections to quit my house next week."

Mary raised her eyes slowly to her face, and again met the cold, stupid, and suspicious glance which she had repelled with

indignation on her first entering the house. She drew her hand slowly across her brow, like one awaking from a dream, and still in doubt regarding its reality. Her eyes became fixed, deeply fixed, on the prying and unfeeling countenance of her intruder; and her lips quivering with emotion, she exclaimed—"Woman!"

"Don't woman me, madam," retorted the other; "it perhaps an't for me to judge, but Heaven knows I always thought there was too much kindness and attention about thy gentleman to stand long, or mean good. Thou art a quiet enough lady, I own that, but quiet looks an't to pay me, nor do anything for my family. I may think wrong about his leaving thee in this here sort of way; but, why, all the neighbors say the same about it already; and, as I has nothing but the good name of my house to depend on for a livelihood, I hope you will think of paying me, and remove as soon as possible."

Mary's natural spirit and self-possession had returned. During this insulting harangue, she arose to her feet. Her breast no longer heaved, her lips no longer quivered, and her eyes no longer wept; she no longer trembled, seemed sorrowful, nor exhausted; the very tears dried on her glowing cheeks; she stood erect and motionless as a pillar of death, bending her piercing and immovable gaze on the object before her; every feeling absorbed in one—and that one measureless disdain. She continued for a few moments in the same silent and sublime attitude, her eye resting on the speaker with ineffable scorn; and, taking her purse, which contained but a few shillings more than the sum demanded, she counted out the paltry debt, and placing the amount on a table before the landlady, she waved her hand in disgust, and, in a tone which commanded obedience, exclaimed—"Away!"

With the servile cowardice of an inferior mind, the other placed her hand upon the money, and silently obeyed; but, on reaching the door, she hesitated—turned; and the sound of the silver having brought her back to humanity, she falteringly ventured to inquire—"Could I serve you in anything, ma'am?"

Without speaking, Mary impatiently stamped her foot, and again waved her hand; while the other, trembling beneath her own insignificance, slid out of the room.

On finding herself again alone, Mary's feelings gushed back into their former channels; and the heartless indignity adding its sting to her other sorrows, her tears burst forth anew, and flowed faster than before. She sank upon her knees, and, in the excess of her grief, prayed that she might be given strength, and taught resignation. Her petition was humble, earnest, and importunate; and, as she breathed a fervid and anxious *Amen*, tranquillity fell upon her troubled spirit, as the morning dawn silently rolls the mist from the valley, or melts away the cloud upon the hills. It was not hope, but a something more than hope, which no physician but prayer can impart; as though a radiant angel had winged his way to heaven with our request, and from his wake of glory beamed back holiness on our souls.

Mary's first act was now to change her lodgings where she might be secure.

CHAPTER VII.

His was not madness, such as maniacs show,
But love—deep love—absorbing agony—
A withering of the heart—a shroud of wo—
The tossing of a bark upon a sea
That ever doth in storm and darkness flow—
Whose shores are death, whose waves are misery!
A wailing of the spirit, and a grief
That knew no hope—no soothing—no relief!

Pain made its dwelling in his lonely breast,
Where wo bent o'er the sepulchre of hope;
Pale lamentation was its cheerless guest,
And there would anguish, there would sorrow stop,
And make their habitation. Peace and rest
Had left it desolate. Despair might grope
And lose its way within it. Every ray
Of hope had died—of joy had passed away.

Six weeks had passed, and the domes-

tics of Cuthbertson Lodge heard no tidings of their master; for he had left it none knew whither, shortly after the funeral of Mr. Robertson. Every individual in the house and upon the estate, from Janet Gray down to the cow-boy who herded by the hillside, began to feel alarmed for his absence. Several of the tenants and household were met in conclave before the Lodge, deliberating upon the cause, and concerting measures to procure intelligence respecting him. An elderly cotter, holding a snuff-box in his hand, and into which he, ever and anon, dipped his finger and thumb, without, however, raising their contents half-way to his nostrils, assuming a countenance of more than usual seriousness and sagacity, said—"I dinna ken, sirs—an' I dinna like to be forward in giein' an opinion—but I'll tell ye what it is—an' its not only my opinion, but, I may say, it's the opinion, o' mair folk than ane—do ye ken, I think there was an unco change upon the laird afore ever he gaed awa:—that's what I think."

"Losh, John, man," interrupted another, "whar do ye get yer news? I'm sure we a' kenned that."

"Weel, neighbor," replied the composed cotter, "I wasna sayin' that ye didna ken; but ye'll no hear what a body has to say. Noo, I was sayin' that in my opinion, the laird was greatly altered; but I'll tell ye hoo—and this is a fact: whether I was workin' about the plantin', biggin at the dykes, or even ditchin'—it was nae matter what; whanever he cam past, he wad hae stopped an' had a crack. 'Weel, John,' he wad hae said, as familiar like as if we had lived butt an' ben—'Weel, John, hoo's a' wi ye the day? Is the wife an' the bairns a' weel?' 'Thank ye, sir,' I wad hae said—'we are a' meikle about our ordinar. How are a' the folk about the lodge?' Ye may lauch, sirs, but as sure as death, I used to ask him just in that familiar way. Do ye think I wad tell ye a lee? 'Hae ye onything in yer mull the day, John?' he wad hae said again: 'ye keep famish snecshin'—whar do ye get it?' 'I dare say, sir,' says I, 'I've nae particular merchant, but sometimes frae ane, an' sometimes frae anither.' Noo, we just used to crack in that sort o' way, for maybe half an hour at a time, twice or thrice a-week. For he used to say, 'I like to hear John enter fairly upon a crack—he's sae entertainin'.' I canna mak oot, sirs, what ye are a' geeglin' at. It's my opinion ye think I'm tellin' ye an untruth. Ye may either believe it or no; but I'll tell ye what it is—for some time afore he gaed awa, there was a great change upon the laird, and he used to pass me, without gommin' me ony mair than than if I had been an' auld milestane; never even looked the road I was on; or said, 'Is that you John?' but gaed saunterin' and seighin'—Lord, preserve us! I could hear his seighs, I'll no say a quarter o' a mile aff, but—I canna tell ye hoo far. Noo, what I infer frae a' this, is, that the laird is greatly changed; or in my opinion, that there is something upon his mind."

"Weel, if ye be dune wi' yer sermon, John, an' a body may put in a word edgeways," said a farmer, "I'll tell ye, without palaver, that the laird was a wee thocht unsettled afore he left the lodge, an' ought to be seen about. I doubt the back-gaun o' his marriage has been a sair upsettin' to his reason, honest man; and it will be a pity—that's a' that I can say. I think his agent in Kelso should be written to—and that immediately."

Janet Gray, who, from the period of Mary's leaving Burnpath, had resided in the lodge, as a sort of superior housekeeper, was about to be consulted, when the laird himself was seen proceeding up the avenue, and, like a mischievous schoolboy, with his cane, switching the heads from the flowers which adorned the sides of the path. The group remained to welcome his approach, for they not only respected him as a master, but loved him as a brother. But the incorrigible cotter,

whose assurance was after the same quality as his equanimity, still holding the snuff-box in his hand, and deeming it an irresistible opportunity of giving ocular proof of the familiarity on which he had enlarged, shouldered his spade, and proceeded down the avenue to meet him.

"I'm glad to see ye back, sir—unco glad, indeed," said he, holding the snuff-box to his master's breast.

"Glad!" exclaimed Mr. Cuthbertson, as if starting from a dream, and dashing the proffered box to the ground—"glad! the rivers run wi' sorrow, and the sun has burnt up joy!—and ye say ye are glad!—glad!—hae ye nae sympathy? The earth is a lump o' desolation, an' hoo can ye be glad!"

"I'm very sorry ye should think sae, sir," said the tranquil cotter, stooping and lifting his box—"very sorry to hear ye say sae, indeed; for, in my opinion, sir, if we war to count owre the mercies we enjoy, instead o' the things which we covet"——

"Excuse me, John," said Mr. Cuthbertson, kindly shaking the hand of the cotter; "I doubt I've no been sae pleasant to ye as I should hae been. But I was kind o' daized and stupid ways when ye spak; for I've had but little rest, and a guid deal to mak me unhappy lately. I've skailt yer snuff, but I'll tak care that yer box be replenished. But oh, John! John, man! when a' the best and the dearest hopes and feelings o' the heart are spilt, they are like water upon the ground, that canna be gathered up again!"

The cotter was about to make one of his accustomed prose replies; but, as his master returned to recollection, the fulness and anguish of his heart returned also, and he turned away from the never-ruffled speaker, and proceeded towards the Lodge. The others drew near to congratulate him on his arrival, and express the uneasiness they had felt.

Thank ye, thank ye, friends," said he, passing on, and endeavoring to conceal the emotions to which his last conversation had given rise; "I'm unco weel. Here is braw weather for the harvest."

"Mercy! hear that!" whispered the farmer; "he says braw weather for the harvest! I'm sure we'll hae nae shearin' in this part o' the country for twa months to come. Wheat is hardly in the shot-blade yet."

"Do ye observe," added another, as he entered the house, "how careless he is wi' his claes, and how particular he used to be; he wadna gaen out owre the door wi' a single jesp on them."

"Ay," said a third; "an' how frichtfu' his beard looks."

"Preserve us!" cried a fourth, "are ye a' daft thegither? Hasna the laird been a journey?—an' do ye think, when folks are travellin', they can hae a tailor or a barber for ever at their elbow! A bonny story truly, that a man maun be said to be out o' his head, because he's no jist as prim and preceese as a mantie-maker! An' what's the great fault ye hae to find wi' him sayin, that this is 'fine weather for the harvest?' Is it no fine weather for bringin' it forward; an', therefore, I say it's fine weather for the harvest—an' the laird was richt. Had he said, 'Here's fine harvest weather,' ye micht hae spoken—but"——

"Hech, man! where did ye learn to argue?" interrupted a listener; "ye wad made a famous writer to the signet."

"Or an advocate before the Lords o' Session!" returned another sarcastically.

"It wad be worth half-a-crown to hear him and John the hedger yoked," added the farmer. And the party dispersed.

The domestics in the Lodge were endeavoring to testify their joy at their master's return. Each flew to proffer him a hundred little services, or make inquiry into every want. Old Janet threw aside her stocking; and, without performing the customary formalities of adjusting her cap and apron, bustled down stairs to welcome her favorite and friend. He was kindly

shaking hands with the servants, and thanking them for their attention. They withdrew as Janet approached, and he hastily rose to meet her.

"Welcome! welcome hame, Sir!" cried she; "an' sair, sair lookin'. we have a' had for ye! But, oh! did ye find her?—hae ye seen my ain bairn?"

"Yes! yes, Janet, I've seen her!" replied he. "Heaven kens—and my disconsolate, mourning spirit kens—I *have* seen her! Yes, Janet, I have seen her! But, sit down—sit down. Hech, woman! it's been a lang journey, and a sad one. My voice by night has been like the troubled wind on the dark sea. Oh, Janet! ye may think my grief unreasonable, but mine was no common love—it was strong as the judgments o' eternity!"——

"Oh, Sir! Sir!" said Janet—"there's nane kens yer feelings better than I do—and nane, I'm sure, that has mair cause to mingle her tears o' mourning wi' yer lamentations; but, oh! my worthy friend and benefactor, in the midst o' our sorrow, let us remember the Hand that afflicts us, an' not yield to sinfu' and profane language."

"Janet," said he, "when the very heartstrings are stangin and writhin' round the bosom, like adders, the tongue canna wale the words. This may be a judgment upon me—for it wasna love—it was adoration!—an' though it may crush me to my grave, it's adoration still. Without her, an' my life is to live and feel death for ever! Death—wi' the last pangs o' life! Death—wi' the horrors o' the grave! Death—wi' a' that's terrible hereafter!"

"Oh, my freend! my freend!" cried Janet, "if it be His will, may ye find peace and comfort to yer troubled spirit!"

"Peace an' comfort!" he exclaimed—"na! na!—naethin' upon this earth can now gie peace an' comfort to me, but the spade—the shool—the kirkyard! Talk o' peace and comfort to the deein' traveller in the desert, wha has the burnin' sand for a windin' sheet, and the scorchin' wind to cool his parched tongue! But what's death in the wilderness, Janet, to the desolation of the soul!—what's the burnin' sand to the burnin' brain o' despair!—and what's the scorchin' wind an' the parched tongue, to the witherin' an' consumin' agony o' love without hope!—o' a heart dried up for ever! for ever!"

"Do try an' compose yersel', sir," said Janet. "I wad fain ask a question or twa aboot my bairn; but while ye are in such agitation, I canna—I daurna. But, oh! how has she been? How did she get there? Is he good till her? An' what for did she no write?—or hae ye a letter? Has she no forgotten my counsel? Are his family guid to my bairn? Oh, sir, try an' compose yersel' for a single minute, and answer me only that *one* question."

"Oh, Janet!" answered he, "dinna ask me, I implore ye, for I canna answer. My bein' there is like a dream—(for he had been to London in quest of her)—a painfu', painfu', dream! But I surely saw her—yes, I surely saw our ain Mary!—drooping like a snaw-drap, an' fair as the alabaster! But I mind nae mair!—naethin'! naethin'!"

"Oh!" said Janet, "if it were the Lord's will that I might be permitted to see my dear bairn again!"

"Ye *shall* see her, Janet," said Mr. Cuthbertson, calmly, and he rose and took her hand; "ye *shall* see her, Janet. I mind naething distinctly, but I fear I hae added affliction to the spirit I beheld sinking, an' that thocht is mair bitter to endure than a' my sorrows. I'm a lonely, friendless bein', wi' nane to share my griefs—nane to mourn for me. I had but one hope—one desire. It was buried here, Janet"—(and he laid his band on his breast)—"it was buried here for years, and for years. The joys o' life, the melody o' existence, were locked up wi' its very bein'—but now it's gane—it's broken—it has perished, like the first sound o' our infant voice!—and they're gane also. I hae but ae wish left, an' I will perform

it. I will pray for fortitude. I will—I *must* see her again; an' you, Janet, shall accompany me."

A few days after this conversation, the family carriage, which had not been half-a-dozen times without the coachhouse since the death of the former Mr. Cuthbertson, was put in preparation for a journey. A footman took his seat behind; Janet was handed by the laird into the vehicle; and, after wishing good-bye to his household, he took his place by her side. None knew their destination, save that they took the English road, by way of Otterburn.

With what success old Cuthbertson and Janet Gray pursued their inquiries in London, will be now seen. Mary began to be in want. With a trembling hand she took a watch—the gift of her father—from her neck. She gazed on it and wept. "It was thine! it was thine, my father!" she cried—"thy last gift to thy poor child! But forgive me!—my father, forgive thy Mary! It must be done!"

She was ignorant of its value; but trusting to the honesty of the world, and knowing it at least was worth more than what was required for immediate necessities, with an anxious and a throbbing heart she left her lodgings to offer it in pledge. Every step seemed leading her to something resembling guilt—to an action for which she blushed. Her soul appeared to shrink within itself; and her body moved onward with a consciousness of misery and of shame. Every eye in the passing crowds looked as if fixed upon her, and every eye in those crowds seemed to read her errand as she passed them. She was passing down Holborn, her eyes fell upon the words, "*Money Lent.*" She stood still for a moment. The window was filled with every varied token of misfortune and dissipation, from the jewelled watch and wearing apparel down to the prayer book; and the ancient arms of Lombardy were suspended from the door. Twice she essayed to enter, and resolution failed. In vain she wiped away the tears from her eyes, for others uncalled on took their place.

"I must! I must!" she murmured with a sigh; and yet a third time her hand was on the door, her foot upon the threshold.

"Guidness and mercy!" exclaimed a voice behind her—and an arm was suddenly thrown around her waist—"it is her! Janet! it's oor ain Mary, oor angel Mary, snatched like a brand frae the burning! wi' her very feet upon the steps o' poverty an' disgrace, an' her han' on the door o' ruin! It's me, Mary, hinny!—it's me! an' here's yer ain Janet come to seek ye!' But oh, hinny! hinny! what in the earthly globe has driven ye to this?"

The speaker was Mr. Cuthbertson. At the sudden sound of his voice, and at such a moment, Mary uttered one exclamation of confusion and surprise, and for a few seconds heard no more. She seemed launched, with the velocity of the lightning, from this world of realities to a state of dreams. She yielded almost unresisting to his arm, while his voice was like the murmur of water in her ears; and as her eyes beheld them, it was only a consciousness of perceiving a substance, without distinguishing the form.

"Oh, my Mary!—my bairn!" cried the old woman, throwing her arms round her neck, "hae ye no ae word to say to your ain Janet? My sweet, my winsome bairn! what's the meaning o' this?"

"Desperation and poverty, Janet!—desperation and poverty, Janet!" cried Mr. Cuthbertson; "that's the meaning o' this! Waes me! what a pass!—that—no—no *my* Mary—but—but—but!—oh, Janet! that she should hae been starving, while we were wallowing in the land o' Goshen!"

"Starving!" exclaimed Janet—"Oh, sir! what do ye mean?—or hoo do ye ken? Speak to me—speak to me, my mair than bairn, or my heart will break!"

The strangeness of the scene, the stran-

ger language, and broad Scottish accent of the speakers, had already collected a crowd around them, which, as Mary partially recovered from her agitation, tended to deepen her confusion.

"My kind, faithful Janet!" she replied, "this—this is a happiness I did not now expect!—and—Mr. Cuthbertson, too!"—

"Ay! just Mr. Cuthbertson!" interrupted he. "O Mary! Mary!—just Mr. Cuthbertson!—little did I think ance to hear you ca' me"——

"Dinna talk o' that the now, sir," cried Janet; "for I'll declare, wi' ye talking about *starving*, ye have made me that I dinna ken what I'm doing already! What does he mean, my ain darling? Oh, tell me, noo that ye can speak. And hoo hae ye been?"

"Dear Janet," said Mary, "this is no place for explanations—the people are gathering round us, and it pains me"——

"I'll do naething to pain ye, my dawtie," said Janet; "sorry wad I be to do onything that could pain ye—ye ken that; but think to yersel', is it no natural, that me that nursed ye—me that ate o' your faither's bread for thirty years—is it no natural"——

Here her voice failed—she sobbed, and again threw her arms round Mary's neck.

"Very true, Janet," said Mr. Cuthbertson; "but think ye it's no mair natural for me, to"——

The crowd continued to increase, and were pressing around them.

"Dear friends," said Mary, "I cannot—I will not endure this. You know I do not feel less at this meeting than you; but you would not have us to become a spectacle and expose our feelings, and the circumstances of our family, on a public street. Be composed, dear Janet." She took Cuthbertson's hand—"Come, *brother*, I claim your protection."

"And ye shall hae it," replied he, kindly; "if I've said or dune onything amiss, only forgie me! For every now and then there's a mist comes owre my soul, and I hardly ken whether the past's the present, or the present's the past, or hoo it is, or where I am. But forgie me, Mary."

"Name not forgiveness—I have nothing to forgive," she returned; "but let us leave this crowd."

"Crowd!—what crowd?" he inquired, with a look of stupidity; and turning round, only then became aware of the presence of some hundred individuals, whom he and Janet had drawn around them. "In the name o' wonder, folk!" he exclaimed, "what are ye a' gapin' an' starin' at? Is nature sic a stranger to yer breasts, that ye will stand glowrin' there like a wheen savages? Is this a specimen of yer London manners?—awa we ye, every ane o' ye, an' look after yer ain business."

"Peace! peace, my friend!" said Mary; "let us leave them." And they proceeded towards her lodgings.

After they had sat for a time—"I must leave ye now," said Mary, "but I will return soon. You will not weary, Janet!"

"O bairn, just haud yer tongue," cried Janet, "for I'll gang wi' ye, though it were to the end o' the earth. Do ye think that I'll let you out o' my sight already, an' ye no answered me ae question! I see ye are put about something, an' ye winna tell me. How can ye be sae cruel? Wad I no lay down my life to serve ye? and yet ye'll no tell me—no ae word."

"Janet," said Mary, "when I return, you shall hear everything; at present I am compelled to leave you, but only for a few hours."

"Alas! alas!" replied Janet, "an' hae I come three, four, or I dinna ken how mony hundred miles, just to hear ye say—'Janet, I'm compelled to leave ye!' There's something wrang, I see that plainly—an ye winna tell me—me that carried ye in my arms"——

"No! no! dear Janet—nothing! nothing!" rejoined Mary; "all will be well. Good-by now, and I trust we shall not part again."

"No part again!" resumed the other,

in a tone of delight; "do I hear my ain bairn say the words? Then I will let ye gang, but, oh, dinna bide an hour—dinna stay mony minutes—for if ye only kenned my anxiety, hinny, to ken hoo ye gat to Devonshire, as they ca' it—or what's brought ye here again, I'm sure ye wadna stay a single moment. An' bring Mr. Walton wi' ye—noo, will ye promise to bring him, and I'll just be happy?"

"I cannot Janet!—I cannot!" said Mary, in accents of unconcealed anguish; "do not distress me."

"Ye canna!" exclaimed Janet, and sank back in her seat. "Sirs! sirs! what does my bairn mean?"

"I know your friendship," she replied, and trembling arose to depart; "but farewell now—I shall return shortly; yes—yes—I shall return soon."

Her manner was flurried, and expressive of inward struggling. Mr. Cuthbertson arose, and sorrowfully but tranquilly walking towards her, took her hand within his, and said—"Stay Mary!—stay! My SISTER shall not go forth in sorrow. Yes, my SISTER! You have called me BROTHER, an' henceforth the daughter o' my mair than faither, shall be to me a SISTER, an' an only SISTER. My brain was bewildered, an' it is often sae; but I heard something o' what was passin', an' I see the tear upon my sister's cheek—My BROTHER's no here! yes, my *Brother!*—my *Brother!* Thank God I've got the word past, an' I can say it again—my *brother Henry!*—an' noo, if I canna be *happy*, I shall be *composed*. If the sun o' joy winna shine on me, I shall yet see the twilight o' consolation."

CHAPTER VIII.

"They parted—ne'er to meet again
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining.
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which have been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."

IT is now necessary, in concluding our story, to follow, for a brief space, the adventures of Sir Robert Walton and his friend Mr. Northcott. It will be remembered that, on Henry Walton's return to Buckham Priory, he found his parents from home, and that he was left to ruminate, in the seat of his ancestors, on the eventful step he had taken, and the sorrows and trials which had followed up his marriage with Mary Robertson. The cause of the absence of his parents was, alas! unknown to him. During his sojourn in Scotland, Mr. Northcott, a person of ruined fortunes, and of desperate character, having contrived to gain the ascendency over Sir Robert's mind, took occasion to cast suspicion upon the honor of his lady. The infamous slander too readily accomplished the villain's purpose. It wrought like madness in the brain of Sir Robert, and without asking for a single proof of Lady Walton's incontinency, he barbarously commanded her to leave the Priory; and, to complete the measure of his revenge, he ordered Northcott to prepare a deed of disinheritance against his own son, Henry Walton. Lady Walton, however, did not long survive the unfounded jealousy and brutality of her husband; she died in the course of a few weeks, of a broken heart—an innocent victim to his malign suspicions. Sir Robert himself, whose health for some time had been upon the wane, was ordered by his physician—a creature of Northcott's—to take a voyage to the Morea; and in compliance therewith, he embarked in company with the latter in a vessel bound for the Mediterranean. But its classic shores had for him no charms; he looked upon every object with apathy, and it was in vain that Northcott put forth all his eloquence and all his art in endeavoring to astonish and attract his attention, by the frequent boldness and beauty of the scenery. Sir Robert peevishly shook his hhad, and looked in a contrary direction. He labored to ply him into humor with the bottle; the other drank, but remained sullen. They had been

visited by storms, pursued by a French cruiser, and, to lighten the vessel, part of their cargo, water casks, and provisions, had been cast into the sea. Almost for the first time, Sir Robert had drank water, and that in measured quantities, granted only at intervals. He had felt there was a meaning in hunger, and had been denied a coarse biscuit until his next meal. He had been in terror of death—in fear of capture and imprisonment in a strange land—and, above all, a perpetual seasickness, or rather a murmuring of the disease, had for weeks been whispering about his heart, and he cursed the ship, the sea, his companion, and the hour that he left England, in the same breath.

His sleep grew disturbed and fevered, while the images of the past crowded upon his imagination. The voices of his wife and of his son spoke through his troubled slumbers; and to his locked up senses, frequently the flapping sail and the hollow wind shouted their upbraidings and accusations; and often would he start from his pillow, call upon their names, and vow to make atonement. As the voyage became more and more disagreeable, their remembrance swallowed up every other thought, and haunted him throughout the restless night, like a reviling spirit. Now the thought of his cruel injustice to Henry overwhelmed him with agony; and weeping as a child, he would cry aloud—"O Hal! Hal!—what has my jealousy and madness brought upon thee?"

Again, the idea that he might be wandering as a beggar upon the earth, that he might have leagued himself with banditti, roused all the father in his bosom, and let loose nature's wildest anguish. Then would he picture his injured wife before him; and, to hide the vision from his sight, bury his face in the clothes that covered him, while he reddened with terror before the phantom which memory crushed upon his brain. He slept, but she was still present, and his conscience heard her wild reproaches.

Once awakening in frenzy from such a dream, he rushed to where Northcott slept, and grasping his throat, wildly exclaimed —"Speak, wretch! speak! Was it not thy doing? Was it not thou saidst Jess was unfaithful?"

"True, it was I," said Northcott, starting, but endeavoring to soothe him; "but why this foolish agitation? Pray, be calm."

"Be calm!" shouted Sir Robert; "dost think I will be dragged to perdition for thy sins? Dost think I will be tormented every night, and haunted by my Jess's spirit for doings of thine? Jess was my wife—the mother of my Hal! Canst thou deny it? Rise! rise, I tell thee!—for thou shalt not sleep while my soul is pursued by furies for thy actions."

"Away!" cried the other, fiercely, hoping to intimidate him; "am I a schoolboy to listen to these childish absurdities? Is this the return I am to receive for the love which I manifested towards you, in tearing you from the embrace of a wanton? Begone to thy *son!* and leave me for ever."

"And I *will* leave thee," said Sir Robert, relinquishing his grasp, "thou calm sinner! Were my foot upon land, I would leave thee. Where is thy love now?"

"Restraining my hand, Sir Robert," replied Northcott, "that it is not raised to wipe out your insult and ingratitude."

"Thy hand!" cried Sir Robert "Swinge! dost think I fear thy hand, or any man's hand! And hast not thou insulted me? Hast thou not called me jealous fool? Didst thou not tell the captain—didst thou not tell all the crew, not to mind me, for I was *mad!* And was that thy gratitude for the money I have lent thee!"

Northcott sprang up to reply, but the other turned away and ascended to the deck. Sir Robert's antipathy to continue the voyage increasing with its inconveniences and distance, and his headstrong and boisterous character breaking out into ex-

travagance whenever thwarted, Northcott, fearing that he might prevail upon the captain to place him on board of some vessel bound for England, availed himself of the effect produced upon these occasions by his fierce and passionate manner, as a measure of safety to himself, to circulate a report of his occasional insanity. This baseness, on the part of Northcott, being afterwards repeated to Sir Robert, if it did not give him a glimpse of the real character and designs of his pretended friend, it widened the breach which the tardy belief that he had been bitterly deceived, and unsuspectingly betrayed to accompany him to a far distant land of barbarians, had created, and confirmed his determination not to proceed, but to return immediately to England.

It was near sunrise when Sir Robert ascended to the deck; the vessel was within a league of Malta, and bearing towards the land.

"What land be that, sir?" inquired he of a gentleman, who, in company with a lady, stood engaged in conversation with the helmsman.

"The Island of Malta, sir," resumed the other.

"Zounds! Malta! Malta!" repeated Sir Robert. "Do take thee a boat and set me ashore," continued he, addressing the mate, "and I'll give thee a guinea for thy trouble."

"Thank your honor the same," replied the seaman, "but they may all go ashore who please in half-an-hour, for we must put in here."

"Dang! dost say so, lad?" cried Sir Robert; "thou shalt have a bottle of Burgundy for thy news."

The vessel had now anchored off the harbor; and, when the boat was lowered, Sir Robert, with the gentleman and his daughter, entered it, and were rowed toward the land.

"Give me thy hand, sir," said the baronet, turning round to the father of the young lady—"I hope you will not leave me. What excuse hast thou for going any farther? Let us ashore at this Malta, or what d'ye call it, and back to England as we best can."

"I give my hand," said Mr. Palmerston—for such was the gentleman's surname—"in all friendship. It pains me that we must part; yet I have but two alternatives to choose between—to lose my newly acquired friend for a time, or my daughter for ever. It is true that her health appears improved, but you will forgive a father's fears; I cannot—I cannot already take her back to a country from which I have snatched her as from the grave."

"Tush, man!" exclaimed Sir Robert; "thou talkest of countries—our own country is the best of all countries, and the healthiest to boot. Dost tell me about curing consumptions abroad—I say, cure consumptions at home! Dost say—you must go to France, or go to Italy, or go on this wild-goose-chase of thine to cure them? I say—go to Wales, go to the Highlands of Scotland! Dost think there be any consumptions there?"

"Where there is nothing but an atmosphere of changes, and a sky of clouds, there must," said Mr. Palmerston.

"Nonsense, man!" continued Sir Robert; "han't I been there? The atmosphere, as thee calls it, clips round thee like a hunter's coat; and, as for clouds, why, thou mayst live above them, if it suit thee best."

"Then we must indeed part from each other!" added the daughter of Mr. Palmerston, with apparent solicitude and emotion.

"No, I tell thee, I won't part with thee. but I will go home with thee," resumed the other. "What! hast not suffered enough already, but thou must have us go among Turks or cannibals, to seek what we can find at home?"

"Go, Sir Robert," said Mr. Palmerston, "and bear with you my esteem for sympathizing with me in the affliction of

my daughter; but as you find the voyage unpleasant, I have no right to expect you to continue it."

"'Sdeath!" returned Sir Robert, "I think thou art mad in good earnest, if thou art not as tired of this voyage as I am. Why this be nothing but a rock after all," continued he, rising in the boat as it neared Port Mahon, "and the town is a prison, for all that I see. Why, look ye, Miss Palmerston, love, if this be one of the islands thy father has came so far to seek health for thee in, thou mayest bless me that I am laboring to prevail upon him to turn back again."

She answered only with a sigh, and her breast heaved tumultuously.

"Zounds! duck, what dost sigh for?" he added; "I'm sure thou art glad that we shall return home again. Nay, now, I can't stand thy tears; I tell thee thy father shan't go, and thou shalt not go on board that vessel again."

They had been but two days upon the land, when the disease, which had taken deep root in the constitution of Elizabeth Palmerston, and which had been lying dormant during the voyage, began to develop itself with fearful rapidity. Her father, finding himself on shore, yielded to the feeling of comfort and security which it inspired; and after his temporary privation, being surrounded with every delicacy to be found in the island, he began to feel the pleasures and the influence of sociality, and in a short time became the boon companion of Sir Robert.

"Thou shalt go to England with me, Palmerston," cried the baronet, in his one hand holding his, and in the other a glass.

"Thy daughter shall not die—she shall live for Hal's sake—and never shall merrier party assemble together than that which shall meet within the hall of Buckham Priory to celebrate their nuptials. What! dost thou look sorrowful! I tell thee thy daughter shall be happy as the day is long, for I feel within my heart that I love her already better than her own father can, and why wilt thou stand in the way of her happiness?"

"My friend," said Palmerston, the words faltering on his tongue, "I have told you the declaration of the physician, that the life of my Elizabeth depended upon a change of climate, and residence abroad. I fondly would—but dare not return to Britain now. I cannot be the murderer of my daughter."

"'Sdeath! good sir, dost intend to tear my heart to pieces?" cried Sir Robert; "I tell thee we shall all go home together. I cannot leave thee. My Jess is lost to me eternally—Hal is lost to me; and all that I most fondly clung to has been wrenched from my grasp. Body-o'-me!" groaned he, in continuation, "art thou in earnest? Wilt leave me a prey to my own conscience—the victim of a villain who has flung deadly poison into my cup of enjoyment, and made me drink to the dregs. Never!—you shall not return on board. Thy daughter shall live—she shall reach our native land in safety and in peace; and when there, we shall find my poor Hal, who will bless me for my choice of his bride, and forgive his father for the barbarous wrong he intended him."

Palmerston was about to reply to the entreaties of his friend, when a messenger, dispatched by his daughter, intimated to him her wish to see him immediately.

"Is my daughter worse?" inquired Mr. Palmerston eagerly; and without waiting an answer, he hurried from the scene of their carousal, followed by Sir Robert, to the apartment which she occupied in the house.

On entering the room they found her resting on a couch, and when her father approached her side she held out her hand cheerfully towards him, and begged, with a tremulous voice, that he would be comforted, as she had a strange feeling at her heart, which told her, she knew not how, that she would soon lay her head down in peace for ever.

"Don't say so, love," cried Sir Robert,

stifling his emotion, "your father has agreed we shall return to England, and for Hal's sake you shall not die—nay, if I should watch thee, child, with my own eyes, I tell thee thou shall not leave me."

She raised her eyes, in which were seen a strange unearthly fixedness, upon his countenance, stretched forth her pale transparent hand to him, and in accents half inarticulate with emotion, said—"You are kind, sir, but God does not will that I should participate in the happiness you intend for me. A few brief hours and the struggle shall be over. My poor father! I have but one petition—distract me not with your sorrow, nor suffer the only link that binds me to existence to be broken violently. I could have reposed a secret to your keeping—but it availeth not. I have seen *him* wasted with bitter remorse, and tortured with shame and agony of soul, who was the cause of the voiceless misery which laid the foundation of disease in my heart."

"Seen whom, my daughter," exclaimed her father, raising her in his arms. "Speak! speak!—a few minutes more and it may be too late."

She raised her drooping head, and made an effort to articulate, but in vain; the sudden paleness that overspread her features told that her weary heart was at rest, and that her sorrows were buried with her for ever.

CHAPTER IX.

"The scene was changed, and years were fled,
But found them still to virtue wed:
And the cheerless months that had passed away,
Threw sunshine o'er each blissful day,
When fairest forms around them played,
And *father*, *mother*, fondly said;
For a parent's joy, and a parent's love,
Is a joy all other joys above!
And age drew on, but they knew it not,
The face of youth was half forgot;
But still the youthful heart was there,
And still his partner seemed as fair,
As when he first, in giddy bliss,
Snatched from her lips the virgin kiss."

HENRY WALTON, on receiving the letter from Mary, intimating her intention of leaving Scotland to share the fortunes of her husband, left Buckham Priory immediately, and proceeded by land to the north, in the hope of meeting his young wife. It was on the second morning after Henry's departure, that, as the coach on which he travelled passed through Morpeth, he was abruptly startled from the melancholy reverie into which he had fallen, by a stout countryman grasping him by the arm, and crying out—"My service to you, Maister Henry—I'll wager ye a mutchkin o' whisky ye're gaun down to Scotland to look after Miss Mary Robertson—I beg yer pardon—Mrs. Walton, I mean."

"Tell me," said Henry, eagerly, "what you know of her."

"It canna be done in a breath, Maister Henry," replied the other; "but if ye'll just step down frae the coach, and walk wi' me owre to Lucky Gillie's, I'll answer for yer being weel ta'en wi', if that yer no blate to be seen wi' a rough drover."

"Lead the way, and I will follow you," said Henry, jumping from the coach, and seizing the arm of his brawny companion; "but keep me not longer in this agony of suspense, if you esteem me, or regard the dear object of my search."

"Save us a', man! and do ye doubt for a moment either the one or the other," ejaculated the drover, while a tear forced its way down his cheek. "I've borne baith o' ye on my heart ever since I was made acquaint wi' your privations an' misfortunes, an' I dinna think ye hae reason to fear that ane o' the name o' Watson will ever forget what is due to the unfortunate."

Henry felt grieved that he should, in his anxiety to be put in possession of all that was known of his wife, have given pain to his warm-hearted and generous companion. He therefore turned round to the drover, with a look of emotion, and exclaimed—"Forgive me, my friend, for any expression of mine that may have given you uneasiness; let my anxious heart and the tortured state of my feel-

ings, be my apology—I am sorry for it."

"I can read that, Maister Henry, by the look o' yer een. But here's Lucky Gillie's house; stap in, sir, an' ye shall hear a' that I ken concerning Mrs. Walton."

On entering the inn, they were shown up stairs to an unoccupied room; and after the drover had broken up the fire, and seated himself in front of it, he jocosely turned round to his young friend, and laying his brawny hand upon his shoulder, said—"Be seated, Maister Henry—there's warse things than a guid fire in a cauld mornin'; I hope ye'll mak yersel' at hame here—it's a friend's house; for, ye see, sir, auld Lucky Gillie's mither was the wife o' the Watson that fell at Culloden; an', though my faither an' her faither werna full brithers, they were faither's bairns but no mither's—yet I hae aye looked on Lucky an' mysel' as unco sib. Say the word, Maister Henry—it's what I like; shall we hae tongue—or ham—or baith? Faith, sir, it's a bad thing takin' unpleasant news, fresh and fastin', intil an empty stamach in a raw morning—they're nae better than physic."

"Unpleasant news!" cried Henry, impatiently, rising from the chair where the hand of the other had half constrained him; "tell me, I pray you, where my poor wife is domiciled, and let me fly to her protection. Do not deceive me, nor torture me more by withholding from me your knowledge of her place of abode; for, if I am compelled to bear this agonizing weight of suspense a few minutes longer, I shall be unfitted for the prosecution of my journey."

"Excuse me, Maister Henry," said the drover, soothingly, "I wad hae had ye first to hae broken yer fast; but, as yer impatient to hear a' that I ken aboot Mrs. Walton, I'll just tell ye, to mak a lang story short, that I gaed on the coach frae Burnpath to Edinbro' wi' her, an' though I hadna the pleasure, for some time, o' kenning that my travelling companion was nane other than your young wife, I wasna lang in discovering that the gentle creature was unfriended, an' suffering under the weight o' sorrow an' distress. 'I ask yer pardon, leddy,' said I, when the coach stopped at the Black Bull; 'do ye think, ma'am, I could be o' ony service to ye.' She thanked me, an' seemed oppressed by the offer I had made her; but, without mair ado, I handed her frae the coach, pushed aside the caddy bodies, an' flung her trunk onto my ain shouther, an' trudged off wi' it to 'Brown Square,' to the house o' a Maister Lindsay, that's weel to do in the world, were it no that his wife an' twa o' her dochters hae gaen clean mad wi' pride. I'll no' deceive ye, Maister Henry; I was sae ta'en up aboot the way that Mrs. Walton micht be received by her Edinbro' freends, that I cam up the next mornin' frae the Grassmarket, an' though I had naething on but my short grey-coat, leggums, an' double-soled shoon—just as ye see me the noo—I made bold to inquire after the comfort o' the dear young leddy at the house o' Mr. Lindsay. When I knocked at the door, the impudent deevil o' a callant, that they ca' their footboy, geegled ootricht in my face; but I stalked intil the parlor, an' made my bow; an' in a short time, Mr. Lindsay an' mysel'—for we were auld acquaintance—felt the spirit o' the past come owre us. We had glass after glass, to the happiness an' prosperity o' oor mutual freend, till oor hearts became actually drunk wi' joy. I perceived, in a minute, that Mr. Lindsay treated the dochter o' his departed freend like his ain bairn; an' though his wife was a puir, feckless windlestrae o' a creature, an' his twa elder lasses mere buskit dolls, withoot either hearts or souls, yet I saw that the youngest ane was a leddy after Miss Walton's ain heart; an' I was convinced that my dear young freend, frae the liking that I discovered had sprung up between her an' Misses Lindsay, an' frae a' that I kent

o' Mr. Lindsay, wad feel hersel at ease in his house."

"Did you inform Mary that you had met with me?" inquired Henry, half choked with grief; "I hope in God you did not add my sorrows to her own!"

"It was far frae me to think o' doin' the like," replied the drover. "I merely hinted, in a cautious an' becoming manner, Maister Henry, that I had the honor —God kens hoo undeserved—o' being a wee bit familiar wi' her worthy husband, an' I gaed on to mention a circumstance or twa connected wi' yer respected faither —Sir Robert Walton o' Devonshire— naething to his disparagement, sir; but just sic as the price o' his Arawbian mare, his great connexions, an' the like; yet, instead o' Mrs. Walton appearing uplifted wi' the thocht o' being the wife o' a baronet's son, she only answered me wi' a dejected melancholy smile, an' seemed to be completely miserable at the very idea o' the grandeur that awaited her."

"And does she still reside in the house of her father's friend?" inquired Henry, taking his hat in his hand, and evincing a disposition to proceed immediately on his journey.

"It's mair than I can say," answered the drover, "but we shall soon ascertain, Maister Henry; for, if ye'll stop or I get my business dune, we can tak the afternoon coach, an' drive straight through to Brown Square, without mair ado."

Henry felt too unhappy to be able to embrace the kind proposal of his companion; and, after snatching a hasty breakfast, he bade his friend farewell, and posted off in a chaise for Edinburgh. He travelled all night, and a little after daybreak, the next morning, he found himself in the Scottish capital, long before the stir and bustle of life were heard in the streets. He silently bent his course to Brown Square, and hastily running over the brass plates attached to the doors of the more respectable of the houses, his eyes at last fell upon the name of Mr. Lindsay. It was too early to disturb the inmates, but the thought that Mary was within, acted as a spell upon his heart, and he had not the power to take himself from the Square. He walked to and fro in front of Mr. Lindsay's dwelling, and ever and anon, as he examined the movements of his watch, he blamed the wearisome length of the hours, and became half convinced, in his perturbation of mind, that time was lagging in its course. A servant at length opened the door, when Henry stepped up to her, and inquired if he could see Mr. Lindsay.

"It's far owre sune to see the maister, sir," answered the girl; "he'll no be doun frae his room for a guid hour yet."

"But could you not find means to let him know," said Henry, earnestly, "that a gentleman wishes to see him on matters of the greatest moment?"

"It's mair than my place is worth, sir," replied the servant, with a low curtsy; "but if ye wad leave yer name, I can gied intil the maister, when I tak in the breakfast."

"Stop, my good girl," cried Henry, slipping a piece of silver into her hand, "perhaps you can inform me if Mrs. Walton is one of your visitors."

"That wad be the young leddy, sir, wi' the bright hair," ejaculated the servant, "that the maister used to ca' *his angel!* Na, na, sir, she's no here now; she took shipping at Leith, and gaed awa some weeks sin' syne, to seek out some o' her braw friends in Lunnun. There's naebody visiting here the now, but the upstart Dawsons o' the Grassmarket, that carried on the butchin."

Henry, speechless and trembling with emotion, rushed from the girl's presence and proceeded through the streets, gazing franticly upon every one he met, till arriving at the inn where he first alighted in the morning, he flung himself down in a paroxysm of most impatient agony, exclaiming, under the bitterness of disappointment, and the overwhelming impetu-

osity of his feelings—"My wife!—my Mary!—where—where shall I find her?"

Leaving Henry to retrace his steps from Edinburgh to Buckham Priory, we introduce the reader once more to Mr. Cuthbertson, Janet, and Mrs. Walton. It was in vain that the latter attempted to steal from their presence and to go in search of Henry; for Janet, now that she had found her whom she would willingly have laid down her life to serve, was determined that her "dear bairn," as she familiarly termed Mary, should no longer be subjected to the privations and misery she had so long endured.

"O bairn!" cried Janet, on Mary's importuning her again to be allowed to leave her and Mr. Cuthbertson for a few hours—"yer miserable and restless as a house-bird which, escaped from its cage, breaks its wings and its heart thegither, as it flutters without aim and without rest, frae place to place. I canna think o' parting wi' my winsome bairn; but if she'll tell me what's gaen wrang wi' her, I'll travel to the ends o' the yearth to get back her peace and her happiness."

"My kind, affectionate Janet," replied Mary, "be calm—all will be well. My poor, dear father has often told me to submit in all things to His will who bringeth good out of apparent evil: let us hope, then, that the successive misfortunes which have so long chequered the scenery of my life are drawing to a close, and that a better fortune awaits me"

"Dear sister," said Mr. Cuthbertsen, enclosing the hand of Mary in his own, "let us proceed to Devonshire instantly, and from the domestics o' Buckham Priory we may learn some intelligence of Maister Henry."

"I know your goodness," replied Mary, wiping away the tears from her eyes, "and could you be instrumental in bringing me into the presence of my Henry, the blessing of heaven, and the lasting gratitude of a breaking and disconsolate heart, shall be your meed of reward."

"Talk not o' reward," said Mr. Cuthbertson, sorrowfully.

"Na! na! my dawtie!" ejaculated Janet, "we're owre glad we hae found you; an' what would we no do for you an' Maister Walton? In troth, my bairn, if he's no at hame—or if his folk dinna show you that kindness your winsome innocence deserves—will ye promise, Mary, an' I'll just be content, to return for guid an' a' in the family carriage to Cuthbertson Lodge, an' bring Maister Henry alang wi' you?"

"Return, Janet!" cried Mary, struggling to suppress her emotion, "in my husband is bound up my happiness or misery; with him I could enjoy the sunshine of prosperity, or welcome the long night of penury and wo; nor could the destruction of my heart's last hope draw one murmur from my lips, or throw one shadow over my brow, to tell my Henry of an inward pang."

On the following morning, as Mr. Cuthbertson, in company with Mary and Janet, were setting off for Buckham Priory, they were unexpectedly startled by a person thrusting his hand into the carriage window, and exclaiming—"Heaven preserve us!—do I dream? or is this a delusion? I darna believe my een! Speak! young leddy, were it but ae word. Are ye no the minister's daughter o' Burnpath—the wife o' Henry Walton?"

Mary uttered a loud shriek, and fell back in a swoon; but when she recovered she found herself supported in the arms of her husband, who had for some days, with the honest drover for his companion, been prosecuting his inquiries through London, in the hope of meeting with his wife. Their meeting may be more easily conceived than described. Henry and Mary wept through excess of happiness; but their tears were gilded with the smiles of hope and of bliss, and their past sufferings were swallowed up in the joyful anticipations of the future. Every facility was speedily afforded by Mr. Cuthbertson,

in order that Henry and his young wife might appear at Buckham Priory in a manner suiting their station. His family carriage was laid under contribution, and in a few hours the whole party left London for Devonshire. It may be here necessary to mention, that Sir Robert Walton had arrived in England but a few weeks previous to this event, in restored health, from the island of Malta. On reaching his seat, his first care was to destroy the instrument that robbed his son; and he now strove to wipe off the injury he had intended him, by regarding Henry with that overweaning partiality which a doting father, in the decline of his years, is apt to manifest towards an only child. Henry had at once acknowledged his marriage to his father, and the latter was now, in pride and fondness, anxiously longing to welcome his daughter. The arrival of the party at Buckham Priory soon afforded him that joy. Every eye was contagious of felicity—every breast glowed with transport.

"Bless thee for thy choice, Hal!" exclaimed Sir Robert, gazing with a look of pride alternately on both. "Thou art father's own son! Thou hast given me the loveliest daughter in all England! And bless thee, too, my own best child," he added turning to Mary; "thou shalt be happy as the day is long. Thou shalt be mistress of my house, and not even thy own Hal shall contradict thee; and I will settle a portion upon thee myself."

"Excuse me, sir," said Mr. Cuthbertson, "but my sister needs nae portion; why I call her sister ye will learn hereafter. I, sir, have been a lonely man, and a miserable man, like a planet driven frae the universe, and plunging in deeper darkness through a' eternity. But comfort has at last stolen owre my spirit, as an infant fa's asleep to the lullaby o' its mother; and joy has broken again upon my head, like the first dawning o' a summer's morning. I have a right, sir, to make reparation to your son and to my sister, for I have been (though innocently) the author o' a deal o' their afflictions; and at this happy meeting, if ony o' ye feel mair joy than me, there are none o' ye feel a holier satisfaction. Henry," he added, "did the poor petition which ye wad see in the pocket-book I left wi' ye, before I gaed to Scotland, meet your approbation?"

The pocket-book was still unopened, and Henry offered to return it, expressing the depth of his gratitude, and stating that he had not looked on its contents. "Keep it! keep it!" exclaimed the other, ye will there find a copy o' the instrument which conveys my sister's portion"

It was in fact a copy of his will, bequeathing to her and her heirs, the estate of Cuthbertson Lodge, together with a thousand pounds, payable immediately by a banker in London.

Months of unmingled joy rolled over the party before they left the Priory. Sir Robert was about to enter proceedings against Northcott, when intelligence arrived that that disgrace of humanity had, by self-destruction, avoided a more public, though not more disgraceful death.

Mary was a mother; and the sole delight of Mr. Cuthbertson was to act as preceptor to her children. He became at once their guardian and playmate, entering with the simplicity of a child into all their sports. The desolation of heart, of which he had been the victim, became like a half-remembered dream, or an autumnal storm that had passed away, and left the mellow beams of a setting sun to throw their softened light upon the plain. He never again parted from his friends, but remained with them in Devonshire, and every summer accompanied them to his own estate in Roxburghshire.

Old Janet lived to behold "her bairn's" bairns, virtuous as their mother; and as age drew on, Sir Robert vowed he felt younger and happier every day. Henry and Mary made several visits to

Burnpath, and caused a cottage to be built for the helpless old widow, in whose ruined hovel they had met upon the moors, and with whom Henry had left his purse. Thirty years have passed over their wedded lives, and on them middle age has descended imperceptibly, as the calm twilight of a lovely evening, when the stars steal out, and the sunbeams die away; as a holy stillness glides through the air, like the soft breathings of an angel, unfolding from his celestial wings the rosy curtains of a summer night; and the conscious earth, kissed by the balmy spirit, dreams and smiles, and smiling dreams itself into the arms of night and of repose. Mary has lost somewhat of her sylph-like form, and Henry his elasticity of step, but they have become middle-aged together. They have half-forgotten the likeness of the face of their youth, yet still the *heart* of youth, with its imperishable affections and esteem, throbs in either bosom, smiling calmly upon time and its ravages; and still in the eyes of Henry his partner seems as young, as fair, and as beautiful, as when, in the noon-tide of her loveliness, she blushing vowed to be his upon his bosom. Their children have arisen around them and called them blessed, and they have beheld those children esteemed and honored in society. Mary has taught Henry that virtue is always young, and that there is no true virtue which has not religion for its source; and Henry, in return, has taught Mary that "in the husband he has not forgot that he is still her lover."

THE ONE-ARMED TAR.

Old Tom Moffat was the finest fragment of a jolly, good-natured, fearless seaman, that ever I met with. I say a fragment of a man; for he was *minus* his right arm. It was pleasant to look upon his merry old face, and to see his flaxen locks descending over his brow in sea-made ringlets; for, though he was turned threescore, there was not a grey hair upon his head. He appeared like an image of contentment, that envious mortals had deprived of an arm, and left him laughing at their malignity. But, above all—though Tom was neither given to the throwing of the hatchet, nor the spinning of long yarns—it was delightful, when he was about half-a-sheet in the wind, to hear him relate a few scraps of his history.

"Ay! ay!" he would say, "I have been in some rum scenes, and encountered some rough squalls in my time—but no matter: I am now sailing-master Moffat, with five and sixpence a-day—and no mistake; and a pension for the loss of my fin into the bargain. I am as comfortable and happy as any two-handed man in the three kingdoms. But, if you wish to know my history, all that's worth telling of't is soon told. I was born in Hexham. My mother was a naval officer's widow, and her father, a clergyman. I say she was a widow, because my father died before I was born. I had a sister, but I do not remember her; and I was brought up by my mother beneath the roof of her father. He was a good but severe old man, and I tried to like him, but I could not, for I shook as I heard him cry—'Thomas.' He gave me a good education, and wished to make a parson of me, though I don't think I was any more parson-like then than I am now, and that's not much, I take it. The old man didn't belong to the Church—he was a Dissenter; and he

persevered in his determination of making me a preacher. Therefore, when I was about sixteen, he called me into his study, and informed me that he intended sending me through to Edinburgh to attend the classes. He even spoke of my succeeding to the pulpit which he occupied; and he spoke till he brought the salt water into my eyes, and almost upon my cheeks, of living to see me preach in it! I had no ambition for the honors which he seemed to have in store for me. However, as he was rather too strict a disciplinarian for me, I offered no objections to his plan of sending me to Edinburgh. I thought it would free me from the restraint under which he kept me, and that was all I knew about the matter; though, like an ungrateful dog as I was, I did not thank the old man as I ought to have done.

Now, my grandfather had a watch—it was not a gold one, but it was a very excellent silver one, and it had a gold chain and seals attached to it—it had been presented to him as a token of respect on the day of his ordination, by a family in which he had been for six years tutor and chaplain. And, on the day of my departure, when I had kissed my mother's cheek and felt her lips upon mine—for I loved her as I did my own soul, and she deserved it all—the old man took my hand, and he pulled the watch from his fob, and he put it into my hand, chain, seals, and all, and—

'Take this, Thomas,' said he, 'for your grandfather's sake; and as often as ye look at it, remember that time is precious—spend it not in vain.'

If I never loved the old man before, I believed that I loved him then. For presents are excellent temporary openers of the heart, either of man or woman. If your sweetheart be shy, it is wonderful how a present will mollify her—but it is not the real thing; and her seeming affection, so produced, won't stand the test, or be of long duration. I have been a sailor, and foolish enough in my day, but I tell you, if you wish a girl to love you sincerely and truly, never attempt to win her heart by the offer of bribes. Give a heart for a heart, and nothing more, till you have her hand, too, and then give her as much as you like.

But, as I was telling you, I set out for Edinburgh with my grandfather's watch in my pocket, and I pulled it out, either to see the hour, or admire my property, during every half hour on the journey. And, I believe, though I did shed tears when he gave it, that, before I was half way to Edinburgh, I had forgot the giver in the gift. However, the first session passed on tolerably enough. I was not kept upon short allowance; but, though I did not want for victuals, I had not a sixpence of pocket-money, and I felt this the more, because I thought that some of my fellow-students perceived my circumstances, and despised me on account of them.

I returned home honored with a prize, and received the caresses of my mother, and the congratulations of my grandfather. The old man predicted bright days for me—already in imagination, he beheld me in the pulpit which he had occupied for thirty years.

But, with his first session ended, the prudence of Tom Moffat and his grandfather's hopes. About the end of the second, a circumstance occurred which put a stop to my studies for twelve months, if not for ever. The people with whom I had lodged during the first year, were about to emigrate to America. Their name was Lindsay, and they had a daughter called Margaret, a beautiful girl of seventeen. I never saw her but my blood ran at the rate of ten knots. During my second session, we used to walk in the Meadows, or around Duddingstone Loch, together, and I forsook the study of Greek and Latin, to study the words that fell from the lips of Margaret Lindsay. But, as I was saying, they were about to emigrate to America, and I accompanied them

to Leith, and went on board the vessel with them. It was night when they sailed. Margaret and I were sitting in a corner below, away from her parents and the rest of the passengers, unseen, and talking words of tenderness together. She promised never to forget me—I never to forgot her. I intended to accompany her out into the Firth, and to return on shore with the pilot. But we knew not how time moved on. We were loath to part, and I noted not that the vessel was under weigh. In truth, I had never been on board of one before. But, lo! her parents called upon Margaret, and there sat she with my hand across her shoulders—and the vessel not only beyond Leith Roads, but out of the Firth! There was I, a penniless and involuntary passenger across the Atlantic. It was a glorious situation for a student to be placed in! But the idea of enjoying Margaret's company reconciled me to it. My mind was made up at once, and I went to the commander of the vessel and offered to make myself useful during the voyage. He agreed to the proposal, and I began to take my first lessons in seamanship.

We arrived at Quebec, and, after accompanying the girl I loved for more than three thousand miles, it was hard to part from her, and I wished to go up the country with her father. But he would not hear of the scheme. He said that I must go back to my friends; and the master, having found me of service on my passage out, told me that he considered himself accountable for me, and that he must take me back to Leith.

I will not bother you with an account of my parting with Margaret, nor of her distress, poor thing. More than forty years have passed, and I never think of it without feeling, I can't tell how, until this day. Neither will I tell you about our passage home—there was nothing particular in it. My mother received me as if I had risen from the dead—her joy was unbounded—she hung upon my neck and wept for hours; and, though I did not escape several lectures from my grandfather, he was not so severe upon me as I anticipated. But I said nothing to either him or my mother of Margaret Lindsay.

Such was my second session; and my third and last was more unfortunate. As I was now becoming a lad, my grandfather became more liberal, and he allowed me a shilling a week for pocket-money. But, during the very first month of the session, a fellow-student advised me to accompany him to the theatre. I had never been in one; and, besides the amusement, he said we should receive a lesson in elocution. I needed but little persuasion to accompany him, and we went to the pit together. Two young ladies took their seats beside us. They were wondrous affable, and one of them was almost as beautiful as Margaret Lindsay. I sometimes thought they were too affable; but then they were polite—very polite—and they smiled so sweetly, and thanked me so kindly for every answer I was able to give to their inquiries, that I could not think evil of them. They wished us good night at the door of the theatre, and my friend and I proceeded to our lodgings. But, as we were passing along the South Bridge—

'Moffat,' says he to me, 'what's the clock?'

I put my hand to my watch pocket, but neither seals nor watch were there. I remembered having had it in my hand, between the play and the farce, in the theatre. I thought I should have fallen dead upon the street. A blindness came over my eyes. I heard the voice of my grandfather crying in my ears—'Thomas! Thomas!—reprobate! reprobate!'

We gave information to the watchmen at the police-office, and at the houses where such articles are received. But, *presto!*—my grandfather's watch, chain, and seals, were gone. They had vanished like a rainbow, and were nowhere to be found. Every succeeding day of the session was one of agony and reproach. I

learned no more. If I opened a page, imagination heard the ticking of my grandfather's watch, and it ticked in my ears eternally; or, as I strove to read, I put down my finger and thumb mechanically, to fumble with the chain and seals, and they rubbed against each other, and I started and cried—'What shall I do for the watch?'

With a heavy and foreboding heart, and a countenance that bespoke disaster, I returned to Hexham. My welcome was beyond my deserving; but supper-time came, and my grandfather, my mother, and myself, sat in his little parlor.

'What o'clock is it, Thomas, dear?' said she, kindly.

Had she driven a knife to my heart, I would have taken it as kind. I faltered—I ventured a reply. My grandfather observed my hesitation, and he inquired—'Where is your watch, *sir*—the watch which I gave you?' He laid particular emphasis on the latter part of his question—my confusion increased, and I stammered out some excuse about its being in my chest, I believed. 'You believe no such thing, sir,' said my grandfather, sternly; 'go bring it instantly.' I saw the storm gathering on his brow. I perceived that he not only suspected the truth, but believed me more guilty than I was. I left the room, as if to go to my own apartment for the watch; but scarce knowing what I did, I left the house by the garden door, and took the road towards Newcastle. Before I had proceeded a mile, my resolution was taken to go to sea.

I reached Newcastle before the inhabitants were astir. You may suppose that my experience in the manual duties of a seaman were not great, being merely what I acquired in a trip across the Atlantic and back again. But I had a love for the sea, and had learned readily. I knew that the clothes which I wore were not likely to procure me a berth, and I resolved, as soon as the shops should open, to offer them to a second-hand dealer, in exchange for the garb of a sailor.

About seven o'clock I was wandering along what is called the Close, on the look-out for a shop where I should be likely to get an exchange of rigging, when, seeing a street of almost perpendicular stairs, on each side of which were dealers in old clothes, shoes, and such like, I ascended it, saying to myself—'This is my shop.' I entered one of the cells, shops, or call them what you like, the proprietress of which had already been at her morning libations. She received me with a low curtsey, and as sweet a smile as her deep rosy face was capable of expressing. On making known my proposal, the smile vanished from her face quicker than the sun is hidden by a cloud in a hurricane. She surveyed me from head to foot, as a sergeant would examine a recruit, and turning me unceremoniously round, inquired—'And how much wilt thou gie me t' boot?'

Her whole stock of old clothes, shoes, marine stores, and other *et ceteras*, were not worth five pounds, while my coat alone had cost three, not three weeks before.

'Nothing,' I replied.

'Nothing! thou scoomy robber o' the dead!' cried my fair dealer in second-hand garments. 'Dost think I steal my gudes? Nothing!—Be off!' I was retiring from the tempest, when she grasped me by the tails of the coat, adding—'Coom back; let me syee what I can de wi' thee.'

She then spread out a patched blue jacket, an old Guernsey frock, and a pair of canvass trousers.

'Now, these will fit ye t' a tee,' continued she, 'or I'm a Dutchman! But, upon my word, thou shud gie me summut t' boot, my canny lad.'

The wide aperture serving for a window, was without frame or glass, and the folding-door was so hung around with the principal stock of the shop, and barricad-

oed with boots, shoes, and such like, that it could not be shut till night; and, on my inquiring for an apartment to change my dress—

'Jemmy Johnson!' exclaimed she, bursting into laughter, 'that's a gud un!—where did ye get yur modesty? Did ye steal the claes, that ye are afraid to be seen? My fyeth! I dinna knaw but the constaples may be here for them before night yet! I had better mind what I'm deein', else I'll lose baith gudes and character.'

Making a virtue of necessity, I equipped myself as quickly as possible; and, with a hurried step, hastened to the quay. Without stopping, I proceeded to North Shields, where I went on board a collier, and inquired for the skipper. I was directed down to the cabin, and there I found sitting a jolly, fear-nothing, merry little fellow, penning a love epistle to his owner's daughter. On applying to him for a berth—

'Why, I don't know but I may gie thee one,' said he; 'thou's a gud-looking young chap, like mysel. Was ye ever in the coal trade afore?' 'No,' answered I. 'I might hae seen that by the whiteness o' thy hands,' said he. 'Where did ye sar your time?'

I told him I had been in the American trade.

'Well,' continued he, 'I canna engage ye by the run, but by the month; and I'se no gaun to ask ye if ye can hand, reef, and steer, and splice a rope, and them landlubberish sort o' questions; but only, I maun tell ye, when ye are at the helm, if the watch sing out, "Ship a-head!" dinna ye mind a pin; but, if the other doesn't ship about, run right athwart the lubber's hawse, and learn him better manners: that's wur way o' deein'. Let him knaw it was his duty to stand clear o' a fire-ship.——But, I say, are ye a gud writer?' 'Rather good,' said I.

'Shiver me,' said he, 'then yur just the chap for me! I want a bit letter here for a sweetheart o' mine, man; but, smash me! I can't flourish it off at all. Try thy fist at it, mate. Maybe ye can dee a bit at the inditing, tee—for, ye see, she's been at the boarding-school; and, drat me, though I can manage the spelling pretty hobbling, wi' looking at the dictioner for the words, yet I knaw nought about their grammar. Now, I say, if ye understand it, gie her a gud deal o' grammar in't. That's the way to dee their business! Conscience! had my faither keept me another year at the school, I would married a duchess.'

I now entered upon the honorable office of confidential secretary to the skipper of a collier. On finishing the letter, I read it to him; and, on hearing it, he danced round the cabin in ecstasy, exclaiming—'Blow me, if that wunna dee, nought will. I say, if ye turn out as gud a seaman as ye are a scholar, I will make ye my mate, and that's all.'

I thus became a favorite with the skipper from the first; and not being a bad-natured fellow—though I say it myself—I soon became a favorite with the crew also. I sailed in the collier during three years, and, in that time, I had obtained the forgiveness of my mother—but the countenance of my grandfather never. He cut me off as a prodigal.

But there was one night that about half-a-dozen of us were upon the lark, as we called it—battling the watchmen, and seeing life in London, and, upon the whole, making more mirth than mischief, when, as luck would have it, we ran foul of a press-gang upon Tower Hill. 'What cheer, my hearties?' cried the Luff who headed the gang.

Some of our party took to their heels, but I stood still; for I didn't care a toss-up of a copper about the matter. I was just as willing to serve the king as another man, if he would pay me for it. So I surrendered at discretion, and the lieutenant called me a 'fine fellow' for so doing. 'Ah, you old shark!' thinks I,

'your purser's grin won't gammon Tom Moffat.'

One of my mates who attempted to run was brought back; and, from my heart I was sorry for him, for he had a wife and four little ones; and I suppose they might sink or swim, live or starve, for all that the service into which he was impressed would see, say, or care, about the matter. Confound me! after all, impressment is too bad. It's a black shame to the navy. It has broken more hearts than ever it made heroes. Why drag away a man, like a dog at a cart tail, against his will? Again I say, it is a shame all over! Why not give better pay, and clear the decks for promotion. Then they would get men—good men, willing men—and the navy would be what it ought to be. I can't away with impressment.

However, I was taken on board the tender, in the river, and, in three or four days, joined a seventy-four off Portsmouth. I liked the service well enough, for our Captain was the very model of what an officer ought to be. He was none of your fresh-water, courtly puppies, who are sent to officer the navy because their fathers or their mothers are doing dirty work for the government people on shore. He was none of your butterflies, recommended by a Lord of the Admiralty, and promoted over the heads of better men, because their relations have Court influence. This system is as bad as impressment, every whit. It takes away both heart and hope from a man. Is it not hard for a brave fellow, who has been a lieutenant for ten years, and been in twice ten actions, and behaved nobly in all, to have to lift his hat to a puppy to-day as his superior officer, who was a middy beneath him yesterday? I say it is a shame. Fair play is a jewel; and there should be no promotion but what service and merit procure. But I do say that my old commander was a man every inch of him. He is getting well up the list now, and I hope to live to see him an admiral.

I had a little library on board the collier; and, amongst my books, which my old skipper brought on board the tender to me himself, was a copy of the Iliad—not Pope's translation, but the orginal. It was my favorite book. My shipmates marvelled at it, they regarded me as a sort of prodigy, and swore I would be a post-captain some day; and they were wont to look over my shoulder as I read, and point with their finger to a particular word or letter, and inquire—'Tom, what does that mean?'—or, 'what does that stand for?'—and replying, when I answered them—'Blow me, but that's funny!'

At length they began to call me 'Greek Tom!' and the name coming to the Captain's ears, he inquired the meaning of it; and upon being informed, he sent for me aft; and says he—'Moffat, what's this I hear of you?—you a Greek scholar, eh?' 'Yes, your honor,' said I.

'The deuce you are!' said he. And he began to put some questions to me, which he found I was more able to answer than he was to ask.

'Well, my good fellow,' he continued, 'you are out of your proper sphere at present—that's all that I can say.' And he began to ask me about my history and relations; and I told him everything, not even omitting my trip to America, and the loss of my grandfather's watch. 'Well, I must see what I can do for you,' said he. And at first he made me a sort of schoolmaster on board, and afterwards his clerk or secretary. He treated me like a brother.

We had been in two or three actions, and had had a fair run of prizes, when we were sent upon the American station. We were lying off Newburyport, which is about thirty miles from Boston, and I went ashore for letters. I reached the post-office, and, as I tapped at the window, and the tin pane was withdrawn—eyes and limbs!—whose face—I say, whose face d'ye think I should see, but that of my

own sweet and never-forgotten Margaret Lindsay! It was like a pistol-shot in my heart—I was more dead than alive; and she—why, she fell back with a scream; and her father rushed into the office, and again to the door, to see what had alarmed his daughter. He beheld me as much alarmed as her, but he knew me in a twinkling. He took my hand, and led me into the house. What passed I won't tell you. I found Margaret was not married, but she was more beautiful than ever. We didn't speak much, but our eyes said a thousand things.

On going on board, I told my commander all that happened. He was, indeed, a good soul, and a considerate one. He saw which way the land lay with me; and as we were cruising upon the station, and Newburyport was a sort of rendezvous, he gave me permission to remain a month on shore. I blessed him in my heart, and I could have embraced his knees.

My mother had been dead for several years—my pay was more than I required—I had nobody to assist out of my prize-money; so that I had saved a trifle. I went ashore, therefore, to spend a month with Margaret, with my pockets pretty comfortably lined. Why, the month was like a dream—it was like sailing round a romantic coast in fine weather. But, before three weeks of it had passed, I prevailed on Margaret to accompany me to the church, and we became man and wife; and her father offered no objections.

I found it hard to part with her; and, at her entreaty, I would have given up the sea—but then I was in prospect of being made sailing-master—and that was what I call having my bread baked for life.

But—not to spin my yarn too long or too fine—some months after my marriage, we were ordered upon another station; and, a little before the orders arrived, a letter from my wife informed me that I was about to become a father. I longed to return to her, to fling my arms around her neck, and to kiss the cheek of our little one. But fate had ordered it otherwise. We left the station, and we attacked one of the French islands in the West Indies. Two boats' crews of us went ashore to storm their batteries. We had already made a sort of breach, and I was resolved to be one of the first to mount it—for I was determined to obtain my promotion to the rank of sailing-master if anything in my power could do it. I was the first, and I believe the only one. I was surrounded, wounded, made prisoner, and, for seven years I was shut up in a French prison, without hearing of either wife or child, and very little of my country, or how the game went on.

At length a change of prisoners took place, and I was one of them. On the first day of my liberty, I wrote to my wife, and I wrote also to my old commander. Within six months, I received an appointment as sailing-master; but months and months passed on, and I heard not a syllable concerning my wife. It made me miserable, and my promotion couldn't cheer me. I left no stone unturned to discover where she was, or whether she were dead or living; but it was of no effect. Nothing could I hear concerning her; and many a tear have I shed on the deep sea, and at the dead of night, for her sake.

Such was the state of suspense I was in for eleven years after my promotion as sailing-master. About that time, our vessel had a turn-up with a French ship of the line, and a frigate; and, at the very close of the action, when, one of them, in fact, had struck her colors, a shot carried away my right arm. But, as I told you, I have a pension for it. But it soon healed, and I quitted the service. I went to America, and to Newburyport, to inquire after my wife, my child (if I had one), and her parents. And there, all that I could learn was—that her father had died fifteen years ago, and that my wife, with

an infant daughter, had gone to England. I re-crossed the Atlantic in the first vessel I could find. I determined to search for her through every town and village in the three kingdoms. On landing, I found that my old commander was also on shore. He felt for me, and he did everything in his power to assist me; and we got paragraphs, setting forth all the particulars, inserted into all the newspapers, and they were copied into the papers throughout the country. What could I do more?

Well, about two months after I had been in England, a dejected, but beautiful young creature, with a child in her arms, came to my lodgings and inquired for me.

Heaven and earth! how I started!—how I trembled!—how my heart throbbed, when I gazed upon her countenance, for it bore the engraven lineaments of my wife. Scarce could I speak to her. A tide of feelings swelled in my bosom, as though my heart would burst. I thought—I feared a thousand things in a moment.

She wept; she told me that she had heard of my paragraph in the newspapers. That the circumstances related seemed to connect her with me—that her father's name was Moffat—that he had married her mother at Newburyport—and other things she stated which the newspapers mentioned not. 'God bless thee, my child! my lost one!' cried I. And I flung my arms around the neck of the poor, weeping, and forlorn being. Her cheeks bespoke want, and her eyes misery. I ordered wine. I seated her on a sofa beside me. I took her child in my arm and I kissed it; but I saw the agony that was heaving in my daughter's breast, and I feared to ask her concerning its father. I saw that all was not right. 'And where is thy mother, love?' said I—'Oh! does she live?'

'Yes! yes!—she lives!—she lives!' sobbed my poor child, and placed her hands before her face and wept bitterly. 'She lives!—she lives!' she repeated; 'but I cannot meet my dear mother again.'

'My Margaret, then, lives!' said I; 'thank Heaven! But weep not, my own child—my sweet one, do not weep. I am your father. I will protect you. Tell me your story; and by Heaven! my girl, if you have been injured, I will avenge your wrongs.'

But she wept more bitterly. I at length learned that my Margaret resided in Scotland, and that my daughter, against her mother's will, had, while a mere girl, married a thoughtless young man, with whom she had come to London, and who had now all but forsaken her.

I desired to know where I might see him, without his knowing who I was; and, receiving the information I sought, I found him with a dozen others, thoughtless as himself, at a billiard table. One-armed and left-handed as I was, I played with the best of them; and, without discovering my name, I endeavored to ingratiate myself into the good opinion of my hopeful son-in-law; and I succeeded. I found him more thoughtless than depraved. He was not beyond reformation; and I asked him home to sup with me, and the invitation was accepted.

There was a frankness in his manner that gave me hope of him. During supper, I endeavored to sail round him, and to cast the anchor of contrition in his heart. Without directly stating my object, or giving him reason to suspect what my intentions were, 'I spoke daggers' to his conscience, 'but I used none;' and, when I saw that I had brought him to the right point, like King David before Naman, to pass his own condemnation, I rang the bell, and his wife and child entered the room. But I extended to him my solitary hand in forgiveness, and gave him a father's greeting. My scheme succeeded; and, from that day until this, he has been a husband of whom my daughter has had no cause to be ashamed.

But the next day we all took our passage for Scotland, where I was to meet my long-lost Margaret. Every mile of our passage seemed a league, every hour a day. But we landed at Leith; and, without stopping there an hour, I hired a coach, and we proceeded to Roxburghshire, where she resided. It was mid-day; the coach drew up at the door. My daughter and her child were first handed out, then followed her husband, and I heard a scream of joy as my dear wife beheld her child. But she had just reached the door, with open arms, to welcome her, when I too stepped upon the street. I hurried forward—

'Margaret!' I cried; 'my Margaret!"

'Thomas!—my husband! my husband!' she exclaimed, and she flew to meet me.

We had been parted for more than nineteen years, but we have never been separated an hour from that day until this. We are contented as the summer day is long—and, once for all, I say, I am as happy as any two-handed man in his Majesty's dominions."

THE REFORMED.

In the year 1744, a young man, of good personal appearance, but indifferently dressed, stepped on board a vessel at Leith bound for Cadiz, and inquired if the captain would take him out as a passenger. The latter eyeing him for a moment with a scrutinizing look, said he had no objection, provided he paid his passage-money in advance. To this proposal the young man at once agreed; and having ascertained that the vessel would sail in an hour, added, that he would return at the expiry of that time and then settle for his passage. Punctual to time, he, in an hour afterwards, again appeared on the deck of the Flora, which was the name of the vessel now about to sail for Spain, and requested the captain, in a hurried manner, to conduct him below; he there paid the former, in guineas, the amount of his passage-money. Having received his money, the captain again hastened on deck, to superintend the various preparations for getting the vessel under weigh. His passenger, however, did not follow him; he remained below; and although there were many inducements to have urged him on deck, and amongst them a curiosity to see what was going on, there he continued. He either had none of this curiosity, or he had some secret reason for remaining in his present situation; and from his manner altogether, this rather seemed to be the case. He had no luggage—none whatever; not even a change of linen, or, indeed, of any thing else. His looks, too, were troubled, and full of an indefinite apprehension. His tone of voice was subdued and flurried, as if by some strong internal agitation. If any one had marked him, as he now sat alone in a corner of the cabin of the Flora, they would have seen, besides these symptoms of a mind ill at ease, a pale and haggard countenance, frequent and sudden looks of alarm on any unusual noise being made on deck, and a feeling of impatience and uneasiness which evidently bore reference to the motions of the vessel, and told of an anxiety for her departure. This was a source of pain, however, which was soon to terminate. The vessel was flung loose from the quay, her canvass was spread to

the breeze, and, in a few minutes, she had glided out of the harbor, when, having gained sufficient sea-room, her bow was turned down the Frith, and she bore away on her voyage. It was now, for the first time, that the solitary occupant of the cabin came on deck. But he did not do this even yet all at once. He stole slowly up the companion ladder, and peered cautiously around, before venturing to emerge entirely. Seeing, however, that the vessel was fairly at sea, he stepped on the deck, and exhibited a very marked change of countenance. A load of uneasiness seemed to have been removed from his mind; and his looks, before strongly expressive of terror and alarm, were now cheerful and confident. The unfortunate passenger, however —for unfortunate he was, that was evident, of whatever nature were his sorrows —was not long permitted to enjoy his new and pleasurable feelings.

"There's a boat making after us," exclaimed the captain; and immediately afterwards he issued orders to the men forward to prepare for bringing the vessel to.

"Where is she?" inquired the passenger. (He was the only one in the ship.) "Where is she?" he said, with a look expressive of renewed apprehension, and turning deadly pale as he spoke.

"There she is," said the captain, pointing to a small boat that was evidently directing her route towards them.

The young man looked at her for an instant, then, without saying a word in reply, or making any remark, slunk away down again into the cabin, where, if any one should now have followed him, and seen the dreadful agitation with which his whole frame was shaking, his haggard countenance, and white and quivering lip, they would have little doubt that a load of unatoned guilt lay heavily upon him; that he had rendered himself amenable to the laws of man as well as God, by the perpetration of some dark and heinous crime. Their former suspicions of this would have been confirmed, and they would have seen that the wretched man was in terror of the arm of justice overtaking him, and that he dreaded that the boat which was now approaching contained those who would carry him within its reach. In the meantime the yawl advanced—it came alongside—the young man heard voices—his heart sunk within him—he threw himself back and gasped for breath, and shook in every limb, as if seized with a universal palsy. Oh, that moment of horror and despair! Worlds could not compensate it—ages of felicity would be dearly bought with it. It was dreadful. Yet, after all, these were but the fears of a guilty conscience, the terrors of an excited imagination, associated with the consciousness of crime; for no one came near the solitary and terror-stricken passenger—none disturbed him. The boat that had come alongside shoved off in a few minutes, with its crew, without any communication of any kind reaching him. He heard the "Good-bye!" of the captain to the boat's company. He heard their oars strike the water and gradually grow faint in the distance. Joyful, transporting sounds to him!

"Thank God! thank God!" he exclaimed, fervently leaping to his feet in an ecstasy of happiness, and, in the joyous distraction of the moment, beating his flushed forehead with the palm of his hand. "I have escaped, I have escaped! Oh, horrors! to be taken, to be brought to trial, to be hanged on a gibbet! Yes, walk pinioned up the ladder, led on the scaffold, and exposed to the gaze of a pitying multitude—that dreadful sea of human faces! Oh, horror, horror, horror! But I've escaped!—I've escaped!" And the wretched youth burst into a flood of tears. "I've escaped through Thy boundless mercy, Almighty Father! and it shall be the earnest endeavor, the sole object, of my future life, to atone to Thee and to society for the grievous offence of which I have been guilty."

Such were the communings, of dark and fearful import, of the solitary passenger in

the cabin of the Flora, on the occasion of the visit already described; but no one saw or heard aught of these communings, save Him to whom they were in part addressed.

After the lapse of about half an hour—during which time the young man of whom we are speaking, having regained, as he believed, sufficient confidence and composure to appear before the captain of the vessel without exciting any suspicion of the feelings by which he had been lately so agitated—he ascended the cabin stair, and came, though still not without some hesitation, on deck. The young man, however, had not so much to fear from the captain's penetration as he dreaded, this being a quality with which the latter was but very moderately gifted. In truth, he neither sought to know, nor cared to know, anything at all about his passenger. The lad had paid his money, was quiet and civil in his demeanor, and put up cheerfully with whatever fare was put before him; and this was quite enough for him. He cared nothing about the rest. It was, therefore, with the same indifference and apathy—not, however, by any means amounting to unkindness—that the captain of the Flora, at the end of about six weeks, landed his passenger on the Mole at Cadiz, knowing as little about him when he parted with him there, as he did when he came on board of him in the harbor of Leith. Neither had he ever inquired whither he intended going after he got ashore, or what he intended being about. All that he did and said at parting was to take the young man by the hand, shake it cordially, and wish him "luck."

Having nothing farther to do with the captain of the Flora, we shall now follow the footsteps of his passenger, and see whither they were bent, and what were the intentions that directed them.

On gaining the town, he might have been seen gazing, as he went along, on the various signs that were exhibited over the doors of stores, hotels, &c.; and to these alone his attention seemed chiefly directed. He was in quest of quarters; and these he at length found in the house of a Scotchman, of the name of Andrew Scott, whose national patronymic he saw blazoned above his door, and which at once determined his choice.

On entering the house and making himself known as a countryman, he was kindly received by the landlord, who immediately placed before him the best that both his larder and cellar could produce, for which he would take no other payment than such news from Scotland as his guest could give. Pleased with the lad's manner and appearance, and judging from his dress that his circumstances were not in a very flourishing condition, the landlord, after they had sat and talked themselves into something approaching to familiarity, asked his guest what were his views in coming to Cadiz, whether he had any friends there, &c.

The lad replied, that of the latter he had none, and that, as to views, they were indefinite. He had just come out on chance, he said, to see whether he could not get a situation as a clerk, or storekeeper, or something of that kind.

"Dear me, man!" replied his kind-hearted host, "but that was rash o' ye—to leave yer ain country and come here, trusting to so slender a stay as chance. Hae ye ony letters o' introduction, o' ony kind, to onybody?" inquired Andrew, in a despairing tone, excited by the interest he felt in the young man.

The latter replied that he had no letter of any kind to any one.

"'Od, man, it's a bad business, I doot," said his host; "but let me see"—and he put his hand to his forehead, and thought for a moment. "Ay, I'll tell ye what ye may do: ye may ca' on Telford & Bogle, the great wine-merchants; they are baith Scotsmen, though Mr. Bogle's no here the noo He's gane hame, and I dinna think he'll ever come back again; for he's sair broken doun in his health. I say ye may

ca' on them—that's on Mr. Telford—and just plainly state yer case to him, and there's nae sayin what he may do for ye, seein ye're a countryman, although I maun say I hae nae great houps o' yer succeedin, seein that ye want recommendations: but there can be nae harm whatever in tryin. What's your name, lad?" added Andrew, abruptly.

A slight flush suffused the countenance of his guest, and he answered, though not without some delay and confusion—

"James Blackburn."

"Weel, James," continued his host, "I think you had better wait on Mr. Telford, as I was sayin. I'll conduct ye to his store, and I think the sooner we go the better."

To this proposal James—the name, adding, as occasion may require, his sirname, by which we must henceforth designate the passenger per the Flora—readily assented; and, in a few minutes, the two set out for the wine-vaults of Messrs. Telford & Bogle. On arriving there, however, they were disappointed to find only a clerk—Mr. Telford having just gone away to his country-house, about a mile out of town. Under these circumstances, James' case was stated to the person they found, by the former's landlord, who acted as spokesman for him, and his desire to get into employment mentioned. The clerk said, in reply, that he did not think there was any chance of the applicant's getting an engagement with them; but recommended to him to go out directly to Mr. Telford, and see that gentleman himself on the subject. To this the young man readily agreed; and, as it was inconvenient for his landlord to accompany him, he was furnished with a sort of introductory line to Mr. Telford, by the clerk. This line merely stated that the bearer was a native of Scotland, who had come out in quest of employment as a clerk. With this document the young man set out, having been previously directed in the route he should take by his host, who further desired him to let him know the result of his application so soon as he returned. With this friendly request he readily promised compliance, and proceeded on his way.

On arriving at the superb villa of Mr. Telford, Blackburn, on asking for that gentleman, was ushered into his presence.

Having delivered his note of introduction—

"You are from Scotland, young man?" said Mr. Telford, after he had perused it, "and you want employment?"

Blackburn replied in the affirmative.

"Where are your letters of recommendation?"

"I have none, sir."

"What! Did you come here without any letters of recommendation?" exclaimed Mr. Telford, in surprise. "Have you any testimonials as to character, then—any document whatever, to warrant confidence in you?"

Blackburn said he had none—none whatever.

"That is most extraordinary," replied Mr. Telford. "How, in all the world, young man, could you think of coming to a foreign country, in quest of employment, without a scrap of testimonial or recommendation with you? You have really drawn largely on chance. What is the meaning of it?"

The young man modestly replied, that he had never been in any employment before, and that, therefore, he could obtain no recommendation from any persons standing in that relation to him; and that his friends were too obscure, and in too humble a walk in life, to render their testimonials of any avail.

"But your clergyman," said Mr. Telford,—"could you not have got a testimonial as to character from him?"

On the mention of this person, his "clergyman," the young man became as pale as death; a general tremor came over him, and he felt so confused and giddy that it was some time before he could make any reply. At length, he stammered out

the simple declaration, that he had never thought of applying to him.

Mr. Telford remarked the young man's sudden agitation; but he attributed it to a degree of nervousness, caused by the peculiarity of his situation, which he felt must be one of intense anxiety; and, putting this construction on it, it rather forwarded than retarded Blackburn's views, by exciting the sympathy of Mr. Telford.

"Well, young man," said that gentleman, after he had silently thought for a few moments, "I certainly do think it very strange, very odd, that you should have come out here, in quest of employment, without any letters of recommendation or testimonials as to character; yet, as you are a countryman, and, I dare say" —and here he glanced at Blackburn's exterior, which, as we have already informed the reader, was in but a very indifferent condition—"not overly well provided against disappointment, especially in a foreign land, I will see what I can do for you. Meet me at my counting-house to-morrow, at ten o'clock. Now, James," (he had previously learnt his name) "let me add," continued Mr. Telford, "and I do so with the view of inciting you to diligence and attention, that, in finding some employment for you, without any recommendation or character, I do so partly out of sympathy for your situation, and partly because I have had so many scamps *with* recommendations, and those of the very strongest, that I am willing to make an experiment on the services of one who has none. I tell you this candidly, James, and hope it will have that influence on your conduct which has been my motive for mentioning it to you."

Mr. Telford next asked Blackburn to show him a specimen of his hand-writing. He did so. His employer was highly pleased with it—as, in truth, he well might, for it was a remarkably fine one.

On the next day Blackburn met Mr. Telford, at his counting-house, agreeably to appointment, and was immediately placed at a desk, and set to work. The first specimens of his qualifications for the counting-house were found perfectly satisfactory, and promised permanency to his situation. This followed, and was subsequently secured by a regular agreement, which put Blackburn in possession of a competent salary.

At the end of about twelve months, during which time the young man had distinguished himself by unremitting attention to his duty, by uncommon business talents, and by the most exemplary conduct, the head clerk of the establishment died of a virulent fever that was then devastating Cadiz; a similar visitation having carried off other two clerks about the time Blackburn entered Mr. Telford's employment. At the death of the head clerk, as mentioned, the former, who had already secured the highest opinion of his employer, was appointed to his situation. On this occasion Mr. Telford called him into his private room, and, having shut the door, told him of his intention to promote him to the vacant situation. Having made this communication, he desired him to sit down.

"Now, James," said Mr. Telford, "you see the confidence I put in you, by placing the entire superintendence of my establishment in your hands, and you will not think it unreasonable if I expect similar confidence on your part. You have never told me anything of your history, neither have I asked you. I have hitherto forborne, from motives of delicacy towards you; but, now that you are about to be placed in so responsible a situation as that of head clerk of our firm, I do think I have some right to know a little more of your history than I am yet acquainted with. I trust you will see, James, that this is not an idle or impertinent, but perfectly reasonable curiosity."

It would not be easy to describe the feelings of Blackburn on this address being made to him. That they were harrowing in the last degree, was evident

from the sudden ashy paleness which overspread his countenance, and the violent tremor with which his frame was agitated. Mr. Telford marked those signs of internal suffering, together with the hesitation that accompanied them, and said, though rather peevishly, and in a tone that indicated something like chagrin —it might be displeasure—

"I would not pain you, James—I do not ask you to give me your history under any threat—you need not tell it unless you like; but I think you might have more confidence in me."

Bursting into tears, the young man said, "I will, sir—I will tell you *all*, at whatever risk," And, on regaining a little composure, he began, and stated that he was the son of a vintner in the Grass-market of Edinburgh; that his mother had died while he was yet an infant; that his father had always had a hard struggle with the world, being in straitened circumstances, and having but little business; that, notwithstanding this, he had given him, who was his only child, a liberal education, at the expense of great suffering and privation to himself; that, as he grew up, he became acquainted with a gang of idle, dissolute lads, in whose company he spent that time which should have been devoted to his educational improvement, or in assisting his father; that his evil propensities grew upon him with his years, until he at length deserted his father's house altogether, and gave himself up to a life of idleness and wickedness, coming only home occasionally, to seek the means of carrying on his infamous career; that, in the meantime, his father died, and that the state of total destitution in which this event left him, gradually opened his eyes to the folly and wickedness of his conduct; that, on attaining a full sense of this, he determined to reform, and to lead for the future, such a life as would in some measure, atone for his past misdemeanors; that he found the first step towards this was to betake himself to some honest calling—but having none to recommend him, and being but too well known in his native city, as a lad of wild and loose habits, he could find no employment; that, in this desperate situation, having neither friend nor relation in Edinburgh, he determined on quitting the city, and seeking to better himself somewhere else; that, happening, while in this mood, to stroll down to Leith, he saw a ticket on the vessel by which he had come out, announcing that she was bound for Cadiz; and that he on the instant determined to go with her, and trust to chance for the rest, seeing that he could not possibly be worse off abroad than he was at home.

Such, in substance, was the story which Blackburn told his employer; and, so far as it went, it was perfectly true in every particular. It was the truth—nothing but the truth; but it was not the *whole* truth. When Blackburn said he would tell *all*, he either said so with a mental reservation, or his courage forsook him in the course of his narration; for he did not tell *all*. There was one passage in his life, one damning incident, which he did not relate. What that was, will appear in the sequel.

It was some time after the young man had concluded, before Mr. Telford made any reply to, or any remark on what had just been related to him. At length, however, he said with a smile:

"You have been, James, it would appear, from your own account, a sad boy in your younger years. I hope, however —indeed I have no doubt of it, from the experience I have had of you—that you will make it all up yet, and exhibit, in your future conduct, more than enough to compensate for the past. In the meantime, let me assure you that what you have told me, has not in the least lessened you in my opinion, or shaken my confidence in you. On the contrary, your candor, in stating the worst of yourself, has increased it. Go and assume your new duties, and believe that your story is per-

fectly safe in my keeping. None shall know anything of it."

Here this interview, so interesting to the parties concerned, terminated. Blackburn repaired to his station in the counting-house, and Mr. Telford shortly afterwards went off to his country house.

The position of Blackburn seemed now to be a very enviable one—and, so far as circumstances went, it truly was so: but, associated with these, there was a misery, a torture of mind, which forbade all happiness, which poisoned all the sources of enjoyment—nay, even the springs of life themselves. In his new capacity, it was Blackburn's peculiar duty to superintend the shipment for Britain of all wines exported thither by the house to which he belonged—a duty to which he always evinced the utmost repugnance, although he took great care that no expression of this feeling should betray it. But whence did this repugnance proceed? What was the cause of it? It proceeded from an unwillingness to be brought into contact with any persons from his native country; and any one who could have marked the agitation and misery which he appeared to endure on these occasions, would, let his guilt be what it might, have sincerely pitied him. But it was when a vessel arrived, especially one from Scotland, that his mental sufferings were greatest. This he dreaded most. For long after his settlement in Cadiz, he grew pale on the announcement of any ship's arrival, and never seemed to breathe freely until it had again put to sea.

But all this, as in a former instance, was the result merely of a disturbed mind; for no vessel brought any evil tidings to him, nor did the slightest circumstance occur, externally, to disturb his tranquillity. In the meantime, years rolled on, and each, as it passed, added to Blackburn's reputation as a steady, honorable, and expert man of business. Each year, too, added to his consequence and importance in the firm with which he was connected. His control over its affairs was unlimited—almost undivided; for Mr. Telford, the only partner on the spot, seldom interfered—so great was his confidence in the ability and integrity of his chief clerk, and so highly satisfied was he with everything he did. His salary, too, was proportioned to his merits. It was handsome—much beyond that of any other person in a similar situation in Cadiz. These years, too, that had passed on, had restored, in great part, that peace of mind which had been so much wanting to his happiness in former times. He now no longer lived under the terror of recognition, which had haunted him in previous years; or, if he did, it was but rarely, of short continuance, and of a less formidable character than was its wont. Time, in short, the great anodyne for all diseases of the mind, had smoothed down, nearly obliterated, those feelings which had once so grievously tortured him; and a long immunity had dulled his apprehensions of the consequences of that deed which had excited them.

It was about this period—that is, some eight or ten years after Blackburn's settlement in Cadiz—that the remaining partner of the firm, Mr. Telford, began to entertain thoughts of returning to his native country. He had fallen into a state of bad health, and longed to breathe the air of his father-land. These thoughts and wishes gained strength as his health decayed, until they at length urged him to the fixed determination of returning to Scotland. Having come to this resolution, he held a conference with his clerk, told him of his intentions, and added that he meant to leave him the entire charge of the business and interests of the firm in Cadiz, until he should see his partner, Mr. Bogle, then in Scotland, when, he said, he had no doubt he would obtain that gentleman's consent to his being confirmed their agent in Spain, or rather sole manager of their immense establishment there.

"I must return to Scotland, Mr. Black-

burn," said Mr. Telford, "and that immediately, else I may never see my native land. Yet I do not go with any very sanguine hopes of recovery—I feel too far gone for that; but I am desirous to lay my bones beside those of my fathers, in the little, lonely churchyard of my native village. I think, too, I could die without reluctance or regret, if I was blessed with one other sight of the dear heath-clad hills of Scotland. It is almost all I now wish for."

Thus spoke the dying merchant; for he *was* dying—that was made sufficiently evident by his pallid countenance and emaciated frame; and thus was Blackburn raised another step on the ladder of fortune.

In less than three weeks after this conversation took place, Mr. Telford broke up his domestic establishment, and embarked for Scotland; leaving his superb villa with its furniture, to be occupied by his representative, Mr. Blackburn.

In due time after the departure of the former, the latter received a joint letter from him and his partner, Mr. Bogle, appointing and confirming him their sole agent at Cadiz, with power to act in every case as he judged best for their interest. To this was subjoined the agreeable intimation of a large addition to his salary, and the still more agreeable tidings, that he was admitted a partner in the concern of Messrs. Telford & Bogle, to the extent of one fifth.

Blackburn now stood in a very elevated position. He was a person of note, an important man "on 'Change," and otherwise of the highest respectability. But his good fortune did not end here. In little more than a year afterwards, Mr. Telford, the principal of the firm, died. On this event taking place, Mr. Bogle, who was now an old man and in infirm health, expressed, in a letter which he addressed to Mr. Blackburn, a desire to withdraw from the firm altogether, as he felt himself wholly unable to take any further active part in its concerns, or indeed to attend to business of any kind; and concluded by making an offer of the whole stock and interests of the firm to his correspondent, on such terms as the latter could not but consider highly advantageous. With this offer Blackburn at once closed; and the necessary interchange of documents on the subject having taken place, Mr. Blackburn commenced business on his own account, and with a success that promised soon to conduct him to independence.

Having brought the history of our hero to this point, we there leave him, and resume our narrative after an interval of ten years, with a change also of the scene of the subsequent occurrences.

At the end of the period named, or towards the close of the summer of 1764, a vessel from Cadiz, loaded with wine, arrived at the port of Leith. On board of this vessel was a gentleman, the proprietor of the cargo. This gentleman was Mr. Blackburn. He had realized, during the interval which we have passed over, a considerable fortune; but, while increasing his means, he had been losing his health, and this, latterly, so rapidly that he had determined on quitting the country before he should be so far enfeebled as to render recovery hopeless. Having come to this resolution, he made the necessary arrangements for carrying it into execution, and finally embarked for his native land. In doing this, it was not his intention to give up business, but merely to change the scene of his exertions. He resolved on commencing business in Edinburgh, his native city, as a wine-merchant; and hence the reason of his bringing with him the cargo of wine of which we have spoken.

On the wine being landed on the quay, Mr. Blackburn might have been seen going amongst the casks or butts, and, after tasting many, carefully selecting one. This he ordered to be rolled out from amongst the others, and, with his own hands, nailed a card on it, bearing the address of "The

Rev. Dr. Marshall, Edinburgh." This done, he dispatched it, by a cart, to its destination. Conformably to his orders, the carter drove the pipe of wine up to the worthy doctor's door, and, summoning out his housekeeper—for the doctor was a widower—told her that it was for her master, and requested to know where he should put it.

"A pipe o' wine!—a hail pipe o' wine, for the doctor!" exclaimed Mrs. Brackinridge—for such was the housekeeper's name—in great surprise. "Preserve us, that's an awfu' quantity! The doctor never used to get in aboon three dizen at a time. What in a' the yearth could hae puttin't in his head to order a pipe! That'll last him twenty years, if he grows nae drouthier than he used to be. But are ye sure, honest man," continued Mrs. Brackinridge, "that there's nae mistak in the business?"

"Sure aneuch," replied the man. "The gentleman that aucht it, directed it wi' his ain hands."

"But I'm no sure o't," rejoined the cautious housekeeper. "Wait there till I go and tell the doctor about it." And she hastened up to his study.

On entering the apartment—

"Save us, doctor!" she said, "here's a man wi' a pipe o' wine on a cart at the door—a hail pipe—and he says it's for you."

"A pipe o' wine for me, Mrs. Brackinridge!" replied the doctor, no less surprised at the circumstance than his housekeeper. "It's impossible! There must be some mistake in it!"

"I thocht that, doctor, and I said it too; but the man insists it's a' richt aneuch; an' if that be the case, ye ken, we may just as weel tak it in at ainee. My certy! we're no gaun to turn awa a pipe o' wine frae the door withoot kennin what for. It's no every day a win' fa' like this comes oor way, an' I warrant it's guid gear."

"I dare say it may, Mrs. Brackinridge," replied the good doctor, smiling; "but I must know something more of it before I can take possession of it. There *must* be a mistake in it. Be so good as send the man up to me."

The man was introduced.

"Who sent you," said the doctor to him, "with this pipe of wine to me?"

"A gentleman, sir, on the shore o' Leith, that's landin a cargo o' wine frae Cadiz."

"Do you know his name?"

"No."

"Are you perfectly sure he desired you to bring it to me—to Dr. Marshall?"

"Perfectly sure o' that, sir. He pat on the direction wi' his ain hands, and asked me three times owre if I kent ye, and kent whar ye lived."

"It is very strange—most extraordinary," replied the doctor; "still I cannot help thinking there is some mistake in it; but, since you are so positive as to your instructions regarding the wine, you may put it off, and I'll take charge of it. Have I anything to pay you?"

"Naething, sir—the gentleman paid me, and paid me handsomely."

The pipe of wine was rolled off the cart, and deposited in a cellar of the doctor's; but, under a strong conviction that there must be some mistake in the matter, here he meant that it should lie untouched, until some further light should be thrown on it; and he had no doubt that a short time would do this, and that the real owner would soon appear." On the day following that on which the occurrence just related took place, a gentleman called at Dr. Marshall's, and inquired if he was within. He was answered in the affirmative. "Could I see him?" He was ushered into the doctor's study. The doctor, seeing in his visiter a remarkably well-dressed and gentlemanlike person, rose from his chair, and, with the kind affability of his nature, requested him to be seated. The stranger sat down. A prefatory conversation took place on common and indif-

ferent topics; the doctor being of too amiable and polite a nature to ask his visitor in direct terms the purpose of his call. For this he waited his own good time, and this the more readily that he found the conversation of the stranger singularly agreeable and intelligent. At length—

"I should think, sir," said the doctor with a smile, and looking closely in the face of his visitor, "that you have been in foreign parts lately. You wear the hue of a warmer climate than ours."

"I believe I do, sir," replied the stranger, smiling, in turn; "and there is little wonder I should, seeing that I have been for twenty years abroad, and have returned but the other day."

"I conjectured as much," said the worthy divine. "In what part abroad were you, sir, if I may ask?"

"Spain, sir—Cadiz," replied the stranger, who, the reader will very likely have conjectured, was Mr. Blackburn. It was he.

"Ah! indeed!" said the doctor—and here a pause took place in the conversation. During this pause the doctor's visitor seemed struggling with some internal emotion, as if gathering resolution to say or do something of an unpleasant nature. And this was the case. Suddenly rising from his seat, and approaching Dr. Marshall—

"Doctor," he said, "do you remember of being attacked on Leith Walk, about twenty years ago, by a young man, and robbed of twenty guineas?"

"Remember it!" exclaimed the doctor—"I do, indeed, very well. It is impossible I should forget it. But how, sir, come you to know anything of that affair? I never mentioned it to a living being. I prayed for the unhappy youth; but I would not be instrumental in procuring the shedding of a fellow-creature's blood; and therefore it was that I mentioned the occurrence to no one, and I thought that it was known to none but to God and ourselves—the injurer and the injured. How, sir, may I ask you, did the circumstance come to your knowledge? Do you know who the robber was?"

"Doctor Marshall," said Mr. Blackburn, with great emotion, "you see that robber before you—*I* was the man!"

"You, sir!—*you* the man!" exclaimed the worthy doctor, with a look that would be but feebly characterised as one of surprise. "Impossible! impossible!"

"Nay, sir, it is but too true. It was I that robbed you; and a miserable man have I been since, although the gifts of fortune have not been denied me; but they have hitherto been bestowed in vain, and in vain still will they have been bestowed, if I do not obtain your forgiveness. Here is the money I robbed you of, and the pipe of wine I sent you must be accepted of for interest."

The repentant offender was on his knees. The good minister lifted him up and granted his forgiveness. Mr. Blackburn became a worthy member of his congregation, and an intimacy existed between the two till they were separated by death.

THE BROKEN HEART.

A TALE OF THE REBELLION.

EARLY in the November of 1745, the news reached Cambridge that Charles Stuart, at the head of his hardy and devoted Highlanders, had crossed the Borders and taken possession of Carlisle. The inhabitants gazed upon each other with terror, for the swords of the clansmen had triumphed over all opposition; they were regarded, also, by the multitude, as savages, and by the more ignorant as cannibals. But there were others who rejoiced in the success of the young Adventurer, and who, dangerous as it was to confess their joy, took but small pains to conceal it. Amongst these was James Dawson, the son of a gentleman in the north of Lancashire, and then a student at St. John's College. That night he invited a party of friends to sup with him, who entertained sentiments similar to his own. The cloth was withdrawn, and he rose and gave, as the toast of the evening—"*Prince Charles—and success to him!*" His guests, fired with his own enthusiasm, rose and received the toast with cheers. The bottle went round—the young men drank deep, and other toasts of a similar nature followed. The song succeeded the toast, and James Dawsen sang the following, which seemed to be the composition of the day:—

"Free o'er the Borders the Tartan is streaming,
The dirk is unsheathed, and the claymore is gleaming,
The Prince and his clansmen in triumph advance,
Nor needs he the long-promised succours of France.
From the Cumberland mountains and Westmoreland lake,
Each brave man shall snatch up a sword for his sake;
And the 'Lancashire Witch' on her bosom shall wear
The snow-white cockade by her lover placed there."

But while he yet sang, and as he completed but the first verse, two constables and three or four soldiers burst into the room, and denounced them as traitors and as their prisoners.

"Down with them!" exclaimed James Dawson, springing forward, and snatching down a sword which was suspended over the mantelpiece. The students vigorously resisted the attempt to make them prisoners, and several of them, with their entertainer, escaped.

He concealed himself for a short time, when, his horse being brought, he took the road towards Manchester, in order to join the ranks of the Adventurer. It was about midday, on the 29th, when he reached the town which is now the emporium of the manufacturing world. On proceeding down Market Street, he perceived a confused crowd, some uttering threats, and others with consternation expressed on their countenance; and, in the midst of the multitude, was Sergeant Dickson, a young woman, and a drummer boy, beating up for recruits. The white cockade streamed from the hat of the sergeant; the populace vented their indignation against him, but no man dared to seize him, for he continued to turn round and round with a blunderbuss in his hand, facing the crowd on all sides, and threatening to shoot the first man that approached, who was not ready to serve the Prince, and to mount the white cockade. The young woman carried a supply of the ribbons in her hand, and ever and anon waved them in triumph, exclaiming—"Charlie yet." Some dozen recruits already followed at the heels of the sergeant. James Dawson spurred his horse through the crowd.

"Give me one of your favors," said he, addressing the sergeant.

"Ay, a dozen, your honor," replied Dickson.

He received the ribbon, and tied it to his breast, and placed another at his

horse's head. His conduct had an effect upon the multitude; numbers flocked around the sergeant, his favors became exhausted; and when the Prince and the army entered the town in the evening, he brought before him an hundred and eighty men, which he had that day enlisted.

The little band so raised was formed into what was called the Manchester regiment, of which the gallant Townly was made Colonel, and James Dawson one of the Captains.

Our business at present is not with the movements of Charles Edward, nor need we describe his daring march towards Derby, which struck terror throughout all England, and for a time seemed to shake the throne and its dynasty; nor dwell upon the particulars of his masterly retreat towards Scotland—suffice it to say, that on the 19th of December, the Highland army again entered Carlisle.

On the following morning they evacuated it; but the Manchester regiment, which was now composed of about three hundred men, was left as a garrison to defend the town, against the entire army of proud Cumberland. They were devoted as a sacrifice, that the Prince and the main army might be saved. The dauntless Townly, and the young and gallant Dawson, were not ignorant of the desperateness and the hopelessness of their situation; but they strove to impart their own heroism to the garrison, and to defend the town to the last. On the morning of the 21st the entire army of the Duke of Cumberland arrived before Carlisle, and took possession of the fortifications that commanded it. He commanded the garrison to surrender, and they answered him by a discharge of musketry. They had withstood a siege of ten days, during which time Cumberland had erected batteries, and procured cannon from Whitehaven: before their firing the decaying and neglected walls of the city gave way; to hold out another day was impossible, and there was no resource left for the devoted band, but to surrender, or perish. On the 30th, a white flag was hoisted on the ramparts. On its being perceived, the cannon ceased to play upon the town, and a messenger was sent to the Duke of Cumberland, to inquire what terms he would grant to the garrison.

"Tell them," he replied, haughtily, "I offer no terms but these—that they shall not be put to the sword, but they shall be reserved for his Majesty to deal with them as he may think proper."

There was no alternative, and these doubtful and evasive terms were accepted. The garrison were disarmed, and under a numerous guard placed in the cathedral.

James Dawson and seventeen others were conveyed to London, and cast into prison to await the will of his Majesty. Till now his parents were ignorant of the fate of their son, though they had heard of his being compelled to flee from the University, and feared that he had joined the standard of the Prince. Too soon their worst fears were realized, and the truth revealed to them. But there was another who trembled for him, whose heart felt as keenly as a parent's—she who was to have been his wife, to whom his hand was plighted, and his heart given. Fanny Lester was a young and gentle being, and she had known James Dawson from their childhood. Knowledge ripened to affection, and their hearts were twined together. On the day on which she was made acquainted with his imprisonment, she hastened to London to comfort him—to cheer his gloomy solitude—at the foot of the throne to sue for his pardon.

She arrived at the metropolis—she was conducted to the prison-house, and admitted. On entering the gloomy apartment in which he was confined, she screamed aloud, she raised her hands, and springing forward, fell upon his neck and wept.

"My own Fanny!" he exclaimed, "you here!—weep not my sweet one—come, be comforted—there is hope—every hope

—I shall not die—my own Fanny be comforted."

"Yes;—yes, there is hope—the King will pardon you," she exclaimed, "he will spare my James—I will implore your life at his feet!"

"Nay, nay, love—say not the King," interrupted the young enthusiast for the house of Stuart; "it will be but imprisonment till all is over—the *Elector* cannot seek my life."

He strove long and earnestly to persuade, to assure her, that his life was not in danger—that he would be saved—and what she wished, she believed. The jailer entered, and informed them it was time that she should depart, and again sinking her head upon his breast, she wept "good night."

But each day she revisited him, and they spoke of his deliverance together. At times, too, she told him with tears of the efforts she made to obtain his pardon—of her attempts to gain admission to the presence of the King—of the repulses she met with—of her applications to the nobility connected with the court—of the insult and inhumanity she met with from some—the compassion she experienced from others—the interest they took in his fate, and the hopes and the promises which they held out. Upon those hopes and those promises she fondly dwelt. She looked into his eyes to perceive the hope they kindled there, and as joy beamed from them, she half forgot that his life hung upon the word of a man.

But his parents came to visit him; hers followed her, and they joined their efforts to hers, and anxiously, daily, almost hourly, they exerted their energies to obtain his pardon. His father possessed an influence in electioneering matters in Lancashire, and hers could exercise the same in an adjoining county. That influence was now urged, the members they had supported were importuned. They promised to employ their best exertions. Whatever the feelings or principles of the elder Dawson might be, he had never avowed disaffection openly—he had never evinced a leaning to the family of Stuart—he had supported the government of the day; and the father of Fanny Lester was an upholder of the house of Hanover. The influence of all their relatives, and of all their friends, was brought into action; peers and commoners were supplicated, and they pledged their intercession. Men high in office took an interest in the fate of James Dawson, or professed to take it; promises, half official, were held out—and when his youth, the short time that he had been engaged in the rebellion, and the situation that he held in the army of the Adventurer were considered, no one doubted but that his pardon was certain—that he would not be brought to trial. Even his parents felt assured—but the word of the King was not passed.

They began to look forward to the day of his deliverance with impatience, but still with certainty. Their was but one heart that feared, and it throbbed in the bosom of poor Fanny. She would start from her sleep, crying—"Save him!—save him!" as she fancied she beheld them dragging him to execution. In order to soothe her, her parents and his, in the confidence that pardon would be extended to him, agreed that the day of his liberation should be the day of their bridal. She knew their affection, and her heart struggled with her fears to believe the "flattering tale."

James tried also to cheer her—he believed that his life would be spared—he endeavored to smile and to be happy.

"Fear not, my own Fanny," he would say; "your apprehensions are idle. The Elector"———

And here his father would interfere. "Speak not so, my son," said the old man earnestly, "speak not against princes in your bed-chamber, for a bird of the air can carry the tidings. Your life is in the hands of a King—of a merciful one, and it is safe—only speak not thus!—do not,

as you love me—as you love our Fanny, do not."

Then would they chase away her tears, and speak of the arrangements for the bridal; and Fanny would smile pensively while James held her hand in his, and, as he gazed on her finger he raised it to his lips, as though he took the measure of the ring.

But, "hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" and though they still retained their confidence that he would be pardoned, yet their anxiety had increased, and Fanny's heart seemed unable longer to contain its agony and suspense. More than six months had passed, but still no pardon came for James Dawson. The fury of the civil war was spent—the royal Adventurer had escaped—the vengeance of the sword was satisfied, and the law of the conquerors, and the scaffolds of the law, called for the blood of those whom the sword had saved. The soldier laid down his weapon, and the executioner took up his. On the leaders of the Manchester regiment the vengeance of the blood-thirsty law first fell. It was on the evening of the 14th of July, 1746, James Dawson sat in his prison, Fanny sat by his side with her hand in his, and his parents were present also, when the jailer entered, and ordered him to prepare to hold himself in readiness for his trial, in the court-house at St. Margaret's, Southwark, on the following day. His father groaned—his mother exclaimed "my son!"—but Fanny sat motionless. No tear was in her eye—no muscle in her countenance moved. Her fingers grasped his with a firmer pressure—but she evinced no other symptom of having heard the mandate that was delivered. They rose to depart, and a low, deep sigh issued from her bosom; but she showed no sign of violent grief—her feelings were already exhausted—her heart could bear no more.

On the following day eighteen victims, with the gallant Townly at their head, were brought forth for trial before a grand jury. Amongst them, and as one of the chief, James Dawson. Fanny had insisted on being present. She heard the word *guilty* pronounced with a yet deeper apathy than she had evinced at the announcement of his trial. She folded her hands upon her bosom, her lips moved as if in prayer, but she shed not a single tear, she breathed not a single sigh. She arose, she beckoned to her attendants, and accompanied them from the court-house.

Still his friends entertained the hope that the Pardon Power might be moved—they redoubled their exertions—they increased their importunities—they were willing to make any sacrifice so that his life might be but saved—and even then, at the eleventh hour, they hoped against hope. But Fanny yielded not to the vain thought. Day after day she sat by her lover's side, and she, in her turn, became his comforter. She no longer spoke of their bridal—but she spoke of eternity; she spoke of their meeting where the ambition, the rivalry, and the power of princes should be able to cast no cloud over the happiness of the soul.

Fourteen days had passed, and during that he betrayed no sign of terror; she evinced none of a woman's weakness. She seemed to have mastered her griefs, and her soul was prepared to meet them. Yet, save only when she spoke to him, her soul appeared entranced, and her body lifeless. On the 29th of July an order was brought for the execution of the victims on the following day. James Dawson bowed his head to the officer who delivered the warrant, and calmly answered—"I am prepared."

The cries of his mother rang through the prison-house. She tore her hair—she sank upon the floor—she entreated Heaven to spare her child. His father groaned, he held the hand of his son in his, and the tears gushed down his furrowed cheeks. Fanny alone was silent—she alone was tranquil. No throe of agony swelled her bosom, flushed in her countenance, or burned in her eye. She was calm, speechless,

resigned. He pressed her to his bosom, as they took their last farewell.

"Adieu!—adieu!—my own!" he cried —"my Fanny—farewell!—an eternal farewell!"

"Nay, nay," she replied, "say not eternal—we shall meet again. 'Tis a short farewell—I feel it!—I feel it. Adieu love!—adieu! Die firmly. We shall meet soon."

Next morning the prisoners were to be dragged on sledges to Kensington Common, which was the place appointed for their execution. In the first sledge was the executioner, sitting over his pinioned victims with a drawn sword in his hand. No priest—no minister of religion attended them; and around the sledge followed thousands, some few expressing sympathy, but the majority following from curiosity, and others venting their execrations against all traitors. In the midst of the multitude was a hackney coach, following the sledges, and in it was the gentle Fanny Lester, accompanied by a relative and a female friend. They had endeavored to persuade her from the fearful trial; but she was calm, resolute, and not to be moved, and they yielded to her wish. The coach drew up within thirty yards of the scaffold; Fanny pulled down the window, and leaning over it, she beheld the piles of fagots lighted around the scaffold—she saw the flames ascend, and the soldiers form a circle round them. She saw the victims leave the sledge; she looked upon him whom her heart loved as he mounted the place of death, and his step was firm, his countenance unmoved. She saw him join in prayer with his companions, and her eye was fixed on him as he flung papers and his hat among the multitude. She saw the fatal signal given, and the drop fall—she heard the horrid shout, the yell that burst from the multitude, but not a muscle of her frame moved. She gazed calmly, as though it had been on a bridal ceremony. She beheld the executioner begin the barbarities which the law awards to treason—the clothes were torn from the victims; one by one they were cut down, and the finisher of the law, with the horrid knife in his hand, proceeded to lay open their bosoms, and taking out their hearts, flung them on the fagots that blazed around the scaffold. The last spectacle of barbarity was James Dawson; and when the executioner had plunged the knife in his breast, he raised his heart in his hand, and holding it a moment before the horror-stricken and disgusted multitude, he cast it into the flames, exclaiming, as he flung it from him, "God save King George!" Fanny beheld this—her eyes became blind—she heard not the shout of the multitude; she drew back her head into the coach; it dropped upon the shoulder of her companion; "My dear! I follow thee!—I follow thee!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together; "sweet Jesus! receive both our souls together!" They attempted to raise her head, to support her in their arms, but she sank back lifeless; her spirit had accompanied him it loved; she died of stifled agony and a broken heart.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

However deeply hidden from our limited views may be the proximate principles of the connexion between the body and the mind of man, we have presented to us every day the most undoubted proofs—and melancholy, in many instances, they are—of that connexion being of so intimate a nature, and depending upon such fine and subtle *media*, that the ordinary affections of the two are reciprocated with the greatest regularity and precision, while their derangements, diseases, and extraordinary excitements, produce mutual effects which are not only disastrous and terrible, but so varied and unexpected that they mock all our anticipations of the results of their exciting causes. For all those changes which affect the *entireness* of the mind, we are naturally led to look to diseases and injuries affecting the brain itself; while, for those again which mark a decrease of its energies, we may resort to the ample field of bodily ailments, the most of which —and there are thousands that "flesh is heir to"—extend their "tear and wear" to the seat of thought and feeling; and, though they cannot break, weaken and wear out the noble powers whose arrogated superiority is sometimes doomed to this humiliation.

Yet there are occasional diseases of the body (not to our senses organically affecting the brain) which produce changes on the faculties of the mind different from the general mental weakness incident to most states of protracted bodily suffering. Certain affections of the lungs, for instance, while they reduce the body to the state of a living skeleton, supply such an addition to the oil of the "lamp of hope," that the deluded victim sees its bright coruscations through the eye that is in the act of being fixed and glazed by death. In some scorbutic affections, again, the mind increases in strength in proportion as the body advances to a state of putrescency; as if the soul, rejoicing in its victory over the flesh, that had struggled with it and mastered it, mocked the vain dreams of the infidel materialist, by making its last act its brightest, while that of the body is its weakest. In that great viscus or laboratory of bile, the liver, there, however, often occurs a disease, named by the ancients, from the seat of its primary action, *hypochondriasis*, which exercises an influence over the mind beyond all the powers of the most painful and fatal diseases that do not affect the brain itself. This action, like that of the diseased lungs, is almost always of one particular kind; and it is curious to contemplate the difference between the effects of the two diseased viscera—the one, namely, the diseased lungs, producing hope and confidence; and the other, the diseased liver, filling the mind with fear and apprehension. It is no part of my purpose to speculate on these extraordinary facts; otherwise I might enter on the fine question, which has been so strangely overlooked by metaphysicians—namely, What is the principle of the connexion between those feelings of hope and fear produced by metaphysical excitement, and the ideas of the particular objects of the feelings which always accompany them? The trembling hypochondriac has for ever in his nervous eye his peculiar object of terror, either real or imaginary; and just in proportion as his terror is without foundation, does he adhere to the imaginary cause of it with greater asperity and determination, resisting, with the greatest pertinacity, every effort to make him believe the fact that he dreams of imaginary ills, and that even the bright star of worldly prosperity is in the ascendant and shining so bright that no one who is not

blind or unwilling to see can escape its light.

The objects of the hypochondriac's fears are as numerous and extraordinary as the whims and caprices of the most pregnant fancy—comprehending the case of the Dutchman, who, thinking himself a pea of grain, was under continual fear of being picked up by birds; that of the residenter at Elgin, who, conceiving himself to be a sack of chaff, was in hourly terror of being sat upon and smothered by his visitors; that of an individual of Edinburgh, who was under the greatest alarm at the sight of a cloud, lest it should fall upon him and kill him; and that of the familiar "man of glass"—all of which are apt to excite in us a smile, in little accordance with the misery of the unhappy victims;—yet the most ordinary form of the hypochondriac's apprehension is a sick, melancholy despondency and despair, resulting from, or producing an imaginary embarrassment of his *pecuniary affairs;* he sees, in the womb of futurity, all the dreadful forms which poverty, clothed with rags and gnawed with hunger, assumes in the lives of unfortunate men; and is impressed with the conviction, which all his own or his friends' efforts cannot subdue, that such a fate—privation, contempt, disgrace, the scorn of the world, and death by starvation under a hedge, or in a ditch by the way-side—awaits him inevitably at no distant day.

Of all the cases that have come under my personal observation—and there have been many, more or less marked with striking peculiarities—that of Mr. H——, the West India merchant, is the most remarkable. The malady we are now considering seldom takes a turn so obstinate and calamitous as in this case; yet such is the great tendency of people in a mercantile country like ours (where competition and the strife of personal interests assume often the strength of strong passions, and where a failure is looked upon, not undeservedly, as a gigantic evil) to sink into fits of moping melancholy, and assume false and distorted views of their condition, that few will fail to find, in the details of this remarkable case, some features, though on a large scale, of their own situations, at times when they are under the domination of the dark genius of despondency—the attendant of all those who are fated to struggle through a hard world.

When I was first called to Mr. H——, I was ushered into a house of great size and splendor, suited to the style of life of a successful West India merchant. In an outer room I saw Mrs. H——, a lady somewhat advanced in life, who happily combined the manners of a gentlewoman with the kindness and frankness which pride too often displaces from the hearts and faces of the rich, to make room for the haughtiness which is deemed the badge of the great. By her side, sat a young woman about twenty years of age (whom, in the course of conversation, she called Angelina), her daughter, possessed of what, to the eye of the greater part of mankind, would have appeared extraordinary beauty, but which, to my professional observation, was only the extreme delicacy, the pure hyacinthine tint, the clear transparent skin, and the fair auburn hair of the victim of a strumous habit, which she had received by hereditary right from her mother, who presented the same brilliant but fallacious appearances of the characteristics of a beautiful blond. The vivacity and sensibility so often found in young women of her peculiar constitution, were also apparent; suggesting to my mind, as they must do to every person who has any claims to feeling, the regret that qualities so exquisite should so often be found associated with, if not resulting from, an unnatural state of the system of the body. Mr. H—— was, they informed me, ailing in a very slight degree; but my inquiries were incapable of extracting the precise nature of his complaint; the old lady insisting upon its being nothing

but an attack of spleen, and the young one, in her peculiar, sprightly way, urging, with a smiling countenance, that her father's disease was pure ill-nature—a complaint which she feared no doctor could cure. I tried to undeceive her, and told her that we possessed some secrets, one of which was the power of making men laugh as well as dance; but I was soon told, by the old lady, that her daughter Angelina was not behind me in that respect; for that she not only possessed that power, but exercised it every hour of the day—a compliment, she thought, to the victim of high-toned nerves, but in my opinion, the description of a misfortune.

I found Mr. H—— sitting in his bedroom, which was purposely darkened, by half-closed shutters, to a dismal gloom. He was in his morning gown, with his head enveloped in large rolls of flannel, and his feet, encased in a pair of yellow Morocco slippers, placed on a footstool before a large fire, into which he seemed to be looking with that intent gaze which the winter comforter often charms from the victims of ennui. As he turned his face upon me when I entered, I got read to me at once the enigmatical accounts of his wife and daughter, in the yellow bilious tinge which covered all the white part of his eyes, and imparted to the pupil that heavy, lethargic, and sleepy look which accompanies, as a sure companion, all cases of morbid melancholy, arising from diseased state of the liver; but, in many instances, alternates with sudden expressions of apprehension and fear, as if the patient dreaded the approach of personal danger. His jaws were elongated by the pressure of despondency, whose influence could be also traced in the flaccid muscles, hanging eye-brows, drooping head, and all the other well-known symptoms of a depressed and clouded mind, into which the radiant bow of hope has been unable to send any of its many-colored rays. I observed, at first, no indications of the morbid, hare-eyed look of terror and apprehension which, in patients of this class, I always search for with great solicitude, as being a sign of something much more serious than what the vulgar understand by hypochondria; and indicating that advancement of the progress of the real malady, when it lays its dreadful grasp on some of the faculties of the mind. But I was assured, from the other advanced symptoms exhibited to me, that there was great danger of the disease of the patient reaching, if it had not already reached, that unhappy climax; and my attention behoved to be directed to further indications of a more decided character, generally elicited by a conversation, wherein the patient falls naturally into the train of thought suggested by the state of his feelings, and best calculated for rousing them, forcing out the expression of his sentiments, whether morbid or natural, and showing the true state of his disease.

I was surprised at hearing him state, somewhat sullenly, that he had not sent for me; but I mentally recurred to the conversation I had with his wife and daughter, and surmounted this difficulty, at the expense of my pride, by stating, jocularly, that the solicitude of an affectionate consort was, through the love and gratitude of a good husband, a sufficient authority for the attendance of a doctor—a remark which was responded to by a splenetic growl, accompanied by the hasty choleric statement (disproved by his gown and flannels) that there was nothing the matter with him. But his natural politeness, overcome for a moment by his disease, vindicated its authority, and produced an expression of regret that he had allowed his changed temper, as he called it, to hurry him into rudeness; a fault which he was never guilty of until latterly, that some cloud having come over his mind, had obscured his perceptions of etiquette, as well as destroyed the contented and happy tone of mind he used to enjoy in the midst of his prosperity. I was easily appeased, and soon got him engaged

in conversation, avoiding all direct allusion to his ailment—which, in so far as it regarded its true character, was clearly a secret to himself—and following him into those trains of thought which seemed to produce the strongest interest in him, though of little importance to myself.

Breaking off, with the greatest abruptness, from a subject started by himself, he pronounced, in a dolorous tone of voice, accompanied with a deep-drawn sigh that heaved all his chest, the name of an old school companion of his; throwing upon me, as he ejaculated, "Poor George! poor George!" one of those timid looks, which, during my long practice, I have never mistaken for a true symptom of the real hypochondria. His words betrayed mere sympathy for the fate of George B——; but his eyes spoke a language different from that of sorrow; darting forth, as they now seemed to eschew a supposed incorporated presence, looks of terror, mixed with supplicatory glances of pity, while occasional shivers ran over his body, like the effects of sudden dashes of cold water on the bare skin. This moral ague remained for some, his eye still alternating between the expressions of terror and pity—now fixed on me, now on empty space, and now averted from an ideal object; and ejaculations, "God preserve me from such a fate!" bursting from him in deep groans. I saw in all this, the revealed workings of the dreadful discase I have met in so many forms; and waited patiently until the exacerbation of terror had passed, that I might probe the cause of the apprehension of his imaginary evil, with a view to an endeavor to divest it of its supposed danger. He calmed, and I inquired who this man George B—— was, whose fate called from him such intense expressions of pity.

"Who is he!" exclaimed he, in a voice cracked and unnatural, while the same expression of pity and terror occupied his face—"who does not know George B——, the West India merchant, who has fallen with the quickness of a tumbling balloon voyager, from the heights of grandeur, riches, and fame, to beggary, rags, and hunger? Heavens! what a sight met these eyes on Sunday week, as I took my last airing by Nicholas' Park!—I have not yet recovered from it. George B——, the proud, and aristocratic, the haughty George B——, sitting by the road side supplicating alms!—ay, he condescended to beg from one to whom he had once lent two thousand pounds!"

He paused, with his eye fixed on the imaginary object of his vision, while a tear, a tribute to the pity which for a moment had expelled from his mind the terror, bedewed the orb, now strained to the utmost, as if he struggled for a better sight of the victim of misfortune.

"We began the world together," he continued, in a more subdued tone; "but he distanced me in the race of prosperity. By one shipment of tobacco—in that old ship the Emerald, which, after he sold her, sunk near the Malaccas—he cleared seven thousand pounds; and, by two voyages of the Dolphin, he made as much more. Fortune rained gold on him, till he would scarcely stoop to pick it up. Disdaining the vulgar gift of dowries he married a beauty. On great occasions he put two more horses than were used by the ordinary slow-paced children of fortune, to drag him in state, or imitate the quickness of his own prosperity. Yet, no one called this dizzy extravagance; for every one thought he could stand higher flights; but sir," (pausing, exhibiting indications of great distress, and throwing on me timid looks,) "he did not *insure* the Amphitrite, though she was scarcely sea-worthy, and he had thirty thousand pounds between her rotten timbers. Well does the wise man say, 'the rich man's wealth is his strong city.' The confidence of wealth made him despise the winds and the waves; but they, in their turn, despised the Amphitrite, and dashed her to pieces on the rocks of Staten Island.

Yet was not his confidence abated: though he had read what has been written, 'He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it,' he became surety for me who paid my bond; and for others who did not pay their bond. The smiles of fortune were changed to frowns. I tremble when I think how fearfully we merchants are subjected to the mutable tyranny of that subtle and cruel goddess. The gold that rained on him disappeared, his creditors hated him, his debtors despised him, his friends deserted him, and she, his beautiful wife, who had come to him without a dowry, went without a jointure—ay, and without regret. Oh! why was I not spared the sight of that apparition—George B——, with no shoes on his feet; a ragged napkin bound round his temples; a coat through which the cold winter winds blew; hungry, cold, wretched, miserable—begging from me—from *me*—a penny to assuage the pangs of starvation!"

He shuddered as he pronounced the last of these words; pressing his arms to his sides, clasping firmly his hands, and grinding his teeth, in an apparent effort to resist or bear an exacerbation of terror that shook him to the centre, and wrung from him, in spite of himself, the prayer—"O God, avert from me this fate!" But he got no confidence from heaven; for all this suffering was succeeded by the same expression of terror I had already detected. Looking at me askance, he voluntarily, yet timidly construed and explained these extraordinary symptoms by a single remark.

"Is it not possible," said he—"I mean is it not" (pausing and looking fearfully), "is it not likely—probable—that I may yet *beg*?"

It will not be easy for me to forget the look that accompanied these words, though I have seen the terror-stricken orb of the hypochondriac in its most nervous paroxysm. The mystery was now explained; and, having detected the patient's disease, I framed my answer in such a form as might have some chance (although I knew its extent was small) of allaying his fear.

"So far as I can judge," replied I, "scarcely anything can be pronounced more improbable than that you should be brought to that condition. You forget entirely that you yourself have accounted for George B——'s misfortunes. He made money too easily; and, having too much of it, he despised it. You know what the proverb says—'Hast thou found honey: eat so much as is sufficient for thee, lest thou be filled therewith, and vomit it.' Your friend vomited his wealth. Why engaged he in suretyship—an imprudence railed against from the days of Solomon, whose saying, applicable to it, you have yourself quoted? 'The Lord is the maker of the rich and the poor;' but the rich man unmakes himself. Even when your friend saw danger approaching, he did not 'hide himself;' but, like the simpleton, 'passed on and was punished.' If a man bring himself to ruin by imprudence, another may surely avoid that ruin, by that virtue which comprehends all others—prudence—divine prudence.

As I spoke, he eyed me incredulously. My reference to holy writ seemed to touch a chord that startled him and increased his distress. With that triumphant cunning which his unfortunate class use in the supposed detection of schemes to allay their fear, he cried out in great agitation—

"Ha! you avoid the *great*, the *important* sentence—and I know *why* you avoid it; but you cannot deceive me by trying to make me believe it is not in the holy book; for I dream of it—it haunts me day and night—and why should I not believe the words of inspiration? Hear them—'Boast not thyself of to-morrow; thou knowest not what a day may bring forth; for riches take wings and fly away as an eagle towards heaven.' These, sir, are the fearful words; and we have, besides, the experience of the world to teach us that rich men become beggars—dreadful

fate!—beggars, sir, in spite of all the prudence and wisdom of Solomon!"

"Yes," replied I; "but the confidence of a prudent man, in the stability of his fortune, is not to be shaken by the experience of the fate of the imprudent man who has thrown his riches to the winds. If you had not insured the Mermaid, which, from hearing of her launch some time ago, I understand is one of your valuable vessels, you might have dreaded the fate that resulted from not insuring the Amphitrite."

"*And I have not insured the Mermaid!*" screamed he, with a voice that pierced the tympanum of my ears like a sharp instrument.—"*I have not insured the Mermaid,*" he repeated, with a kind of yell, as he fell back on his chair, with his face covered by his ague-struck hands.

I was unprepared for this sudden burst; for I had hazarded the remark, trusting to this generally esteemed, prudent and somewhat close-handed man having followed the practice of cautious merchants, in insuring a new and untried vessel. The agitation into which I had involuntarily thrown him prevented me from looking calmly at the true and limited import of my simple remark, which, without a superaddition of some secret cause of apprehension, never could have produced such a terrible effect, even on a hypochondriac. As he still lay struggling with his appulse of apprehension, I hastened to remove the cause of alarm, in the only way which seemed clear and certain.

"You may *still* insure the Mermaid," said I, "wherever she is. No office will refuse to undertake the risk of a sea-worthy ship that has not exceeded her time."

Taking his trembling hands from off his face, he fixed his eyes on me with that wild look which shows that terror is, for a moment, under the self-excruciating domination of despair.

"When the helm is sunk in the quicksands of Newfoundland," he cried, in a heart-piercing-tone, "and the mizzen is whirling in the eddies of the Gulf-Stream, what less would the premium be than cent. per cent.?"

He wrung his hands as he ejaculated these words, and fixed his eye intensely on some ideal object, as if he had seen the doomed vessel that held a great part of his treasures torn to pieces by the ravages of the storm—the rudder in the act of being imbedded in the quicksands—and the masts drifting along, the sport of the wind and waves. He remained in that position, for some time, drawing deep sighs, and apparently unconscious of my presence. I was much perplexed. I had got no intelligence of the loss of the Mermaid—an event which, from her great size, would have produced some noise; and the conduct of his wife and daughter was inconsistent with the knowledge of a loss that might bring them to beggary. At the same time I was not so well assured of the absolute extent of the patient's disease, as to be able to conclude, upon the instant, that he merely imagined the loss of the vessel. He may have got secret intelligence of the disaster; and, strong as the paroxysm was that had shaken him in the manner I had witnessed, its intensity would have been no overacting of the true, *natural, healthy* agony of truth—such truth—operating on a sound mind. In this uncertainty, I was at a loss what to do or what to say. The unhappy man still sat under the influence of the dreadful charm with which truth or disease had invested the creation of his fancy, on which his mind and gaze were intently fixed. To have questioned him, or argued with him farther, would, on either of my suppositions, have been improper, and to have called in Mrs. H—— would have produced alarm, either for the soundess of her husband's mind or the safety of the vessel. My only course seemed to be, to change, in the meantime, the conversation—if indeed it was possible to engage his mind on any other topic—and wait until I got information that would enable me to act with greater decision.

"There is a sudden fall in the exchange between this country and Russia," said I, endeavoring to catch his eye.

"Ha! it will not do, sir," he replied, looking at me suspiciously and fearfully—"you are not able, by this sleight, to conceal from me that dreadful truth. That may be one of your modes of cure; but can you put together the floating pieces of the wreck of the Mermaid? Unless you can do that you cannot mend my broken mind. This attempted imposition, though well intended, increases my agony, already insufferable: why don't you do as George B——'s friends persisted in doing, after the Amphitrite's loss was blazed at Lloyd's—why don't you boldly say at once, that the ship is *not* lost? That is the common worldly way of excruciation. But you cannot, you cannot—the thing is too clear for that, your courage is not sufficient, and my penetration too keen. Would to Heaven I had, at this moment, the luxury of one faint, desperate doubt!"

"I have not heard any intelligence of such a loss," said I, forced to continue the subject.

"I know it, I know it, sir," replied he—"that is a gentler way of performing the operation of bandaging the eyes, that one may not see the death that is carried on the point of the amputating knife. But it cannot thus be concealed; for it is felt through every nerve and muscle, and, mounting to the brain which it maddens, is independent of the eyes," (pausing and lowering his voice to a whisper.) "When a truth is beyond cavil and suspicion, believe me it is best to let it alone—there is a certain stage of a disease when the certainty of death itself is no longer concealed from the patient. The man that would attempt to make me believe that the Mermaid is not lost, I would consider my enemy as well as an impostor. Sympathy is best exerted in endeavoring to enable us to support evils that can neither be concealed nor averted. I say endeavoring, for my evil is insupportable. I cannot face beggary: yet whither can I fly for relief? Mercy! Heaven! mercy! on the beggared bankrupt, who cannot live by the wayside, and yet cannot die there! Horrible destiny!"

His feelings were now, by the workings of his mind, which I had unfortunately stimulated, raised to the highest pitch of mortal suffering. He continued repeating the words "horrible destiny," as the fearful images of want and beggary he conjured up stood revealed before him, like impersonations. His eye still sought the ideal creations, as if they had been realities existing beside him, and operating on him by the power of a charm; yet at intervals he seemed to recoil from them with horror, and fixed on me a look expressive of the supplication of pity. In my ignorance of the true state of his affairs, I was doing the man injury. I could not with safety risk another remark; for everything I had yet said had aggravated the terrors to which he was clearly enslaved. Starting up as I suddenly recollected an engagement, I hurriedly took my departure, obliged to leave him still in the grasp of the holotonic that convulsed his whole frame.

On reaching the ante-room, into which I had been first introduced, I found Mrs. H—— and Angelina, along with a genteel young man named Augustus A——, who seemed to be on terms of great intimacy with the family, and whose eloquent ocular conversation with the young lady, led me to suspect that the intimacy would one day be changed into relationship. As I entered, the sprightly, volatile girl came running forward, and, taking me by the hand, asked me if her father, by my means, had yet recovered his usual good nature. She wished, above all things, he should get some of that secret medicine I had mentioned (and of the nature of which Augustus had informed her), that would make him dance—a remark she accompanied with a side look of great significance to her lover, who rejoined smartly, that

there might soon be occasion for the old gentleman using his limbs in that graceful exercise. The buoyancy of the sprightly young lady was checked by a blush which added a supplement to my information. I accompanied the mother to another apartment, where I learned from her that the object she had particularly in view, in requesting my professional assistance for her husband, was his restoration to a better temper, the change of which she thought depended on a state of the stomach, capable in all likelihood of being removed or ameliorated; but, that restoration, she continued, behoved to be quick, for a marriage had for some time been fixed between her daughter and the young man I had seen, and she had some fears that, in his present gloomy state of mind, he would be unwilling to sign the contract whereby, as he had already agreed, ten thousand pounds was to be given as a dowry. I heard the old lady out, and then endeavored to ascertain, by oblique questions, whether she was aware of the extraordinary state of mind and feelings into which her husband had fallen, and, above all, whether she had heard any unfavorable accounts of the Mermaid, or of his finances generally. Her answers and manner indicated no knowledge of any misfortune, nor indeed of any fear of misfortune, entertained by her husband. All she knew was, that he had got into a gloomy and ill-natured condition of mind, which she said was entirely unjustified by any change in his worldly condition. By the Mermaid, she added, a powerful vessel, which he had (from his usual narrow spirit) trusted to the sea without insurance, he was almost certain to realize a very large addition to his fortune. I was surprised at these statements; but considered it prudent, in the meantime, to make no disclosure which might tend to alarm the family, who, in consequence of the approach of the daughter's marriage, were clearly all in a state of confidence and happiness, qualified very slightly by a supposed fit of the spleen in the father, which would leave him before the important day of the union.

In the course of the afternoon, I satisfied myself, by inquiries among merchants, and without raising any suspicions, that no unfavorable accounts had been received of the Mermaid, which had touched at Madeira, where she had been heard of on her passage out to Jamaica. Mr. H——'s credit was everywhere reckoned unexceptionable, though his close-handedness and firmness in bargain-making were not so generally admired. I was now satisfied my patient was a true victim of the real malady of hypochondriacism; and that, by brooding over the misfortunes of George B—— and the danger he ran from not insuring his valuable vessel, he had contracted *pseudoblepsis imaginaria*, or an imaginary vision of objects, which often attends the original disease, as one of its very worst characteristics. I called again upon him next day about the same hour, and found him in the same position he occupied the day before, sitting in the dark room, and looking into the heart of the fire, as if the object of his morbid vision were to be found there. He did not hear the opening of the door; but the sound of my voice produced a start, and a sudden, timid, oblique cast of the eye, which satisfied me he was still under the same melancholy delusion.

"Have you seen George B—— to-day?" he said, hurriedly, and, as if afraid to hear the answer he requested. "Poor man! poor man!—I saw him from that window an hour ago. How little does he know that I am so near his awful condition!"

It was impossible he could have seen the dreaded victim of the fate he himself anticipated, from that window: it was a mere mirage of monomania.

"I have not seen him," answered I; "but I have ascertained that your vessel the Mermaid was noted at Madeira, and no one has heard unfavorable accounts of

her; so she must be presumed to be safe. You have allowed a fancy to master your perception of truth."

"The old medicine again!" he exclaimed, with a sarcastic grin and tone, evidently excruciating to himself. "So did I act the leech to my poor friend, when, with Lloyd's List in my hand, I told him that the Amphitrite was not lost. So do we all endeavor to cheat the unfortunate."

"Well," replied I, "show me Lloyd's List for the loss of the Mermaid, and I will renounce my scepticism."

"We are not generally anxious," replied he, "to convince people of the truth and reality of a misfortune that must bring us to beggary. It is enough that *I read* that dreadful paragraph myself. I could not stand a reperusal of it. I threw the fatal paper from me; but the words, the words to a letter, are marked as by a burning iron on my brain. I trace them everywhere: on that wall, in that fire, in the air, I see them; and, O God! they need no Daniel to construe the doom of my ruin—my condemnation to that state in which I may, with poor George B——, weep over a divided crust, begged from the reluctant hand of charity!"

"Would you have any objections to let me peruse the paragraph?" said I.

"What need, what need," he cried, emphatically, "of a paltry array of the impressions of types, where the brain is burned by the flaming characters? I know nothing of the dreadful memorial. I threw it from me in despair. Cease this silly scepticism, resorted to to show an affected hypercritical examination of evidence. See you that book?"—(laying his hand on a Bible that lay on the table, and speaking slow and solemnly)—"*do you doubt holy writ?*"

As he pronounced these words emphatically, he threw on me a look of the triumph of despair over the effort to pierce the darkness of his mind by the last struggling beam of hope. Having appealed to the Bible as an analogous example of the certainty of the probation of the loss of the Mermaid, he could go no further, and fell back on his chair, with his face again covered by his palsied hands; but I retained my hopes of still shaking him, by forcing him to descend to the particulars of the disaster.

"When and where was the Mermaid lost?" said I.

This question, which begged particulars, and *assumed* the loss, curdled his blood—he shuddered all over; but, though his courage was at fault, his fancy was prepared:—

"On the banks of Newfoundland," he replied, "on the stormy night of the 15th of November; she was driven so far north by stress of weather. Thus has perished the greater part of my fortune. Other small disasters complete my ruin"—starting up suddenly and looking wildly around. "But, sir, you must mention this to no one, not even to my wife—an execution in my house to-morrow would be the result of the discovery. She cannot stand it; and I must not kill her *yet;* though death will, I hope, ultimately relieve her from the necessity of begging with me by the way-side. Promise, promise, on this holy book, that you will not divulge my secret!"

I hesitated thus to confirm his disease.

"Do you refuse me this simple request?" he continued, falling on his knees and seizing my legs, while his wild, despair-stricken eye sought, with piteous look, my face. "Is it thus you repay my confidence? The confessions of a patient are sacred: shall mine be made an exception? Then, may the Lord have mercy on me and mine!—for we are all undone—my tender, doating wife—my Angelina on the eve of marriage—all hurled in one instant from the height of affluence to ruin."

"I will divulge nothing," said I, raising his weak and emaciated body as I would have done that of a child; "but if

the disaster is in Lloyd's, my secrecy can be of small importance."

"True, true," he replied, as he again sank on his chair—"I forgot. Nothing can now save me. It must be all over the town. What do the people say of it? Do they *pity* me as I pity George B——? Ha!—then—then am I indeed to be pitied, *for being pitied!* How often, cruel powers! have I prayed thee to avert from me that wretched boon, as the last, the greatest of all worldly evils!"

My influence over the convulsive throes that followed these words was nothing. The only relief lay in the exhaustion of nature's diseased strength. With an ordinary victim of *real* evil, many expedients may be fallen upon to introduce glimpses of consolation through crevices of the mind; but it is a peculiar feature of hypochondria that the imagined object of terror engrosses in its power all the mental forces—judgment, imagination, and feeling—leaving no faculty through which a medicinal virtue can be communicated to the diseased and burning brain. Aware, as my professional knowledge made me, of the invincible nature of the false belief engendered by this disease, I resolved upon not persisting in an attempt, by mere argument, to force it to give place to a truer conviction. Through the physical powers, an impression, in the first instance, could, with the greatest chance of success, be made on the diseased mind; and when the unfortunate man recovered from his fit, I endeavored to convince him that he was unwell in body and required medicine. He scarcely deigned to reply to me on a subject so far beneath his attention, engrossed as it was with an evil of so gigantic a kind; and solemnly and sarcastically required me to send him a dose of arsenic. I laid on the table what I thought would benefit him, along with the necessary directions, and left him still groaning under the agony of his imagined infliction.

In the passage, I met the gay and hilarious Angelina, who again inquired, laughing, when her father would be in a condition to *dance*—unaware of my private knowledge of what gave a *humor* to this turn of her natural vivacity. A servant, in the meantime, whispered that Mrs. H—— waited for me in an adjoining room. I hastened to her, and, to my surprise, found her extended on a couch, bathed in tears, and apparently under the infliction of some intense sorrow.

"Oh, why have you concealed this disaster from me?" she cried, as I advanced.

"What disaster, madam?" said I.

"The loss of the Mermaid," replied she, crying and sobbing bitterly.

"Is it *true*, then?" said I, starting with astonishment.

"Who should know better than my husband?" said she.

I was instantly relieved by her answer. On inquiry, I found that the servant had overheard a part of the conversation between me and Mr. H——, and communicated it to her mistress. I explained everything to her, and she was satisfied on this great subject of alarm; but she had still a difficulty to struggle with. The marriage of her daughter drew near, and how would her husband be got prevailed upon to fulfil his obligation to pay the dowry of ten thousand pounds, if he continued under the dark cloud of mental delusion whose inspissated gloom strangled the very rays of the instinctive perception of primary and elemental truths? I acknowledged that there was great difficulty in the case, and suggested that the marriage might take place in the meantime, and the obligation for the tocher left to be got signed afterwards, when the Mermaid came home. This plan did not, however, please; and I suspected, though she had too much delicacy to admit it, that the obligation for the cash was held a kind of *sine qua non* by the bridegroom. I, therefore, promised to consider seriously of some means of relieving her from the extraordinary position in which she

and her family were placed; and, in the meantime, recommended to her to use her own exertions in getting her husband to take the medicines I had ordered; leaving to her own discretion, to break to him the subject of his terrors, or keep it, in the meantime, within her own bosom, as she conceived most prudent; but enjoining, in any view, to preserve inviolate my honor with the invalid, over whom my power could be only co-extensive with the faith he reposed in me.

Next day I had another communing with Mrs. H——, who informed me that, on the previous night, she had witnessed the most dreadful scene she had ever experienced during her life. Mr. H——, unable longer to restrain himself, had, with tears of lamentation, told her she must prepare herself for becoming a beggar; that the Mermaid was lost, and his brother William, for whom he had become surety to the extent of fifteen thousand pounds, had suddenly failed, whereby he would have that money to pay. Her efforts to undeceive him had produced an absolute phrenzy; he tore the bandages from his temples, uttered loud screams of agony, sank suddenly into fits of gloomy silence, then passed into paroxysms of weeping, and fell on her neck, sobbing like a child. His condition since had only been a continuation of this misery. She did not know what to do; because, if she were to promulgate his condition, with a view to getting friends and acquaintances to come and endeavor to undeceive him, she might injure his mercantile interests and credit, and produce that very ruin he so much dreaded. In the meantime, the day of the marriage approached apace; and she now candidly confessed that, if there was any demur about advancing the tocher, the bridegroom might refuse to perform his part of the engagement, whereby her fragile daughter might lose her life, and at all events her happiness for ever. I told her I had not yet come to any satisfactory conclusion; but recommended to her to send to all the friends of the seamen on board the Mermaid, to ascertain if any letters had come to them, and, if possible, to get hold of them.

In the evening, a message came to me from Mrs. H——, informing me that she had ascertained that no letters had yet arrived from any of the seamen of the Mermaid. I revolved all the peculiarities and difficulties of this extraordinary case in my mind during the night, and bethought myself of the excusable expedient of removing the fatal deception of the patient by a humane, an innocent imposition—to destroy falsehood by falsehood, and thereby elicit truth. My plan was to get reprinted a metropolitan newspaper, containing a superinduced entry, as if from Lloyd's, of the arrival of the Mermaid at her place of destination, and to lay this paper within the reach of the deluded invalid. I communicated this plan to Mrs. H——, who approved of it; and, on the same day, gave instructions to a printer, in whom I could repose confidence, to put his part of the scheme into execution. He entered cordially into the device, and, next forenoon, sent me a proof of the paper and the fictitious entry, which I immediately revised and returned to him, with directions to send me the perfect copy in the evening. About seven o'clock, accordingly, a young man brought me a paper, stating that his master had been obliged to leave town in the afternoon; but that I might rely upon the accuracy of the copy, which had been carefully thrown off by his foreman. I immediately carried it to Mrs. H——, who undertook to lay it in such a position as would secure the eye of her husband. The matrimonial contract, she said, required to be signed on the 16th, two days after, according to the agreement of the parties; and, owing to the state of her husband, she had resolved upon the marriage being celebrated afterwards privately. She beseeched me strongly to attend and witness the contract, whereby I might have an

opportunity of facilitating the completion of this most delicate and dangerous negotiation.

On the day and hour appointed, I attended accordingly. The scene presented to me, as I entered the sick man's chamber, was extraordinary and striking. The window shutters were still half closed, and the room nearly dark. Augustus A—— and Angelina were sitting opposite to each other at the aperture of the window; their faces, on which the light shone by the side of deep shadows, exhibiting that mixture of love, joy, fear, and solicitude, which the peculiar circumstances of their situation could not fail to produce in hearts whose sympathies were moved by the elastic springs of an affection which had not been crossed, and hopes that never had been blighted. The mother sat silently looking at her husband, who, rolled up in the manner already described, sat immerged in a mood of gloomy despair, his head leaning on his breast, his eyebrows knit, his eyes fixed on the fire, his mouth sealed with a sullen, obstinate silence, and everything indicating either that he was unconscious of what was to be enacted in his presence, or determined not to take a friendly part in it. I seated myself opposite to him, and was saluted by a half scowling, half timid look, which, having scanned me hurriedly, sought again the fire. The meeting of friends collected to witness a coffin-lifting of a dear relative, could not have presented a more funereal, gloomy, and dismal aspect—the shadows being relieved, in the one case, by the lurid smile of expectant heirs, and in the other, by the struggling gleam of the doubtful joy of the bridegroom and bride. At length, the man of the law came with the important document; and, having his bustling, officious importance and familiarity blasted by the sullen growl of the hypochondriac, sat down in disappointment and irresolution. After words of ceremony, approaching to the sombreness of the preliminaries of a service over the dead, the deed was read, purporting, in the usual terms, that the two parties had agreed to accept of each other for lawful spouses, and that, in consideration of a jointure of five hundred pounds a-year, the father of the bride had agreed to advance the sum of ten thousand pounds as the tocher of his daughter. When the deed was read, all was silent. The bridegroom adhibited his name first, and the bride, suffused with blushes and "smiling inwardly," followed his example. It was now placed before the father, and the lawyer held out to him the pen, fraught, after a dipping and a redipping, with the nicely adjusted quota of ink, for the purpose of his signing his name.

The company sat for a few minutes silently looking at the attitude of the man of the law, who still held out the pen to the invalid. A loud, horrible, fiendish cackle of a laugh wrung spasmodically from the dry throat of the hypochondriac, rang through the apartment, and filled every face with consternation and terror. I do not recollect of ever having heard a sound so unearthly, so much beyond all powers of description—a noise so compounded of all the elements of discordancy. It seemed the accumulated expression of all his griefs, terrors, and misery. Thrusting his hand, with a fluttering, trembling precipitude, into the pocket of his gown, he dragged forth the newspaper containing the fictitious announcement of the arrival of the Mermaid, and waved it triumphantly over his head.

"It is not enough," he cried, still throwing the paper backwards and forwards like a pendant, "that a poor wretch, doomed to beggary and starvation, should have this fate to struggle with, unaided by the co-operation or soothed by the sympathy of relatives and friends! No! there must be added—by the agency of the Devil, acting through the cruel refinements of a wife's treachery, a doctor's cunning, and a daughter's selfishness—the

injury and insult of a degrading deception—an imposition, a cheat. Though reduced to beggary, I am not yet, thank God! deserted by my perception of truth, and my love of honesty and fair dealing. 'The Mermaid *has arrived*' " (looking at the paper, and repeating his screech laugh) " '*safe—all well!*' And who tells us this glorious news? No other than *Mr. Gilbert S——, Printer in —— Street of our own town of ——*, whose name is placed here" (pointing to the print) "to this London paper, as a guarantee, a pledge of the truth of his information. Excellent cheat! Noble device! Ingenious trickery! How worthy of the jugglers, and the poor, wretched, miserable beggar attempted to be juggled!"

I seized the paper, which, as he fell back screaming out his hysterical laugh, he threw from him. Heavens! what was my surprise to find it indeed true that Mr. S——'s foreman, to whom the secret had not been communicated, had, in his master's absence, placed according to the custom of printers in ordinary matters, his master's name at the foot of the London newspaper! I had ruined the whole proceedings; all the consequences of this broken off marriage were on my head. I had even riveted in this poor man's mind the certainty of the loss of the Mermaid; shame, regret, and self-crimination stung me like adders; and such was the intensity of my suffering, and the darkness, doubt, and confusion of mind into which I was thrown, that I was scarcely conscious of the extraordinary scene still acting around me. I was called to a more attentive observation by the question of the man of the law, addressed to Mr. H——, whether he intended to sign the document, as an engagement called him away.

"No!" resounded in my still confused ears—"why should a poor beggar, not worth one penny in the world, sign a bond for ten thousand pounds? By and by, I will be grateful for a penny to buy me a crust of bread."

The thunderstruck writer, to whom an account was due by Mr. H——, recoiled at a statement so extraordinary; the bridegroom, unjustifiably afraid that some improper use might be made of his signature, darted forward, seized the marriage contract, and, hurrying out of the door, flew from a *beggared bride*. My ears were now stung by the screams of the two women, the mother and the daughter, who both fainted on the floor, and the occasional bursts of the hypochondriac's sardonic laugh mixing with the wails of distress of the wretched females. Alarmed by the noise, the servants of the house rushed into the room, to administer assistance to those whose cries seemed so urgently to demand it; and I contributed my endeavors to the restoration of the sufferers. The mother recovered in a short time, and soon saw the full extent of the misery that surrounded her; but, being a strong-minded woman, she defied a repetition of the syncope—an effort in which the fragile and volatile daughter was not so successful; for she no sooner revived from one swoon than she fell, screaming, into another; sent back, by the dreadful consciousness of her condition, into this state of heaven-sent, humane oblivion of misery. While tending these sufferers, I threw a glance occasionally at him who suffered, from the mere power of a deluded imagination, a thousand times more than those whose tender constitution of body limited the infliction of agony—him who could *not* faint and could *not* weep, but who could yet laugh that dreadful laugh of the miserable, which no man can forget who once hears it as I have heard it, but cannot describe it. His head was now swung over the side of the chair, as if he had lost all power of upholding it; his bosom heaved with convulsive throes; his arms sawed the air; his feet shuffled along the floor, and groans, mixed with that horrid spasmodic cackle, burst from him, piercing the ear like the yells of a demon. Having consigned the women to the care of the

servants, I left hurriedly this scene, the moral cause of which I could be of no service in endeavoring to relieve. However familiar I had become with scenes of distress, the new and peculiar features of the one I have here attempted to describe, scared away the apathy of custom and habit, and seized my feelings and interest more powerfully and painfully than I can be able to express by the narrative I have here given.

Next forenoon, I called on Mrs. H——, and found her under great affliction. She told me that her daughter was confined to bed, and that her swooning fits returned upon her whenever her mind acquired power and sensibility sufficient to estimate the true extent of her suffering, for she could not be made to believe that the loss of the Mermaid and the poverty and beggary of her father was a dream of hypochondria; and treated the attempt of her mother to produce this belief as a mere act of maternal sympathy, to conceal from her her deplorable fate in losing a lover, and the means of living, at the same time. She informed me also that she had seen Augustus A——, who was as obstinate as her daughter in his belief that what her husband had said was true, giving as his reason that he had never heard that Mr. H—— was mad; and proceeding so far as to accuse her and myself of an attempt, by the falsified newspaper, to get matters so arranged as to inveigle him into a match with the daughter of one on the eve of becoming a bankrupt. I replied, that I now saw no alternative, in our efforts to cure those ingeniously contrived disasters, other than waiting for the captain of the Mermaid's letter of advice, which could not fail to arrive in a very short time. I had scarcely uttered these words, when Mr. H——'s clerk handed in a letter from Kingston. We were surprised and pleased at this curious coincidence; and I agreed to remain until Mrs. H—— took up to her husband this piece of evidence, which could not fail to open his eyes, and cure all the evils that had resulted from his delusion. In a short time after Mrs. H—— left the room, I heard the well-known sound of the expression of an exacerbation of the hypochondriac's sufferings, mixed, as I thought, with a repetition of the same spasmodic laugh; and I was now surprised by the appearance of Mrs. H——, bathed in tears, and holding in her hand the fragments of the letter which had been torn to pieces. She informed me that Mr. H—— had read the letter, and had cried out, immediately on perusing it, that it was not written in the captain's hand; that it was another attempt to impose upon him; and that we deserved to be handed over to the authorities for forging the postmark. On putting the pieces of the letter together, we perceived that it was signed by the captain; but, in consequence of his having got his hand hurt, written by some other person—yet undoubtedly a genuine document, communicating the safe arrival of the Mermaid at the port of Kingston. It was now, we both agreed, necessary to wait the arrival of the vessel itself.

In the meantime, I continued my visits, communicating through Mrs. H—— with the patient, who, conceiving me to be in the plot against him, would not consent to see me. His body was undergoing a gradual decay, from the effects of the moral poison continually instilled into the nerves of the brain, the centre of the living powers of the system, as well as the seat of the mind; while his liver, getting enlarged, generated the food of the mental disease, which in its turn, preyed on his flesh—producing a marasmus assimilating him to a living skeleton. The darkness of the room he occupied was gradually increased, so as to suit his tender vision, which shrunk at the light of day; and it was subsequently necessary to muffle the bell of the door, to prevent its sound from throwing him into a fit of hysterics, in the apprehension of messengers, tipstaffs, and sheriff-officers, who he said, were haunting

the house, ready to pounce upon him the instant they got a glimpse of his person. He was evidently fast falling into a general *cachexia* or depraved habit of body, which would eventually defy all the restorative powers of medicine, as well as the influence of a renewed belief, even if such could be stimulated in his brain by a natural perception of external evidence. His daughter, too, was still confined to bed by a slow fever, resulting from the fearful excitement she had suffered on the day of the signing of the contract.

While matters were in this desperate condition, the Mermaid arrived with a rich cargo from Jamaica. I saw the Captain previous to his first interview with his owner, gave him directions how to conduct himself, and requested him to call and communicate to me the result of the meeting. In a few hours afterwards, he came running to me in great haste, and informed me that Mr. H—— was assuredly mad; that he had gazed at him as if he had been an apparition—requesting to know how he had saved himself from the wreck of the Mermaid, and whether any of the crew were saved; but prohibiting him, by dreadful oaths, from recapitulating the circumstances of the loss, which, he said, he could not hear from the lips of an eye-witness, and live an hour after. When the Captain replied that the Mermaid was in the harbor, he rose in great fury, cried that the narrator was leagued with his other enemies, who wanted to impose on him, and threatened to strike him if he did not instantly leave the room. After what I had witnessed, I was not surprised even at this. There was only one expedient now remaining—to carry him by force, ill as he was, on board of the ship, and present to his eyes the *corpus vile* of the Mermaid herself.

This was done the very next day. The patient was by far too weak to offer any resistance. He was told that he was ordered by the doctor to take an airing. Two men lifted him down stairs, and placed him in a sedan chair, for the greater facility of transporting him on board. I was waiting him on the deck, along with Mrs. H——, the Captain, and two confidential friends, while the crew were directed to be working about, so as to add the weight of the testimony of their living bodies to the evidence of the wood, ropes, and sails of the vessel. The sedan chair was placed in the middle of the deck; and we stood around to witness the effects of the apparition of the lost Mermaid, on the diseased mind of the patient. When the head of the chair was lifted off and the door opened, the spectacle presented to our view was most appalling, transcending even the fancy of a resurrection from the dead. His skin was of the color of an orange, and seemed to envelope a heap of bones, bound together by gristles—no muscular amplification in any part visible; his jaws, and the thin tendinous muscles intended to cover and move them, were as rigid as if they had been frozen by a hyperborean winter; a thick shock of black hair, that had not been cut for a long period, hung down over his yellow forehead, and partly concealed his eyes; the nails upon his fingers, which he would not allow mortal to touch, had grown long and sharp, resembling more the talons of an eagle than the appurtenances of men's hands:—everything indicated the diseased, immured troglodite, or cave-man, brought out to see, before he died, the rays of the mid-day sun. As the light, to which he had been so long unaccustomed, struck his eyes, he winced and groaned, turning the yellow orbs backwards and forwards, shutting his eyelids, opening them again, like one awakening from a long sleep, and rubbing them with his fingers, as if to ease his pain, and, at the same time, to remove a supposed mirage which tormented him by its delusion. Beginning to wonder at the strange sights exhibited to him—the change from his own apartment to a ship's-deck, from darkness to light, and from loneliness to society, with the cries of the

seamen's "yo-he-vo," the dashing of the waves against the sides of the vessel, and the motion of the pitching bark, which was in an exposed part of the outer harbor—he rose from his seat, and looked wildly over the top of the sedan, eyeing us, along with the passing seamen—whose faces he scanned curiously—with the greatest amazement, not unmixed with terror, and struggling, apparently, to force some satisfactory conclusion out of a comparison of riveted beliefs and perplexing appearances. No one spoke to him, all being deeply occupied in watching the strange symptoms of the first returning ray of reason and belief, on a mind so long clouded and deranged by gloomy delusions and visionary imaginations. He continued to scan everything with the most minute attention—shuddering at intervals, as if he saw an apparition—casting on us looks of suspicion, and then brightening up with gleams of reviving confidence. At last, his eye was firmly riveted on some object in the direction of the mainmast—his gaze becoming so steadfast and keen that his very soul seemed to be centred in it. We all turned our eyes in the same direction; but I saw nothing calculated to produce so much excitement. In an instant, a loud scream rent the air—the hypochondriac rushed forward with the last collected strength of his attenuated frame, and, clasping his arms round the main-mast, at a place where his name was painted in the semicircle of the indispensable horse-shoe, hugged it till his nerves seemed to crack, and, drawing a deep sigh, fell down on the deck. I thought the experiment was fatal—that the clouded mind had been unable to bear the *coup de soleil* of truth—that he was dead!

I ran forward and lifted him up. In a short time he recovered, and looked around him wildly; but he had received his specific—even the scepticism of his disease had begun to give way to *touch*. When he was lifted up, he took my arm, and walked round and round the vessel, looking at everything, touching everything; and, as the evidence grew stronger and stronger, bursting out into strange hollow laughs. No one yet interfered to give any explanation; for I deemed it better to let the real evidence work its effect in the first instance, before any moral confirmation was offered. The process was slow; the shadows of scepticism seemed to hang about his mind, and contest every inch of the mental province with the beams of the searching light of the evidence of sense. Yet he became gradually stronger and stronger in his belief; and, before we left the vessel, was as much satisfied of the safety and identity of the Mermaid, as he was formerly of her loss and his own ruin. He was taken home, and the effects of the new conviction became soon apparent, producing a reaction of confidence, and brightening up his mind with the cheering rays of hope. A healthy mind is the best medicine for a diseased body—he became gradually better and better, and latterly entirely recovered.

When he became quite well, I used often to talk with him about the state of his mind during that dark period. He felt no disinclination to speak of it. He said that the most remarkable circumstance was, that all his fancies were invested with that *same conviction of truth* which generally accompanies the evidence of the five senses. One good effect, he said, followed from the hallucination; and that was, that his *blindness* enabled him to see through the heart of his intended son-in-law; for he was satisfied that nothing but his declaration of poverty would have elicited the unworthy motives of Augustus A——. He succeeded in satisfying his daughter that her lover was unworthy of her; and, some years afterwards, another and more worthy suitor having sought her hand, succeeded, and a dowry of £10,000 was paid down on the marriage day.

THE PROFLIGATE.

On the estate of Mr. Dreghorn of Longtrees, in the west country, there lived, some twenty years ago, a farmer of the name of Blair. The portion of Mr. Dreghorn's estate, however, which James Blair rented, was but a small one; for, although a man of great respectability and integrity of character, he was poor, and had much difficulty in keeping himself square with the world. This, however, by dint of rigid economy and ceasless toil, he effected.

The family of James Blair consisted of his wife, a son, named after himself, and a daughter who was called Elizabeth.

The younger Blair, who was, at the period of our story, about twenty years of age, was a lad of excellent character and amiable dispositions. He was, withal, a remarkably handsome young man, and was thus a general favorite in that part of the country where he resided.

Elizabeth, again, was the counterpart of her brother, in both disposition and personal appearance, making allowance, as regarded the latter, for the difference of sex. She was, in truth, a lovely girl; and of many a sad heart and sleepless night was she the unconscious cause, amongst the young men of the district in which she lived.

James Blair's home, therefore, though a humble, was a happy one. He doated on his children; and they, in return, loved him with the most devoted tenderness and affection.

Up to this period, nothing had occurred to disturb, for a moment, the peace and quiet of this happy family. But, undeserved as it may appear, the hour of trouble was approaching; it was at hand.

Mr. Dreghorn, the proprietor of James Blair's farm, had a son an only one we believe, named Henry, at this time about four-and-twenty years of age. He was a remarkably fine-looking young man, and of engaging manners, but, in reality, a heartless debauchee; one whom no moral restraints could bind; and whom no considerations, however strongly they might appeal to the sense of honor, could induce to forego the gratification of his selfish and vicious passions.

Such was Henry Dreghorn, and such was the man who was destined to carry misery and wretchedness into the once happy home of James Blair.

Young Dreghorn saw, and (we cannot say loved, for he was too great a sensualist to entertain so pure and holy a passion) coveted the fair form of Eliza Blair.

On this part of our story, however, we need not dwell. Suffice it to say, that the arch deceiver plied his most winning wiles, and plied them successfully; he triumphed, and his victim fell.

On the disgrace of the poor confiding girl becoming known to her family, dreadful was its effect. Her mother shrieked out, in the agony of her soul, and refused to be comforted. Her father, with more strength of mind, suppressed his grief; but he too shed the secret tear, and beat his forehead in the wildness of his despair, as he brooded over the ruin of his hopes —the ruin of his child.

But it was on her brother that the blow, perhaps, fell, after all, with the most withering effect. With a less matured judgment, and with less experience of the world than his elders, his feelings were more poignant, and less under the control of reason. To him all appeared dark and dismal, without one glimmering of light to relieve the dreary waste of his thoughts. To his unfortunate sister herself he said

nothing—not one upbraiding word escaped his lips; but his silence was the silence of deep despondency—of a mind oppressed and borne down by an overwhelming, although uncomplaining sorrow.

Young Blair's first impulse, on learning the misfortune of his sister, was to seek out her destroyer, and to take him to account for the dastardly deed; and for this purpose he actually watched him, cautiously and determinedly, with a loaded pistol. But Dreghorn was not to be found; he had left the country; he had gone to London; and thus, for a time, at any rate, escaped the vengeance of the justly incensed, but rash and ill-judging young man. Thus baulked of his victim, young Blair resumed his usual employment; but it was only for a short space. The disgrace of his sister so preyed on his mind, that he could not attend to his duties as he formerly did; neither would he go abroad as he had been wont, but naturally, though erroneously, believing that he also would be considered as sharing the infamy of his unhappy relative, avoided all his usual places of resort, and all the companions of his happier hours.

This, however, was a state of things that could not long continue; neither did it; young Blair, unable longer to struggle against the withering feelings which his continued residence on the scene of his own and his family's disgrace was constantly calling into existence, suddenly disappeared, without informing even his parents of his intention, or giving them any idea of what he intended doing. A letter, however, which they received a short time after his departure, solved the mystery. It informed them that he had enlisted; and gave them, at the same time, the reason for his taking so extraordinary a step; yet, although this reason, as will readily be guessed, bore reference to, and weighed heavily on, the conduct of his unfortunate sister, he concluded by begging for that sister, at the hands of his parents, their forgiveness, and the kindest attentions which their own benevolence could suggest, and her unhappy situation could demand.

Like much greater events, however, the misfortune of the Blair family was only a nine days' wonder. For somewhere about that time, it was the talk of the country; but it gradually sunk into oblivion, and was soon all but forgotten. The subsequent disappearance of young Blair, also, created a sensation for a time; but that too passed away, and merged into the general mass of things heaped up by revolving years. These, to the number of six or seven, had now sped on their course; and, when they had done so, they found James Blair, with his regiment, in Spain, fighting the battles of that unhappy country, and of all Europe, if we but except France, under the Duke of Wellington.

The regiment to which Blair belonged had suffered severely in these sanguinary conflicts; and he himself had been twice wounded, though not so seriously as to drive him from the field, where he had acquired the reputation of a brave and intrepid soldier. The losses which Blair's regiment sustained falling particularly heavy on the officers, they were replaced from time to time by young aspirants for military fame from England, who sought out and were then joining their regiments, at every resting-point in the route of the army—coming, fresh and untrained, from the bosom of civil society, and the luxuries of home, to share in the dangers and privations of a soldier's life.

Of such was a gentleman, dressed in a blue surtout, with fur neck, and followed by two sumpter-mules loaded with his baggage, who road up to a piquet, or out-guard, of the —th regiment—the regiment to which Blair belonged—on the day preceding the Battle of Vittoria, and inquired for the head-quarters of the corps. James Blair was one of the party to whom the stranger addressed himself; and there was good reason for the agitation into which the sight of that person threw the astonish-

ed soldier. In that person he recognised, although the latter knew not him, the seducer of his sister, Henry Dreghorn. He had purchased a commission in the army, and was now come out to join the regiment to which he had been appointed—the same, by a curious coincidence, in which the brother of his victim served. On seeing him, Blair became as pale as death, and felt himself suddenly under the influence of a violent but indefinable feeling of excitation, which he made a desperate effort to conceal from his comrades, lest it might lead to the discovery of the disgrace of his unfortunate sister—a discovery which he dreaded infinitely more than the front of the enemy.

Blair's first impulse, on this occasion, was to rush on his sister's seducer, and to transfix him to the spot with his bayonet; but, for the same reason that induced him to conceal his feelings from his comrades—namely, the dread of bringing to light the story of her frailty—he forbore; but it was with a secret compact with himself, that the hour of vengeance was only delayed, not passed away. In the meantime, Lieutenant Dreghorn—for such was the rank he held—having obtained the information he desired, pursued his way, and was soon at the destination he sought.

We have already alluded to the singularity of the circumstance of Dreghorn's being appointed to the same regiment in which Blair served; but it will appear yet more striking, when we mention that he was appointed not only to the same regiment, but the same company to which the brother of the victim of his unhallowed passions belonged. This was the case; and it was a circumstance well calculated to forward that stern and perhaps too severe retribution which was about to be meted out to the heartless seducer.

The morning following the occurrence of the incident just related saw the contending armies of Britain and France drawn up in hostile array on the memorable field of Vittoria. The bugle sounded its ominous strains; the drum pealed its notes of alarm; and the armed hosts closed in deadly strife, shrouded in a canopy of dense and sulphurous smoke. The —th regiment was amongst the first engaged. It was thrown, for a moment, into some confusion by the impetuous charge of a column of the enemy. During this moment, the combat assumed the character of a *melée*. The men were detached, and fighting single-handed, officers and privates mingled together. At one instant, during the struggle, Lieutenant Dreghorn stood alone, isolated from his companions in arms. In that instant, a bullet passed through his head, and stretched him lifeless on the field. That bullet was from the musket of James Blair. He saw the opportunity, found it irresistible, levelled his piece, fired, and the seducer of his sister fell. The Battle of Vittoria was fought and won, but James Blair was not amongst the living victors. He perished in the conflict, probably not against his own wishes; and a comrade, who saw the direction of his aim, told the story after the war.

POLWARTH ON THE GREEN.

PERADVENTURE there are a few of our readers who have not heard of "Polwarth on the Green," and the "Polwarth Thorn." The song bearing the former title is certainly founded upon one of the most popular traditions on the Borders. Since the commencement of this publication, we have been many times requested to write a tale upon the subject, and not less than thrice from different quarters within the last seven days; and, as we are at all times anxious to meet the wishes of our readers, we shall now endeavor to fulfil the request which has been made to us.

There are none to whom the traditions of other days are not interesting. They save from oblivion the memory, the deeds, and the manners of our fathers. No nation is so sunk in barbarity as to disregard them; the civilized European, and the Indian savage, alike cherish them; and the poets of every land have wed them with song. Yet, nowhere are traditions more general or more interesting than upon the Borders. Every grey ruin has its tale of wonder and of war. The solitary cairn on the hillside, speaks of one who died for religion, or for liberty, or belike for both. The very schoolboy passes it with reverence, and can tell the history of him whose memory its perpetuates. The hill on which it stands is a monument of daring deeds, where the sword was raised against oppression, and where heroes sleep. Every castle hath its legends, its tales of terror and of blood, "of goblin, ghost, or fairy." The mountain glen, too, hath its records of love and war—there history has let fall its romantic fragments, and the hills enclose them. The forest trees whisper of the past; and, beneath the shadow of their branches, the silent spirit of other years seems to sleep. The ancient cottage, also, hath its traditions, and recounts

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

Every family hath its legends, which record to posterity the actions of their ancestors, when the sword was law, and even the payment of rent upon the Borders was a thing which no man understood; but, as Sir Walter Scott saith, "all that the landlord could gain from those residing upon his estate, was their personal service in battle, their assistance in laboring the land retained in his natural possession, some petty quit-rents of a nature resembling the feudal casualties, and perhaps a share in the spoil which they acquired by rapine." Many of those traditions are calculated to melt the maiden's heart, to fill age with enthusiasm, and youth with love of country.—But to our story.

In the year 1470, John Sinclair of Herdmanstone, in East Lothian, who was also Lord of Kimmerghame and Polwarth, dying without male issue, the estate of Kimmerghame descended to his daughter Marion, and that of Polwarth to her sister Margaret. His heir-male was his brother, Sir William Sinclair, to whom the estate of Herdmanstone fell. Sir William, as the uncle of the co-heiresses, though not appointed as their guardian by their father, for they were both well nigh of woman's estate when he died, craftily took upon himself that duty. He whispered to them that their estates were not managed as they ought to be—that their bondmen did not perform the duty required of them—that those they had set over their grounds as stewards, did not render them

a faithful account of their stewardship. He insinuated a thousand suspicions into their young minds, until their affairs gradually fell into his hands, and he at length succeeded in gaining the entire management of their estates; and he now required only to have the disposal of their personal freedom. Men of power in those days were not very scrupulous as to the means which they employed to obtain their object; he who had a score of retainers, weighed the scales of life and death in his hands. Nevertheless, aware of the rank which his nieces held in the estimation of his country, Sir William knew that it would not be safe to venture upon making them prisoners by open violence. He, therefore, courteously invited them to his house at Herdmanstone, where he stated that the gayest and the proudest company in broad Scotland would be present to delight them. Marion, who was fond of amusements, was overjoyed at the invitation; but her sister Margaret, who was of a graver disposition, said—

"Well, sister, I like not our uncle's kindness—something sinful seems to laugh in his looks; the very movement of his lips bespeaks more than he reveals; confide in *me*, dear sister, and distrust *him*. When I was but a child, playing around our mother's knee, I have heard her say unto my father—'Ah, John! I like not your brother; there is a cunning in his looks, in his very words; he cannot meet you with the straightforward gaze of an honest man; and methinks he looks upon me as though he distrusted and hated me; yea, I have often thought as though he were plotting evil against me.' So our mother was wont to say; and my father would reply—'Dear Elizabeth, think not so cruelly of one who is so near and dear to me; trust me, that he loves you and yours.' 'It may be so,' she would reply, 'but there is that in his manner which I cannot overcome.' Then our father would remain silent for a time, and add—'Well, there is a want of frankness in Sir William which becomes not a brother.'"

"Lull your suspicions, my demure sister," the light-hearted Marion replied; "a thousand times have I heard him say that no one but the boldest baron in all Scotland should wed his niece, Marion."

"And he said truly," replied Margaret; "for, if he have us once within his power, not even the boldest knight in Scotland will be able to receive our hands, unless he sue for it with gallant bowmen at his back, and the unsheathed sword to enforce his suit."

"Oh, then, sister, subjoined Marion, "I suppose you have a knight at hand who would delight in such handy-work; for is not Sir Patrick Hume of Wedderburn reputed to be the most valorous knight upon the Borders, and withal the humble worshipper of fair Margaret Sinclair of Polwarth."

And as the maiden spoke she laughed, and tapped her sister good-naturedly upon the cheek. Margaret blushed, and playfully replied—"Well, sister, is there no valorous knight at Wedderburn but Sir Patrick? What think ye of George Hume?"

"No more of this," cried Marion; "let us accept our uncle's invitation, and mingle with the gay company he has invited to meet us."

"If you will have it so, let it be so," replied Margaret; "but, trust me, I fear that good will not come of it."

On the following day they set out upon their journey towards Herdmanstone, accompanied with only two men-servants. Their uncle received them with a show of cordial friendship; but the guests whom they expected to meet, they saw not, and they had been but a few minutes beneath his roof, when they found themselves prisoners, secured by gratings, bolts, and bars. On discovering the situation into which they had been entrapped, Marion wept aloud, and accused herself of being the unwitting author of her sister's captivity.

"Fear not," said Margaret; "our uncle is a stern man, he is a man of blood; but there are as strong hands as his, that will be raised to deliver the sisters of Kimmerghame and Polwarth, when their captivity becomes known."

"But how will it be known?" asked Marion; "for who knows that we are here?"

"Let us trust to Him who is the orphan's father," replied her sister, "and leave all to His good providence."

"Amen," said the other; but she sobbed bitterly as she spoke.

On the second day of their imprisonment, their uncle entered the apartment where they were confined.

"Weel, maidens," said he sternly, "how like ye your abode at Herdmanstone? I have observed the slightfu' een with which baith o' you have looked upon your uncle; and now that ye are in my power, ye shall repent the airs o' disdain that ye hae taken upon you. It becomes nae the blood o' Polwarths to assume a superiority over the house o' Sinclair. So choose ye—there are twa cousins who are not very auld, but they're growing; ye shall hae your choice to marry them, or the deepest dungeon in Herdmanstone shall be your doom. Your destiny is placed in your own hands—decide it as ye will; but remember that it is a Sinclair that never broke his word, that wags the finger o' fate over your heads. Eight days! eight days! remember!" he repeated, and left them.

"Now, you will despise me, Margaret," said Marion, "for my maiden ambition has led us into this trouble; yet will I rather be an inmate in our uncle's dungeon, than be the wife of the boy-husband he would assign me. Sister, will you not upbraid me?"

"Upbraid you!" said the calm and gentle Margaret, "stern as is our uncle, deadly as is his wrath, I fear him not. The other day you spoke to me jeeringly of Sir Patrick Hume—in the same strain I answered you respecting his brother George. Eight days will not pass until Sir Patrick miss me from Polwarth, and powerful as my uncle may be, bold and desperate as he is, I know that one stone of Herdmanstone Castle will not be left standing upon another until we are freed."

"You have a brave heart, sister," said Marion, "but it is small comfort to me, who must look upon myself as the author of this disaster. And how think ye that Sir Patrick or his brother George (if ye will speak o' him) are to hear of our confinement? Wot ye not, that they know not where we are; or if they should know, they will not apprehend that evil could befal us in the house of our relative?"

"I believe, Marion," answered Margaret, "that within the eight days which our uncle has named, we shall either be at liberty, or have ceased to live. It is our lives that he seeks, not that we should be the wives of his sons; rather than be so wed, I will die—so will you. But, if we should die, our deaths would not be unavenged. He would neither enjoy our estates, nor the triumph of his guilt. Ye have heard the names of Patrick and George Hume of Wedderburn spoken of as sounds of terror upon the Borders—their swords have avenged the injured, and released the captive. Marion! they will avenge our wrongs—dear sister, be not afraid."

It was about daybreak on the fourth day after their imprisonment, that a musician, who played upon the Union or Northumbrian pipe of those days, approached beneath the window of their apartment, and softly playing an air, accompanied it with his voice, as follows:—

My heart is divided between them,
I dinna ken which I wad hae;
Right willing my heart I wad gien them—
But how can I gie it to twae?
There's Meggy, a fairer or better
I'm certain there couldna weel be;
Dumfounder'd the first time I met her,
What was sweet Marion to me!

Yet Marion is gentle and bonny
I liked her ere Meggy I saw,
And they say it is sinfu' for ony
Man upon earth to like twa.
My heart it is rugg'd and tormented,
I'd live wi' or die for them baith;
I've done what I've often repented,
To baith I have plighted my aith.

And oft when I'm walking with Meggy,
I'll say "Dear Marion," and start;
While fearfu' she'll say, "Weel, I ken ye
Hae ithers mair dear to your heart."
Was ever a man sae confounded?
I dinna ken what will be dune,
Baith sides o' my bosom are wounded,
And they'll be the death o' me sune.

"Hark!" said Marion, as she listened to the strain of the minstrel; "it is the song of the Egyptian thief, Johnny Faa. Mind ye since he sang it beneath our window at Kimmerghame?"

"I remember it weel," replied Margaret; "but dinna call him thief, sister; for, be Johnny a king or no a king, he is one that King James is glad to lift his bonnet to; and I am sure that he means weel to us at present. Wheesht ye, Marion, and I will whisper to him a low chaunt over the window.' And, in a low voice, she sung—

Oh, saw ye my laddie comin', Johnny?
Oh, saw ye my laddie comin'?
If ye've no seen him, tell him frae me,
That I'm a woefu' woman.
We here are sisters twa, Johnny,
Confined within this tower;
And ilka time the sun gaes down
It points to our death hour.

"I heard it rumored, gentle maiden," said the gipsy, gazing eagerly towards the window from whence they looked, "that no good was intended ye in this place; and though it be not in the power of Johnny Faa to bring to ye the assistance of his own men, yet it strikes me there is *ane*, if no *twa*, maidens, that I could bring to your rescue, and that wad make a clap o' thunder ring through the deepest cell in Herdmanstone."

"Thank ye, Johnny," replied Margaret; "ye're kind—ye're very kind; and if ye wad carry a bit scrap o' paper to Wedderburn Castle, greatly would ye aid a distressed damsel."

"I thank ye, my doo, for relying on the word and promise o' John, king and lord o' Little Egypt. Little do they ken me, and less is their knowledge o' our race, who think that we would look upon those who are wronged without seeing them righted. How I heard of your imprisonment or the wrong intended ye, never fash your thumb; though a bird waffed it in my lugs wi' its wings, though it chirped it in them as it chirmed past me, it is enough that I ken o' your wrongs, and that I will assist ye. Trust me, maidens."

"I will trust ye," answered Margaret.

"Dinna trust him, sister," said Marion; "he may be some spy of our uncle's."

"Of being a spy," cried the other, "I dinna believe him capable Stop, Johnny, or king, or whatever ye be," she added, "and I will throw ye a word or two to carry to Sir Patrick Hume of Wedderburn."

She addressed to him a few words, and threw the paper which contained them into the hands of the gipsy.

"Bless ye for your confidence, my bonny lassie!" said Johnny Faa; "and before the sun gae down, Sir Patrick Hume shall ken that there is ane that likes him pining in a captive's prison, wi' none but ane that his brother likes to bear her company."

The gipsy king was mounted on an active pony, and although it was without a saddle, and reined only by a hempen bridal, he dashed off with it, at the pace of a fleet racer, and directed his course towards the Lammermoors.

It was not noon when he arrived at the Castle of Wedderburn. The porter at the gate retreated in terror as he beheld him, for the name of the Faa king had become terrible on the Borders, and even the king had been glad to grant him terms on his own choosing. On being admitted to the presence of the knight—"What is it, ye vagrant loon," asked Sir Patrick, "that brings ye to venture within the roof o' honest men?"

"Honest!" said the gipsy—"ha! ha! ha! I dare say your honesty and mine is muckle about a par. Between us two it is, take who can. Ye hae the bit land, Sir Patrick, but ye havena a stronger or a more cunning hand, nor yet a sharper sword than the lord o' Little Egypt. Therefore, speak at evens with me, lest ye rue it."

"And wherefore should I speak at evens," answered Hume, "with the like o' you, who are at best but the king o' gaberlunzie men."

"The mischief light on ye!" said the gipsy; "ye have provoked me sair, and I have tholed wi' your slights and taunting; but try me not wi' another word, lest ye rue it, Sir Patrick Hume, and your brother rue it, and every Hume o' the house o' Wedderburn shall be brought to cry dool, for refusing to listen to the words o' Johnny Faa."

"And what wad ye say if ye had your will, ye braggart knave?" cried the knight.

"Merely," retorted the gipsy, "that there is a bonny lassie, ane who is owre guid to be the bride o' sae uncivil an individual as yoursel', now lying in durance, wi' death or perpetual imprisonment before her, while ye havena the courage to lift your hand to her rescue."

"Of whom speak ye?" vociferated the laird of Wedderburn.

"Who," rejoined the gipsy, slily, "is nearest to your heart?—who nearest to your door? Have you seen her within these four days?"

"What!" exclaimed Sir Patrick, "speak ye of my Margaret?"

"Of whom does your heart tell you that I speak?" said Faa.

"It is then to her that ye allude?" cried Sir Patrick.

"Ay, it is to her," was the reply; "and what knight are ye that would remain here idly within your castle, while death threatens the maiden of your love?"

"Pardon me, stranger," said Sir Patrick; "tell me where she is."

"Ye ask me to pardon ye now," answered the gipsy proudly; "ye knew me before, when the insult was offered, ye know me still. It is not because ye bear a name powerful in arms, nor yet that I have heard of your deeds of war that I come to you; but it is because of the maiden who loves you as the Mayfly does the summer sun. Margaret Sinclair and her sister are the prisoners of their uncle, Sir William Sinclair of Herdmanstone. He has looked with an eye of covetousness upon their estates—he longs to possess them; and, if they be not yielded to him, the life of the fair owners now in his power must pay the forfeit."

The knight clasped the hand of the gipsy. "Thank ye, thank ye," he cried; "I will reward ye for this act of kindness."

"You reward me!" shouted the gipsy king, disdainfully, "think ye that when the king of Little Egypt does an act of humanity or generosity, he is to be rewarded for it by a Scottish knight! Away with ye, man! I spurn your thanks! I am as far above them as the moon is above the glow-worm that glimmers on the ground—ay, as the sun above the fœtid matter from which it draws life. Know, then, that Margaret Sinclair and her sister will die unless ye have courage to release them, and that before another Sabbath shine a holiday to you."

Wedderburn held his hand in thankfulness. "Forgive me, forgive me," he cried; "I have spoken unjustly to one that has a soul within him, and who has sympathized for those in whom my happiness is bound up. Again, I say, forgive me."

"Ye are forgiven," said the Faa; "and, if assistance be needed in the hour of peril, ye shall find willing hands ready to help ye, though ye deserve it not."

So saying, the Faa beckoned his hand, and withdrew from the presence of Hume.

Sir Patrick bore the tidings instantly to his brother; and, within two hours, a hundred of their retainers stood armed around Wedderburn Castle. "To Herdmanstone!" was the cry; "and the rescue of the lady love of the Lord of Wedderburn!"

"Ay, and for Marion, the maid of Kimmerghame!" cried George, the brother of Sir Patrick; "and the Sinclairs shall wear stout bucklers and belts to boot, that this sword pierce not."

The party being marshalled, they took their way across the Lammermoors with the brothers Sir Patrick and George Hume at their head. It was shortly after daybreak when they appeared before Herdmanstone Castle; and the Lady Margaret was the first to perceive their approach.

"Sister!" she cried; "see! see! aid is at hand—the banner of the Humes is waving over the fields of Herdmanstone."

"Ye dream, sister!" said Marion, starting from her couch.

"Nay, I dream not," retorted Margaret. "Arise; through the grey light I perceive the plume of Sir Patrick Hume, and the gay jack which my sister wrought for his brother."

Marion sprang forward to the window where her sister stood; they thrust their hands from the window, to encourage their deliverers to the rescue, while Sir Patrick and his brother answered them back, crying—"We come! we come! The haughty and cruel Sinclair shall repent in blood."

The trumpets of the Humes sounded; and, as if prepared for the approaching conflict, within a few minutes, more than fifty retainers of Sir William Sinclair were in arms. Ignorant of the number of their foes, they rushed forth to meet them, hand to hand, and sword to sword. Long the strife was desperate—it was even doubtful; but, at length, superiority of numbers, on the part of the Humes, prevailed; the retainers of Sir William were routed in all directions, and his castle was assailed, even to its threshold. "To the rescue of the fair maidens!" shouted the Humes. Independent of the immediate retainers of Sir William Sinclair, however, his neighbors came to his aid, and, although they were, at first, as two to one, the conflict had not lasted long when the Humes became the weaker party. The battle raged keenly—swords were broken in the grasp of their owners—the strong war-horse kicked upon the ground, in the agony of death, indenting the earth with its hoofs as it died, leaving the impression of its agony—their wounded men grappled with, and reviled each other, as though they had been foreigners or aliens—spears were broken, and shields clanked against each other—while the war-shout and the dying groan mingled together. Victory seemed still to be doubtful; for, though the Humes fought bravely, and their leaders led them on as with the heroism of despair, yet every minute the numbers of their adversaries increased, while theirs if the expression might be used, became fewer and more few.

Yet there were two spectators of the conflict who beheld it with feelings that may not, that cannot be described. Now the one beheld the plume which she had adorned for her betrothed husband, severed by the sword of an enemy; while the other saw the gay jerkin, which she had weaved for hers, tarnished with blood. They perceived, also, what we might term the ebbing and the flowing of the deadly feud—the retreating and the driving back; and they were spectators also of the wounded, the dying, and the dead. They saw the party, in whom their hopes were fixed, gradually overpowered—they beheld them fall back beneath the swords of their opponents, disputing inch by inch as they retired, and their hearts fell within them. When hope, fear, and anxiety were wrought to their highest point of endurance, and the party in whom their trust lay seemed to be vanquished, and

were driven back, at that period, Johnny Faa, and a number of his followers, rushed to their succour.

"Hurra!" exclaimed the wanderer, "for the braw lasses o' Polwarth and Kimmerghame! Fight, ye Humes! fight! There is a prize before ye worthy a clour on the crown, or even a stab through the brisket."

The approach of the Faa king turned the tide of victory, and his followers shouted—"The bonny lasses o' Polwarth and Kimmerghame shall be free!"

"For ever, ay, and a day after it," cried Sir William, "shall the man inherit a cow's mailing, and a cow to boot, upon the lands o' Herdmanstone, who this day brings me upon his sword the head o' one o' the birkies o' Wedderburn." Sir William, however, became a suppliant for mercy beneath the red sword of Patrick Hume; and his life being granted, the Sinclairs gave their arms into the hands of their opponents. The young brothers each rushed into the house, to the rescue of the captive damsels; and Margaret and Marion each fell upon the neck of the man she loved.

On arriving at Polwarth, they were met by the glad villagers, with whom the fair ladies joined hands, and they danced together in joy around a thorn tree, upon the village green.

In a few weeks, each of the maidens gave her hand to her deliverer—Margaret to Sir Patrick, and Marion to his brother George. On their marriage-day, the dance around the thorn upon the green was resumed, and a festive crowd tripped joyously around it, blessing the bride of Polwarth and her fair sister, Marion of Kimmerghame; and the music to which they that day danced, proceeded from the pipes of king Johnny Faa, who, with half a dozen of his people, sat each with a pair of union pipes beneath his arm, and discoursing "most eloquent music," without "fee, favor, or reward," save that they were partakers of the good things which were that day plentifully circulated upon Polwarth green.

In concluding this account of the coheiresses of Polwarth and Kimmerghame, it is only necessary to add that, from her union with Hume of Wedderburn, the fair Margaret became the progenitor of the future Earls of Marchmont.

THE ROTHESAY FISHERMAN.

When I was a boy, I used to pass the summer vacation in the Isle of Bute, where my father had a small cottage, for the convenience of sea-bathing. I enjoyed my sea-side visits greatly, for I was passionately fond of boating and fishing, and, before I was sixteen, had become a fearless and excellent swimmer. From morning till night, I was rambling about the beach, or either sailing upon or swimming in the beautiful Frith. I was a prime favorite among the fisherman, with most of whom I was on familiar terms, and knew them all by name. Among their number was one man who particularly attracted my attention, and excited my curiosity. He was civil and obliging, though distant and reserved in his manners, with a shade of habitual melancholy on his countenance, which awakened my sympathy, at the same time that his "bearing," which was much above his station, commanded my respect. He *appeared* to be about sixty years of age; particularly prepossessing in his appearance; and his language and demeanor would have done

honor to any rank of society. I felt involuntarily attracted towards him, and took every opportunity of showing my wish to please and become better acquainted with him; but in vain. He seemed gratified by my attentions; but I made no nearer approach to his confidence. He went, among his companions, by the name of "Gentleman Douglas;" but they appeared to be as ignorant of the particulars of his history as myself. All they knew of him was, that he had come among them, a perfect stranger, some years before, no one knew from whence; that he seemed to have some means of support independent of his boat; and that he was melancholy, silent, and reserved—as much as possible avoiding all communication with his neighbors. These particulars only served to whet my boyish curiosity, and I determined to leave no means untried to penetrate to the bottom of Douglas' mystery. Let me do myself justice, however: my eagerness to know his history proceeded from an earnest desire to soothe his sorrow, whatever it might be, and to benefit him in any way in my power. Day after day I used to stroll down to the beach, when he was preparing to get his boat under way, and volunteer to pull an oar on board. At first he seemed annoyed by my officiousness; and, though he always behaved with civility, shewed, by his impatient manner, that he would rather dispense with my company; but the constant dripping of water will wear away a stone, and hard indeed must be the heart that will not be softened by unremitting kindness. My persevering wish to please him gradually produced the desired effect—he *was* pleased, and evinced it by his increasing cordiality of manner, and by the greater interest he seemed to take in all my movements. In a short time we became inseparables, and his boat hardly ever left the shore without me. My father was not at all adverse to my intimacy with Douglas; he knew him to be a sober, industrious man, and one who bore an irreproachable moral character; and, as he was anxious that I should strengthen my constitution as much as possible in the sea-breeze, he thought I could not roam about under safer or less objectionable protection. On a further acquaintance with Douglas, I found him a most agreeable companion; for, when his reserve wore off, his conversation was amusing and instructive; and he had tales to tell of foreign lands and of distant seas, which he described with that minuteness and closeness which only a personal acquaintance with them could have produced. Often, in the course of his narration, his eye would brighten and his cheek glow with an emotion foreign to his usual calm and melancholy manner; and then he would suddenly stop, as if some sound he had uttered had awakened dark memories of the past, and the gloom clouded his brow again, his voice trembled, and his cheek grew pale. These sudden transitions alarmed and surprised me; my suspicions were excited, and I began to imagine that the man must have been guilty of some unknown and dreadful crime, and that conscience was at such times busy within him. Douglas must have observed my changing manner; but it made little alteration in his demeanor towards myself.

"What is the matter, Douglas?" said I, one day, when I observed him start and turn pale at some casual observation of mine.

"Do not indulge a vain and idle curiosity, Master Charles, at the expense of another's feelings," replied he, gravely and mournfully, "nor endeavor to rake up the ashes of the past. The heart knows its own bitterness: long may yours be a stranger to sorrow! I have observed, with pain, that you, as others have done, begin to look upon me with suspicion. Be satisfied with the assurance, that I have no crimes, needing concealment, to reproach myself with; and the sorrows of age should be sacred in the eyes of youth."

I was humbled by the old man's reproof,

and hastened to express my concern for having hurt his feelings.

"Enough said, enough said, Mr. Charles," said he; "Curiosity is natural at your age; and I am not surprised at your wishing, like some of your elders, to learn the cause of the melancholy which hangs over me like a cloud, darkening the path of life, and embittering all its pleasures. At some future time I will tell you the reason why you see me what I am; but I cannot now—the very thought of it unmans me."

Time wore on; every year I returned to the sea-side during the summer, and was always welcomed with unaffected cordiality by my old ally, Douglas. I was now a strapping youth of nineteen, tall and powerful of my age—thanks to the bracing sea-air and constant exercise. One day Douglas told me he was going over to Largs, and asked if I would accompany him.

"With all my heart," said I; and, in ten minutes, we were standing across the Frith with a fine steady breeze. We were close over to the Ayrshire coast, when a sudden puff of wind capsized the boat, and we were both thrown into the water. When I rose to the surface again, after my plunge, I looked around in vain for Douglas, who had disappeared. He had on a heavy pea jacket, and I was at first afraid the weight and encumbrance of it must have sunk him; but, on second thoughts, I dived under the boat, and found him floundering about beneath the sail, from whence I succeeded with great difficulty in extricating him. He was quite exhausted, and it required all my strength to support him to the gunnel of the boat. After hanging on there some time, to recover breath, we swam together to the beach, which was not far distant. When we landed, he seated himself on a large stone, and remained silent for some time, with his face buried in his hands.

"Douglas," said I, wondering at his long silence, "are you hurt?"

To my great surprise I heard low sobs, and saw the tears trickling between his fingers. Thinking that he was grieved at the loss of his boat, I said—

"Cheer up, man! if the boat be lost, we will manage among us to get another for you."

"'Tisn't the boat, sir, 'tisn't the boat—we can soon raise *her* again: it is your kindness that has made a fool of me."

He then looked up in my face, and, drying his glistening cheek with *one* hand, he shook mine long and heartily with the other.

"Mr. Charles, before I met you, I thought I was alone in the world; shunned, by most around me, as a man of mystery. Because I could not join in their rude sports and boisterous merriment, they attributed my reserve and visible dejection to sinister causes—possibly to some horrible and undiscovered crime." A blush here flitted across my countenance; but Douglas did not remark it. "Young, and warm, and enthusiastic, *you* sought me out with different feelings—you were attracted towards me by pity, and by a generous desire to relieve my distress. It was not the mere impulse of a moment; your kindness has been constant and unwavering—and now you have crowned all by saving my life. I hardly know whether or not to thank you for what was so worthless to myself; but I *do* thank you from the bottom of my heart for the friendly and generous feeling which actuated you. You shall know the cause of the sorrow that weighs upon my heart; I would not that one to whom I owe so much, should look upon me with the slightest shade of suspicion. I think, when you know my story, you will pity and sympathize with me; but you will judge less harshly, I doubt not, than I do of myself."

"Do not call up unnecessary remembrances, which harrow your feelings, Douglas. That I have often thought there is mystery about you, I will not deny; but only once did the possibility of a cause of

guilt flash across my mind; that unworthy suspicion has long past, and I am now heartily ashamed of myself for having harbored it for a moment. But we are forgetting the boat; we must try to get assistance to right her."

We soon fell in with one of the fishermen on the coast, with whose assistance she was speedily righted and baled out; and, after having done what we came for at Largs, we returned homewards.

"Meet me to-morrow at ten o'clock, Mr. Charles," said Douglas, as he grasped my hand at parting, "and you shall then hear my story, and judge whether or not I have cause to grieve."

At the appointed hour next morning I hastened to the rendezvous;—the fisherman was already there, waiting for me.

"I daresay you are surprised to see me here so soon," said he; "but now that I have determined to make you my confidant, I feel eager to disburthen my mind, and to seek relief from my sorrows in the sympathy of one whom I am so proud to call my friend.

I was not always in the humble station in which you now see me, Mr. Stewart; but, thank heaven! it was no misconduct of my own that occasioned the change. My father was an English clergyman, whose moderate stipend denied to his family the luxuries of life; but we had reason to acknowledge the truth of the wise man's saying, that "a dinner of herbs, where love is," is better than more sumptuous fare where that love is not: we were a united and a happy family, contented with the competence with which Providence had blessed us, and pitying, not envying, those who, endowed with greater wealth, were exposed to greater temptations. Oh! those happy, happy days! It sometimes almost maddens me, Mr. Stewart, to compare myself, as I am now, with what I was then. Every morning I rose with a light and happy heart, exulting in the sunbeam that awakened me with its smile, and blessing, in the gladfulness of youthful gratitude, the gracious Giver of light and life. My heart overflowed with love to all created beings. I could look back without regret, and the future was bright with hope. And now, what am I? A broken-hearted man; but still, after all my sufferings, grateful to the hand which has chastened me. I can picture the whole family grouped on a summer evening, now, Mr. Stewart, as vividly as a sight of yesterday, though fifty years have cast their dark shadows between. My mother, seated beside her work-table under the neat verandah in front of our cottage, encouraging my sisters, with her sweet smile and gentle voice, in the working of their first sampler; my father, seated with his book, under the shade of his favorite laburnum tree; while my brother and I were trundling our hoops round the garden, shouting with boyish glee; and my little fair-haired cousin, Julia, tottering along with her little hands extended, to catch the butterfly that tempted her on from flower to flower. My brother Henry was two years younger than myself, and was, at the time I speak of, a remarkably handsome, active boy, of ten years of age; full of fun and mischief; unsteady and volatile. My father found considerable difficulty in confining Henry's attention to his studies; for, though uncommonly quick and intelligent, he wanted patience and application. He could not bear the drudgery of poring over musty books. He used to say to me—"How I should like to be an officer, a gallant naval officer, to lead on my men through fire and smoke to victory!" And then the little fellow would wave his hand, while the color flushed his cheeks, and shout—"Come on! come on!" He had, somehow or other, got possession of an old naval chronicle; and from that moment his whole thoughts were of ships and battles, and his principal amusement was to launch little fleets of ships upon the pond at the bottom of the garden. My father, though mild and indulgent in other mat-

ters, was a strict disciplinarian in education; and often did I save Henry from punishment by helping him with his exercises and other lessons. Dearly did I love my gallant, high-spirited little brother; and he looked up to me with equal fondness.

I will not weary you with details; but at once jump over the next twelve years of my life. The scene was now greatly changed at the parsonage: death had been busy among its inmates; a contagious disorder had carried off my mother and sisters, and my poor father was left alone in his old age—not alone, for Julia was still with him. I forgot to say, before, that she was the orphan daughter of his elder brother. Julia, at sixteen, was beautiful. I will not attempt to describe her, although every feature, every expression of her lovely countenance, is vividly pictured in my heart. She was its light, its pride, its hope. Alas! alas! she had grown up like a sweet flower beside me, and, from her infancy, had clung to me with a sister's confidence, and more than a sister's affection. Was it wonderful that I loved her? Yes, I loved her fondly and devotedly; and I soon had the bliss of knowing that my affection was returned. I had been for some time at college, studying for the church, when a distant relation died, and left me a comfortable competency. My father now consented with pleasure to my union with Julia; and a distant day was fixed for the marriage, to enable my brother Henry to be present. He had been abroad for some time in the merchant service, and his constant employment had prevented his visiting home for many years; but he had written to say that he expected now to have a long holiday with us. At length he returned; and great was my joy at meeting my beloved brother once more. He was a fine, handsome, manly-looking fellow—frank and boisterous in his manner, kind and generous in his disposition, but the slave of passion and impulse. In a week after his return, he became dull and reserved, and every one remarked the extraordinary change that had come over him. My father and I both thought that our quiet and monotonous life wearied and disgusted him, and that he longed for the more bustling scenes to which he had been accustomed. "Come, Harry!" said I to him one day, "cheer up, my boy! we shall be merry enough soon: you must lay in a fresh stock of spirits; Julia will quarrel with you if you show such a melancholy phiz at our wedding." He turned from me with impatience, and, rushing out into the garden, I saw no more of him that day. I was hurt and surprised by his manner, and hastened to express my annoyance to Julia. She received me with less than her usual warmth, blushed when I talked of my brother, and soon left me on some trifling pretext. My father had gone to visit a neighboring clergyman, at whose house he was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill. I hastened to his bedside, and found him in such a precarious state that I determined upon remaining near him. I therefore despatched a messenger to Julia, informing her of my intention, and intimating that it would be necessary to postpone our marriage, which was to have taken place in the course of a week, until my father's recovery. In answer to my letter, I received a short and hurried reply, merely acquiescing in the propriety of my movements, and without any expression of regret at my lengthened absence. Surprised at the infrequency and too apparent indifference of Julia's answers to the long and impassioned letters which I almost daily wrote to her, alarmed at the long interval which had elapsed since I last heard from her, and fearing that illness might have occasioned her silence, I left my father, who was rapidly recovering, and hastened home. When I arrived at the parsonage, I walked into the drawing-room; but, as neither Julia nor my brother was there, I concluded they were out walking, and, taking a book,

I sat down, impatiently waiting their return. Some time having elapsed, however, without their making their appearance, I rang the bell; and our aged servant, on entering, started at seeing me there.

"La, sir!" said she, "I didn't expect to see *you!*"

"Where are Miss Julia and my brother!"

"Why, la, sir! I was just agoing to ask *you*. Miss Julia had a letter from you about a week ago, and she and Mr. Henry went off in a poshay together next day. They said they would be back today."

I said not a word in reply, but buried my face in my folded arms on the table, while the cold perspiration flowed over my brow, and my heart sickened within me, as the fatal truth by degrees broke upon me.

"Fool, fond fool, that I was, to have been so long blind!" muttered I; "but it cannot be!—Julia!—*my* Julia!—no, no!" And I almost cursed myself for the unworthy suspicion. But why dwell longer upon these moments of agony? My first surmise was a correct one: in a week's time all was known—my brother, my brother Harry, for whom I would have sacrificed fortune, life itself, had betrayed my dearest trust, and had become the husband of her I had fondly thought my own. The blow was too sudden and overpowering; I sank beneath it; my reason became unsettled, and, for several months, I was unconscious of my own misery. I awoke to sense, an altered man. My heart was crushed, my very blood seemed to be turned into gall, I hated my kind, and resolved to seclude myself for ever from a world of falsehood and ingratitude. The only tie which could have reconciled me to life had been wrenched away from me during my unconsciousness: my brother's misconduct had broken my father's heart, and I was left alone in the world. I paid one sad visit to my father's grave, shed over it bitter tears of sorrow and disappointment, and from that hour to this I have never seen the home in which I passed so many happy days. Some months afterwards, I received a letter from a friend residing in Wales, of a very extraordinary nature, requiring me instantly to visit him, and stating that he had something of importance to communicate to me. I knew the writer, and confided in him; he had known my misfortune, and wept with me over the loss of my Julia and of my father. I hastened to him on the wings of expectation; and, when I arrived, was taken by him into an inner apartment of his house, with an air of secrecy and mystery.

"Have you yet recovered from the effects of your misfortunes?" said he. "I have often reflected on your extraordinary fate, and pitied you from the innermost recesses of my soul. Would you believe it?—I have in store for you an antidote against the grief of your ruined affections; but I will not say a medicine for your pain, or a balm for your sorrows."

"For a broken heart," said I, "there is no cure in this world."

He looked at me, and wept.

"Dress yourself in this suit of my mournings," he said, "and accompany me whither I will lead you."

I gazed at him in amazement; but he left me to put on the weeds, and to torture myself with vain thoughts.

He returned and called me out. I followed him. We went some little distance, and joined a funeral that was slowly proceeding to the burying-ground. My confusion prevented me from looking at the time to see who was chief mourner. I proceeded with the mourners, and soon stood on the brink of the grave. When the pall was taken off, and the coffin lowered down into the earth, my eye caught the inscription on the plate; it was "J. M., aged 20." "So young!" muttered I; and at the same moment I glanced at the chief mourner. He had withdrawn

his handkerchief from his face—our eyes met—he turned deadly pale, and made a motion as if to leave the ground; but I sprang forward, almost *shrieking*, "Henry!" and detained him. I looked in his face. Oh, what a change was there! His eye quailed beneath the cold, steady, withering glance of mine. I felt that he read the meaning of that glance; for he absolutely writhed beneath it.

"Do not revile me, brother," murmured he: "the hand of Heaven has been heavy upon me; my crime has already met with its punishment. Oh, my poor, poor Julia!"

"Where, where is she?" wildly exclaimed I. He pointed to the new-made grave!

Oh, the bitterness of that hour! We wept—the betrayer and the betrayed wept together over the grave of their buried hopes. I arose calm and collected. "Brother," said I, giving him my hand, "my animosity shall be buried with her; may your own heart forgive you as freely as I do the injury you have done me! But we must never meet more." And, with slow steps and aching heart, I turned and left the spot.

I received a letter from Henry some time afterwards from one of the outports, telling me that he was just on the point of leaving England for ever, and imploring my forgiveness in the most touching terms, "for the sake of our early days, the happy years of our boyhood." Those early days—those happy days!—my heart softened towards him as I thought of them. Sorely as he had wronged me, he was my brother still, and I felt that I could, if permitted, clasp him to my heart once more.

Weary of life, and tired of the world, I dragged on a miserable existence for some time, in a secluded situation on the shores of Cornwall; but, by degrees, the monotony of my sedentary and recluse life wearied me. I began to associate with the poor fishermen around me, and, in a short time, became enthusiastically fond of their perilous and exciting mode of life. The sea became to me quite a "passion"—my mind had found a new channel for its energies; and when, a short time afterwards, I lost my little fortune through the mismanagement or villany of my agent, I took staff in hand, and, hastening to Liverpool, boldly launched into life again as a common seaman, on board a merchant vessel bound to the West Indies.

I had toiled on for several years as a common seaman, during which time I attracted the notice of my captain, by my indefatigable attention to the duties of my station, and by the reckless indifference with which I lavished my strength, and often risked my life, in the performance of them.

"Douglas," (for that was the name which I had assumed,) "Douglas," said the captain to me one day, after I had been particularly active during a heavy gale we encountered, "I must try if I cannot do something for you; your activity and energy entitle you to promotion. I will speak to the owners when we return, and endeavor to procure you a mate's berth." I thanked him, and went forward again to my duty. A few days afterwards, we were going along with a strong beaming wind; there was a high sea running, every now and then throwing a thick spray over the weather bulwarks; the hands were at dinner, and I was just coming up to relieve the man at the wheel; there was no one on deck but the mate of the watch, and the captain, who was standing on the weather bulwark, shaking the backstays, to feel if they bore an equal strain: all at once the ship gave a heavy weather lurch, the captain lost his footing, and was overboard in a moment. I instantly sprang aft, cut away the life-buoy, and knowing that he was but an indifferent swimmer, jumped overboard after him. As I said before, the sea was running high, and a few minutes

elapsed before I caught sight of him rising on the crest of a wave, at some distance from me. I saw he could not hold out long; for he was over-exerting himself, shouting and raising his hand for assistance, and his face was pale as death. I struck out desperately towards him, and shouted, when I got near him, "Keep up your heart, sir; be cool; don't attempt to lay hold of me, and please God, I will save you yet." My advice had the desired effect, and restored his self-possession; he became more cool and collected, and with occasional support from me, contrived to reach the life-buoy. In the meantime, all was confusion on board the ship; the second mate of the watch, a young hand, in the hurry of the moment, threw the ship too suddenly up in the wind, a squall struck her at the moment, and the foretopmast and topgallantmast went over the side, dragging the maintopgallantmast with them. The cry of "A man overboard!" had hurried the crew on deck, and the crash of the falling spars, and the contradictory orders from the quarter-deck, at first puzzled and confused them; but the *chief* mate was a cool, active seaman, and the moment he made his appearance, order and silence were restored; the quarter-boat was instantly lowered, numbers of the men springing forward to volunteer to man her, for the captain was deservedly beloved by his crew; and the rest of the hands were immediately set to work to clear away the wreck. In a few minutes the boat reached us, and we were safely seated in the stern-sheets.

"Douglas, my gallant fellow," said the captain, shaking me cordially by the hand, "I may thank *you* that I am not food for the fishes by this time. I had just resigned myself to my fate, when your voice came over the water to me, like a messenger of hope and safety. How can I ever repay you?"

"I am sufficiently repaid, Captain Rose, by seeing you beside me; the only way in which you can serve me, is by giving me a lift in the way of promotion, when we return home."

"I will, you may depend upon it," replied he; "and as long as I live, you may apply to me as a firm and faithful friend."

I was highly gratified by this promise; for the great object of my ambition for some time past had been to raise myself again from obscurity into something like my former station in life. Next voyage, through the captain's interest with the owners, I was appointed chief mate of the Albion, Captain Rose's ship, for which I was found duly qualified, having employed all my spare hours at sea in acquiring a knowledge of the theory of navigation. Captain Rose was like a brother to me, introducing me to his family and friends as the saver of his life, and making a *lion* of me in Liverpool. We sailed in company with a large fleet, under convoy of of three frigates and two sloops of war, and had been some time at sea, when a heavy gale of wind came on one afternoon, which completely dispersed the convoy. When it commenced there were nearly two hundred sail in sight; at the end of two days, we were alone. The Albion was a beautiful vessel of her class, about four hundred tons burden; an excellent sea-boat. We had a smart, active crew, besides a number of passengers, and were well furnished for defence, if required; but we were now so near our port that we dreaded little danger. However, it was necessary to be constantly on the alert, for there were many piratical vessels in those seas, which, in spite of the vigilance and activity of H.M. cruisers, were constantly on the watch to pounce upon any stray merchantman. Captain Rose was, on the whole, rather pleased at his separation from the convoy, as there were only one or two other vessels, besides himself, bound to the Havanna, and he would have been obliged to accompany the body of the fleet to Barbadoes. After we

had parted from the convoy, we made the best of our way towards Cuba. One night it was almost calm, but with every appearance of a coming breeze; the moon was nearly at her full, but dark, heavy clouds were drifting quickly over her, which almost entirely hid her from our view, except when, at intervals, she threw from between them a broad flash over the waters, as bright and almost as momentary as lightning gleams. We were crawling slowly along, with all our small canvas set; the breeze was blowing off the shore, the dark shadow of which lay like a shroud upon the water; it was nearly eight bells in the first watch; the captain and several of the passengers were still on deck, enjoying the cool, delightful breeze; but their suspicious and anxious glances into the dark shadow to windward, seemed to intimate that their conversation over their grog that evening, which had been of the pirates that infested those islands, and Cuba in particular, had awakened their fears and aroused their watchfulness.

"Hark! Captain Rose," said I, "what noise is that?"

Every face was instantly turned over the weather gunwale, and in breathless silence they all listened in the direction to which I pointed. A low, murmuring, rippling sound was heard, and a kind of dull, smothered, creaking noise repeated at short intervals; nothing was to be seen, however, for all was in deep shadow in that quarter.

"Talk of the devil, and he'll show his horns, Douglas!" said the captain. "I have not been so long at sea without being able to distinguish the whispering of the smooth water when a sharp keel is slipping through it, or the sound of muffled sweeps. There may be mischief there, or there may not; but we'll be prepared for the worst. Get the men quietly to their quarters, put an extra dose of grape into the guns, and have all our tools ready.

Just at this moment the moonlight broke brightly through the clouds, and showed us a small, black-looking schooner, slowly crawling out from the shadow of the land. Her decks were apparently crowded with people, and she had a boat towing astern. The men were soon at their quarters—and a fine, active, spirited set of fellows they were—each armed with a cutlass and a brace of pistols, while tomahawks and boarding pikes lay at hand for use if required. The passengers were all likewise provided with muskets, pistols, and cutlasses, and the servants were ready to load spare fire-arms. We mustered about fifty in all; but there was not a flincher among us.

"Now, my lads," said Captain Rose to his crew, "we must have a brush for it. I have no doubt those fellows are pirates; and if once they get footing on this deck, I would not give a farthing for any man's life on board. Be cool and quiet. Don't throw away a shot; remember that you are fighting for your lives; I do not doubt your courage, but be cool and steady!"

In the meantime, the dark hull of the schooner was gradually nearing us.

"Schooner ahoy!" shouted Captain Rose. No answer but the sweeps dipped faster into the water, which rippled up beneath her bow. "Schooner, ahoy!—answer, or I'll fire!" Still no reply; but, almost immediately, a bright sudden flash burst from her bow, and a shot came whizzing through the mizzen rigging.

"I thought so," calmly said the captain; "be cool, my lads; we must not throw away a shot; he's hardly within our range yet." The moon broke out for a moment. "Now, my lads, take time, and a steady aim. Give it him!" And flash, flash—bang, bang, went all our six carronades. The captain's advice had not been thrown away; the aim had been cool and deliberate; we heard the loud crashing of the sweeps as the grape-shot rattled among them, and fell pattering into the water; and at the same time a yell arose from the

schooner, as if all the devils in hell were broke loose. The next glimpse of moonlight showed us her foretopmast hanging over the side.

"Well done, my fine fellows!" shouted Captain Rose; "bear a hand, and give them another dose. We must keep them at arm's length as long as we can." The schooner had, by this time, braced up on the larboard tack, and was standing the same way as ourselves, so as to bring her broadside to bear upon us; and seemed to be trying to edge out of the range of our guns.

"Oh, oh," said our gallant captain, "is that your play, old boy? You want to pepper us at a distance: that'll never do. Starboard, my boy!—So! steady! Now, my lads, fire away!"—And again our little bark shook with the explosion. The schooner was not slow in returning the compliment. One of her shot lodged in our hull, and another sent the splinters flying out of the boat on the booms. Immediately after she fired, she stood away before the wind, and, rounding our stern at a respectful distance, she crawled up on the other side of us, as fast almost as if we had been at anchor, with a wish apparently to cut off our escape in that direction. But he was playing a deeper game. A long, dark, unbroken cloud was passing over the moon, which threw its black shadow over the water, and partially concealed the movements of the pirate. When it cleared away again, he was braced sharp up on the larboard tack, standing across our bows, with the intention of raking us.

"Starboard the helm!—Brace sharp up!—Bear a hand, my fine fellows!"—And, before she had time to take advantage of her position, the Albion again presented her broadside. The flash from the pirate's guns was quickly followed by the report of ours, and we heard immediately the loud clattering of blocks on board of her, as if some sail had come down by the run. At this moment I thought I heard some strange noise astern, and, running aft, I plainly distinguished the sound of muffled oars, and, immediately after, saw a small dark line upon the water.

"Aft, here, small-arm men!" shouted I.

"Boat, ahoy!—Boat, ahoy!"—A loud and wild cheer rose from the boat; and the men in her, finding that caution would no longer avail them, evidently redoubled their efforts at their oars.

"Fire!" shouted the captain, while a blue light he had just ignited threw a pale, unearthly glare over the ship's tafferel, and showed us our new and unexpected enemy. It was the pirate's boat, which she had dropped during the partial obscurity I spoke of, intending to board us a-head herself, while the boat's crew attacked us astern. It was fortunate that we happened to hear them—three minutes more, and nothing could have saved us. There was a set of the most ferocious looking desperadoes I had ever seen, armed to the teeth; and the boat (a large one) was crowded with them. Deadly was the effect of our fire. Four or five of the men at the oars were tumbled over on their faces; but their places were instantly supplied by others, who, with loud yells for revenge, bent desperately to their oars. In a few minutes, the boat shot up under the mizen-chains, while the bullets that were raining down upon them from above, only made them more desperate. The living trampled upon the dying and the dead, in their eagerness to board; and, in a thick swarm, the blood-thirsty scoundrels came yelling over the bulwarks. A sharp and well-directed fire staggered them for a moment, and sent several of them to their last account. We now threw aside the muskets, for cutlasses and tomahawks. Hand to hand, foot to foot, desperate and deadly was the struggle.

"Down with them, my lads!" shouted Rose. "Hew the blood-thirsty villains to pieces. No quarter! no quarter!—

shew them such mercy as they would shew you !"

Short and bloody was the conflict; several of the pirates had been killed, the deck was slippery with blood, and the rest were keeping their ground with difficulty. I had a long and severe hand-to-hand fight with one of them. We had each received desperate wounds, when his foot slipped on the bloody deck. I gave him a severe stroke on the head with a tomahawk, and, after a deadly struggle on the gangway, tumbled him backwards overboard. The moon shone bright out at the moment, and fell full upon his face. Merciful heaven !—my brain reeled, I staggered against a gun, and became insensible—that face, Mr. Stewart, haunts my dreams to this hour with its ghastly, despairing expression. It was the long-lost Henry's—I was my brother's murderer ! (Here the poor fellow hid his face in his hands, and groaned with agony. I pitied him from my heart; but I knew that sorrow such as his " will not be comforted " in the moment of its strength ; so I sat in silence beside him, till his first burst of grief was over, and then I endeavored calmly and coolly to reason with him on the subject, and to persuade him, by all the arguments I could think of, that he had no cause to reproach himself with what had happened.)

It is kindly meant of you, Mr. Stewart, (said he mournfully shaking his head) kindly meant, but in vain ! I know that I was only acting in self-defence—that it was life against life—that I was perfectly justified, in the eyes of men, in taking the life of him who would have taken mine—but I cannot drive that last despairing look from my memory. I feel as if my brother's blood were crying out against my soul. O my poor Harry ! would that the blow had fallen on my head instead of thine !—would that I had had time to tell thee how fondly I loved thee, how freely I forgave thee !

But I beg pardon, Mr. Stewart ;—I must go on with my tale. Ten of the pirates were lying dead on the deck, and five of our poor fellows; the bodies of the former were immediately thrown overboard, and the others were laid side by side amidships, till we could find time to give them Christian burial. Our last lucky shot had prevented the pirate from carrying the other part of his scheme into effect: the moon was now shining out full and clear, and by her light we saw that her throat halyards had been shot away, and her mainsail was flapping over the quarter; there were hands aloft, reaving new halyards, and busily employed about the mast-head, as if it were crippled. " We have had fighting enough for one bout," said Captain Rose; " we must run for it now." Our main topgallantmast was hanging over the side, and our sails were riddled with the schooner's shot; she had evidently been firing high, to disable us, that she might carry us by boarding. We cracked on all the sail we could, served out grog to the men, and lay down at our quarters. We were not suffered to remain at peace long; the moment the schooner perceived our intention, she edged away after us, and having repaired her damage, set her mainsail again ; and, as the wind was still light, with the assistance of her remaining sweeps, came crawling up again in-shore of us. " Scoundrels !" muttered the captain, " they will stick to us like leeches as long as there is a drop of blood left on board."

Again we saw the flash of her gun, and the smoke curling white in the moonbeam. The shot told with fatal effect: our main-topsailyard creaked, bent, and snapped in the slings, falling forward in two pieces.

The loud cheers of the pirate crew came faintly over the water; but our brave fellows nothing daunted, responded to them heartily.

" They have winged us, my lads !" said our gallant captain; " but we will die game at all events." The men answered him with another cheer and swore they

would go to the bottom rather than yield. We blazed away at the schooner, but in vain; she had been severely taught to respect us; our shot fell far short, while she, with her long metal, kept dropping shot after shot into us with deadly precision. We tried to close with her; but she saw her advantage, and kept it; all that we could do was to stand steadily on, the men lying down under the shelter of the bulwarks. A faint dull sound now fell upon our ears, like the report of a distant gun. "Thank heaven!" said I, "our guns have spoken to some purpose; some of the cruisers have taken the alarm." We immediately burnt a blue light, and threw up a couple of rockets. In a few minutes a shout of joy burst from the crew; a small glimmering star appeared in the distance, which flickered for a moment, and then increased to a strong, steady, glaring light; at the same time, we heard a second report, much nearer and clearer than before. Alarmed at the near approach of the stranger, which was now distinctly visible, standing towards us under a press of sail, the pirate, determined to have another brush with us, bore up, and closed with us. But we were prepared for him; he was evidently staggered by our warm reception; and, giving us a parting broadside, hove round, stood in under the dark shadow of the land, and we soon lost sight of him.

The stranger proved to be H. M. sloop Porcupine. She hove to when she neared us, and sent a boat on board. She had heard the report of our guns, and hastened to the scene of action, just in the very nick of time to save us. The lieutenant complimented the captain and crew on their gallant defence, and hastened on board the sloop again, to make his report. The boat soon returned, with a gang of hands to assist in repairing our damages; and, on the evening of the next day, we were safely at anchor. When the excitement of the action was over, the pain of my wounds and the agitation of my mind brought on a violent attack of fever. During my delirium, the vision of my dying brother was ever before me; and in my madness I twice made an attempt upon my own life. At length the goodness of my constitution triumphed over the violence of my disorder; but my peace of mind was gone for ever. My worthy friend, the captain, to whom I confided my story, did everything in his power to rouse me from my sorrow, and to reconcile me to myself; but in vain. The sight of my brother had recalled the vivid recollection of by-gone scenes, which I had been for years steeling my heart to forget; my spirit was broken, I became listless and indifferent, and no longer felt any interest in my profession. I did my duty, to be sure; but it was mechanically —from the force of habit. Captain Rose was ceaseless in his kindness. When, on our return home, I expressed my determination not to go to sea again, he represented my conduct during the action, and on other occasions, in such glowing terms, to the owners, that they settled a small annuity upon me, in consideration of the wounds I had received in their service. It was with the deepest regret I took leave of my worthy friend and captain.

"I can never forget," said he, "that, but for you, my children would have been fatherless, my wife a widow: whenever you need the assistance of a friend, Douglas, apply to me with as much confidence as to a brother."

He then offered to evince his regard in a more substantial manner, which I firmly but gratefully declined. I wrote to him afterwards, telling him that I had settled in this neighborhood, and requesting him to make arrangements that my annuity might be made payable to a certain firm in Glasgow. In reply, he wrote me a long and affectionate letter. It was the first and last I ever had from him; he died soon afterwards. It is now five years since I took up my abode here, and I feel the

weakness and infirmities of age creeping fast upon me. Oh! how happily will I lay down the weary load of life!"

"Douglas," said I, when he had finished his story, "you certainly have had grievous sorrows and trials; but you have borne them nobly, except in wilfully attaching the odium of crime to the unfortunate circumstances of your brother's death."

"Would that I could think as you do!" said he.

We parted; and four years elapsed before we met again. I had, in the meantime, commenced practice as surgeon in Glasgow, and my professional avocations kept me too constantly employed to allow of my leaving the town. At last, after a severe attack of illness, I was recommended to go to the sea-side for a few months; and my thoughts immediately recurred to my old friend. I took a lodging in Rothesay, and next morning went down to the beach, where I saw the old man just preparing to put off.

"Here I am again, Douglas," said I.

"Sir," replied he, looking at me first doubtingly, for illness had greatly reduced me. "Ah! Mr. Stewart, is that you? I thought you had forgotten me."

"Then you did me injustice, Douglas; I have often and often regretted that the pressure of business prevented my visiting you again. By the by, I was reminded of you in rather an extraordinary way lately."

"How was that, sir?"

"On my way down here, a few days since, the steamer touched at Greenock. I was standing on the quay, when a poor fellow, a passenger in a vessel just arrived, fell from the gangway, and was taken up insensible. I immediately bled him; and, seeing that he appeared to be seriously injured, I determined, as I had no other particular call upon my time, to remain beside him till he recovered. I had him carried to a small lodging in the neighborhood, where he soon partially recovered; and, having prescribed for him, I left him, desiring that I might be sent for if any change took place. During the night he had a violent attack of fever. I was sent for: when I arrived, I found him delirious; he was raving about Cuba, and ships, and pirates, and fifty other things that immediately recalled you to my remembrance. When he came to his senses again—

"'Doctor! tell me the truth,' said he: 'am I not dying?'

"'No,' replied I; 'your present symptoms are favorable; everything depends upon your keeping your mind and body quiet.'

"'Quiet mind!' muttered he, with a bitter smile on his countenance. 'It is not that I fear death, doctor; I think I could willingly depart in peace, if I had but been allowed time to find the person whom I came to Scotland in search of.'

"'And who is that?'

"'A fisherman at Rothesay.'

"He mentioned the name; but at this moment I forget it. Let me see—it was—ay, it was Ponsonby—Charles Ponsonby.'

Douglas started, and turned pale.

"Ponsonby!" exclaimed he; "that was *my* name, my father's name! Who can he be? Perhaps some old shipmate of poor Harry's. I will go directly and see him." And he turned as if to depart.

"Gently, gently, my friend," said I, detaining him; "I must go with you. When I left the poor fellow under the charge of a medical man at Greenock, he was greatly better; but he had received some severe internal injury, and he cannot live long. A sudden surprise might hasten his death. I must go with you to prevent accidents."

We went on board the next steamer that started, and in two hours were landed at Greenock. I led the way to the small lodging in which I had left my patient; and leaving Douglas at the door,

went in to inquire into the state of the sufferer's health, and to prepare him for his visitor. I found him asleep; but his was not the slumber that refreshes—the restless and unquiet spirit within was disturbing the rest of the fevered and fatigued body. His flushed cheek lay upon one arm, while his other was every now and then convulsively raised above his head, and his lips moved with indistinct mutterings.

"He is asleep," said I to Douglas; "we must wait till he awakens."

"Oh, let me look at him," said he; "it can do no harm. He must be an old shipmate of poor Harry's; perhaps he has some memento of him for me."

"Very well," said I; "you may come in; but make as little noise as possible."

We walked gently up to the bed; Douglas looked earnestly at the sleeper, and, suddenly raising his clasped hands, he exclaimed—

"Merciful Heaven! it is Henry himself!"

The poor patient started, with a wild and fevered look.

"Who called me? I thought I heard Charles's voice! Where am I? Give way in the boat!—oh, spare me, spare me, Charles!—Fire!—Down with them! Hurra!"—And waving his hands above his head, he sank down again on his bed, exhausted.

He soon fell into a deep slumber, which lasted for some hours. I was sitting by his bedside when he awoke.

"How do you feel now?" said I.

"O doctor! I am dying. I have been dreaming: I thought I heard the voice of one I have deeply injured—nay, I dreamt I *saw* him; but changed, how changed! —and I—I have been the cause of it."

Here he was interrupted by the smothered sobs of poor Douglas, or Charles, as I now must call him.

"Who is that? there is somebody else in the room," said he; and, drawing the curtain aside, he saw his brother. "Then it was no dream! O Charles!" and, turning round, he buried his face in the pillow. Douglas sprang forward, and, throwing himself on the bed, gave way to a violent burst of emotion.

"Henry! dear Henry! look at me—it *is* your brother, Henry!"

The dying man groaned. "I cannot look you in the face, Charles," said he, "till you say you have forgiven me."

"Forgiven you!" replied the other; "bless you! bless you, Henry! if you did but know the load of remorse that the sight of you has relieved me from! Thank Heaven, I was *not* your murderer!"

"And can you forget the past, Charles?" said Henry. "Do not my ears deceive me? Do you really forgive me?"

"Freely, fully, from my heart!" was the reply; "the joy of meeting you again, even thus, repays me for all I have suffered."

"O Charles!" again ejaculated Henry, "you were always generous and forgiving; but this is more than I expected from you."

I was now going to leave the room; but my patient, noticing my intention, begged me to remain.

"Stay, doctor, and listen to my confession; concealment is no longer necessary, for I feel that the hand of death is upon me, and that, in a few short hours, my career of sin, and shame, and sorrow, will be at an end."

"My poor fellow," said I, "I have heard the first part of your story from your brother; you had better defer the remainder till you have recovered from your present agitation; I will come again to-morrow."

"To-morrow, sir!" said he; "where may I be before to-morrow? Oh, let me speak now, while time and strength are allowed. It will do me good, sir; it will relieve my mind, and be a comfort to my troubled spirit."

Feeling that he was right, I seated

myself, while he thus commenced his tale:—

"You remember, Charles, our last sad parting—when we stood ——"

"Mention it not, Harry!" groaned his brother—"there is agony in the recollection. Poor Julia!"

"When I left you, I was maddened with sorrow and remorse; all night long I wandered about in a state of distraction, and, when morning dawned, I fell down by the roadside, overcome with fatigue and misery. How long I lay I know not; when I awoke, the sun was high in the heaven; and, during one brief moment of forgetfulness, I rejoiced in his brightness. Alas! it was but for a moment; my guilty love, my treachery, my loss, all flashed upon my mind at once, and I started to my feet, and hurried madly onwards, as if I hoped, by the rapidity of my movements, to escape from my own thoughts. Hunger at last compelled me to enter a small public house, where I fell in with a poor sailor who was on his way to Liverpool in search of a ship. The sight of this man turned my thoughts into another channel. 'Double-eyed traitor, that I am,' muttered I, 'England is no longer a home for me. She, for whose love I broke a father's heart, and betrayed a brother's confidence, has been torn from me; and what more have I to live for here?' My mind was made up.

"'My lad,' said I to the sailor, 'if you have no objection, we will travel together; I am bound to Liverpool myself.'

"'With all my heart,' said he; 'I like to sail in company.'

"I engaged to work my passage out before the mast, in a ship bound to Jamaica, intending to turn my education to some account there if possible, or, at all events, to remain there as long as my money lasted. When I saw the shores of my native land sink in the distance, I felt that I was a forlorn and miserable outcast; that the last link was severed that bound me to existence. A dark change came over me; a spirit of desperation and reckless indifference; a longing wish to end my miseries at once. I strove against the evil spirit; and for a while succeeded. On our arrival at Kingston, I endeavored in vain to obtain employment; my stock of money was fast decreasing; and when that was gone, where was I to turn for more? Poverty and wretchedness threatened me from without; remorse was busy within. 'Why should I bear this weary load of life?' said I, as I madly paced the shore, 'when one bold plunge would bury it for ever?'

"I threw myself headlong into the water; and, though an excellent swimmer, I resolutely kept my face beneath the surface; yes! with desperate determination, I strove to *force* myself into the presence of that dread Being whom I had so grievously offended. When I came to my senses again, I was lying on a part of the beach I was unacquainted with; a tall, handsome, dark-featured young man was bending over me, and, within a few yards of where I lay, a small light boat was drawn up on the shore.

"'So you have opened your eyes at last, my friend,' said the man; 'you have had a narrow squeak for it. When I dragged you out of the water like a drowned rat, I thought all was over with you. Have you as many lives as a cat, that you can afford to throw away *one* in such a foolish manner?'

"'Life! I am sick of it,' answered I.

"'Well,' said he, 'if that is the case, why not throw it away like a man, among men? Come with me, and I will furnish you with active employment to drive the devil out of your mind. But here, before we start, take some of the cordial to cheer you.'

"I was chilled and exhausted, and took a hearty draught. I felt its warmth steal through my frame—it mounted to my brain—I laughed aloud; I felt that I was equal to any act of desperation. Alas! I little knew the snare I was fall-

ing into. We launched the boat and sprang into it; and my companion, seizing the oars, pulled rapidly along the beach. After rowing some distance, we saw a light glimmering amid the bushes; it was now nearly dusk; my companion lay on his oars, and gave a long, low, peculiar whistle, which was immediately answered. He then ran the boat ashore; two men sprang in, who relieved him at the oars; and we again held on our way. There was a great deal of conversation carried on in a low tone; and from what I heard of it, half tipsy as I was, I inferred that my companion, whom the other men addressed with great respect, was a naval officer on some secret duty. Just as we were crossing the mouth of a narrow creek, a light four-oared gig dashed out after us, a voice hailed us in English to lie on our oars, and, when we still held on our course, a musket ball whizzed over us, to enforce obedience.

"'The piratical rascals!' exclaimed the young man; 'if they lay hold of us, we are all dead men. Here!' continued he, seizing a musket, which lay in the stern sheets, and giving me another, 'fire, for your life!'

"I was half mad with fever, and the effects of my late draught; and, under the persuasion that our lives were in danger, I fired. The bowman of the gig fell, and we rapidly left her. We came at last to a narrow lagune, close to the low shore of which lay a small schooner, at anchor with sails bent, and every preparation for a start.

"'Welcome on board the little Spitfire, my man!' said the young stranger; 'we want hands—will you ship?'

"'What colors do you sail under?' replied I.

"'Oh, not particular to a shade,' said he; 'any that happens to suit us for the time being: black is rather a favorite.'

"'Black!' exclaimed I; 'I thought you were king's men. I won't go with you.'

"'It is too late, my lad—go you must! Besides, there is no safety for you on shore now; you shot one of the crew of the cruiser's gig, and they will have life for life, depend upon it.'

"The whole horror of my situation now burst upon me. I was in a fearful strait; but I made up my mind at once, to deceive the pirates, by appearing to be contented with my situation, and to take advantage of the first opportunity that presented itself to escape.

"'Well,' said I, 'if that's the case, I had better die fighting bravely like a man, than hang like a dog from the yard-arm of a man-of-war.'

"'Bravely said, my hearty!' replied the young leader; 'but we must be moving—the blue jackets will be after us; that shot of yours will bring the whole hornet's nest about our ears.'

"We got under way; and, after rounding the east end of Jamaica, we stood away for the Cuba shore. The very first time we came to an anchor, I made an attempt to escape; I had saved part of my provisions for some days before, and concealed it in readiness to take with me. We were lying close to the shore, and the darkness of the night would, I thought, conceal my movements; I was just slipping over the schooner's side, to swim ashore, when I felt a touch upon my shoulder, and, turning round, a dark lantern flashed in my face, and I saw the young pirate standing beside me. He held a cocked pistol to my head. 'One touch of this trigger,' said he, 'and you would require no more looking after. My eye has been upon you all along; you cannot escape me; do not attempt it again—the consequences may be fatal.'

"From that hour I was aware that I was constantly and narrowly watched. Except in the one instance of the gig's man, whom I had fired at under a delusion, it was my good fortune as yet to have escaped imbruing my hands in blood. During the action with the Albion, I was

sent in the boat under the particular charge of the mate. 'Keep your eye on this fellow,' said the captain; 'if he flinches for a moment, blow his brains out instantly; we must *glue him* to us with blood. I will keep her in play till you creep alongside; and, once on board, cut every one down before you—give no quarter.'

"My blood ran cold at this horrible order, and I determined upon doing all in my power to counteract its execution. I was delighted when you discovered our approach, and the blue light flashed from your stern; for I dreaded the scene of massacre that must have ensued, if we had boarded you unawares. I sprang on deck with the rest, in hopes that I might be able to prevent some bloodshed; but, when I was violently attacked, my passions were aroused, and I fought desperately for my life. Just as you tumbled me over the gangway, the gleam of moonshine showed me your face. I recognized you immediately; and, when I rose to the surface of the water again after my plunge, I blessed Heaven that I had been spared the guilt of murder. I reached the boat, which was still hanging under your quarter, cut the painter, and, in the confusion, escaped unnoticed. I immediately made for the shore; and, after many hair-breadth escapes from my old associates, I volunteered on board one of the cruisers on the Jamaica station. At length she returned home, the crew were paid off, and I determined to seek you out. On inquiring at the office of the owners of the Albion, in Liverpool, they told me that the late chief mate had settled, some years before, in the neighborhood of Rothesay, in the Isle of Bute, and was still alive. Thank Heaven! I have found you at last! I should like to live, Charles, to prove to you my sorrow and repentance for the past; but as Heaven has willed it otherwise, the blessed assurance of your forgiveness will lighten death of half its terrors."

The poor fellow breathed his last a few days afterwards. Douglas mourned long and deeply for his brother's death; but, after time had soothed his grief, he became quite an altered man. His mind and spirits recovered their elasticity, after the load which had so long weighed them down, was removed. He did not resume his own name; but lived many years afterwards, contented and happy, in the humble station of a fisherman; and it was not till after his death that his old companions discovered how justly the name of "Gentleman Douglas" had been applied to him. His tombstone bore the simple inscription, "Charles Douglas Ponsonby, eldest son of the late Reverend T. Ponsonby."

I often wander, in the calm summer evenings, to the quiet churchyard, and return a sadder, but, I hope, a better man, after meditating upon the troublous, and adventurous life, and peaceful and Christian death of the ROTHESAY FISHERMAN.

A VAGARY OF FORTUNE.

We claim some credit for the novelty and originality of the following remarks, namely, that there frequently occur, in real life, incidents much more singular than any that the most fertile imagination ever supplied to the pages of romance. We, however, claim still more credit, and we suspect the reader will think with a trifle more reason, for the following illustration of the truth of this observation.

On the west side of the bay of Machrimore, on the south side of Cantyre, there stands a small farm house, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the beach.

In the year 1774, this house, and farm adjoining, was tenanted by a man of the name of Duncan M'Allister and his wife.

Duncan was a poor but decent and industrious man, much respected in the country for his integrity, and for his quiet and civil demeanor.

Duncan, however, had a severe struggle with the world. His farm was a very small and a very wretched one; while his rent was neither the one nor the other. It was, in short, with great difficulty that Duncan could make a living of it, even with all the assistance he could obtain from a wife not less industrious than himself. But Duncan looked confidently forward to better days, and not without reason. Four years previous to the period at which our story commences, his son, an only child—a young man of steady habits and excellent disposition—had gone out to the East Indies, in the humble capacity of a gentleman's servant, had there fallen into some little way of business, in which he was doing so well that he had been enabled to remit to his parents twenty pounds per annum, for the last three years of the period above-named.

It was, then, to this source—to the duteous dispositions of his son—that Duncan trusted for an improvement of his own condition, and with each succeeding year did his trust in this son's prosperity and filial affection become more and more confiding; for, with each succeeding year, came an addition of ten pounds to the preceding year's remittance, with an assurance that this latter should always be proportioned—in other words, go on increasing with the success of the donor. And, accordingly, for several years this was the case, till the sum, from twenty had risen to ninety pounds.

With his last remittance, Duncan's son, whose name was John, informed his parents that he was getting on so rapidly and prosperously, that he hoped, in a few years, to be able to return to his own country an independent man.

This was a communication but little calculated to prepare his parents for the following letter which they received from him about nine months afterwards. It was dated from Bhurtpore.

"After all my boasting, my dear father," so ran the letter in question, "what will be your grief and amazement to learn that I am, at this moment, not worth a single rupee—that I am, in short, a ruined man.

"A scoundrel of the name of Novorgod—Christian Novorgod—a Swede, with whom I entered into partnership, has plundered me of all I had.

"Having left this fellow—one of the smoothest-tongued, most plausible, and most deceptive rascals I ever met with—in charge of my store at Bhurtpore, while I was on a trafficking expedition into the interior, in quest of gums and ivory, he

took advantage of my absence, which extended to nearly two months, to sell off all my goods at whatever they would bring, pocketed the money, and decamped.

"I have since understood that the villain has left this quarter of the world, and gone to Egypt. But, wherever he has gone to, I have little chance of ever falling in with him, and still less of recovering any part of my property. That is gone beyond all redemption.

"The loss I have sustained by this scoundrel I cannot estimate at less than from £9,000 to £10,000.

"This is a severe blow, my dear father; but its most distressing consequence, in my view of it, is its depriving me of the power of further assisting you. This is what pains me most.

"It grieves me to add, that the agony and anxiety of mind to which this cruel misfortune has subjected me, has thrown me into such a weakly state of health, that I find myself every day becoming less and less able to struggle against the enervating influences of the climate of this country, and have, therefore, determined on returning home, for my prospects here are entirely ruined.

"In about eighteen months, therefore, from this date, you may expect to see me, if God shall spare me. But, O dear father, how different our circumstances will be from what I once anticipated. I expected to come home to you a rich man; in place of that, I shall come to you as poor as I left you." &c., &c., &c.

We will not detain the reader by any attempt at describing the effect of this letter on poor old M'Allister and his wife, but proceed with our story.

It was about fifteen months after this, that M'Allister received a letter from the minister of the parish of ———, in Ayrshire, requesting him to come instantly to his manse, where he would hear of something which greatly concerned him. He complied. In the afternoon of the second day after, he was seated in the parlor of the clergyman.

"You have a son in the East Indies?" said the clergyman.

"I have!" was the reply of the former. "What of him?" he added anxiously.

"You shall hear," said the minister. "Some time ago the ship ——— was seen off our coast in great distress. The people hastened down to the shore to render what little assistance they could to the unfortunate crew when the catastrophe, which they foresaw, should have happened. The ill-fated vessel struck on, and deeply lodged herself in, the quicksands. Enormous seas, like huge living things, now threw themselves in rapid succession on and over the devoted vessel, burying her in their bosoms, and bearing everything before them in their onward career. Nothing that had life in it, could now exist for an instant on board that unfortunate ship, even suppose it could have kept its hold and footing on her deck—which were impossible—as, from her sinking sideways in the sand, the former sloped at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees.

"Anxious, most anxious were the people to render the miserable sufferers assistance; but they could do little. They had no boat; and, indeed, no boat could have lived a moment in the tremendous surf that was then breaking on the shore. Nothing could they do, then, but watch on the beach, to see whether the waves would bring any of the ill-fated crew to the shore in whom there might still be life. But they looked long in vain for any such occurrence as this. The waves would give up none of their victims. At length, however, they saw a human head, peering, now and then, above the white foam of the sea, and advancing and receding with the approaching and retiring waves.

"Satisfied, after a moment's observation, that the object they saw was indeed the head of a human being, some bold fellow, watching an opportunity, rushed into the surf, plunged his arm into the

water close by the floating object, caught the breast of a man's coat, and, by an exertion of superhuman strength, the result of the excitement of the moment, dragged him to the shore. He was brought to my manse. The body exhibited no perceptible signs of life; but, on tearing open the waistcoat, and placing my hand on the heart, I felt it feebly beating. I had soon the satisfaction of seeing success attend our efforts. The unfortunate sufferer began to breathe audibly, though, for a time, by irregular and convulsive respirations. Satisfied that he was now in a fair way of recovery, I, after leaving some instructions with my wife as to the management of her patient during my absence, hastened again to the beach to see whether I could not find any other object on which to exercise my humanity. But there were none; not one. All, all had perished; and, of the unfortunate vessel herself, no trace remained but in the loose spars and rigging with which the shore was strewed. The hull had entirely disappeared.

"On returning home, I found my patient, though still in a feeble and exhausted state, so far recovered as to be sitting in an arm-chair before the fire, and able to give some account of himself. This account stated that he was a foreigner, which, indeed, his language at once discovered, although he spoke English with tolerable fluency. That he was a passenger in the ship which had just been wrecked, and that he was on his way to England on a mercantile speculation. This was the substance of all that the stranger chose to communicate, and nothing farther regarding him was asked.

"For several days, I and my wife showed the unfortunate man every attention in our power. We tended him day and night; for, during all this time, he continued in a very weakly condition, and, so far from any improvement taking place beyond the point of convalescence he had attained immediately after his resuscitation, he seemed to be retrograding—to be sinking daily under the exhaustion which his late accident had induced. He became feverish, and his slumbers were disturbed, apparently, by frightful dreams; the last a natural consequence, as his benefactors thought, of the perils he had just escaped. But we could not help perceiving at the same time, that the unconnected sentences he muttered during his sleep, oftener bore reference to other matters than his shipwreck, although this last was occasionally alluded to, in the ravings of the sufferer.

"What these other matters were, however, neither I nor my wife could at all make out; but it was evident they were things that pressed heavily on the mind of the unfortunate man. In the meantime, he gradually became weaker and weaker, until it was evident that he had not long to live. Becoming sensible of this himself, the dying man asked if there was any clergyman in the neighborhood who would visit him.

"I told him, what he had not yet been informed of, that I was a clergyman.

"'I would wish,' said he, 'to speak one private word with you, sir, before you shall speak to me on religious subjects.'

"'Surely, surely, my good friend,' replied I.

"'Sit down close by me, my good sir,' said the dying man, 'and I will tell you something that presses heavily on my mind.'

"I having taken a seat as desired, the sufferer went on:

"'About two years ago, I was a merchant in Bhurtpore, in the East Indies. I was in partnership with a Scotchman of the name of M'Allister. His father lives somewhere about Cantyre. We were doing very well, and were making money fast, when the devil put it into my head to turn scoundrel. When my partner was up the country, I sold off all the goods, put the money in my pocket, and ran away, and ruined my poor partner. Now, my good sir, this is the thing that troubles me; that makes me fear to die.'

"'It was, indeed,' said I, 'a very reprehensible act; but your present contrition is some atonement; and, I trust, will procure you the forgiveness of a merciful and beneficent God.'

"'I do trust so,' replied the dying man; 'but would add restitution to contrition. Now, would you, my dear sir, help me in this good work? I have the means, and I would place them in your hands, to be given to the lawful owner when I am dead, if you can find him out.'

"Having said this, the unhappy man took a pocket-book from beneath his pillow, and from thence produced three bills of exchange for £3,000 each, and put them into my hands.

"The pledge was useless without writing, and I instantly got a testament prepared. Some neighbors were called in to attest it; and, in the midst of my prayers, he died. Here is the will, sir; it is in favor of your son, with the bills enclosed in it. He recollected the full name of his partner's father, and it was thus that I discovered you. Do you recollect the name of your son's partner?"

"Christian Novorgod," replied the farmer.

"The same," responded the clergyman. "Then all is right, and as it should be. By this," he continued, "I may reclaim a host of Atheists. It is thus that our Great Father justifies his ways, even at intervals of centuries; that, amidst the darkness raised by the clouds of men's doubts, he may hold forth a shining light, whose radiations may reach far lands and far times, to comfort the faithful and reclaim the wicked."

The farmer, who had, as yet, been scarcely able to open his mouth, stood enveloped in wonder, scarcely believing that he was beyond the precincts of the land of dreams.

In about three months after, Mr. M'Alister's son arrived from the East Indies. He entered his father's house, as he believed, a beggar, heartless and sorrowful. Need we describe his joy when the circumstance we have just related came to his knowledge? We need not. The reader's conception of it will be sufficiently vivid without it.

THE MISER OF NEWABBEY.

In the pretty little village of Newabbey, in the south of Scotland, there lived one of those individuals which society sometimes casts up, as the sea does its secret monsters, formed apparently for no other purpose than to show how curiously operose nature can be in her productions, though mankind, ever in search for final causes, may attempt to wrest out of their eccentricities some moral to suit their self-love, and, by producing a contrast, elevate themselves in the scale of moral or physical beings. That strange person, Cuthbert Grandison —or, as he was generally termed, Cubby Grindstane, by the corruptive ingenuity of his neighbors—occupied a small mud cottage near the centre of the village we have mentioned. He was considerably advanced in age, and, having come to Newabbey at a late period of his life, the people in that part of the country knew little of his history—a circumstance they regretted in proportion to the interest excited by the strange habits of the individual. He was in person a little man; extremely spare; with a sharp, keen, hungry look; a grey hawk's eye, which, like the cat's, seemed to enjoy the best vision collaterally, for the pupil was almost always at the junction of the eyelids. On

his back there was a large hump, which, having the only rotundity which his spare body presented, gave him the appearance of a skeleton carrying a lump of beef; and, as his mode of walking was quick and hurried, a quaint fancy could not resist the additional suggestion, that he was running home with it in order to satisfy the hunger that shone through his fleshless form. The extraordinary appearance of such a wild and grotesque-looking individual, in so small a village, could not fail to produce the usual speculation among the high-mutched gossips, who, having in vain made inquiries and exerted their wits as to his origin, directed their attention to his habits, and especially to the mode in which he earned his livelihood—for no one could say he was ever seen to beg. But they were not much more successful in these secondary inquiries and investigations; because (although it was certain that he had a signboard, exhibiting the characters, "Cuthbert Grandison, Cobbler"—an unusual and somewhat affected and gratuitous depreciation of the votary of St. Crispin—and sometimes sat at his small window, perforating soles with his awl, and filling up the holes with "tackets"), no one in the village employed him, and he never condescended to ask any one for work. If his operations thus afforded no proper clue to his means of life, his conversation was, if possible, still more sterile; for, in place of associating with the other "snabs" of the village, or joining the quidnuncs who assembled in Widow Cruikshanks's, to drink beer and "twine political arguments"—a much harder labor than their day's work, though they thought it a recreation—he looked himself, and another individual, now to be mentioned, into the house at an early hour of the evening, and refused to open it again to however urgent a visitor.

The other individual who lived in Cuthbert's house, was no other than a daughter, about eighteen years of age, called Jean, as unlike her grotesque and mysterious parent as any of God's creatures could be; though every effort was exerted, on his part, to make her as silent and incommunicative as himself. She appeared to have received no education; her dress was of the most wretched kind; and it was even alleged by the neighbors, whose espionage extended even to the calculation of the quantity of meal and milk purchased for the support of the father and the daughter, that she did not get sufficient food. These circumstances regarding the girl were the more readily remarked, that, as all admitted, Jean, or, as she was familiarly called, Jeanie Grandison, would, if she had been treated like other individuals of her age, have excelled the greater number of young women of the village, not only in personal appearance, but in the qualities of her mind and heart. She apparently stood in great awe of her strange parent, and uniformly rejected all solicitations, on the part of the villagers, to join them in their sports, or partake of their little entertainments. The story of the mysterious treatment to which she was subjected, excited the sympathies of the neighbors; and her own amiable manners and meek deportment, exhibiting the indications of a crushed spirit, riveted the regard which had been first elicited by her apparent misfortunes.

The studied seclusion which Grindstane observed, and seemed determined to vindicate against all attempts on the part of the neighbors to "draw him out," rendered it difficult to obtain any insight into the domestic economy of his strange domicile; and accident, at last, brought about what might otherwise not have been easily accomplished. It was observed that, for a considerable time, his daughter had been ailing. She made no complaints to any one; but the quick eye of sympathy soon discovered what was apparently attempted to be concealed. The wife of John Monilaws, a grocer and meal-dealer, from whom Jeanie bought the small portion of provisions her father required, observed

and noticed the change that had taken place upon her, and urged her to reveal her complaint, and apply to the surgeon of the village for relief. She smiled sorrowfully at the exhibition of a sympathy to which she was so much a stranger, and which she was not permitted to avail herself of; thanked Mrs. Monilaws for her kind intentions; and assured her she was not much out of her usual condition of health. Two days afterwards, the good dame was astonished by the grotesque appearance of the mysterious Cubby himself, standing by the side of her counter. It was seldom he was to be seen, far less spoken to; and, as she looked on the man whom report had invested with attributes of an unusual kind, a shiver came over her, which the presence of her husband, who, having seen Cubby enter the shop, followed him from mere curiosity, was required to counteract.

"I want to buy some bread," said he, slowly.

"What kind?" said Mrs. Monilaws.

"A kind I hae aften asked Jeanie to get," replied he; "but my een are never blessed wi' the sight o't."

"Ye may hae't, if we hae't, Cuthbert Grindstane," said John.

"Hae ye ony auld weathered bread," said he, "that has seen the sun for a week, and fules winna buy frae ye?"

"Ay hae we," replied the mistress—"owre muckle o' that. There's some our John is to boil up for the pigs. It's moulded as green as turf-sod. But ye hae nae pigs, Cuthbert?"

"Pigs anew—pigs anew," replied he. "What's the price o' that."

"It's scarce worth onything," replied the honest woman. "It's seldom I sell whinstanes covered wi' green moss. Ye may hae't a'thegither for a penny."

"That's owre muckle, guid woman," said Cubby. "A bawbee, eke a farthin, is the hail value o't. I'll gie nae mair."

"I dinna deal in farthins," replied she.

"Dinna deal in farthins!" ejaculated Cubby with surprise. "Is a farthin no the fourth part o' yer ain price o' a' that bread, sufficient to keep a moderate man for a week?"

"He would be a very moderate man that wad eat it," said John. "I was even dootin if I wad hurt the stamach o' my pigs wi't though boiled in whey."

"Whey!" ejaculated Cubby again—"do ye gie yer pigs whey? They maun hae a routhy stye. Will ye hae my bode?"

"Ye may tak it for naething," said the mistress. "Hoo is Jeanie?—she was complainin last time I saw her."

"Complainin!" said he, as he with the greatest avidity seized the bread, and stuffed it into his pockets. "Did the lassie complain? What did she complain o'? No surely that she didna get her meat?" And he looked fearfully and inquiringly into the face of Mrs. Monilaws.

"She looked in an ailing way," said the mistress; "an' I thought she was ill."

"She's owre fat—an ill complaint," replied he, apparently wishing to get away.

"I dinna see that," said Mrs. Monilaws.

"But I baith see't an' feel't," replied he with a grin. "Guid nicht."

"I pity the puir lassie," said Mrs. Monilaws, after Cubby went away, "wha's doomed to live wi' that man. That's a puir supper for the stamach o' an unweel cratur; an' I've a' my doots if she's no at this moment confined to her strae bed. Is there nae way o' gettin her out o' his hands? The Laird o' Cubbertscroft wants a servant, an' I promised to get ane to him. Jeanie wad answer better than ony other lass in a' Newabbey, but I canna see her to speak to her; for, though she comes here, naebody can gae to her."

"There seemed to be something strange," replied John, "in Cubby's manner, when ye asked him about Jeanie. If he gaes lang his ain errands, an' she doesna mak her appearance, I'll conclude, frae what I hae seen an' heard, that there's something wrang. That man has the

heart to starve ane o' God's creatures—ay, his ain dochter—to death. What mortal could live on that meat he has taen hame wi' him this nicht? Keep an ee on them, Marion; an', if Jeanie doesna sune show hersel, I'll mak sma' scruple in visitin the lion's den."

Some days afterwards, Cubby again made his appearance at the counter of John Monilaws; and there being no more old bread for him, he struck a long contested bargain about some "fuisted" meal, that had been long in the shop, and for which he offered far beneath its real value; but Mrs. Monilaws, thinking him poor and miserable, accepted his offer, though she had scarcely done so when she repent of her generosity, for she immediately concluded that her kindness was a species of cruelty, in so far as she was accessary to sending, in all likelihood to an invalid, food that was not suited even to a robust beggar. As he greedily grasped, and carried away like a thief, the article he had purchased, she asked again for his daughter; but she got less satisfaction on this occasion, than even on the last, for his only answer was—"What's the use o' speerin for weel folk?" The suspicions of Mrs. Monilaws were roused, rather than allayed, by this answer, and the manner in which it was delivered, and she lost no time in telling her husband, that he might get some of the neighbors to accompany him, and go and inquire for the young girl, who, if ill, ought to be taken from the house; or, if well, might be feed—whether old Grindstane was agreeable or not—for the service at Cubbertscroft.

At the moment that Mrs. Monilaws and her husband were engaged talking about this strange individual and his daughter, Carey Cuthbert—the third son of William Cuthbert of Cuthbert's, or, as it was called, Cubbertscroft, a fine property in the neighborhood—entered the shop, with a message from Mrs. Cuthbert, for articles for the use of the family, and a request to know if any suitable servant had yet been procured by Mrs. Monilaws. This young man, who was about eighteen years of age, was reputed by his parents as unfit for sustaining, even so far as a third son might sustain, the honor and respectability of the Cuthberts of Cubbertscroft. He was represented as being so dull that he would learn nothing; and, at the same time, so fond of associating with inferior people, that he could scarcely have been recognised, either from his conversation or manners, as the son of a gentleman. His bluntness, kindness, and humility, however, pleased all those with whom his father did not wish him to associate. With many of the humble inhabitants of Newabbey he was on the most familiar footing; and nothing pleased him better than to get into the village, where, on every side, he could find companions of the grade that suited his (as his father termed it) depraved taste. In these humbler societies, however, Carey learned what perhaps he would not have done from the Greek and Latin books which, at school, were eternally in his hands, and never in his head. Like most other individuals, whether fools or wits, he had a genius of his own; and, as the worms on which the mole feeds are larger and fatter than the flying insects that form the food of the swallow, humility, and a taste for the common sense that, like water, is best and purest the farther down you go, may be vindicated on the grand principle of utility and interest. We do not give a young man of eighteen credit for an *a priori* knowledge that his interests lay in searching among the humble for that "lear," that could not be got among the sons of the great; but we may safely assert, that nature had placed in him an instinctive liking for the simple and the natural, and he might soon perceive, without any spirit of divination, that, by following nature as his guide, he might arrive at a more satisfactory termination of his journey, than his horse-racing brothers, William and George, who were fast flying through their father's es-

tate. He had nearly already, however, been given up as untractable; his speech, as his mother said, had been Scotch from the first lisp; his ideas had been of the earth, from the first moment he crawled upon it; and the servants his companions, from the time he was able to escape, by the aid of his own feet, from the nursery.

As soon as Carey had delivered his message, he conceived he had thrown off the servitude imposed upon him by his mother, who considered him of no other use than to carry a verbal communication to the village. Entertaining a very different opinion of Carey's powers, John Monilaws told him of the strange conduct of Cubby Grindstane (whom he also well knew, as indeed every person in the neighborhood), in endeavoring to conceal the illness of his daughter, who was the individual to be recommended to his mother as a servant. Carey confessed he thought the conduct of Cubby very suspicious, and, with a knowing look, hinted that it had been long his intention to endeavor to ascertain something more of the old cobbler than the people of Newabbey yet knew.

"It is just you callants," said John, "wha are best at thae things. When I was like ye, there wasna a house tap in a' Newabbey I didna ken as weel as the sparrows that biggit their nests in them. There are queerer sights seen i' the warld, by lookin *down* than by lookin *up*, for a' that astronomers may say on the subject. It was I that discovered Marion Muschet killin her new-born bairn wi' a packthread. I saw her through her ain skylicht; an', though I had nae power to speak, I had plenty o' pith i' my legs; but fule that I was, I forgot that, lang afore I could get assistance, the packthread wad hae dune its wark. Sae it was—the face of the bairn was as blue as my bannet, when, by my means, it was discovered."

"An' muckle ye got for yer sky-larkin," said Mrs Monilaws. "Ye hanged the puir woman, an' got the name o' Skylicht Johnnie, whilk ye hae carried about wi' ye ever since, and will do till the day ye dee."

"Ay, Marion," answered the good-natured husband, "I hae taen nane o' thae flights sin' I married ye. Ye keep me weel down. I suffered weel i' my young days for looking down; but I fear I wad suffer mair noo for lookin up. But the deil's no buried i' Kirkaldy, if I wadna hae a blink through Cubby Grindstane's skylicht, were my legs as soople as Mr. Carey Cuthbert's there, an' I had nae wife on my back."

Carey looked and smiled, and said nothing; but his mind was not so inactive as his tongue.

"Ye wad be nearer yer purpose, John," said Marion, "if ye wad tak wi' ye oor neebor, John Willison, a godly elder o' the kirk, an' gae bauldly in at the door. John will tak wi' him prayers, an' ye some o' my jellies. I never kenned ony guid come by a skylicht—except, maybe, Widow Gairdner's; wha was sittin ae nicht, thinkin whar she wad get her supper; an', as she thought, an' thought, an' was nae better or fu'er for thinkin, a man fell frae the roof at her feet, an', throwin frae him sixteen gowd guineas wi' pure fear, flew out at the door as if Beelzebub an' a' his angels had been after him. Widow Gairdner got her supper that nicht. Naebody ever asked for the guineas; but it was weel kenned frae whase hoose they were stown."

"Ah, Marion, Marion," said John, laughing; "an' sae ye forget yer ain mither's skylicht, through whilk I used to gae to court ye."

"An' I do nae sic things, John," replied Mrs. Monilaws, jocularly; "ye never brocht sixteen gowd guineas wi' ye when ye cam doon through my mither's skylicht, to court her dochter."

This conversation was not lost upon Carey Cuthbert, although he said nothing.

He laughed heartily at the dry humor of the honest, happy couple, and went to visit his other friends in the village. In the afternoon, he was seen studying like a painter the form and appearance of old Grindstane's house, and did not leave the village till the evening. As soon as it was sufficiently dark, he repaired again to the old black domicile; and having during daylight taken his eye-draughts, he tried if he could observe what was going on in the inside of the house from the small window in the side-wall, or from a small round hole in the gable. Both apertures were, however, completely closed, the greatest care having apparently been taken, not only to shut the crazy shutters, but to stuff up the holes with pieces of rags, and to cover up all with a cloth hung from the inside so as to cover all the interior part of the windows. Carey saw, however, enough to satisfy him that the inmates had not retired to rest; for there was light in the cottage, and he thought he observed that it moved, as if some one were carrying a lamp from one part of the interior to another. He heard no sounds; for the individual who moved the light walked softly, as if he wished to avoid making any disturbance.

"We hae nae hope upon earth," said Carey to himself, quaintly; "I maun tak for ance my mither's counsel, an' *soar*—though, I fear, crawlin on thatched roofs is no the kind o' ambition she wants me to flee at."

With these words, and a smile on his face, Carey went along, and, by the aid of a tree, mounted to the top of the house adjacent to Cubby's. Resisting a strong temptation to peep into the interior of this house, which presented a very clear, open, and convenient skylight, through which many secrets might have been discovered, he slipped softly along, and laid himself on the thatch of Cubby's house, with his feet in the spout, and his head on the small aperture, with one pane of yelked glass, through which, if any light had been in the interior, he could very easily have seen all that went on in the inside of the cottage. All, however, was dark as pitch—a circumstance which appeared to him somewhat strange, as he was certain he had seen light in the house before he mounted; but to be accounted for sufficiently easily, by supposing that the light had been extinguished during the time he had been occupied in getting up. He had no hopes now of seeing anything that night; but, as he was there at any rate (so he argued), he might as well rest himself a little, after the fatigues of a day spent running about in various directions, and he might perhaps hear something, if he could see nothing; a mode of acquiring knowledge he had less objection to, than to the ocular exercises on printed paper, so much recommended by his parents and Dominie Blackletter—a creature he hated.

Having lain quietly for some time, he heard, very distinctly, hollow moans, coming from the lower part of the house. They were of the most unearthly kind he had ever heard, suggesting, as they struck the pained ear, the idea of some one suffering the last pangs of mortal agony. These were mixed, or alternated, with occasional harsh objurgatory notes, coming from another person, apparently a man, and supposed, by Carey, to be Cubby Grandison himself. These were followed by a scream, which appeared to be stifled towards its conclusion, as if some one had applied a cloth or other obstruction to the mouth of the individual giving vent to the unbearable agony. The scream marked the individual as a female, and Carey set her down as the unfortunate daughter of whom he had heard John Monilaws and his wife talking in the fore part of the day. These sounds continued for a considerable time. The groans, the objurgations, the scream stifled as before, succeeded each other; and then, for a time, a deep silence reigned throughout the interior, only to be interrupted again, by a repetition of the

same sounds. At last, a louder scream than any he had yet heard, burst from the mouth of the sufferer, and, in an instant, a noise, as of some one falling over chairs, was heard, and then a sudden stifling of the scream, accompanied by the objurgatory and menacing voice of a man, whose anger seemed to increase with the necessity of an increase of his efforts to stop the complaint of the sufferer. This scream was the last that Carey heard. A deep silence again reigned, and a full quarter of an hour passed without any indications being perceived of the presence of a living person in the cottage.

Having waited for a considerable time without hearing anything further, Carey concluded that the suffering individual had been suffocated, and was on the eve of getting down to give an alarm. His attention was again arrested by a new phenomenon. A light was now observable through the chinks of an apparent partition between the skylight and the under or main part of the house, an unusual occurrence in Scotch cottages, which have generally no garret, or any other apartment than what extends from roof to ceiling. A noise was now heard, as of some one trying to open a locked door. Success attended his efforts and, in a little time, a small door, sufficient to let in the body of a man in a crawling posture, opened, and discovered the face and upper part of the body of Cuthbert Grandison, holding in his hands a small cruisie, which sent forth a doubtful, glimmering light, scarcely sufficient to do more than show the high bones and grey eye of the strange individual who held it. The door being opened, he placed the cruisie into the small apartment into which it led, whereby Carey was enabled to see the nature of the place and its extraordinary contents. As he surveyed them, he shook with terror, and was once afraid that his perturbation would discover him. The apartment was a place in the form of a small garret, extending to about a half the size of the under apartment of the cottage; and seemed to have been formed after the house was built, for the purpose to which it was devoted. Casting his eye around and round, what struck the fearful observer first, was a skeleton of a human being, lying extended along the floor, and half enveloped in the darkness, which the glimmering taper only partially illuminated. It had been the first human skeleton Carey had ever seen; and the circumstances under which he now beheld it, shining principally by the borrowed light of its bleached bones, and suggesting some mysterious connexion between the being whose physical system it once supported, and the extraordinary individual who held this strange piece of household furniture, rendered the sight appalling and horripilant. On a chest at the other side of the apartment lay another skeleton, apparently that of a new-born child, whose tiny shanks, worm-like finger bones, and small head, formed a striking and painful contrast to its full-grown companion—suggesting the probability of some kindred blood having once warmed the sapless bones, and some kindred fate having dried it up, leaving these dry tokens as the only monument of their sorrows and misfortunes. Around on all sides were large packages cased with iron, and sitting on a small hook attached to the wall near the ceiling was another inhabitant of this living cemetery, which, from the singularity of its aspect, its silence, and its locality, excited as much terror in Carey as even the skeleton. This was no other than a large grey owl, sitting as demure as grimalkin, with its goggle eyes at their utmost stretch, glaring in the light of the taper like fiery balls, and rolling as if in anger at being interrupted by the intruder in its enjoyment of eating a mouse, which, dead and mangled, was firmly clenched in its claws. The few minutes that served Carey to examine these extraordinary appearances, whose reality he doubted against all the clearness of his rubbed

eyes, enabled Cuthbert Grandison to crawl into the place, through the limited aperture opening in its side. The moment he got in, he shut the door carefully, and threw his eyes up to the pane of glass through which Carey was looking, without, however, observing him, as he instantly drew back his head. When Carey again directed his eyes to the object of his curiosity and awe, he was lying prostrate by the side of the bones of the larger skeleton. He then rose up, threw a look of recognition to the owl, which went on with its repast, heedless of the ceremony with which it had been honored. The necromantic appearance, attitude, and acts of the hunchbacked living skeleton, who thus stood as it were in the midst of the dead, communing with them by a secret and mysterious power, realized in the mind of the neophyte all the stories he had heard and read of the wonderful and the terrific. The subsequent conduct of the performer was not less extraordinary. His ceremonies and operations occupied a full hour. Everything was noticed by Carey; and if what we have attempted to describe produced wonder, what we have at present abstained from narrating, from a regard to what is due to the importance of other circumstances waiting for detail, was not calculated to lessen that feeling.

Carey having got down again from the roof top, hurried away home at the top of his speed; for he had staid too long, and was certain of a scold from his parents, for having been seduced into low practices, by the vulgar inhabitants of the village. A confusion in the house, produced by a poinding having been that day executed, but removed by payment of the debt which had been incurred by the eldest son, William, and corroborated by the indulgent father, saved him from the abuse which awaited him. Though young, he had sense enough to see the folly of the proceedings of his father and brothers, and sighed as he retired to his couch, in the anticipation of a greater evil impending over the house of Cuthbert, than the humble-mindedness of its third son. The anticipated misfortunes of his father, and the recollection of the extraordinary sights he had witnessed from the roof top of Cubby Grandison, kept him awake during the greater part of the night. His meditations took various turns. The abuse to which he was daily exposed at the hands of his parents and brothers, produced an ambition of showing himself worthy of their regard, and even of saving them from the ruin that seemed to await them; but the schemes whereby that was to be accomplished, formed in a youthful mind, fell far short of the wishes which produced them. In the morning, he was duly catechised as to the cause of his being so late in coming home; but he chose rather to be subjected to the suspicion of having been in the company of Sandy Ferrier the smith, or Geordie Mactubbie the cooper, or any other humble, but witty denizen of Newabbey, whose laugh caught his ready sympathies, than divulge the secrets of his evening's adventures, on the house-top of Cubby Grindstane the cobbler.

Next day it was absolutely necessary—so at least thought Carey Cuthbert—that he should again see John Monilaws, about his mother's servant, though he had no new commission from her to execute, connected with that affair; and giving Gideon Blackletter and his Greek and Latin books the slip, he hastened again to Newabbey, now become a much more interesting place than Cubbertscroft.

"Ye've got nae intelligence yet, I fancy, Mrs. Monilaws, aboot my mither's servant?" he said, as he entered the shop of the gaucy dealer in many wares.

"No yet, Mr. Carey," replied she. "There's been a consultation atween Elder Willison an' John, as to the time o' their visit to Cubby's den, as they ca' it. They're speakin o' four o'clock. They want a stout young chiel wi' them, for fear o' accidents. As you're a little interested i' the affair, an' fond o' sichts,

maybe ye may condescend to accompany them?"

"I've nae objections," answered Carey. "Is there ony other livin creature supposed to be i' the house, but Cubby an' his dochter?"

"No," answered the mistress, "if indeed ane o' thae twa even be livin; but few folk can tell muckle aboot the inside o' Cubby Grindstane's house, for he has a way o' meetin visitors at the door, an', stanin richt i the gap, speaks them fair, an' gets them awa as sune as he can."

"Was he ever married, ken ye?" said Carey, "or did ye ever hear o' ony ither body that lived wi' him?"

"I dinna ken," replied she. "He hasna had a wife sin' he cam to Newabbey."

"Is his dochter Jeanie, wham ye intend for my mither's servant, like her father?" said Carey.

"As unlike as ony twa creatures can be," replied Mrs. Monilaws. "He's a hunchbacked scarecraw, an' she's a bonny young lassie, whase beauty, a' the ill usage and starvation she has suffered, hasna been able to tak the blume frae; but muckle I fear, that blume winna stand muckle langer, if indeed death hasna already blawn the witherin gouch o' his breath on't. But this day will expose a' the secrets o' the inside o' that house."

"I see nae great reason," replied Carey, "for supposin there's ony great secret aboot it."

"What maks him keep a'body oot, then, Mr. Carey, man?" said the mistress. "What gies him that side-look, that fearfu girn, an' his slouchin walk? What maintains him?—for he works nane; and why winna Jeanie speak abune her breath when she sees him, or answer, when he's awa, ony question aboot him or his hoose?"

"A' prejudice, Mrs. Monilaws," replied Carey; "auld wives' wind eggs, batched, nae doot, by a covey o' them, as they sit thegither till they clock. The puir man doesna want to be fashed wi' a set o' meddlin neebors."

At four o'clock, Elder Willison, John Monilaws, and Carey, went to the house of Cubby Grindstane. The door was locked. They knocked, and asked admittance.

"What want ye?" said a rough voice from within

"We hae some shoes to get mended," said John Monilaws.

"I'm ill, an' no in a mendin way the day," replied Cubby. "Gang awa to Jamie Goodawl's."

"Jamie has owre muckle to do, and tauld us to gang to Cubby Grindstane," said the godly elder.

"My awl's my ain," said Cubby, in worse humor; "an' sae lang as it's no thirled to the *soles* o' men. I'm free frae the power o' their bodies. Awa wi' ye!"

"You're in my district, Cubby," said the elder, "an' I hae the command o' Mr. Singer, oor minister, to ca' upon ye, and inquire for the state o' yer soul, whilk, to reverse yer puir pun, is, we fear, owre closely thirled to yer *all*. Yer dochter has also a soul to be saved; and Mr. Singer says he never saw you or her i' the kirk."

"Weel, if I dinna trouble him, he has nae richt to trouble me," replied Cubby. "I say again, awa wi' ye! The law says a man's hoose is his castle, an' it says true."

"That's an unfortunate allusion," whispered Carey to John Monilaws. "Castles are made to be attacked."

"An' to be defended," answered Cubby, who had overheard the remark.

Carey applied his powerful back to the crazy door, and, in an instant, threw it open, overturning at the back of it a number of pieces of old furniture, placed as props or defences, to prevent its being opened. The party entered, and, in an instant, were in the middle of the cottage, which was in two divisions—one end being occupied by a small truckle bed, on which a human body lay extended; and the other, which Carey remarked was under

the small garret where he had observed the nocturnal rites, presented nothing but a few broken stools; some straw in one corner over which a dirty sheet and a blanket were spread; a fire, with about as much live coal in it as a hand might hold, as well for quantity as activity of heat; a small cupboard, with a padlock on it of twice the value of the article it guarded, presenting some bones that had once, and while another's property, been covered with roasted meat, and seemed by their whiteness to have been four or five times boiled, with the remnant of the fuisted meal purchased from Mrs. Monilaws.

"This is a strange way," said Cubby, as he went to what might have been called the butt end of the cottage—"this is a strange fashion o' bringing the word o' God to folk that dinna want it."

"We are tauld," replied the elder, "to strive for the repentance o' sinners."

"Ay, but ye're no tauld to break open folks doors, to force them to repent," replied Cubby. "Besides, Mr. Willison, whar's the shoon Jamie Goodawl said he couldna mend, and sent ye to me wi'? Amang sins to be repented o', a lee is a very guid ane to begin wi'."

"Hoo's Jeanie, yer dochter?" said the elder, who was fairly caught by Cubby.

"What should ail her?" said Cubby, looking suspiciously, and moving between them and the other apartment.

"That's just what we want to ken," said John Monilaws, pushing Cubby a little to the side, and moving slowly into the other division, followed by the elder and Carey.

The sight that here presented itself to them, as they approached the small truckle bed, and folded down the top of the only blanket that covered the body of a female, was of the most wretched and pitiful character. It was with the greatest difficulty that John Monilaws could recognise the features of Jeanie Grandison (for such the invalid was), reduced, by the ill-matched pair, famine and disease, to the last stage of existence. The bloom which Mrs. Monilaws feared for was indeed withered, and the stalk which supported the flower attenuated to a fibre. Pale as a corpse, and emaciated beyond the lowest state of body that keeps burning the lamp of life, it appeared doubtful, in the absence of motion, whether she should be classed among living mortals. The approach of strangers seemed to produce no effect upon her; for her eyelids, which about half covered the glazed orbs, remained stationary, and no symptoms of breathing could be discovered. At the side of the bed, stood a three-footed stool, on which was placed a tin tankard, containing some cold water, and a small bowl, with about an ounce of cold porridge (made, no doubt, of part of the meal seen in the press), in the bottom of it, no part of which seemed marked by the rusty iron spoon that lay alongside of the dish.

"Why did ye say to my wife, Cubby, that that lassie was weel, when it's scarcely possible to observe in her a spark o' life?"

"And what guid wad it hae dune to hae said she was ill?" replied Cubby. "I canna pay for possets an' puddins recommended by auld wives; an' a doctor is far ayont my degree or ability."

"Ye micht hae begged assistance, then," said John. "Naebody wad hae refused a bite or a sup to ane o' God's creatures, lyin at the point o' death."

"The folk hereabout," replied Cubby, "are owre proud o' their bites and sups, no to come an' enjoy the luxury o' seein' their charity applied, and gettin' their lugs lined wi' the return o' gratitude. A house fu' o' folk, an' a pouch wi' three farthins i' the corner o't, dinna sort weel thegither. Besides, what mair can ony sick body get than meat and drink?"

"An' do ye ca' that meat and drink?" said John, pointing to the porridge and water.

"What wad you ca' it!" replied Cubby, grinning. "I wish I may get na waur to comfort me when I come to dee."

"If the fear of expense," said Carey, "has prevented ye frae lettin' the neebors ken o' yer daughter's illness, wadna the same cause hae prevented ye frae tellin' o' her death! A funeral costs siller—what wad ye hae dune wi' the body?"

Cubby seemed moved by this question, and eyed the speaker suspiciously and fearfully.

"What's that to ye, callant?" he said at last. "A man's nae great mechanic wha canna ca' thegither four white deals; and they that carry to the grave dinna trouble ane by coming back to ask for their fare, as other carriers do."

"She'll no be ill to carry, puir thing," said John Monilaws. "The only weight about her will be that o' death, whilk they say is great even in a bird. Whar does her mither lie?"

"Whar should she lie!" replied Cubby, again put into a state of agitation, remarked particularly by Carey. "Think ye she's no in her grave?"

"I hae little doot o' that, Cubby," said the other; "but I hope puir Jeanie hears naething o' a' this."

On looking at the invalid, all parties were surprised to see her looking up in their faces, apparently comprehending every word they said.

"Ye're better, I think, Jeanie," said John.

"I dinna ken," replied the poor maiden. "Ask my faither. I can say naething about mysel He'll answer for me."

"Hae ye been gettin ony meat except this crowdy an' Adam's wine?" again said the other.

"My faither kens best what kind o' wine I hae been gettin," replied she.

"Wine!" ejaculated Cubby—"God keep me an' my house frae sic extravagance! Mair souls an' siller hae been drooned in that liquor than in the Dead Sea, whilk hauds Sodom and Gomorrah."

"An' some bodies hae been saved wi't," said John, taking out a small bottle and a glass, and emptying some wine, which, by holding up the poor invalid, he endeavored to prevail upon her to taste.

Cubby turned up his eyes and his hands to heaven. Jeanie looked fearfully at her father, and refused to taste the wine, though her lips were as withered leaves.

"The taste o't will never leave her mouth," ejaculated Cubby. "Awa wi' you an' your wine! Is my bairn to be corrupted, an' her faither lookin' on? What can be expected o' ane wha has swallowed three hail pennies at ae gulp? God hae mercy on us!"

"You seem to want yer dochter dead," said the elder. "The Lord has sent us thae things to be used, and no abused. Paul says, 'Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities.'"

"I'll no take that," replied Cubby, "on the faith o' ane wha said he cam here wi shune to mend, when his true errand was to corrupt the stamach o' my dochter. Paul had mair sense than to learn folk thae evil habits."

"Show me a Bible, an' I'll point ye out the passage," said the elder.

"I may thank the Bible," replied Cubby; "for the auld ane I ance had, an' whilk I sauld for half-a-crown to Geordie Bookless o' Dumfries, kept me an' Jeanie livin' for five weeks—sae I hae naething to say against that guid buik; but I haena been able to buy a second. Ye may noo gang yer ways. Ye see that neither yer wine nor yer text is o' ony use in this house."

"Will you alloo her to tak onything else, then, Cubby, if my wife sends it to ye?" said John Monilaws.

"It's no often ye hear o' a puir penniless cratur like me refusin onything that wad save his stock o' three guid farthins. I wad tak ony gift but luxuries, provided the giver didna want entrance to my house; but that's impossible. A' that gie think they hae a richt to enter yer house as they like. Sae I dispense wi' yer gifts. Awa wi' you and them baith!"

"It's in vain to fecht wi' him," whispered Carey into the ear of John Monilaws. "It's clear the lassie will dee if she's no removed. I'll haud Cubby, if you an' the elder will lift the truckle-bed bodily, an' carry the lassie an' it thegither into yer ain house."

This communication was approved of, and conveyed to the elder. A sign was given by Carey, who instantly seized Cubby by the shoulders; while, the door being opened, the two others lifted with the greatest ease the small couch, and, to the great surprise of the neighbors, who rejoiced in the proceeding, carried it with the poor victim into John's house, where the humane mistress, who had a liking for Jeanie, received her with pleasure, and proceeded to contribute to her ease and recovery. The greatest terror was evinced by Cubby on being let free from the powerful grasp of Carey. He flew out of the house like one distracted (yet locking, even in his hurry, the door), forced himself through the crowd into John Monilaws' house, and, by threats, imprecations, supplications, and even bribes, endeavored to get possession of his daughter. His conduct appeared to the people inexplicable. The starvation of his daughter, and the affection (for what else could it be that produced his anxiety?) that suggested such means of regaining possession of her, appeared inconsistent; and if the sanity of the individual had not, by his conversation, been well established, he would have been considered a madman. His violence arose to such a pitch that it was found necessary to guard the door; and it was only after some feigned attempt to break into his own house, which seemed to terrify him even more than the detention of his daughter, that he was forced home, and the poor girl was left unmolested under the charge of Mrs. Monilaws.

Meanwhile, Jeanie, being kindly treated and attended by a surgeon, recovered with a quickness proportioned to the powers of reaction of a youthful constitution, acting on a system once more restored to the enjoyment of what Dr. Leechman called the *non-naturals*. Her natural beauty, which had never yet got fair play, began to show itself; and her simple and timid manners, produced by the dreadful tyranny under which she had lived, excited a deep interest in her protectors and preservers. She never, however, could be prevailed upon to speak of her father, or of anything connected with the house. A shudder passed over her when his name was mentioned; and she expressed an anxiety either to be put beyond his power or again restored to him, an alternative which was not well understood by her protectors, but sufficiently explained by the dangers to which she would be exposed if she were made accessible to him when he was under the influence of the fits of terror, excitement, and anxiety, he had exhibited already on more than one occasion, and, perhaps, partly to be accounted for by some secret cause which she could not be prevailed upon to divulge. She was quite agreeable to go to Cubbertscroft as a servant; and it was arranged that she should accordingly proceed there as soon as she had totally recovered. Grieved for her want of education, Mrs. Monilaws procured, for her instruction in reading and writing, the services of the village schoolmaster, who attended her daily after she was able for the exercise, and was much gratified by the rapid progress she made (for she was of quick parts) under his zealous tuition.

During all this period, Jeanie Grandison was regularly visited by Carey Cuthbert, whose interest in her, though he had not then seen her, commenced from the eventful evening when he made the awful discoveries we have partly detailed, through her father's skylight: and had increased from the moment he saw the first tint of the bloom of returning health on her pallid cheek, and heard the sounds of her clear melodious voice, though exercised only in the expression of the sentiments of a half-broken, timid, yet grateful heart.

When properly restored to health, Jeanie set out, under the protection of John Monilaws and Carey (who, however, left them before he approached the house), to Cubbertscroft, where she entered upon her service. Nothing was said to any one of her parentage; all that was told to Mrs. Cuthbert or the other servants, being, that she had, after having come to Mrs. Monilaws to be engaged, been seized with a fever, which prevented her sooner from entering upon her service. This caution had been observed in accordance with Jeanie's own wish; but her curious history reached the ears o' one of the servants, and very soon became known to the family, who did not treat her any better, because she was reputed to be the daughter of one already notorious in that part of the country for squalid beggary and extraordinary and mysterious conduct. Mrs. Cuthbert, an unfeeling woman, whose contempt was measured by the humbleness of the birth, circumstances, and education of every one around her, treated her harshly—not hesitating, in her moods of spleen and passion, to taunt her with her father's abject poverty, and her own origin. The protection and kindness she received from Carey, were limited by his want of opportunity and power; but the early interest he felt in her soon assumed a n w character, and an affection, pure and honorable as the heart that entertained it, took possession of him, with all the energy of a youthful passion. The opportunities he had of conversing with her, were stolen from the watchful surveillance of his parents; who, acquainted with his habits of humble companionship, had threatened to turn him from the house if he did not renounce them; but, as the mountains, piled by the daring hand of Titan, are not able to stop the mountain stream, many devices were fallen upon by Carey, to give vent to a passion whose course, though proverbially crooked, is also proverbially irresistible. When Jeanie was supposed to be visiting her friends in Newabbey—a place she dared not enter—she was along with Carey, in the Wolf's Brake, a very retired place in the neighborhood, where they conceived they were perfectly safe from the disturbance of their enemies; but they were discovered by Carey's parents, who cruelly dismissed them both from the house. Carey was true to his love; and they proceeded together to the village, where they were received by John Monilaws and his wife, to whom they related their strange story, with kindness. Some time afterwards, they were married, and Carey paid little attention to the remarks of the neighbors, who could not see "hoo the young gentleman, without a trade in his hand," was to support himself and a wife. Even John Monilaws thought the match, in the meantime, imprudent, and recommended that it should be postponed until Carey had learned some trade or profession. Carey smiled in reply, and thought of what he had seen from the sky-light of his father-in-law's cottage.

In a short time it was currently reported, that the laird of Cubbertscroft was over head and ears in debt, and that the property was to be brought to the hammer. This news was soon but too well corroborated by large printed bills, posted in various parts of the county, advertising the sale of the property of Cubbertscroft, in the town-hall of Dumfries, on a day and hour set forth. One of these fell into the hands of Carey. He sallied out of the house; and, it being at the time dark, he sought, and forcibly entered the dark and dismal habitation of Cubby Grindstane, now his father-in-law.

"Ken ye the law against hamesucken, sir?" said Cubby, recognizing him.

"I do," said Carey; "but it is a subtle point wi' the lawyers hoo strong a rap (intended to let folk hear ye, but haein the by effect o' openin the door) amounts to forcible entry. I cam to ask hoo ye are, Cubby Grindstane."

"A' sort o' impudence," said Cubby, "is comprehended by that cant. If folk want to borrow frae ye, (whilk, God be praised! I'm far ayont,) if they want to steal yer time, if they want to see what's i' yer hoose, or what's intended to be in yer stamach, they aye cloak their intentions wi' askin' hoo ye are—the maist unmeanin' o' a' questions. Gang yer ways the way ye cam, sir; an' I'll send ye a weekly bulletin o' my health."

"Bulletins hae been issued aboot the health o' folk o' less consequence," said Carey, pointing his finger to the small garret.

"What mean ye, sir?" said Cubby, staring at him with his eyes at their full stretch, and showing signs of great agitation.

"Sit down Cubby," said Carey—"I want to speak to ye, for a short time, rationally and quietly. I hae nae ill intentions towards ye; an', if ye are discreet, ye'll find me a mair sicker freen than a safe fac.

Cubby hesitated to sit down. He had never been seen in that position when any one was in his house; for he found he got any people who had been lucky enough to get in, out again, more readily by keeping on his legs.

"I'm no used sittin' wi' strangers," said he.

Carey again lifted his finger to the roof of the house, and Cubby's agitation increased. Trembling from head to foot, he at last sat down on a three-footed stool, opposite to Carey.

"Hae ye heard ony news o' late?" began Carey.

"I'm no i' the way o' hearin' news," replied Cubby, "an' care little for the world's clavers besides."

"But when things concern oorsels," said Carey, "we maun care aboot them."

"What mean ye?" said Cubby.

"It's said," replied Carey, looking at him attentively, "that in a house no a hunder miles frae the sma' village o' Newabbey there lie the banes o' a woman an' a bairn, whase coffins never saw the mortclaith o' ony parish, or filled the graves o' ony buryin' place. When deaths are concealed, suspicions o' murder are aye rife; an' I hae heard it even said that simple concealment itsel, at least in ae case, is a guid, if no the only proof o' wilfu' slaughter."

"What hae I to do wi' that, sir?" said Cubby, whose agitation still increased.

"Silence!" said Carey, holding up his hand to the roof—"ye may at least hear the gossip o' the village. The banes are in the hoose o' an auld cobbler; an' it's also said, that, in the place whar they lie, there is an extraordinary collection o' a miser's treasure, filling nae fewer than five big kists, strongly clasped wi' bands o' iron, to protect the gowd guineas, nae less in amount than fifteen thousand pounds. To mak the story mair wonderfu', the gossips hae added to the inhabitants o' the strange hoose, a grey owl—nae doot, an invention o' their ain brains."

"It's a' an invention thegither," ejaculated Cubby, rising from his seat, and trying to walk through the apartment, which, however, his trembling and agitation prevented him from doing, otherwise than by a zig-zag motion, from one side to another.

"I think sae mysel," said Carey; "but we'll see." And he rose and seized, in an instant, a ladder used by Cubby, for the purpose of mounting to his Golgotha.

"Hauld, sir!" cried the frantic Cubby, as he flew and seized Carey by the legs, falling at the same time on his knees, and turning up his grey eyes, now, like his own owl's, darting forth fire. "What is this ye're aboot? Wha are ye? What ken ye o' thae dark things?—I mean there is naething there. Hauld, sir! or ye'll kill an auld man wha micht be yer faither." And he fell on the floor, groaning and rolling about, like one in a convulsion.

"I will lay down this ladder," said Carey, "if you will rise, an' sit down, an' speak to me on certain subjects that concern me and you."

"I will, I will," replied Cubby, recovering slightly. "I'll sit quietly an' hear ye speak o' onything but thae village gossips. Nae lamb will be more peaceable; an'—an' ye'll hae something too—to tak wi' ye when ye gae awa."

"Ye mean ane o' yer three guid farthins, I suppose?" said Carey, with a smile.

"Ay, I'll make it a gowd guinea," said the other, with an effort like to choke him.

"Weel, let that alane," said Carey; "we'll maybe mak it mair. Ye now see that I ken a' the secret that lies i' that garret. I hae seen it wi' my ain een, an' heard it frae yer dochter, wha is noo my lawfu' married wife—a guid match to her seein' I am the third son o' William Cuthbert o' Cubbertscroft."

"My dochter married to ane o' the Cubberts o' Cubbertscroft!" ejaculated Cubby. "Then hae the twa stocks at last joined. Heaven be praised!"

"It is clear, then," continued Carey, "that you are completely in my power. On going to Gilbert Sleuthie, the fiscal o' the county, an' layin' my statement afore him, his first step will be to seize the banes an' the gowd. Ye will be tried for the murder o' the unhappy beings whase bodies they ance supported; an', whether ye be guilty or innocent, ye'll hae some difficulty o' getting oot o' the hands o' the law the fifteen thousand guineas I saw ye count wi' my ain een; an', even were ye to get it back, it will spread throughout the country that Cubby Grindstane has £15,000, an' a' the stouthrievers o' the country will be on ye like bluidhounds, to ease ye o' the burden o' keepin't.

"But ye'll no gang to Gilbert Sleuthie, the fiscal?" cried Cubby, rising again into one of his paroxysms of terror, and seizing Carey by the knees "It's no in the heart o' ane wi' that face o' yours to ruin a puir auld man, wha you say is your faither-in-law. I ken ye winna do't. The guinea I'll mak twa, an' maybe a half mair. Say ye winna gang, an' I'll mak it three. Mercy! mercy!"

With the greatest difficulty Carey got him to let go the firm grasp he had of his legs; and which he seemed inclined to hold till he got his request granted.

"It isna by ony sic bribes as thae, Cuthbert Grandison, that I will be diverted frae my purpose."

"What will please ye, then?" cried Cubby, earnestly.

"A condition for yer ain benefit," replied Carey. "Have ye no sense enough to see that the money ye hoard in thae kists yields ye nae interest, and, besides, rins the risk o' being taen frae ye the very moment it is kenned (an' it's already suspected) ye hae't."

A groan was all the answer Cubby could give; for denying the money was now out of the question.

"Now I am to put you on a plan," continued Carey, "wharby ye may get a guid return for yer money, an' nae man can tak it frae ye."

Another groan evinced the agony of the sufferer.

"Here," continued Carey, taking from his pocket the advertisement of Cubbertscroft. "Here is my father's property for sale on Wednesday next. It will, in all likelihood, be thrown awa. Tak yer siller to the bank o' Dumfries, an' lodge it there, then gang to the Hall, an' buy Cubbertscroft; an' wha will venture to rin awa wi' that frae ye?"

"But ye are wrang aboot the siller," cried Cubby—"there's no sae muckle o't as ye say."

"I will count it mysel," cried Carey, pointing to the ladder. "I heard you count it before."

"Weel, weel," replied Cubby, "I'll think o' what ye've said."

"I'll wait yer answer the morn," said Carey. "If ye dinna agree, I'll write instantly to Sleuthie."

Carey then left him; but, with the determination of watching the house during the night, to prevent any attempt at removing the chests.

"Mercy on me!" said Cubby to himself, when Carey went out, "what am I to do? I canna remove thae kists, an' whar can I tak them? My secret's oot; an', whether that callant tells Sleuthie or no, it's clear I canna keep langer this siller in a thatched cottage. Let me see—buy Cubbertscroft, the property o' the freens o' my mither, whase name I bear? Aften hae I heard her say, puir cratur! that she couldna live an' see Cubbertscroft sauld and gien awa to strangers; and noo that is aboot to be—at a time, too, when, strange to say! my dochter is married to a Cubbert—the callant's no far wrang. The banes o' my wife an' bairn, wham I couldna find in my heart to bury, hae kept my gowd lang safe frae the ee o' my dochter; but they may noo lead Sleuthie to my coffers. What's to be done? My gowd! my gowd! I canna pairt we ye; for ye are dearer to me than my heart's blude. But, if it wad pain me to gie ye awa for land whilk has nae king's face on't, what wad I feel to hae ye taen frae me by force! I canna bear that thought. Buy Cubbertscroft! Cubby Grindstane gie awa his gowd for Cubbertscroft!—awfu' thought! But it was my mither's wish—an' better land than naething. I maun think mair on't."

Carey called next day, and again laid before the old man the danger of not complying with the request. Cubby himself had been shaken fearfully during the night with the terror of losing altogether his wealth; and the arguments of Carey almost decided him. He said he would again consider of it, and if he came to the conclusion of buying Cubbertscroft, he would be at the place of sale on the day and hour appointed. Carey left him, and continued his watch at night. About twelve o'clock, he observed a cart and a horse standing at the door of the cottage; and when all the inhabitants of the village were at rest, he observed the miser carrying out his coffers and placing them on the cart. He allowed him to proceed. The cart was loaded; and, in a short time, he saw it take the road to Dumfries. He followed close behind, and was surprised to find that Cubby drove straight up to the house of the cashier of the principal bank of the town. By knocking hard, he roused the servants; in a little time the banker came out, the cart was unloaded, and a transaction finished.

The day arrived on which the sale of Cubbertscroft was to take place. A great number of people was collected. Carey was there, and he was surprised to find his father; who, however, had attended with the hope of getting some friend to buy in the property on his account. The two looked at each other without speaking. John Monilaws was also present, as well as some others of the inhabitants of Newabbey. The auctioneer mounted into his desk; and £12,000 had been offered for the property by a neighboring laird, who wished to incorporate it with his own land. Some other individuals bade, and the bodes had arrived at £14,000—no one being inclined to go beyond it. At this moment the door of the room opened, with a harsh noise, and the people looked around, to observe the cause of the interruption. Cubby Grindstane entered. A feeling of surprise ran through the crowd. John Monilaws stared, and Carey smiled. Stepping forward, Cubby watched the voice of the auctioneer. The latter called out £14,000.

"Five shillings mair!" cried Cubby.

"You must make it five pounds, sir," said the auctioneer.

"Aweel, aweel, then," said Cubby—"let it be five pounds."

The surprise of the people increased to wonder. Every one whispered to his

neighbor—"Is he mad? Why does the auctioneer take his bode?" No one bade higher, and the hammer fell.

"Are you able to find caution, sir?" said the auctioneer.

"No," replied Cubby.

"Why did you bid for the land, then?" rejoined the other.

"Because I wanted it," replied Cubby. "Will ye no tak the siller in place o' caution?"

"Assuredly," replied the auctioneer, smiling—"where is it?"

"There," said Cubby, "is the banker's check for £14,000. The moment I get a complete right to the land, ye may hae the siller."

The bargain was, accordingly, soon arranged; and, to the surprise of all that part of the country, Cuthbert Grandison became the laird of Cubbertscroft. His feelings subsequently underwent some change for the better, and he took home his daughter Jeanie and her husband, to live with him in the mansion-house, where, however, he still exhibited a great portion of his original avarice. He soon died, and the property was left to Jeanie. Carey Cuthbert had, by the right of courtesy, all the power of the property. He received with welcome his father and mother, and maintained them during their lives in the mansion-house from which they had formerly expelled him, and from which their own extravagance had driven themselves.

THE PIRATE.

In the beginning of the year 1705, a large square-rigged vessel was seen beating up the Frith of Forth. She was yet at a considerable distance; but her large size and peculiarity of appearance had excited a good deal of curiosity amongst the idlers, chiefly old seamen, who were sauntering on the pier.

"Can you make her out, Bob?" said one, addressing a neighbor, who was earnestly contemplating the approaching ship through an old spying-glass which he had rested on the bulwark of the pier.

"No, I can't," replied the man to whom the query was put. "She's a total stranger; but there seems to be a good deal of the devil about her. She has a rakish look, that an honest ship shouldn't have. However, she's a smart craft, be she what she may."

In the meantime, the subject of these remarks was rapidly nearing her apparent destination, Leith Roads, where, in less than half an hour after, she came to anchor.

The stranger, after all, however, proved to be only the *Worcester*, Captain Green, an East India trader, on her way to that quarter of the world, and who had put into Leith merely for the purpose of procuring a further supply of water before proceeding on her voyage.

For several years previous to this period, the *Worcester*, which was an English ship, had been employed in trading to and from various parts of the East Indies, but chiefly with the coast of Malabar, from which she had brought several rich and valuable cargoes to England.

Her purpose in coming to Leith Roads being merely to water, it was intended that she should sail again on the following day.

On the following day, accordingly, Cap-

tain Green made preparations for getting his ship under weigh, and resuming his voyage; and they were thus employed on board the vessel, when a boat was descried rowing towards them.

She came alongside, when two persons of the appearance of messengers or bailiffs sprung on board, and asked which was the captain.

A stout thickset man, of a dark swarthy complexion, and determined countenance, rolled up in a huge dreadnought coat, with immense horn buttons, answered the query by stepping forward, and saying in a gruff voice—

"I am captain of the ship, my masters; what d'ye want?"

"To inform you, captain," replied one of the messengers, "that we lay this ship under arrest, by virtue of a precept from the Scotch Court of Admiralty, at the instance of the Indian and African Company of Scotland."

"Ay, ay, my hearties," replied Captain Green, turning an enormous quid of tobacco in his mouth. "That's your game, is it? And pray, what do you arrest my ship for?"

"You will learn that shortly," said the first speaker. "In the meantime"——

"Nay, nay," said Green, interrupting him—"I must know it presently."

"Well, I believe then," replied the man, "that it is by way of reprisal for the capture, the other day, of a Scottish ship by an English vessel."

"Umph," exclaimed Green, doggedly; "and I'm to be made the scapegoat of the affair, am I? Why, see ye now, my masters," continued Green, without waiting for any reply, "it would be an easy matter for me, and I have a great mind to do it too, to pitch you both into the sea, and get under weigh in defiance of your precept, as you call it; but, as that might lead to trouble, and as I expect to get swinging damages for my detention, I don't mind your clapping a stopper on me for a day or two."

Having thus obtained the captain's consent to their executing their duty—which last they would have found somewhat difficult without the former—the men went through the forms of law which the case demanded, and concluded by intimating to Captain Green that they were instructed to have the vessel conveyed to Burntisland; and thither she was accordingly taken.

In the meantime, and before the vessel arrived at the latter place, Captain Green, after expressing his willingness to submit to the order of the Scotch Court of Admiralty, descended to the cabin, where he found his steward, whose name was Haines, sitting as pale as death, and evidently in a state of dreadful alarm.

On seeing the man in this condition, Green burst into a loud laugh, exclaiming—

"So, I suppose, Haines, you thought we were had, eh? You thought these fellows had come to call us to an account and reckoning for our pranks."

"Is it not so?" said Haines, with a ghastly gravity and sepulchral tone. "O thank God!—thank God! I did think indeed, captain, that our day of retribution was come. What, then, did these men want?"

Green informed him, adding sternly—

"Now, Haines, no more of this canting of yours; this cowardly trembling and shaking when anything in the slightest degree out of the way occurs. Why, man, who do you think is to harm us, if we don't harm ourselves? None to be sure. But that infernal face of yours, that gets as white as a newly-bent topsail, when any stranger comes suddenly athwart you, is enough to blow us all."

"O captain, captain!" exclaimed Haines, who seemed to be laboring under some dreadful depression of mind, which the assurance he had just had of the real purpose of their visitors had relieved, but could not entirely remove, "how can I help it? How can a man with such a load

of guilt on his conscience as I have, as we all have, be like other men? How can he command himself? How can he conceal the dreadful workings of a tortured soul? O that frightful day, captain! that frightful day! Would to God I had been buried in the ocean, a thousand fathoms deep, before that dreadful day had arisen."

"Bah, you jabbering fool," exclaimed Green, contemptuously; "have you begun your old croaking again? Are you going to preach, you cowardly scoundrel, eh? Haines, I tell you, once more, what it is," said Green, bursting into a sudden fit of passion, and fiercely striking with his huge horny fist a pistol-case that stood on the table, "I tell you once more what it is—if you don't mend your manners—if you don't contrive to get quit of that hang-dog look of yours, that is enough of itself to bring a dozen better men than yourself to the gallows—may I be blasted if I be not the death of you. Yes, by heavens!" he went on, at the same time tearing open the pistol-case, and drawing forth one of the deadly weapons it contained, and pointing it at the head of his steward, "I'll blow your brains out, as sure as your name is John Haines, and mine is Thomas Green. So look to yourself. I give you fair warning."

Saying this, he replaced the pistol in its case, and re-ascended the deck.

Leaving the *Worcester* in the harbor of Burntisland, under the arrestment of the Scotch Court of Admiralty, we change the scene to Edinburgh, and to the house of one Drummond, a respectable tailor and clothier, who resided in the Lawnmarket.

This person had a son who followed the profession of the sea, and was in command of a brig that sailed from Newcastle to foreign parts.

About two years previous to the commencement of our story, Captain Drummond had sailed for the East Indies; but no tidings of his arrival there had ever reached his owners. Months and months flew away, and still no intelligence of the missing ship could be obtained. The last and only trace of her that had yet come to the knowledge of those interested in her fate was, her having been spoken off the Cape of Good Hope by a homeward-bound ship.

At that time, all was well on board the *Uxbridge*, the name of Drummond's vessel, and she was pursuing her voyage prosperously. From that moment, however, no more had been heard of her; and fears were, in consequence, beginning to be entertained that she had foundered at sea.

It was while matters were in this painful situation regarding the *Uxbridge*—when all those who had friends on board of her, or who were otherwise interested in her fate, were living in a state of the most harrowing suspense—that information reached Mr. Drummond s family in Edinburgh, that there was a vessel in Burntisland that had lately returned from the East Indies; and the person who gave this information advised Mr. Drummond to lose no time in seeing the captain, as there was a probability that he might be able to give some intelligence of the *Uxbridge*.

Acting on this advice, although with no very sanguine hopes of learning anything of his son, Mr. Drummond, accompanied by another son and a daughter, immediately set out for Burntisland, where they found the *Worcester*, which, we need not say, was the ship alluded to by Drummond's informant.

The party now went on board of the latter. When they did so, Captain Green was standing on the quarter-deck, from which he eyed them with a look of sullen scrutiny, and without attempting advances of any kind.

Mr. Drummond, leaving his son and daughter at the fore part of the vessel, advanced alone towards Green, who sulkily awaited his approach.

"Well, friend," he at length said, "what may be your business on board my

ship? Have you got anything to say to me?"

Disconcerted by the gruff uncourteousness of his reception, it was a second or two before Mr. Drummond could reply. At length—

"I shall be sorry, Sir," he said, "if my coming on board your ship is considered an intrusion; but, I think, you will excuse me when I tell you my errand. I have a son, a sailor like yourself, Sir, who left Newcastle some two years ago, on a voyage to the East Indies, and"——

"Ah!" exclaimed Green, interrupting him; "and you expect me to be able to tell you all about him, I fancy. Everybody seems to think that I can give every information about every ship that crosses the line. One would think they took the high seas to be a turnpike road, where you can hail every one that passes you."

To this objurgation Mr. Drummond made no reply, but proceeded to say that he hoped it would be no offence to ask him if he had met with or heard anything of a vessel called the *Uxbridge*, Captain Drummond of Newcastle.

The question was apparently a simple enough one, yet it was one which seemed to have a very strange effect on him to whom it was addressed. The dark blood rushed to his swarthy forehead, while his lips became pale and tremulous; and it was some seconds before he could make any reply.

At length, clearing his throat, with a short cough or two, from the huskiness which his sudden agitation had caused, "Drummond," he said—"one Captain Drummond. How should I know about Captain Drummond? What do you come to me inquiring about Captain Drummond for?"

Silenced by this brutal treatment, Mr. Drummond, without saying another word, left Green, and rejoined his son and daughter, who were waiting in great anxiety the result of their father's interview with the captain of the *Worcester*, on the fore part of the vessel.

To their eager inquiry whether he had heard any tidings of their brother, Mr. Drummond replied, that he had got none whatever. That the captain either would not, or could not tell anything at all about the *Uxbridge;* and that his conduct, altogether, was brutal and ferocious.

Disheartened and disappointed by this result of their journey, the trio now left the ship, with the intention of returning immediately to Leith.

On making inquiry, however, they found that no passage boat would cross that night and that, therefore, they should be obliged to remain in Burntisland until the following day.

It being now well on in the afternoon, the party began to look around them for respectable quarters for the night, and finally fixed on a clean and decent public-house kept by a person of the name of Seaton.

Into this house, then, they accordingly went, and were shown into a respectably-furnished apartment—a sort of public room—where they had some refreshment. This was served by the landlord himself—a circumstance which afforded Mr. Drummond an opportunity of making some inquiries of him regarding the *Worcester* and her captain, the subject naturally uppermost in his mind. Having informed the landlord of the purpose of his visit to Burntisland, and of the reception he had met with from Green, the former shook his head, and said—

"Ay, he's a strange man that Green. I never saw a more dangerous-looking customer. He comes here sometimes; but my people are all afraid of him, he has such a boisterous overbearing way with him. His crew, too, seem to me to be all of the same kidney. They are the most reckless, dare-devil sort of fellows I ever met with."

"Is she a regular trader?" said Mr. Drummond—meaning the *Worcester*.

The landlord shook his head, and smiled significantly.

"I don't know," he said. "I suppose she is. But there is something strange about the whole concern—something I don't quite understand. I have overheard such things passing amongst her men, when they were here drinking, that I can't tell what to think of them."

"What do you suspect them of being?" said Mr. Drummond.

"Why, it wouldn't be just safe to say that," replied Seaton; "besides, it mightn't be true; and then one might be brought into trouble, you know. That man Green, were I to say anything to his prejudice, would, I believe, cut my throat as fast as he'd eat a biscuit; and, I'm convinced, there's not one of his crew but would do the same thing just as readily."

"Ah! I see," replied Drummond, laughingly; "you suspect them of piracy. Don't you, landlord?"

"Perhaps I do, and perhaps I do not," said the latter, with a smile.

At this moment, the ringing of a bell called the landlord away, which put an end to the conversation.

It was about an hour after this, that a person having something the appearance of a sailor, yet not having altogether the manner of one, entered the apartment in which were Drummond and his son and daughter. The intruder's look and bearing had something in them odd and peculiar. His eye was restless, and constantly glancing about with an expression of suspicion and alarm. He said not a word on entering; but, with downcast look and stealthy step, slunk into a seat at the further end of the table at which Drummond and his son and daughter were sitting.

Having taken his place, he ordered in a large measure of brandy and water. On its being produced, he mixed it up in a large rummer, and swallowed the whole at one draught with desperate eagerness. He then ordered another measure of liquor to be brought him, which he also tossed off with the same greedy appetite—his object, apparently, being to get drunk as fast as possible. Still he had not spoken a word beyond the necessary orders to the servant who attended; but the scowling and furtive glances he, from time to time, took of the persons at the other end of the table, showed not only that he was keenly alive to their presence, but that he viewed them with some anxiety and suspicion, although what the latter could refer to none but himself could conjecture.

In a short time, the effects of the liquor which the stranger had swallowed became apparent in his manner, which underwent a sudden but not unpleasant change. From being morose and sullen, he became lively and cheerful; held up his head boldly and frankly, and contemplated his fellow-guests with an open and conciliatory look. The brandy, in short, seemed to have driven out the evil spirit which had hitherto oppressed and borne him down.

"Fine night, master," he now said, addressing the elder Drummond.

"Fine night, Sir," repeated the latter. "I dare say you belong to the *Worcester*?"

"Yes I do," said the stranger. "I am steward of her, and my name's Jack Haines all the world over. Known at Porto Rico; known at Juan Fernandez; known at Telicherry; known at Bombay; known at Sumatra; known at every corner of the world. I have gathered cocoa-nuts at Otaheite; hunted alligators on the Mississippi; chased monkeys on the rock of Gibraltar; gathered gold-dust on the coast of Guinea; and heaven knows where all."

"Ay; you have seen a good deal of the world, no doubt," replied Mr. Drummond. "Aren't you from the Indian seas lately?" he added.

"Yes—to be sure we are," said Haines, with an air as if suddenly brought on his guard; "and what of that?"

"Oh, nothing—only that I was going to ask you if you could give me any infor-

mation regarding a ship that went to those seas about two years ago."

"Oh, I know nothing about ships—nothing about any ship but my own," replied Haines, with a contemptuous indifference.

"But, probably, you may have heard something of this ship, nevertheless," persevered Mr. Drummond—"the *Uxbridge*, Captain Drummond?"

"The what!" shouted Haines, in a tone where vehemence seemed intended to conceal or distract attention from a sudden trepidation of which the speaker became conscious, and which was also evident to those present.

Mr. Drummond repeated the name of the missing vessel and her captain.

Haines instantly relapsed into his former sullenness, hung down his head, and, in a low gruff tone, muttered that he knew nothing of her. From this moment, he seemed again lost in thought, and took no farther notice of the party present. In this musing fit he continued for some time, with his hands thrust into his breeches' pockets, his legs stretched out at full length, and his eyes fixed on the empty drinking vessels that stood before him.

At the end of about a quarter of an hour, however, he again wakened suddenly up; and, gazing on the party at the opposite end of the table with a look in which distraction and intoxication appeared in fearful combination, exclaimed, in a solemn voice—

"The vengeance of heaven shall surely overtake the wicked! the blood of the murdered will rise in judgment against the murderer!" Then rising from his seat, and advancing towards the elder Drummond, he took him by the arm, and, conducting him to the window, pointed to the *Worcester*, which was lying in the harbor directly opposite the house, and said in a low whisper—"See you that ship there—that old, black, hell-smoked hulk! Well, there has been a deed done on board that thrice-accursed vessel, during this last voyage, that was enough to have sunk her to the lowest depths of perdition; and to render it a marvel beyond all comprehension, that, since the sea has not engulfed us, the ground, since we came ashore, has not opened up and swallowed us! Oh! it was a foul deed! We did it with hatchets. We struck them down, one after the other, like bullocks. We clove their skulls, bespattering our bulwarks with their brains, and drenching our decks with their blood. There now," added Haines, throwing off his auditor with some violence—"there's a story for you. But it is a secret; mention it to no one." Then again calling Mr. Drummond towards him, he whispered in his ear—"I'll tell you another secret. You will be curious to know who they were whom we butchered with our hatchets? It was '—and here his voice sunk lower still—"It was Captain Drummond and his crew—Captain Drummond of the *Uxbridge;* the very man you were inquiring about. As sure as heaven, he was the man"

Haines here withdrew a pace, and nodded and smiled to Mr. Drummond, as if to repeat assurance of the truth of his statement. Believing the man to be either drunk or mad, or both, Mr. Drummond did not take that alarm at the wild and incoherent statements which had been just made to him that he would otherwise have done, yet he could not help their making a very painful impression on him; neither, putting everything together that he had seen and heard since he came to Burntisland, could he help thinking that some deed of darkness or other hung over the *Worcester* and her crew. That that deed included the murder of his own son, however, he did not for a moment imagine; for he deemed that Haines had merely made use of the names because he himself had given them.

Mr. Drummond's son and daughter had overheard the most of what had passed between their father and Haines, but not the latter's declaration that their brother

was one of the murdered victims; and this part of his communication their father thought it as well for the present to conceal from them. In the meantime, Haines had left the apartment, and they saw no more of him.

On the following day, Mr. Drummond and his son and daughter returned to Edinburgh. It was the former's intention, at first, to take no farther notice of what had occurred at Burntisland; but the more he thought of the strange conduct of both the captain and steward of the *Worcester*, and of the dreadful language of the latter, the more alarmed and uneasy he became.

Urged by this feeling and the painful state of his mind, he at length determined, without mentioning the matter to any one else, on seeking a personal interview with the Lord Advocate, and of stating to him all that had occurred. This he accordingly did. The Lord Advocate was struck with the relation, and at once gave it as his opinion that an atrocious crime of some kind or another had been committed, and that the matter ought instantly to be inquired into.

Acting on this opinion, such inquiries were immediately set on foot, and a case of strong suspicion of piracy and murder was made out. The consequence was, that a strong party of men, accompanied by several criminal officers, were immediately dispatched to Burntisland; when Captain Green, his steward, Haines, and the whole crew of the *Worcester*, amounting to thirteen in number, were apprehended and brought over prisoners to Edinburgh.

On the following 5th March, 1705, they were brought to trial; when it was proven against them, that they had attacked and captured, on the coast of Malabar, a Scotch vessel called the *Uxbridge*, Captain Drummond. That, having taken this vessel, they carried her crew aboard the *Worcester*, where they murdered them one by one with hatchets, and threw their bodies into the sea; and that, thereafter, they carried the *Uxbridge* into a port on the coast of Malabar, and sold the vessel and cargo to a native merchant there.

These charges being proven, the whole were condemned to death; but three of the number only were subsequently executed—namely, Captain Green, his first mate, and the gunner, who were hung on Leith Sands on the 4th April, 1705. The remainder of the crew, including Haines—the chief instrument in bringing this atrocious case to light—were respited from time to time, in consideration of certain extenuating circumstances, and finally pardoned.

THE LAIRD OF BALLACHIE.

The gentleman—we give him a title by way of courtesy—whose designation heads our story, was one of the wealthiest landed proprietors in the north of Scotland. His possessions were extensive, and included some of the most valuable land, as well as finest scenery of which the Highlands can boast.

In person, the Laird of Ballachie was extremely handsome. He stood about six feet high, was well made, and possessed great physical strength. His countenance was manly, and pleasing in its expression, and his manner singularly fascinating—frank, free, and open. Unfortunately, however, the character and disposition of Ballachie but little corresponded with those agreeable qualities: he was an immoral and wild living man; in the worst sense of the word, a profligate; and so notorious for his libertinism, that he was considered by the neighboring gentlemen, as by no means a fit person to associate with their wives or daughters, or to be admitted as a guest at their tables.

Ballachie, at the time we take up his story, was about thirty-five or forty years of age. He was unmarried, and kept Bachelor Hall at a place called Mongarvin, his family residence—a fine old mansion, delightfully situated on the brow of a hill that overlooked the sea. The housekeeping of the laird was rude and boisterous in the last degree. Huge eating and deep drinking closed each uproarious day; and never were there wanting guests enow to keep the master of the feast in countenance in his wildest debaucheries. These flocked around him in dozens, as vultures congregate around the carrion of the battle-field; and no day passed that the Laird of Ballachie's dinner table was not thronged with a crowd of guests, as reckless and as dissipated as himself.

At this period there lived on the estate of the laird a tenant of the name of Murdoch Morrison, a man generally reputed of rather weak intellect, but of a simple, harmless, and inoffensive disposition. In person Murdoch was the very opposite of his landlord: he was of low stature, and of a slender, weakly frame. Notwithstanding all this, Murdoch had wooed and won—by what sort of necromancy we cannot tell—one of the prettiest girls in the parish. This girl became his wife. People wondered much at the marriage; they wondered that so handsome a young woman should have married so wretched a looking being as Murdoch Morrison—a man so contemptible as regarded both mind and body. But Murdoch made a good husband—kind, affectionate, and indulgent; and it would have been well had his wife more fully appreciated his worth in these respects, and looked with a more lenient eye than she did on his deficiencies in others.

It was not until the lapse of many months after his marriage, and until he had found the Laird of Ballachie a very frequent visitor at his house, on occasions when he himself was absent, that vague, indefinite suspicions of the purpose of the laird's visits began to glimmer on the mind of Murdoch Morrison. It was not until he had marked these visits throughout a series of months, and had noted many other circumstances of an equivocal nature, that Murdoch began to suspect the fidelity of his wife. For a long time the simple and unsuspecting man had deemed the laird's visits an honor. His dull intellect and unsuspicious nature were long impervious to impressions from circumstances which would have pierced another to the quick, like the stings of so many adders. But their constant recurrence at length

aroused his sluggish perceptions, and awakened in him a sense of the injury inflicted on him. Yet might this never have happened, had not the guilty pair themselves presumed too far on the simplicity and stupidity of the injured husband; and treating him with utter contempt, neglected the most ordinary measures of circumspection.

Excepting, however, in a slight unwonted reservedness of manner, Murdoch exhibited no indication of the discovery he had made. He said nothing to his wife on the subject; and to the laird, his manner, with the exception above referred to, was unaltered. But Murdoch was secretly brooding over his wrongs, and slowly but steadily working up his mind to revenge.

It was while matters were in this state, that the Laird of Ballachie gave a splendid entertainment to a number of his friends, if such term will apply to the companions of such a man. The number of guests assembled on this occasion was unusual, and many of them were from a considerable distance. It was midsummer, and the day of the feast, as it might be called, extremely sultry. To obviate the inconvenience of the weather, of which all present complained, the windows of the banqueting hall were thrown open; and, thus refreshed by the breeze from without, the uproarious party went joyously on celebrating the orgies of the night. The laird was at the head of his own table, and had just risen with the goblet of wine in his hand to propose some crack toast, when, the window by which he sat being open, his eye fell on the figure of old Archis Downie wending his way towards the house.

Downie was a very old man—nearly eighty years of age. In his youth he had been a soldier in the Highland Watch, and still drew a small pension from the government he had served; but his chief resource was in the benevolence of the inhabitants of his native district, with whom he was a great favorite.

The principal of those qualifications which recommended Archie to public patronage, was a knack of story-telling, and the gift of the second sight, which he was believed to possess in great perfection, besides great skill in divining the future by various other modes and means.

On seeing the old man approaching, the Laird of Ballachie announced the circumstance to his company, all of whom knew Downie well, with a shout of hilarity, and proposed that he should be introduced, to amuse them with some specimens of his skill in the art of divination. The proposal was hailed by an unanimous shout of applause; and, in the next minute, the old man, hat in hand with his long flaxen hair streaming down his back, and led by a serving-man, entered the banqueting apartment. He was received with noisy demonstrations of welcome, which he acknowledged by two or three simple obeisances, but without uttering a word.

The laird now beckoned Archie towards him. The old man moved up quietly to the upper end of the table. The former ordered a chair to be placed for him beside himself; and, on Archie taking his seat, presented him with a tumbler of wine. The latter rose to his feet, drank to the health of the company, and resumed his chair.

"Now, Archie," said the Laird of Ballachie, "will you favor the gentlemen here present, and I, with a specimen of your second sight? Select your man, and see if you can foretell anything with regard to him. You may begin with myself if you like."

The old man smiled, but seemed rather reluctant to put his art in practice on the present occasion. On being pressed, however, Downie said that, if the shoulder-blade of a sheep were brought him, he would see what he could do.

The article he named—and which, it is well known, was in great use in the Highlands as an instrument of divination—was immediately brought, when the old man,

wiping it clean with the skirt of his old tattered greatcoat, held it up between him and the light, and looked steadily through the semi-transparent bone for several minutes, carefully noting the dark spots and lines which it exhibited—the company, meanwhile, waiting with silent curiosity for the result.

Becoming, at length, impatient with the delay, Ballachie began urging the old man to hasten his proceedings. The latter, however, was too intent on the investigation in which he was engaged, to pay any attention to the laird's importunities. He still continued to hold up the bone between him and the light, and to peer into it with an apparently deep and anxious interest.

At length, however, the old man dropped the hand which held the shoulder-blade, but no word followed the proceeding. He did not, as was expected, begin to inform the company of what he had seen.

Marking this, "Archie," said the laird, with a slight smile of derision, "have ye nothing to tell us, man? No deaths, no marriages—eh?"

"Perhaps more of the first than the last!" slowly replied the old man, and with evident reluctance to speak on the subject.

"Well, well, come tell us all about it, Archie, man," cried the laird. "Tell us all that ye have seen. You see the gentlemen are curious to hear."

"It doesn't signify. I had rather not. I have seen things that I did not expect to see, and am very sorry for!" replied the old man, gravely.

"What have ye seen; what have ye seen, Archie?" shouted one after another of the half-inebriated party.

"It doesn't matter," again replied Archie. "I've seen the strong overcome by the weak. I have seen the deer destroyed by the fumart. I have seen the jutting crags of the precipice dabbled with blood, and the mangled corpse rebounding from point to point as it went down, down into the depths below."*

"What means all this, Archie?" said the Laird of Ballachie, in a husky voice, yet affecting to laugh at the mysterious language of the old soothsayer. "Who point ye at?" continued the laird. "Which of us is to meet the dismal fate to which you allude?"

"I will not say, Laird of Ballachie," replied the old man, "which of you is to dree the doom I have foretold, although I have seen his face, and know him well. But this I will say: if there be one of you who has an enemy whom you despise for his weakness, whom you contemn for his feebleness; one whom you have injured deeply, yet, whose resentment you fear as little as that of the worm on which you have trod; I say, beware of that enemy, for his vengeance will be sure and fatal. A moment of power will be given him, of which he will avail himself to the destruction of the man who has injured him. I will say no more."

"Very good, Archie," exclaimed Ballachie, with a loud but affected laugh. "So, I fancy, we are to fear the weak and despise the strong, eh?"

"As you please, laird," replied the old man coolly, "I have said my say, and have done."

Although there were but few of those present on this occasion who put much faith in such divinations as Archie Downie's, and none who despised them more than Ballachie himself, yet could none of them stay the influence of a certain unpleasant feeling which the old man's prog-

* The perfect fulfilment of this prophecy, which the sequel of the tale exhibits, will naturally suggest to the enlightened reader the reflection that such coincidence must either have been the result of pure accident, as exemplified in many similar cases, or, what is equally likely, and has equally often happened, have proceeded from previous knowledge. In all probability, the soothsayer, in the present case, was aware of the injury done to Morrison, and knew that he was meditating vengeance.—Ed.

nostications had given rise to. All felt it; and, notwithstanding his contempt for such things, none more strongly than the laird.

Some further attempts were made to induce Archie to point out the individual to whom his mysterious divinations referred, but to no purpose. This particular the old man would on no account disclose. Shortly after he left the apartment, being despatched by the laird to the kitchen to get some refreshment.

For some time after the departure of old Archie Downie, the damp, which his prophetic warning had thrown on the spirits of the company, continued to operate, and to suggest some grave remarks on the subject of divination. It also produced some very curious and some very appalling anecdotes of the realization of such prognostications.

During this time, every one present was busy running over in his mind the list of his real or supposed enemies, to see if there was one amongst them who answered the description given by Downie; but none, excepting one, could recollect of any particularly despicable person with whom they stood in a hostile relation. This one, this exception, was the Laird of Ballachie; and he immediately thought of Murdoch Morrison; but, it was only to laugh at the idea of that person's ever being able to do him an injury.

In the meantime, the spirits of the company gradually returned; and, ere another half-hour had passed away, Archie Downie and his shoulder-blade were forgotten, and the uproarious hilarity which they had temporarily interrupted, again rang through the banqueting hall of Monygarvin.

The party sat late, and drank deep; but before they separated for the night, the laird proposed that they should devote the following day to a hunting match. The proposal was acceded to with shouts of applause; and soon after the debauchees, one after another, began to reel off to bed; it having been previously arranged that they should all remain where they were for the night.

A noisy and joyous crew they were who surrounded the Laird of Ballachie's breakfast table on the following morning; but, merry as they all were, there was none half so merry as the laird himself. He was in high spirits; and his loud voice, boisterous laugh, and rough jest, rose above all the similar efforts of his guests.

It was a delightful day, and everything seemed favorable for the most perfect enjoyment of the noble sport, hunting the red deer, in which the party were about to be engaged.

A number of the sportsmen armed themselves with rifles; and two couple of huge shaggy stag hounds, which were led out to the front of the house by the laird's forester, completed the means of destruction intended to be employed against the mountain deer.

In high glee the party soon after started for the hills. The distance they had to go, before reaching the usual haunts of the deer, was considerable, and included several wild and dangerous passes.

It was while winding their way through one of these, that the Laird of Ballachie, happening to look up to the dizzy heights above, saw the figure of a man perched on the summit of one of the highest cliffs, and apparently contemplating with great earnestness the party below.

"Who is that, Duncan?" said the laird, turning to his forester, who was beside him at the moment, not being able, from the distance, to recognise the person who occupied the height.

Duncan looked for some time at the figure; but, at length, said he thought it was Murdoch Morrison.

"I half thought so too," replied Ballachie, "but was not sure. What brings the fool idling here, in place of being at the plough tail, as he ought to be, on such a day as this?"

The laird said no more on the subject,

but passed on with his party; and Murdoch Morrison was soon lost sight of.

For another hour, the sportsmen held on their way over hills and through valleys, without anything worthy of notice occurring. At the end of about this time, however, the attention of the Laird of Ballachie was again attracted, by the appearance of a human figure outlined on the sky, as it stood on the extreme ridge of a hill at the distance of a mile or two.

"That fellow Morrison, again!" exclaimed the laird in some surprise, as his eye fell on the little atom of humanity that appeared upon the height. "What does the idiot mean by hanging on our skirts this way? He is evidently dogging us. Is it the love of the sport that brings the stupid ass away from his business?"

"Very likely," said the laird's forester, to whom this query was, although indirectly, put. "Very likely," he said, "although I never knew Murdoch come so far before after a deer hunt. He never used to care anything at all about them."

Again the party went on, and again Murdoch was lost sight of and forgotten.

The sportsmen had now nearly reached the ground which the deer usually frequented. On doing so, there was a general halt, and a loading of rifles. The dogs were placed in the slips, and everything put in readiness for the appearance of the quarry.

The party now advanced slowly, cautiously, and quietly along a deep hollow, at the upper extremity of which they expected to find two or three "hearts of grease." They were thus proceeding along, when, just as they opened a small ravine on their left, they came suddenly upon Murdoch Morrison. He was crouching behind a rock—a situation which he had evidently chosen as a place of concealment; for he seemed taken by surprise when the party discovered him.

On perceiving that he was seen, however, he rose from the ground on which he had been extended at full length, and, advancing towards the laird, touched his bonnet respectfully, but without saying a word. There was something at the moment peculiar in the man's look; it was sullen and ferocious. In his eye too there was an unwonted wildness of expression, which did not escape the laird.

"Come to see the sport, Murdoch," said the latter, in his usual frank manner.

"With your leave," replied Murdoch, morosely; and at the same time scanning the others of the party with a sinister look.

"Oh, surely, surely," said Ballachie; "but why didn't you join us at once, man, instead of running round us as you have been doing for the last two hours; appearing here and disappearing there like a spunkie."

To this piece of jocularity, Morrison made no reply, nor did it move a muscle of his countenance beyond what produced a very faint and equivocal smile.

The laird and his party now moved on; and Murdoch dropped behind and attached himself to the forester who was following with the dogs.

"I never knew you take any interest in the chase before, Murdoch," said the former, on Murdoch's placing himself beside him.

"Perhaps there's a reason for my doing it now, Duncan," replied the latter.

"Oh, no doubt, Murdoch, no doubt," said the forester. "I hope, however, we shall have good sport."

"We'll have more sport this day, Duncan, than some here are aware of," said Murdoch, emphatically.

"The more the better," replied the forester, gaily.

His companion smiled grimly, but said no more.

A cry from some of the foremost of the party, at this moment, announced that a deer had been discovered. The forester, leaving Murdoch, hurried forward to the front with his dogs, when

"The antlered monarch of the waste,
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste;
But, ere his first career he took,
The dew drops from his flanks he shook—
Like crested leader proud and high,
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky;
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
A moment listened to the cry,
That thickened as the chase drew nigh;
Then as the headmost foes appeared,
With one brave bound the copse he cleared;
And, stretching forward, free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var."

Such was the scene that now took place. The deer was off; the dogs slipped and in full career after him over hill and dale.

All was now confusion and excitement. The sportsmen were whooping and yelling, and running in all directions to gain such eminences as might enable them to keep the chase in view. The party were thus dispersed in every way, and in several instances widely separated.

When this dispersion took place, however, it was observed, but without exciting any attention, that Murdoch Morrison hastened in the direction the laird had taken, and afterwards closely followed him wherever he went. The latter, too much engrossed by the sport to notice the circumstance, or, if he had, to think anything of it, held on his way to gain the ridge of a range of cliff, called Craig More—a tremendous precipice of many hundred feet of perpendicular rock, and the summit of which commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country.

The ascent to the summit of Craig More was gradual on one side, and of easy accomplishment. Yet so sudden was the plunge of the precipice in which it terminated, that the mountain wanderer came upon it unawares, and, unless previously acquainted with the locality, never dreamed of the frightful gulf he was approaching until he stood upon its very edge. It was then that his step was arrested in terror. Then, when he suddenly found himself on the brink of this appalling abyss, adown which a foot farther, and he had been inevitably precipitated. Then, when he found himself on the edge of this dizzy height and looked on the sheer gray wall of rock that dropped below him to a depth that rendered all objects, at the base, faint and indistinct to the eye.

It was for the summit of this precipice, then, that the Laird of Ballachie now made, heedless of everything but the chase in which his whole soul—for he was a keen sportsman—was wrapped up. He had, at that moment, neither eyes nor ears for anything else. Had he had the former even, he would have been struck, if not alarmed, at the stealthy, yet eager pace with which he was followed by Murdoch Morrison, who kept at the distance of eight or ten paces behind him; and still more would he have been alarmed, had he marked the wild and distracted look with which that person kept his eye constantly fixed on him.

The laird, however, marked none of these things, but held on his way until he had gained the extreme edge of Craig More. Here, gratified by a sight of the chase, which was at the moment sweeping the strath below, he stood intently gazing on the interesting scene, and shouting aloud in the excitation of his feelings.

At this moment, Murdoch Morrison was about two or three yards behind him. He had suddenly stopped short on the laird's reaching the edge of the precipice, and had unconsciously thrown himself into an attitude somewhat resembling that of a tiger when about to spring on his prey.

In this attitude he remained for several seconds, his glaring eyes fixed with a deadly stare upon his ill-fated landlord. He seemed to be watching the proper moment for some desperate deed. That moment came and the deed was done.

Morrison made a sudden rush on the laird, who was still gazing intently over the edge of the cliff, planted his two extended hands full and forcibly on his back, and hurled him headlong over the precipice. Down, down, went the body of the unfortunate man with frightful rapidity into the depths below, bounding from crag

to crag in its horrible descent, until it reached the bottom a torn and mangled mass, in which scarce a trace of humanity remained.

On the edge of the cliff, with his hands still extended at their full stretch over the abyss, as when they had perpetrated the appalling deed just recorded, stood Murdoch Morrison, marking, with savage eagerness and exultation, the descent of the body of the unhappy Laird of Ballachie; and thus he stood for some minutes, even after the body had reached the bottom of the precipice, as if gloating over the mangled carcass of his victim.

From this position, however, he at length suddenly withdrew, and bounding down the hill with the speed of the deer, of whose flight he had so lately been a witness, was never more seen in that part of the country.

It was said, and we believe truly, that after committing the murder, Morrison made directly for the low country, proceeded to Greenock, and there embarked for America.

From this tale, we think, both the libertine and the knave, who would injure the weak because they are so, may read a lesson not unworthy of their most serious consideration.

THE SEEKER.

Amongst the many thousand readers of these tales, there are, perhaps, few who have not observed that the object of the writer is frequently of a higher kind than that of merely contributing to their amusement. He would wish "to point a moral," while he endeavors to "adorn a tale." It is with this view that he now lays before them the history of a Seeker. The first time he remembers hearing, or rather of noticing the term, was in a conversation with a living author respecting the merits of a popular poet, when his religious opinions being adverted to, it was mentioned that, in a letter to a brother poet of equal celebrity, he described himself as a Seeker. I was struck with the word and its application. I had never met with the fool who saith in his heart that there is no God; and, though I had known many deniers of Revelation, yet a Seeker, in the sense in which the word was applied, appeared a new character. But, on reflection, I found it an epithet applicable to thousands, and adopted it as a title to our present story.

Richard Storie was the eldest son of a Dissenting minister, who had the pastoral charge of a small congregation a few miles from Hawick. His father was not what the world calls a man of talent, but he possessed what is far beyond talents—piety and humility. In his own heart he felt his Bible to be true—its words were as a lamp within him—and from his heart he poured forth its doctrines, its hopes, and consolations, to others, with a fervor and an earnestness which Faith only can inspire. It is not the thunder of declamation, the pomp of eloquence, the majesty of rhetoric, the rounded period, and the glow of imagery, which can chain the listening soul, and melt down the heart of the unbeliever, as metals yield to the heat of the furnace. Show me the hoary-headed preacher, who carries sincerity in his very look and in his very tones, who is animated because faith inspires him, and

out of the fulness of his own heart his mouth speaketh, and there is the man from whose tongue truth floweth as from the lips of an apostle; and the small still voice of conscience echoes to his words, while hope burns and the judgment becomes convinced. Where faith is not in the preacher, none will be produced in the hearer. Such a man was the father of Richard Storie. He had fulfilled his vows, and prayed with and for his children He set before them the example of a Christian parent, and he rejoiced to perceive that that example was not lost upon them.

We pass over the earlier years of Richard Storie, as during that period he had not become a SEEKER, nor did he differ from other children of his age. There was, indeed, a thoughtfulness and sensibility about his character; but these were by no means so remarkable as to require particular notice, nor did they mark his boyhood in a peculiar degree. The truths which from his childhood he had been accustomed to hear from his father's lips, he had never doubted; but he felt their truth as he felt his father's love, for both had been imparted to him together. He had fixed upon the profession of a surgeon, and, at the age of eighteen, he was sent to Edinburgh to attend the classes. He was a zealous student, and his progress realized the fondest wishes and anticipations of his parent. It was during his second session that Richard was induced, by some of his fellow collegians, to become a member of a debating society. It was composed of many bold and ambitious young men, who, in the confidence of their hearts, rashly dared to meddle with things too high for them. There were many amongst them who regarded it as a proof of manliness to avow their scepticism, and who gloried in scoffing at the eternal truths which had lighted the souls of their fathers, when the darkness of death fell upon their eyelids. It is one of the besetting sins of youth to appear wise above what is written. There were many such amongst those with whom Richard Storie now associated. From them he first heard the truths which had been poured into his infant ear from his father's lips attacked, and the tongue of the scoffer rail against them. His first feeling was horror, and he shuddered at the impiety of his friends. He rose to combat their objections and refute their arguments, but he withdrew not from the society of the wicked. Week succeeded week, and he became a leading member of the club. He was no longer filled with horror at the bold assertions of the avowed sceptic, nor did he manifest disgust at the ribald jest. As night silently and imperceptibly creeps through the air, deepening shade on shade till the earth lies buried in its darkness, so had the gloom of *Doubt* crept over his mind, deepening and darkening, till his soul was bewildered in the sunless wilderness.

The members acted as chairmen of the society in rotation, and, in his turn, the office fell upon Richard Storie. For the first time, he seemed to feel conscious of the darkness in which his spirit was enveloped; conscience haunted him as a hound followeth its prey; and still its small still voice whispered—

"Who sitteth in the scorner's chair."

The words seemed burning on his memory. He tried to forget them, to chase them away—to speak of, to listen to other things; but he could not—"*Who sitteth in the scorner's chair*" rose upon his mind as if printed before him—as if he heard the words from his father's tongue—as though they would rise to his own lips. He was troubled—his conscience smote him—the darkness in which his soul was shrouded was made visible. He left his companions—he hastened to his lodgings and wept. But his tears brought not back the light which had been extinguished within him, nor restored the hopes which the pride and the rashness of reason had destroyed. He had become the willing prisoner of *Doubt*, and it now held him in

its cold and iron grasp, struggling in despair.

Reason, or rather the self-sufficient arrogance of fancied talent which frequently assumes its name, endeavored to suppress the whisperings of conscience in his breast; and in such a state of mind was Richard Storie, when he was summoned to attend the deathbed of his father. It was winter, and the snow lay deep on the ground, and there was no conveyance to Hawick until the following day; but, ere the morrow came, eternity might be between him and his parent. He had wandered from the doctrines that parent had taught, but no blight had yet fallen on the affections of his heart. He hurried forth on foot; and, having travelled all night in sorrow and in anxiety, before daybreak he arrived at the home of his infancy. Two of the elders of the congregation stood before the door.

"Ye are just in time, Mr. Richard," said one of them mournfully, "for he'll no be lang now; and he has prayed earnestly that he might only be spared till ye arrived."

Richard wept aloud.

"Oh, try and compose yoursel, dear Sir," said the elder. "Your distress may break the peace with which he's like to pass away. It's a sair trial, nae doubt—a visitation to us a'—but ye ken, Richard, we must not mourn as those who have no hope."

"Hope!" groaned the agonized son as he entered the house. He went towards the room where his father lay—his mother and his brethren sat weeping around the bed.

"Richard!" said his afflicted mother, as she rose and flung her arms around his neck. The dying man heard the name of his first-born, his languid eyes brightened, he endeavored to raise himself upon his pillow, he stretched forth his feeble hand. —"Richard!—my own Richard!" he exclaimed; "ye hae come, my son—my prayer is heard, and I can die in peace! I longed to see ye, for my spirit was troubled upon yer account—sore and sadly troubled; for there were expressions in yer last letter that made me tremble—that made me fear that the pride o' human learning was lifting up the heart o' my bairn, and leading his judgment into the dark paths o' error and unbelief—but, oh! those tears are not the tears of an unbeliever!"

He sank back exhausted. Richard trembled. He again raised his head.

"Get the books," said he, feebly, "and Richard will make worship. It is the last time we shall all join together in praise on this earth, and it will be the last time I shall hear the voice o' my bairn in prayer, and it is long since I heard it. Sing the hymn,

'The hour of my departure's come,'

and read the twenty-third psalm."

Richard did as his dying parent requested; and, as he knelt by the bedside, and lifted up his voice in prayer, his conscience smote him, agony pierced his soul, and his tongue faltered. He now became a SEEKER, seeking mercy and truth at the same moment: and, in the agitation of his spirit, his secret thoughts were revealed, his doubts were manifested! A deep groan issued from the dying bed. The voice of the supplicant failed him—his *Amen* died upon his lips—he started to his feet in confusion.

"My son!—my son!" feebly cried the dying man, "ye hae lifted yer eyes to the mountains o' vanity, and the pride o' reason has darkened yer heart, but, as yet, it has not hardened it. O Richard! remember the last words o' yer dying faither—'Seek, and ye shall find.' Pray with an humble and a contrite heart, and in yer last hour ye will hae, as I hae now, a licht to guide ye through the dark valley of the shadow of death."

He called his wife and his other children around him—he blessed them—he strove to comfort them—he committed them to His care, who is the Husband of the widow,

and the Father of the fatherless. The lustre that lighted up his eyes for a moment, as he besought a blessing on them, vanished away, his head sank back upon his pillow, a low moan was heard, and his spirit passed into peace.

His father's death threw a blight upon the prospects of Richard. He no longer possessed the means of prosecuting his studies; and, in order to support himself, and assist his mother, he engaged himself as tutor in the family of a gentleman in East Lothian. But there his doubts followed him, and melancholy sat upon his breast. He had thoughtlessly, almost imperceptibly, stepped into the gloomy paths of unbelief, and anxiously he groped to retrace his steps; but it was as a blind man stumbles; and, in wading through the maze of controversy for a guide, his way became more intricate, and the darkness of his mind more intense. He repented that he had ever listened to the words of the scoffer, or sat in the chair of the scorner; but he had permitted the cold mists of scepticism to gather round his mind, till even the affections of his heart became blighted by their influence. He was now a solitary man, shunning society; and at those hours when his pupils were not under his charge, he would wander alone in the wood or by the river, brooding over unutterable thoughts, and communing with despair—for he sought not, as is the manner of many, to instil the poison that had destroyed his own peace into the minds of others. He carried his punishment in his soul, and was silent—in the soul that was doubting its own existence! Of all hypochondriacs, to me the unbeliever seems the most absurd. For, can matter think, can it reason, can it doubt? Is it not the thing that doubts which distrusts its own being? Often when he so wandered, the last words of his father—"Seek, and ye shall find"—were whispered in his heart, as though the spirit of the departed had breathed them over him. Then would he raise his hands in agony, and his prayer rose from the solitude of the woods.

After acting about two years as tutor, he returned to Edinburgh and completed his studies. Having, with difficulty, from the scantiness of his means, obtained his diplomas, he commenced practice in his native village. His brothers and his sisters had arrived at manhood and womanhood, and his mother enjoyed a small annuity. Almost from boyhood, he had been deeply attached to Agnes Brown, the daughter of a neighboring farmer; and, about three years after he had commenced practice, she bestowed on him her hand. She was all that his heart could wish—meek, gentle, and affectionate—and her anxious love threw a gleam of sunshine over the melancholy that had settled upon his soul. Often, when he fondly gazed in her eyes, where affection beamed, the hope of immortality would flash through his bosom—for one so good, so made of all that renders virtue dear, but to be born to die and to be no more, he deemed impossible. They had been married about nine years, and Agnes had become the mother of five fair children, when, in one day, Death entered their dwelling, and robbed them of two of their little ones. Their neighbors had gathered together to comfort them, and the mother in silent anguish wept over her babes; but the father stood tearless and stricken with grief, as though his hopes were sealed up in the coffin of his children. In his agony, he uttered words of strange meaning. The doubts of the SEEKER burst forth in the accents of despair. The neighbors gazed at each other. They had before had doubts of the religious principles of Dr. Storie—now those doubts were confirmed. In the bitterness of his grief, he had spoken of the grave as the eternal prison of the dead—and of futurity and a resurrection as things he hoped for, but believed not.

His words were circulated through the village, and over the country—and, as

they spread, they were exaggerated.—Many began to regard him as an unsafe man to visit a death-bed, where he might attempt to rob the dying of the everlasting hope which enables them to triumph over the last enemy. His practice fell off, and the wants of his family increased. He was no longer able to maintain an appearance of respectability; his coat had assumed a melancholy hue; and he gave up assembling with his family amidst the congregation over which his father had been pastor. His circumstances aggravated the gloom of his mind; and, for a time, he became not a SEEKER, but one who abandoned himself to callousness and despair. Even the affection of his wife—which knew no change, but rather increased as affliction and misfortune came upon them—with the smiles and affection of his children, became irksome. Their love increased his misery. His own house was all but forsaken, and the blacksmith's shop became his consulting room, the village alehouse his laboratory. Misery and contempt heightened the "shadows, clouds, and darkness," which rested on his mind. To his anguish and excitement he had now added habits of intemperance—his health became a wreck, and he sank upon his bed, a miserable and a ruined man. The shadow of death seemed lowering over him, and he lay trembling, shrinking from its approach, shuddering and brooding over the cheerless, the horrible thought—*annihilation!* But, even then, his poor Agnes watched over him with a love stronger than death. She strove to cheer him with the thought that he would still live—that they would again be happy. "O my husband!" cried she, fondly, "yield not to despair—*seek, and ye shall find!*"

"O heavens, Agnes!" exclaimed he, "I have sought!—I have sought! I have been a SEEKER until now; but Truth flees from me, Hope mocks me, and the terrors of Death only find me!"

"Kneel with me, my children," she cried; "let us pray for mercy and peace of mind for your poor father?"—And the fond wife and her offspring knelt around the bed where her husband lay. A gleam of joy passed over the sick man's countenance, as the voice of her supplication rose upon his ear, and a ray of hope fell upon his heart. "*Amen!*" he uttered as she arose; and "*Amen!*" responded their children.

On the bed of sickness, his heart had been humbled; he had, as it were, seen death face to face, and the nearer it approached, the stronger assurances did he feel of the immortality he had dared to doubt. He arose from his bed a new man—hope illumined, and faith began to glow in his bosom. His doubts were vanquished, his fears dispelled. He had sought, and at length found—found the joys and the hopes of the Christian. He regained the esteem of men, and again prospered; and this was the advice of the SEEKER to his children—"*Avoid trusting to reason, when it would flatter you with your own wisdom; for it begetteth doubt—doubt, unbelief—unbelief, despair—and despair, death!*"

PEDEN'S FAREWELL SERMON.

We believe there never was such a sad Sabbath witnessed as that upon which nearly four hundred of the established clergy of Scotland preached their farewell sermons and addresses to their several congregations. It was a day, as the historians of that period express it, of "wailing, and of loud lamentation, as the weeping of Jazer, when the lords of the heathen had broken down her principal plants; and as the mourning of Rachel, who wept for her children, and would not be comforted."

On the 4th day of October 1662, a council, under the commission of the infatuated and ill-advised Middleton, was held at Glasgow; and, in an hour of brutal intoxication, it was resolved and decreed that all those ministers of the Church of Scotland who had by a popular election, entered upon their cures since the year 1649, should, in the first instance, be arrested, nor permitted to resume their pulpits, or draw their stipends, till they had received a presentation at the hands of the lay patrons, and submitted to induction from the diocesan bishop. In other words, Presbytery, which had been so dearly purchased, and was so acceptable to the people of Scotland, was to be superseded by Prelacy; and the mandate of the prince, or of his privy council, was to be considered in future as *law*, in all matters whether civil or ecclesiastical. It was not to be supposed that the descendants and admirers of Knox, and Hamilton, and Welsh, and Melville would calmly and passively submit to this; and accordingly the 20th day of October—the last Sabbath which, without conformity to the orders in council, the proscribed ministers were permitted to preach—was a day anticipated with anxious feelings, and afterwards remembered to their dying day, by all who witnessed it. It was our fortune, in our early life, to be acquainted with an old man, upwards of ninety, an inhabitant of the village of Glenluce, whose grandfather was actually present at the farewell or parting sermon which Mr. Peden, the author of the famous prophecies which bear his name, delivered on this occasion to his parishioners. We have conversed with this aged chronicler so frequently and so fully upon the subject, that we believe we can give a pretty faithful report of what was then delivered by Peden.

"I remember well," continued, according to my authority, the old chronicler, "I mind it well—it seems but as yesterday, the morning of this truly awful and not-be-forgotten day. It had been rain in the night-time, and the morning was dark and cloudy—the mist trailed like the smoke o' a furnace, white and ragged, alang the hill taps. The heavens above seemed, as it were, to scowl upon the earth beneath. I rose early, as was my wont on the Sabbath morning, and hitched away towards the tap o' the Briock. I had only continued, it micht be, an hour, in private meditation and prayer, when I heard the eight o'clock bells beginning to toll. Indeed, I could hear, from the place where I was, I may say, every bell in the Presbytery. The sound o' these bells is still in my ears—it was unusually sweet and melodious; and yet there was something very melancholy in the sound. I thought on the blood of the saints by which these bells had been purchased; upon the many souls, now gone to a better place, who had been summoned to a preached gospel by these bells; and I thought, too, on the sad alteration which a few hours would produce, when the pulpit would be

deserted by the worthy Presbyterian ministers who filled them, and be filled, it might be, by Prelatical curates—wolves in sheeps' clothing, and fushionless preachers at the best. Even at this early hour, I could see, every here and there, blue bonnets, and black and white plaids, and scarlet mantles, mixing with and coming forth every now and then from the broken and creeping mist. The Lord's own covenanted flock were e'en gaun awa to pluck a mouthfu (it micht be the last) o' halesome and sanctified pasture.

"The doors of the kirk of New Luce had been thrown open early in the morning; but, owing to the immense concourse of people, a tent had been latterly erected on the brow face, immediately opposite to the kirk-stile, and the multitude had settled, and were, when we arrived, settling down, like bees around their queen, on all sides of it. Having advanced suddenly over the height, and come all at once within view of this goodly assembly, I found them engaged, as was their customary, till the minister's appearance, in psalm-singing. A portion of the thirty-second psalm had been selected by the precentor, and he was in the act of *giving out*, as it is termed, these appropriate and comforting lines—

> "'Thou art my hiding-place; thou shalt
> From trouble set me free;
> And with songs of deliverance
> About shall compass me"—

when Peden made his appearance above the brow of the adjoining linn, where he had probably been engaged for some time in preparatory and private devotion. He advanced with the pulpit bible under his arm, and with a rapid, though occasionally a hesitating step. All eyes were at once turned upon him; but he seemed lost in meditation, and altogether careless or unconscious of his exposed situation. His figure was diminutive, but his frame athletic, and his step elastic. He wore a blue bonnet, from beneath which his dark hair flowed out over his shoulders, long, lank, and dishevelled. His complexion was sallow, but his eyes dark, keen, and penetrating. He had neither gown nor band; but had his shirt neck tied up with a narrow stock of uncommon whiteness. Thus habited, he approached the congregation, who rose up to make way for him; ascended the ladder attached to the back-door of the tent; and forthwith proceeded to the duties of the day.

"'Therefore watch and remember; for the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one, night and day with tears.'

"These words of the text were read out in a firm, though somewhat shrill and squeaking tone of voice; and as he lifted up his eyes from the sacred page, and looked east and west around him, there was a general preparatory cough, and adjustment of position and dress, which clearly bespoke the protracted attention which was about to be given. And, truly, although he continued to discourse from twelve o'clock till dusk, I cannot say that I felt tired or hungry. Nor did it appear that the speaker's strength or matter failed him—nay, he even rose into a degree of fervid and impressive eloquence towards the close, which none who were present ever heard equalled.

"'And now, my friends,' continued he, in a concluding appeal to their consciences—'and now I am gaun to warn ye anent the future, as weel as to admonish you of the past. Ye'll see and hear nae mair o' puir Sandy Peden after this day's wark is owre. See ye that puir bird'—(at this moment a hawk had darted down, in view of the whole congregation, in pursuit of its prey)—'see ye that puir panting laverock, which has now crossed into that dark and deep linn, for safety and for refuge from the claws and the beak of its pursuers? I'll tell ye what, my friends, the twasome didna drift down this way, frae that dark clud, and along that bleak heathery brae-face, for naething. They were sent, they were commissioned; and

if ye had a' risen to your feet, ere they passed, and cried 'Shue!' ye couldna hae frightened them oot o' their mission. They cam to testify o' a persecuted remnant, an' o' a cruel pursuin foe—of a kirk which will soon hae to betak hersel, like a bird, to the mountains, and of an enemy which will not allow her to rest, by night nor by day, even in the dark recesses o' the rocks, or amidst the damp an' cauld mosses o' the hills. They cam, an' they war welcome, to gie auld Sandy a warnin too, an' to bid him tak the bent as fast as possible; to flee, even this very night, for the pursuer is even nigh at hand. But, hooly, sirs, we maunna pairt till oor wark be finished; as an auld writer has it—'till our work is finished, we are immortal.' I hae e'en dune my best, as saith an apostle, amang ye; an' I hae this day the consolation, an' that's no sma', to think that my puir exertions hae been rewarded wi' some sma' success. An' had it been *His* plan, or *His* pleasure, to have permitted me to lay doon my auld banes, whan I had nae mair use for them, beneath ane o' the through-stanes there, I canna say but I wad hae been content. But, since it's no His guid an' sovereign pleasure, I hae ae request to mak before we separate this nicht, never in this place to meet again.' (Hereupon the sobbing and the bursting forth of hitherto suppressed sorrow, was almost universal.) 'Ye maun a' stand upon your feet, an' lift up your hands, an' swear, before the great Head an' Master o' the Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland,' (there was a general rising and show of hands, whilst the speaker continued,) 'that till an independent Presbyterian minister ascend the pulpit, you will never enter the door o' that kirk mair; an' let this be the solemn league an' covenant betwixt you an' me, an' betwixt my God an' your God, in all time coming. Amen! —so let it be!'

"In this standing position, which we had thus, almost insensibly assumed, the last prayer or benediction was heard, and the concluding psalm in the affecting services was sung—

> "'For he in his pavilion shall
> Me hide in evil days,
> In secret of his tent me hide,
> And on a rock me raise.'

I never listened to a sound, or beheld a spectacle more overpowering. The night cloud had come down the hill above us—the sun had set. It was twilight; and the united and full swing of the voice of praise ascended through the veil of evening, from the thousands of lips, even to the gate of heaven. Whilst we continued singing, our venerable pastor descended from the tent—the Word of God in his hand, and the accents of praise on his lips; and, at the concluding line, he stood fairly and visibly out by himself, upon the entry towards the east door of the kirk. Having shut the door and locked it, in the view and in the hearing of the people, he knocked upon it thrice with the back of the pulpit Bible, accompanying this action with these words, audibly and distinctly pronounced—

"'I arrest thee, in my Master's name, that none ever enter by thee, save those who enter by the door of Presbytery.' So saying, he ascended the wall at the kirk-stile spread his arms abroad to their utmost stretch, and, in a solemn and impressive manner, dismissed the multitude."

Although Peden was thus banished from that pulpit to which, during the civil wars, he had been elected by the unanimous voice of a most attached people, he did not thereupon, or therefore, refrain entirely from exercising his function as a minister of the Gospel; but, having betaken himself to those fastnesses which lie betwixt Wigton and Ayrshire, he was in the habit of assembling, occasionally, around him, the greater part of his congregation, as well as many belonging to the neighboring parishes. In the meantime, after several months' vacancy, a young and half-educated lad from Aberdeen was appointed by the government in the capacity of cu-

rate. This person was, of course, hated by the parish; but this hatred was exalted to abhorrence, in consequence of his immoral and unclerical life and conversation.

William Smith and Jessie Lawson, were the children, the first of a respectable farmer, and the other of a pious, though poor widow woman. There had been some difficulties in the way of the lovers—

"For the course of true love never yet run smooth;"

but these had at last been removed, and the young couple were about to be united, with the consent of relatives, in the honorable bands of matrimony. But the young and dissolute curate had caught a glimpse of Jessie; and having been fascinated by her beauty, had not been backward in signifying, both to mother and daughter, his honorable (for they really were so in this case,) intentions. Janet, however, was too sound a Covenanter to give her consent.

"Na, na," she continued; "my bairn, I wot weel, has been baptized by the holy Mr. Welsh, and she has lang sucked in the milk of the true and covenanted word, frae worthy and godly Mr. Peden, and it will ill become her to turn her back on her first lover, for the sake o' any yearthly concern whatever."

In the meantime winter drew on, with its frosts, and its blasts, and its snows, and the lovers became more and more anxious to be united in the bands of hallowed love, in consequence of the pressing and importunate addresses of the curate. Here, however, a difficulty occurred; which was, however, overcome by bribing the schoolmaster, as session clerk, to proclaim them to empty benches, and by obtaining Peden's consent to perform the marriage ceremony on their producing the requisite evidence of proclamation. The place appointed was the Bogle Glen, and the time midnight, on the second day of January, 1684. The night — for such meetings were usually held during night — was stormy—there being a considerable degree of snow-drift; but Peden was not easily diverted from his purpose; nor was his audience unaccustomed to such exposures. So the night-meeting for religious worship took place beneath the Gleds' Craig, from the brow or apron of which the minister officiated. Beneath him, huddled together under plaids, stood his devoted and attentive congregation, whilst the moon looked down, at intervals, on a landscape over which a frosty wind was ever and anon carrying the snow-drift. Beside the speaker were arranged, on chairs and stools, some young women bearing children to be baptized, and the youthful couple about to be united in marriage. The usual service proceeded; and the voice of psalms was heard amidst the solemn stillness of the midnight hour. The children were next baptized from an adjoining well, which presented itself opportunely, like the waters of Meribah, from a cleft of the rock. The young people had just been united, and Peden was in the act of pronouncing the usual benediction, when the tramp of horses' feet was suddenly heard, and in an instant a discharge of muskets indicated but too surely the nature of the assault. All was challenge, capture, and dispersion; through which the screams of the young bride and the menacing voice of the curate were distinctly heard.

About four o'clock of the same eventful night, the manse of New Luce was discovered to be on fire, and some hundreds of figures were seen congregated in frantic and menacing attitudes around it. At last a form was discovered, bearing off from the flames something which appeared to be inanimate. The curate's screams were heard from his bed-room window; and, by the assistance of the military, who had now arrived, he was relieved, by a rope, from his critical situation; and the young lovers were next morning discovered, safe and uninjured, in their own home, and in each other's arms.

THE PERSECUTION OF THE M'MICHAELS.

THE miseries of war are not confined to the battle-field and the actual return of the killed and wounded. There is an atmosphere of wo and intense suffering, which hangs dense and heavy over the whole theatre of war—the devastation and horrors of a wide marching enemy, advancing like the simoom of the desert, and converting into a howling wilderness the peopled and rejoicing district. Life is extinguished by terror and deprivation as well as by the sword; and with this difference, too, that the former process is so much the more severe that it is protracted and defenceless. Civil war is, in this respect in particular, the most revolting of all. The animosities and resentments of opposing parties are greatly exasperated by proximity of situation and community of country; and the revenge of the stronger directed upon the weaker party is uniformly marked by many atrocities. Of this character, was unhappily the latter period of the domination of Charles II., together with the whole four years of the Papistical infatuation of the second James. Men, women, and children were not only shot, drowned, and spiked; but thousands, who escaped this extreme fate, were so worn out by watchings, and cold, and hunger, and mental anxieties, as to fall under the power of diseases from which they never recovered.

An instance illustrative of these remarks occurred, according to invariable tradition (partly oral, and partly written), in the Pass of Dalveen, one of the wildest and most sublime localities in Dumfries-shire. In the days of which we speak, there were no mail-coaches, nor did the public road from Edinburgh to Dumfries pass, as now, through that most fearfully sublime ravine; all *then* was seclusion and solitude in that mountain retirement, where the winds met and mingled from many a converging glen; and the eagle and the raven divided the supremacy above. The site of the shepherd's sheiling is indeed still ascertainable, by the depth of the verdure which marks the departed walls; and the traveller may see it by the burn side, almost half way down the pass The family which, during the latter period of the eight-and twenty-years' persecution, occupied this humble dwelling, was named M'Michael. There were two brothers of that name; Daniel, who was a bachelor, and Gilbert, who was married, and the father of a son, now a lad of ten or twelve, and two daughters, still younger. The mother of these children was a M'Caig, a name immortalized in the annals of persecution. The two brothers, Gilbert and Daniel, had rendered themselves peculiarly obnoxious to the spite and revenge of the curate of Durrisdeer, by their refusing to attend ordinances; and their obtaining baptism, and even, as times and occasions offered, the *sealing* ordinance of the Supper, from the hands of worthy Mr. Welsh. Besides all this, when hard pursued one day in the pass, Daniel and Gilbert had defended themselves against a whole troop of Douglas' dragoons, by occupying the rocky summits of the Lowther Hills, and precipitating loose and rebounding rocks on the pursuers beneath. It was on this occasion that "Red Rob," of persecuting notoriety, had his shoulder-blade dislocated; and that Lieutenant James Douglas himself, in his extreme eagerness to scale the steep, had two of his front teeth dislodged.

Winter 1686 was peculiarly severe, and

the proximity of Dramlanrig Castle, the residence of the Queensberry Douglases, rendered it exceedingly unsafe for the two obnoxious brothers, in particular, to visit their home, unless it were by snatches, and at the dead hour of night. The natural consequence of all this was, that both brothers lost their health, and that Gilbert, in particular, who was constitutionally infirm, contracted, or rather exasperated, a bad cough, which threatened serious consequences. It is quite true that a warm bed and the comforts of home might have done much for the complaint; but Gilbert's ordinary bed-room was the damp extremity of a hollow in a rock, without fire, and with his plaid alone as a nightly couch and covering. It was on a cold and drifty day in the month of January, that Gilbert, in the presence of his family, and under hourly apprehension of a visit from the barbarous Douglas, called his family around him, and, leaning upon the bosom of his beloved wife, addressed them in words to the following effect:—

"My dearest wife, my dear children, and my beloved Daniel, stand round me, for I am dying." Thereupon, there was much weeping, and the poor woman had to be carried out of the room, nearly insensible. This pause was employed by Gilbert in secret prayer and ejaculation—

"Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!—Lord, comfort the widow and the fatherless,—Lord, give strength for trial, and faith for dying like a Christian!"

When the poor widow had been so far recovered as to be able to return to the bedside, the dying man proceeded, with frequent pauses and much weakness, thus:—

"I hope I may say, though at an infinite distance, with the Apostle Paul, I have fought a good fight. I have kept the faith—the faith of my Savior, of his holy Apostles, and of our covenanted Kirk. I have kept it in bad report, as well as in good—in the day of her extreme suffering, as well as when godly Mr. Brown was minister of Durrisdeer. They have driven me from my humble but happy home, and from my wife and children, to the mountain and the cave; but I have ever said—

"'I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid,
My safety cometh from the Lord.'

And I have ever found it so. I have been shot at, pursued, hunted like a wild beast, and exposed to disease, and pain, and extreme weakness—whilst I was, unless at intervals, denied the voice that soothes, the truth that cheers, and the looks of sympathy that mitigate in the extremest suffering; and I am now, if it shall please God to withhold for a little the foot of the merciless and the ungodly—I am now about to close my testimony by sealing it with my latest breath."

This exertion was too much for his exhausted strength; and it seemed to all that life had fled; when, after a few short and heavy respirations, he again proceeded—"Lord, give me strength for this last, this parting effort in this our covenanted cause!—Now, my dearly beloved, I leave you; for I hear my Master's call; and the Spirit and the bride say, Come! I leave you with this last, this dying advice: Let nothing deprive you of your crown, hold fast your integrity; for He whom you serve will come quickly, and terrible will His coming be to all his enemies."

"Enemies, indeed!" vociferated Lieutenant Douglas, who had unperceived entered the apartment—"those enemies, friend Gibby, are nearer, I trow, than ye wot, and ready, with leave of this good company here, to take special care that his Majesty's enemies shall be suitably provided for. Come, budge, old Benty, and you too of the lion's den. Come—my lambs, here, will be more difficult to manage than the *lions* of your Jewish namesake. Come, Mr. Dan—up, and be going; for the day breaketh apace, and it will be pleasant pastime just to give us a stave of the death psalm under the old thorn, on the brae face yonder. Red

Rob's shoulder, here, has sworn a solemn league and covenant against you; and as to my two front teeth, they are complete non-conformists to Whigs and Whiggery, through all generations. Amen!"

In vain was all this profane barbarity poured on the ears of the dead man: old Gilbert had breathed his last at the very first preception of Douglas' presence—his God had in mercy withdrawn him from his last and most severe trial.

"Look there, look there, look there!" were the first articulate accents which crossed the lips of the distracted widow—"look, ye sons o' Belial—ye men o' bluid—on the pale an' lifeless victim o' yer horrid persecution. Ay, aff wi' him!"—(for Douglas had now approached the bed, as if to ascertain that no deception had been practised upon him)—"aff wi' him, to the croft, or to the maiden, or to the thorn-tree; shoot him, head him, hang him—ha!—ha!—ha!—ha!"—(Hysterically screaming.) "He has escaped ye a'. Yer bullets canna pierce him; yer flames canna scorch him; yer malice canna reach him, yonder." (Pointing at the same time upwards.) "There, even there, whar ye an' yer band shall never enter, the wicked cease from troubling, an' the weary—ay, thank God!—the weary are at rest. Rest, *here*, indeed, they had none; but *there* they shall rest, when ye shall lie tormented!"

"Come, come, Mother Testimony, give us no more of your blarney. Let us only over the shank yonder, and you and your whelps there may yelp and howl till the day of judgment, if you please. But, as for you, friend Dan," (speaking ironically, and imitating the Covenanting language and manner,) "does the Spirit move thee to budge?—has the Lord dealt bountifully with thee?—and will He 'save thee from six troubles, yea, from seven?' Come, come, friend," taking him rudely by the arm, and pulling him, with the assistance of Red Rob, towards the door. "'The Spirit and the bride say, Come;' there is a *maiden* longing for thy embrace—yea, a maiden whose lovers have been many, and whose embrace is somewhat close. But she, having taken up her residence in the guid town of Edinburgh, is afar off; but, lest thou shouldst feel disappointment, my lambs, here, have become somewhat frisky of late, and they will be most happy to give thee a little matrimonial music, to the tune of 'Make ready, present, fire!'"

Daniel M'Michael had long been accustomed to view death as a messenger of peace. His days—now manifestly numbered—had been sorely troubled. His faith in his Savior was, with him, not a fluctuating, but a fixed principle; like Stephen he might ascend to see heaven opened—and his soul was long absent in fervent prayer. He prayed for a persecuted kirk, for a persecuted remnant, for his friends and for his enemies, even those whose hands were raised against his life.

"The guid Lord," said he, "forgive ye, for ye know not what ye do! The thief on the cross was forgiven; David, the murderer, was forgiven; and e'en Judas himself may have obtained mercy. Go, ye puir, infatuated, godless band! it is not for myself that I pray—it is for you; for when the day of wrath arrives, where will ye flee to. To the hills?—they will be cast into the sea. To the rocks?—they will have melted with fervent heat. To the linns and the glens?—but where will ye find them, in that great and notable day of the Lord?"——

Daniel was proceeding thus, when Red Rob struck him over the head with the handle of his sword.

"Down to the earth with thee and thy everlasting jaw! We want none of thy prayers and petitionings. We are King Charles' men, and our god is our captain, our reward our pay, our heaven is our mess-room, and our eternity an hour's kissing of a bonny lass."

Here the commander interfered, and the poor victim was raised, though scarcely able to stand on his legs from the stun of the blow.

"And now," said Douglas, "for the last time, wilt thou conform and preserve thy life, or die?"

The poor man groaned, and fell on his knees. The band was removed to a distance; and, in a few seconds, the smoke rose white and whirling from the hill-side! The work of death was done!

There is a small clump of old thorns which faces the high road from Dumfries to Edinburgh, as it enters the Pass of Dalveen from the south. At the lower extremity of this woodland patch, there is a grey rock or stone, covered with a thick coating of moss. It was whilst resting against this stone, that Daniel M'Michael was shot, about half-an-hour posterior to the cruelties which have been narrated.

A stone, with a suitable inscription, has been placed over the mangled remains of this good man, in the churchyard of Durisdeer, whilst a marble and gilt monument, of the most elegant and tasteful character, occupies the whole of the aisle or nave of the church. The latter monument perpetuates the memory and the virtues of the noble family of Douglas; whilst the former rude and now mutilated flagstone mentions an act of atrocity perpetrated by a cadet of the family. In that day when the secrets of families and individuals shall be made known, it shall be manifested whose memory and virtues best deserve to be perpetuated.

The eldest daughter of Mrs. Janet M'Michael, or M'Caig, was married, after the Revolution, to the second son (John) of Thomas Harkness of Mitchelslacks, from whom, in a lineal descent, the author of these scraps derives his birth. Is it to be wondered at, then, that we feel, through every drop of blood and ramification of nerves, a devotedness to the great cause of constitutional freedom and rational reform? But we hope the cause of political liberty may never be mixed up with the concerns of that Church which our ancestors founded on the dead bodies of martyrs, and cemented with their blood. We may return to this subject again, for we have yet many recollections to record.

THE PERSECUTED ELECTOR;

OR, PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF SIMON GOURLAY.

Be not afraid, most courteous reader: you will find nothing of party politics in the following Passages from the Life of Simon Gourlay. Know, then, that Simon was a douce, respectable member of the town-council in the burgh of L——; and it was his lot or his misfortune, as he affirmed, to be a sorely persecuted elector. But we must allow Simon to narrate the history of his persecutions in his own words. "Weel," he was wont to begin, "though I verily believe I am ane o' the most moderate men breathing, and although I seldom or never fashed my head about either Whig or Tory, I am firmly persuaded there's no a man living that has suffered mair frae baith parties; they hae kicked me about as though I had been a sort o' political footba'. Ye must understand that I am ane o' the principal men in our toun-council, o' which my faither was a distinguished member afore me. By virtue

o' my office, I had a vote for a member o' parliament to represent our ancient burgh; and it had been the advice o' my worthy faither to me, owre an' owre again—'Simon,' he used to say, 'if ye some day live to hae the honor o' being called to the council, remember my maxim—aye vote for the winning side. Mind ye this, if ye wish yer kail to be weel lithed, or to enjoy the respect o' yer neighbors.' Now, as I hae said, my faither, was a very respectable man; he was meikle looked up to in the toun, and his word, I may say, was the law o' the council; indeed, he had a most wonderfully impressive manner o' delivering himsel'! and when he began to speak, ye wad said it was a minister preaching; but, in the coorse o' nature, he died, having adhered to his maxim through life, and I succeeded him in the business. Now, it was some years after this, and after I had been called to the council, there was an election took place for the burgh. There were two candidates—a Mr. Wood, and a Captain Oliver belonging to the navy. They were both remarkably pleasant weel-spoken gentlemen; as to their politics, I knew very little about them, for, as my faither used to observe, it was a very unbecoming thing for the like o' us, that had only ae vote, to ask ony gentleman about his principles. Weel, it was at this election that my persecutions began; and sorry am I to say that they had their beginning, too, in my own family. One day I was in the shop serving some customers, and, before I was aware, Mr. Wood's carriage stopped at the door. For onything I ken, his politics were the same as those o' Captain Oliver; but, somehow or other, he was exceedingly popular in the toun, and the laddies had '*Wood for ever!*' written on the wa's and window-shutters, wi' bits o' chalk. There was a crowd came rinning, and cheered round about the carriage at the shop door; for Mr. Wood generally threw awa a handful or twa o' siller amongst them. I wad hae slipped into the parlor to been out o' the way, had it no been that folk were in the shop, and I saw there was naething for it but to stand fire. Weel, as I'm telling ye, Mr. Wood and twa or three ither gentlemen came into the shop; and really he was a very pleasant, affable gentleman, wi a great deal o' manners and condescension about him. I was much interested wi' his look, and a good deal at a loss what to say. There was nae pride about him whatever; but he just came in, and took my hand as familiarly as if I had been his equal, and we had been acquainted for twenty years.

'I have the honor of soliciting your vote and interest at the approaching election, Mr. Gourlay,' says he.

'Weel, really, sir,' says I, 'as my faither afore me used to observe, I'll tak the matter into consideration—it's best no to be in a hurry; but I'll be very happy—that is, it will afford me a great deal o' pleasure—if I can obleege ye; but—I'm rather unprepared—ye hae ta'en me unawares.'

'Well, I trust I may reckon upon you as a friend,' said he—'I shall be very proud of Mr. Gourlay's support.'

'Why, sir,' says I, 'as my worthy faither'—— And just as I said this, some o' the youngsters about the door set up a titter and a hiss. It was very provoking for a magistrate to be laughed at in his ain shop, by a parcel o' idle, blackguard, half-grown laddies; an', 'Ye young scoundrels,' says I, 'I'll put half-a-dizen o' ye into the blackhole.' And, wi' this, the young persecutors hissed and tittered the mair, and set up a shout o' derision. It was vexatious beyond measure; and, as I was saying, I didna ken weel what to do, for there were folk in the shop; and, as Mr. Wood and the gentlemen that were wi' him, pressed me to say definitely whether I wad gie him a vote, I observed Persecution also shaking its nieve at me frae the parlor! For, ye'll observe, that it was also my misfortune to be plagued wi' ane o' the sairest trials o' Job—an ill-tempered, domineering woman for a wife. She was

my second wife, and mony a time hae I said, when she vexed me beyond what my spirit could bear, that I could gang to the kirkyard, and pick the remains o' my dear first partner frae the cauld grave, bane by bane, could it restore her to my bosom again, or free me frae the persecution o' her that had succeeded her. Weel, as I was saying, while Mr. Wood and his friends were pressing me, I threw a glent at the parlor door, which was half glass, wi' a curtain ahint it, and got a glance o' Mrs. Gourlay standing shaking her head and her nieve, as meikle as to say, 'Gie him a vote at your peril, Simon!' Whether my face betrayed ony visible tokens o' my inward agony or no, I canna say, but it so happened that the confounded callants had got a peep at Mrs. Gourlay ahint the parlor door, as weel as me, and the young rascals, having seen her manœuvres, cried out—'*Three cheers for Mrs. Gourlay!*' The cheers gaed through my ears like a knife—weel did I ken that they would be rung through them for a week to come! I can hardly tell you how Mr. Wood and the gentlemen left the shop; but their backs werena weel turned till a quick rap cam upon the glass at the parlor window; and a quicker voice cried—'Gourlay, ye're wanted.' I desired the lads to attend to the customers, and I slipped awa ben to the parlor. There sat her leddyship, just like a tempest ready to burst.

'Ay, man!—ye simpleton!—ye nosie-wax!' cried she; 'and ye'll hae the impudence to gie a vote without consulting me!—ye'll say, as yer silly auld faither said'——

'Come, Mrs. Gourlay,' says I, 'ye may carry yer cantrips upon me as far as ye like, but ye shanna, in my hearing, breathe a word against the memory o' my worthy faither.'

'And ye sha'na vote for Wood,' cried she—'or I ll keep ye in het water to the end o' yer days.'

'Really, my dear,' says I, 'I think ye keep me in het water as it is. But I hae gien nae vote as yet; and, as my worthy faither used to observe'——

'The mischief tak ye and yer faither!' cried she; 'can ye no speak without aye bleth'rin' aboot him!'

'Mrs. Gourlay!' says I, 'I've warned ye'——

'Simon Gourlay!' cried she, 'I've cautioned ye'——

And just as the altercation was like to run very high, and to become very unseemly, another carriage drew up to the door, and out came Captain Oliver and his friends. The Captain was a pleasant gentleman, also, and very honest like. My wife flew and opened the parlor door; and in an instant she put on such a hypocritical, weel pleased look. 'Mercy!' thinks I, 'what's that o't?—a woman can change her countenance quicker than a northern light, which glimmers and vanishes before you can say, Jock Robinson!' Weel, I hastily rubbed my face wi' my pocket handkerchief, and made a step forward to the glass to see how I looked; for I thought it would be very unbecoming in a member o' the council, and a magistrate o' the burgh, to be seen in a flurry, or as if he had been flytin'. I watna whether the Captain had heard that 'the grey mare was the better horse,' in my house or no; for there were evil-disposed persons malicious enough to say such a thing; but he came straight forward to Mrs. Gourlay; and—

'I am most happy to see you, Mrs. Gourlay,' said he; 'I trust I shall have the honor of *your* interest. I know I have nothing to fear if I have the good wishes of the ladies upon my side; and, without vanity, Ma'am, I believe I have them.'

My termagant smiled and curtsied to the very floor. 'Pray, step in, Captain,' said she—'step in, gentlemen; Mr. Gourlay is within. I am sure you have *our* vote; I answer for that.'

My blood boiled; I felt indignation warm upon my face. I was stepping for-

ward to pull her by the gown, when the Captain and his friends entered.

'I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Gourlay,' said he, 'for the very handsome manner in which you have given me your support.'

'Not at all obliged to me, sir,' said I; 'but—but'——

Mrs. Gourlay gave me a look; and its meaning needed no words to interpret it.

'Thank you, sir—thank you,' said the Captain; 'I am indeed obliged, very much obliged, for the frank and handsome manner in which you have given me your'——

'Excuse me, Captain,' says I; 'but I would wish a little time just to consider—to mak up my mind, as it were; for, as my faither'——

'Dinna detain the Captain,' interrupted my wife; 'he didna ken yer faither; ye must not mind my goodman, gentlemen,' said she; 'he wad aye be considering and considering—but just put down his name, and nae mair about it. He daurna but vote for ye.'

'Daurna! Mrs. Gourlay,' says I; 'that's very improper language to use to the like o' me.'

'Ay, help us! the like o' you, indeed, Simon!' said she. 'Just put down his name, as I'm telling ye, gentlemen.'

I kenned it would be imprudent in a man o' my respectability to flee into a passion, and so held my tongue; and the Captain, turning to me, said—

'Good morning, sir; and I assure you I am much obliged to you.' And, turning round to my wife, and shaking her hand, he added—'And many thanks to *you*, ma'am.'

'You are welcome, sir,' said she; 'very welcome to half a dozen votes, if we had them.'

What took place between us after the Captain and his party left, I will not relate to ye, for it was very disgracefu'—I'm ashamed o't until this day; indeed, I carried the marks o' her nails upon my face for the space o' a fortnight, which looked particularly ill upon the countenance o' a magistrate. Weel, it was in the afternoon o' the same day, ane o' the gentlemen belonging to Mr. Wood's party, called again at the shop; and, me being in the haberdashery line, he wished to purchase a quantity o' ribbons for election favors. To the best o' my recollection, he bought to the amount o' between twa and three pounds' worth; and, to my surprise, he pulled out a fifty pound bank note to pay for them.

'I fear, sir,' says I, 'I'm short o' change: an' ye can pay for the ribbons ony day as ye're passing.'

'Oh, no,' says he, 'don't talk about the change—it can be got at any time.' And he laid the fifty pound note upon the counter. 'I trust,' added he, 'we may now reckon upon Mr. Gourlay's support.'

'Really, sir,' says I, 'I have not had time to weigh—that is, to turn over the subject in my mind properly; but I will consider of it. I am sure Mr. Wood has my good wishes.'

'Thank you, sir,' said the gentleman, leaving the shop, 'I shall inform Mr. Wood that he may reckon upon you.'

Now, I would have called after him, that he was by no means to reckon upon onything o' the sort, for I had not made up my mind; but I thought it would look ill, and I suffered him to leave with the impression that I was a supporter o' his party. I couldna think for a moment that he proposed onything to a man like me by no taking the change o' the note; and I intended to send it to the inn in the morning as soon as the bank opened; but I happened to say, in the course o' conversation to a neebor that dropped into the shop a short while after, that I thought Mr. Wood was very liberal and flush o' his siller; and I unthinkingly mentioned the circumstance o' the fifty pound note, and the change, and the ribbons. Weel, the person left the shop without making

any particular remark upon the circumstance that I observed; but what was my horror, I may say my confusion and astonishment, when, just on the edge o' the evening (for it was in the summer time), and just as we were shutting up the shop, here's a great gilravishing and a shouting at the end o' the street, and alang comes twa or three hundred callants, and some young chields that were never out o' mischief, wi' the effigy o' a man tied to a pole; and they had the odious thing dressed as like me as possible; but what was worse than a', they had a great label on its breast, wi' the words, '*Fifty pounds for a pirn o' ribbons!*' written on it; and they had the audacity to stand shouting and yelling, and to burn it afore my door. I was in such a passion as I believe man never was in afore! Me! a magistrate, and ane o' the principal men o' the town-council, to be thought guilty o' takin a bribe! It was horrible! horrible! I first seized the yardwand, and I rushed into the crowd, and laid round me right and left, until it was shivered to pieces; and then I ran into the shop, while the mob kept hissing and yelling; and I took the fifty pound note, and gied it to ane o' the shop-lads—'Rin,' says I, 'rin wi' that to Mr. Wood, or to the gentleman that brought it, and tell them I neither wish to see their money nor their custom.'

So the lad ran wi' the note to the inn, and did as I ordered him. But, oh! I had an awfu' nicht wi' Mrs. Gourlay. There wasna an ill name that she could get her tongue about that she didna ca' me. 'Silly Simon!' and 'Simple Simon!' were the gentlest terms that she used. I was ashamed to show my face at the door, for I was the toun's talk. But, still, notwithstanding a' the persecution I was sufferin', I was in a swither hoo to act, for I was determined, if possible, to abide by my worthy faither's advice, an' vote wi' the winning side. However, it was hard to say which would be the winning side; for, though Mr. Wood was a great favorite wi' a majority o' the working-classes, and even with a number o' the council, an' though he was very liberal an' lavish wi' his money, as I have said, yet there was a great number o' respectable folk took a very warm interest for Captain Oliver. There were a vast o' my best customers on baith sides, and it was really a very delicate matter for me to decide hoo to act—for ye will observe I am the last man in the world that would offend onybody, and especially a person that I'm obleeged to. Weel, just while I was pondering the matter, and considering in which way my worthy faither would have acted under similar circumstances, I received a letter in the name o' three or four leddies, from whom I had, first and last, received a great deal o' siller—and who, at the same time, were gey deeply in my books—and they plainly informed me, that, unless I voted for Captain Oliver, they never, while they lived, would buy a sixpence worth o' goods in my shop again. I thought it was very hard for a respectable merchant and a toun-councillor to be so persecuted and beset; and just while I was sitting very sair perplexed, in comes the postman wi' another letter. It was frae a Glasgow manufacturer that I had lang had dealings wi'; and he trusted that I would oblige him by voting for his friend, Mr. Wood; or, if not, that I would make it convenient to pay off his bill within three days, or that he would find it necessary to adopt means to obtain payment. This was worse and worse; and I must inform you that the account which he had against me never would have been due but for the extravagance o' my second Mrs. Gourlay. I was in a state o' misery indescribable. I wished frae the bottom o' my heart that I had been a hand-loom weaver, workin' for a shilling a-day, rather than toun-councillor; for then I micht hae been independent. However, my wife seemed determined to tak the masterskep in the business a'thegither; an', what wi' the

talkin' o' the toun, the threatenin' o' customers and creditors, and her everlasting scolding, I really was greatly to be pitied. The youngsters had bonfires round the toun in honor o' the different candidates, and I had an excellent peat-stack behind the house. Weel, when I gaed out in the morning, what should be the first thing I observed, but that the half o' my peat-stack was carried off bodily! 'Confound ye for a parcel o' persecuting thieves,' said I to mysel, 'but some o' ye shall get transportation for this, as sure as I am a magistrate!' However, upon second thoughts, and as I had nae doubt but they had been carried off for the bonfires, and as it was likely that they would be kindling them that night again—'Sorrow tak ye,' thinks I, 'but I'll gie some o' ye a snifter!' So what does I do, but sends the shop-laddie awa to an ironmonger's for a pound o' pouther! 'Mortal man canna stand it!' says I; 'I'll blaw up the scoundrels!' I acknowledge it wasna just becoming the dignity o' the leading man in the toun-council to tak sic revenge. But I slipped awa round to the back o' the house wi' a big gimlet in my hand, and I bores holes in a dozen or twa o' the peats, on the north side o' the stack, and filled them wi' pouther; and having closed the holes, I was first gaun to tell them in the house no to tak ony peats off the north side o' stack, when a circumstance occurred that drove it completely out o' my memory. Mrs. Gourlay had an idle, worthless, half-gentleman sort o' a brother, and, to my utter astonishment and dismay, I found him sitting in the parlor when I went in. 'Brother Simon,' said he, stretching out his hand, 'I shall never forget your kindness.'

'My kindness!' says I—'what do you mean?'

'Mean!' said my wife, in her usual snappy, disdainful manner; 'on account of *our* vote—which, it is believed, will be the *casting* vote—think o' that, Simon Gourlay—Captain Oliver has promised my brother a place under government!'

'My stars!' says I, 'a place under government!—*our* vote!—I think, ma'am, ye micht hae consulted *me* before ye bought a place for your brother wi' my vote; and, as my worthy faither used to observe, I maun be sure about the winning side before I promise onything o' the sort.'

'Consult *you!*' cried she, like a firebrand—'consult *you*, indeed!—I'll tell ye what, Councillor Gourlay, if ye had a spark o' natural affection, as you ought to have, for your lawful wife, ye wad scorn to stand higgling about a paltry vote. But allow me to tell ye, sir, the thing is settled—ye *shall* vote for Captain Oliver; and, mair than that, I expect him and his friends to dine here this afternoon!'

'Dine here!' says I, and was perfectly dumfoundered, as if a clap o' thunder had burst on my head. I felt I really was becoming a cipher in my ain house.

'Yes, sir—dine here,' continued she; 'and see that ye mak them welcome, and be proud o' the honor.'

I slipped awa into the shop, and I took out the Glasgow manufacturer's letter, and I thought it was a terrible thing to be in debt, but still warse to be henpecked; but to be baith henpecked and in debt, was worse than death itsel'. I remained in a state of stupefaction until about three o'clock, when I was *ordered* to dress for dinner. Between four and five o'clock, Captain Oliver and several of his friends made their appearance. How I conducted mysel', I'm sure I canna say—I was dowie enough, but I tried to put the best face upon it that I could. Everything passed ower weel enough until after the cloth was withdrawn; and then wine was set upon the table, and speerits for them that preferred them, and the kettle was put upon the fire to keep boiling for the toddy. The servant lassie put twa or three peats on the fire; and just as she was gaun out o' the room, I remembered

about the pouther! Never was human being in such a mortal state o' perturbation before. The sweat broke a' owre me. I rose and intended to rin down stairs, just to say that 'I hoped, in the name o' safety she hadna taen the peats off the north side o' the stack!' However, I had hardly reached the stair-head, and the sneck o' the door was still in my hand, when—good gracious!—sic an explosion! —sic a shout o' terror!—sic a tumblin' o' chairs and a breakin' o' glasses! I banged into the room; it was full o' smoke, and the smell o' sulphur was dreadfu', 'Are ony o' ye hurt?' says I. There was groanin' and swearin' on ilka hand; and some o' them cried 'Seize him!'—Seize me!' cried I—'goodness, sirs! wad ye seize a magistrate in his ain house!' The lid o' the kettle was blawn up the chimney, the kettle itsel' was driven across the table, wi' its boiling contents scattered right an' left, an nae small portion o' them poured over the precious person o' Captain Oliver! Oh! it was terrible!—terrible!—sic a dilemma as I never witnessed in my born days. I was in a situation that was neither to be explained nor described. Some o' them were fearfully scalded and scorched, too; an' naething would satisfy them, but that I intended to blaw up the Captain and the company! It was a second 'Gunpouther Plot' to secure the election of Wood! 'How did I answer,' said they, 'for the pouther being in the peats at all? and why did I leave the room in confusion, at the very moment it was about to take place?' 'Oh!' thought I, as they put the questions, 'what a lamentable situation is mine for ony man, but especially a magistrate, to be in!' As for Mrs Gourlay, instead of sympathizing for my distress, she flew at me like a teeger, an' seized me by the hair o' the head, before them a'. Weel, the upshot was, that I was taen before my brother magistrates; and, sinking wi' shame as I was, I tauld the naked truth, an' was very severely admonished. I admitted that I had acted very indiscreetly, an' very unbecoming a member o' the council; but I assured them, on my solemn oath, that I hadna dune sae wi' malice in my heart. They a' kenned me to be a very quiet, inoffensive man; an' the Captain's party agreeing that, if I voted for him the next day, they would push the matter no farther, I gied him my hand an' promise, an' the business was dropped. But the next day, the great day of election, came. Until I had promised, the numbers o' the candidates were equal; and, sure enough, mine was the important—the *casting* vote. Weel, just as I was stepping down to the toun-house, wi' my een fixed upon the ground—for I was certain that everybody was looking at me —some person tapped me upon the shoulder, an' I looked up an' there was a sheriff's officer! A kind o' palsy ran owre me frae head to foot in a moment! 'Mr. Gourlay,' said the man, 'I am sorry to inform ye that ye are my prisoner.'

'Is it possible?' said I. 'Weel, if ye'll just allow me to gang up an' vote, I'll see about bail.'

'Ye may come into the public-house here,' said he; 'but I canna allow ye to vote, nor to go out o' my sicht.'

Weel, I was arrested for the debt that I owed to the manufacturer. It was gey heavy, and during an election though it was, I found bail wasna to be had. I voted nane that day, an' that nicht I went to jail. I lay there about three months, an', when I got free, I found that I was also freed from the persecution o' Mrs. Gourlay, who had broken a blood-vessel in a fit o' passion, an', during my imprisonment, was buried by the side o' her ain relations: an' such are the particulars o' my persecution during an election; an,' certainly, every reasonable and feeling man will admit I had just enough o' it, an' mair than I deserved.'

THE NEW FIRM;

A LEGEND OF MUTTONHOLE.

"GREAT AND ADVANTAGEOUS OPENING.—No DECEPTION.—Snooks & Grubb respectfully inform the public of Muttonhole and its vicinity, that they have opened those large and commodious premises in Drybob Street, where they have constantly on hand every description of soft goods, at prices 50 per cent. lower than any other house in the kingdom. Mousseline de laines from 3½d. to 1s. 3d. and upwards.

"N.B.—No mousseline de laine dress, of any description whatever, is worth more than 1s. 8d.

"To prevent disappointment, ladies should make an early call."

The above, with the usual abundant sprinkling of italics, capitals, and full-faced type, was the only new advertisement in the columns of *The Muttonhole Gazette*, on the morning of the 29th of February, 18—. "Who *are* Snooks & Grubb?" inquired the old ladies of the village. "Who *are* Snooks & Grubb?" echoed the young ladies, who, after studying the Hymenial record, also glanced at the advertisement.

Snooks & Grubb, two enterprising young men, who had served their apprenticeships in one of the London warehouses at Edinburgh, had decided on connecting themselves in business, and astonishing the natives of some country town with a collection of goods, obtained on credit from some of the Manchester houses, who are accustomed to take such risk upon themselves. Muttonhole happened to be the place pitched upon; and so rapidly was their migration effected, and the business of "opening" performed, that, until they were ready for customers, not one knew that such a thing was in contemplation. What! commence business without making six months' preparatory talk! The thing was preposterous and unprecedented. But they succeeded nevertheless. The young women had become tired of shop-worn commodities, especially when sold by a crusty old benedict; and the temptation of new goods, and two young bachelors, were irresistible.

Awful was the alarm created in Muttonhole by the new shop. Old Mr. Maddox, the proprietor of the old shop, stopped taking in *The Muttonhole Gazette*, because he liked an "independent press," and the Gazette had had the impudence to publish the advertisements of Snooks & Grubb, to his manifest injury.

The star of the young firm had been for some days on the ascendant, and after a good day's work, both parties waited in the back parlor of the shop, as if each had something to tell the other, with which it would not answer to trust any walls but their own. Each made awkward work of his communication; but it will be as well to leave unrecorded their stammering preface, and merely state, that each had come to the resolution of taking unto himself a *sleeping* partner.

In a few days, *The Muttonhole Gazette* put forth the following:—

"*Married*—At Glasgow, on the 4th inst., Ferdinando Augustus Snooks, Esq., to Miss Anna Matilda, eldest daughter of Hugo Groat, Esq., merchant.

"At Edinburgh, Mr. John Grubb, to Miss Mary Tidd."

The effect of this announcement, upon

the weak nerves of the inhabitants of Muttonhole, was astounding. The old ladies were indignant that this news burst upon the community without giving them even a nibble of it in advance of the general promulgation; and the unengaged young ladies, each of whom had secretly, and in her own mind, appropriated one of the firm to herself, began to think of returning their patronage to Mr. Maddox. Things began to look squally, when, as is often the case in emergencies, a something was found to stem the current, and save the falling fortunes of the house of Snooks & Grubb. This was nothing more or less than their giving a "blow out," to which all the *elite* of Muttonhole and its vicinity were invited,

* * * *

It was over. The party had broken up. Old Maddox, who had lingered the last of the guests, as if determined to do his full share in eating out the substance of the young men, had at last taken his hat. Mr. and Mrs. Snooks sat alone.

"My dear," said the lady, "I do not see why you should have invited all that *canaille* to your house."

"Policy, Anna Matilda. I wish to become popular with the Muttonhole people."

"Well, Mr. Snooks, I don't like to be bored to death. I hope you have not so soon forgot my standing in society. My father was never anxious to please the rabble."

"Mrs. Snooks, I hope you have not so far forgot my interest as to stand in the way of my business. The distant jingle of your father's gold will not support *us* here."

* * * *

"John," said Mrs. Grubb to her husband, as they walked home, "I am afraid I have done you no credit to-night: you know I always told you I was unused to society."

"Why, Mary, I thought to-night you succeeded to admiration, particularly with the mothers and daughters."

"Oh, yes! and I have a great many pressing invitations to visit them. But I am dreadfully afraid of Mrs. Snooks. She came and sat by me to-night, and said something about the 'Great Unknown.' I didn't make any answer; and then she said, that Waverly alone was enough to set him up. What did she mean John? Is there to be another shop in the village?

Grubb gently explained her mistake to her. It was a bitter evening in conclusion for both parties; one had to drive away his wife's hysteric with *sal volatile*, and promises of indulgence; the other to console an intelligent though uncultivated mind, for the lack of that information, which one evening had convinced her was all essential to her creditable appearance.

On the morrow, Mrs. Anna Matilda Snooks went back to the house of her father, to recover, as she said, from the effects of an excessive infliction of rusticity. The simple Mary Grubb grew daily in the good graces of the dwellers in Muttonhole. The minister's wife thought it a pity "she had been neglected," but declared her an intelligent woman, nevertheless. Some others might make the same remark, but all loved her; and through her popularity, the tide set sadly against the warehouse of Mr. Maddox. At the end of a few weeks Mrs. Snooks returned.

"My dear," said she to her husband, "I have brought you a present."

"You have brought yourself Anna Matilda, for which I thank you before opening this package, lest you should accuse me of selfishness in thanking you afterwards." The direction was in the counting-house hand of Mr. Groat. Snooks broke the seal, and found documents possessing him of a large landed property, and a check for several thousands. "Anna Matilda, after the unthinking remark I made a few weeks since, I cannot accept of this."

"Mr. Snooks—Mr. Snooks!"

There was something hysterical in her

tone, and Snooks hastily interrupted her by saying, "Allow me at least to secure this to you. I"——

"No, no! take it as I offer it, or"——

Poor Snooks, he pleased his wife alternately with volatile and sugared words; the latter of the remedies brought her to, because they imported an acceptance of her father's gift. It is said of his Satanic Majesty, and the wight who accepts his favors, that the latter becomes bound to him. I do not intend to compare Mrs. Snooks to the devil, but her present was the purchase money of—the inexpressibles. Snooks was sold to her from that day.

* * * *

"Those people pay a great deal of attention to your partner's wife, Mr. Snooks."

"They would pay you the same, if you would accept it."

"But I shall not. Who can endure to drink tea out of earthern cups, and hear disquisitions upon coals, bread, stocking-yarn, the price of eggs, and the quantity of potatoes requisite to dine a family of thirteen. I cannot, Mr. Snooks?"

"Mrs. Grubb does."

"Mrs. Grubb! It is her element, the hateful ignorant creature. I desire you will not ask her or her husband to the house again."

"He is my partner, my dear."

"Your partner! I don't see why you need such a partner. You can hire a good clerk cheaper, and not be obliged to court him and his ignorant wife. I wish you would discharge him, Mr. Snooks. *I* don't like the idea of finding Grubb capital to trade upon."

A few days afterwards saw the following announcement in the first column of *The Muttonhole Gazette*:—

"Dissolution of Copartnery.—The business heretofore carried on under the name of Snooks & Grubb, was this day dissolved by mutual consent.

"P. Fletcher, *witness*, F. A. Snooks,
"G. Auld, *witness*. John Grubb."

"By *mutual* consent;" yes, "mutual" is the word when a strong man kicks a weaker out of doors.

Agreeably to this arrangement, Mr. Grubb and his poor ignorant wife, after making their round of calls, with light hearts, and a purse, which honest gains had pretty well ballasted, stepped into the Muttonhole omnibus, which was to convey them away from that romantic village. Every one who knew them regretted their departure, except Mrs. Snooks and Mr. Maddox. Indeed, the latter had reason to be pleased; for Grubb's withdrawal would, he knew, be for his own immediate benefit. And he was right. The tide soon turned into its old channel, and old Maddox saw, with delight, all the old faces back to his counter, with the exception of perhaps a few, who trimmed their bonnets like Mrs. Snooks, and esteemed it an honor to get a nod from her. In proportion as business lessened, she, thinking the dowry she had brought inexhaustible, doubled her expenses. She figured in the walks around Muttonhole, in dresses which would have attracted notice, for their expensive quality, even in the streets of Edinburgh, and crowds of the family connexions, and the family connexions' connexions, of the Groats, settled on Snooks to rusticate, devouring his substance, like a swarm of locusts.

It was not long, therefore, ere old Maddox had the satisfaction of reading in the public journals, this notice:—

"The creditors of F. A. Snooks, draper in Muttonhole, are requested to attend a meeting in the Town Hall, on Friday, the 21st, at two o'clock precisely."

* * * *

Years had passed. Two persons met in the Trongate of Glasgow. There was a look of uncertain recognition.

"Grubb!"

"Snooks!"

A hearty shaking of hands followed.

"How is your wife, Grubb?"

"Well. She has become acquainted with Mr. Waverley."

"And mine has forgotten her hysterics."

The four met on the following Sunday at the country residence of Mr. Grubb, who had, by industry, become possessed of considerable property. Snooks also, taught wisdom by his reverses, had retrieved his pecuniary affairs. The husbands came in from the garden together, where they had been walking for an hour.

"Ladies," said Snooks, "we have entered again into copartnership. Anna Matilda, do you think you can invite that hateful Mrs. Grubb to my house?"

"Mary!" said Grubb, "are you afraid of Mrs. Snooks now?"

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say, that the utmost joy and harmony soon after prevailed between the two families, and they had the satisfaction of seeing a closer alliance, by reason of the intermarriage of their children.

THE SABBATH WRECKS.

A LEGEND OF DUNBAR.

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning in the autumn of 1577: a few small clouds, tinged with red, sailed slowly through the blue heavens; the sun shone brightly, as if conscious of the glory and goodness of its Maker, diffusing around a holy stillness and tranquillity, characteristic of the day of rest; the majestic Frith flashed back the sunbeams, while, on its bosom, slowly glided the winged granaries of commerce; there, too, lay its islands, glorying in their strength—the May, shrouded in light, appeared as a leviathan sunning in its rays—and the giant Bass, covered with seafowl, rose as a proud mountain of alabaster in the midst of the waters. A thousand boats lay along the shores of Dunbar. It was the herring-season—and there were many boats from the south and from the north, and also from the coast of Holland.

Now, tidings were brought to the fishermen that an immense shoal was upon the coast; and regardless of its being Sabbath morning, they began to prepare their thousand boats, and to go out to set their nets. The Rev. Andrew Simpson, a man possessed of the piety and boldness of an apostle, was then minister of Dunbar; and, as he went forth to the kirk to preach to his people, he beheld the unhallowed preparations of the fishermen on the beach; and he turned and went amongst them; and reproved them sternly for their great wickedness. But the men were obdurate—the prospect of great gain was before them, and they mocked the words of the preacher. Yea, some of them said unto him, in the words of the children to the prophet—"Go up, thou bald head." He went from boat to boat, counselling, entreating, expostulating with them, and praying for them.

"Surely," said he, "the Lord of the Sabbath will not hold ye guiltless for this profanation of his holy day." But, at that period, vital religion was little felt or understood upon the Borders, and they regarded not his words

He went to one boat, which was the property of members of his own congregation, and there he found Agnes Crawford, the daughter of one of his elders, hanging upon the neck of her husband, and their three children also clung around him, and they entreated him not to be guilty of breaking the Sabbath for the sake of perishing gain. But he regarded not their voice; and he kissed his wife and his children, while he laughed at their idle fears. Mr. Simpson beheld the scene with emotion, and approaching the group—"John Crawford," he exclaimed, addressing the husband, "you may profess to mock, to laugh to scorn the words of a feeble woman; but see that they return not like a consuming fire into your bosom when hope has departed. Is not the Lord of the Sabbath the Creator of the sea as well as of the dry land? Know ye not that ye are now braving the wrath of Him before whom the mighty ocean is a drop, and all space but a span? Will ye, then, glory in insulting His ordinances, and delight in profaning the day of holiness? Will ye draw down everlasting darkness on the Sabbath of your soul? When ye were but a youth, ye have listened to the words of John Knox—the great apostle of our country—ye have trembled beneath their power, and the conviction that they carried with them; and when ye think of those convictions, and contrast them with your conduct this day, does not the word *apostate* burn in your heart? John Crawford, some of your blood have embraced the stake for the sake of the truth, and will ye profane the Sabbath, which they sanctified? The Scotsman who openly glories in such a sin, forfeits his claim to the name of one, and publishes to the world that he has no part or communion with the land that gave him birth. John Crawford, hearken unto my voice, to the voice of your wife, and that of your bairns (whose bringing up is a credit to their mother), and be not guilty of this gross sin." But the fisherman, while he regarded not the supplications of his wife, became sullen at the words of the preacher, and, springing into the boat, seized an oar, and, with his comrades, began to pull from the shore.

The thousand boats put to sea, and Mr. Simpson returned sorrowful from the beach to the kirk, while Agnes Crawford and her children followed him. That day he took for his text, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy;" and, as he fearlessly and fervidly denounced the crime of Sabbath-breaking, and alluded to the impious proceedings of the day, his hearers trembled, but poor Agnes wept aloud, and her children clung around her, and they wept also, because she wept. But, ere the service had concluded, the heavens began to lower. Darkness fell over the congregation—and first came the murmur of the storm, which suddenly burst into the wild howl of the tempest. They gazed upon each other in silent terror, like guilty spirits stricken in their first rebellion by the searching glance of the Omniscient. The loud voice of Psalms was abruptly hushed, and its echo mingled with the dreadful music of the elements, like the bleating of a tender lamb, in the wind that sweepeth howling on the mountains. For a moment, their features, convulsed and immovable, were still distended with the song of praise; but every tongue was silent, every eye fixed. There was no voice, save heaven's. The church seemed to rock to its foundations, but none fled—none moved. Pale, powerless as marble statues, horror transfixed them in the house of prayer. The steeple rocked in the blast, and, as it bent, a knell, untolled by human hands, pealed on the ears of the breathless multitude. A crash followed. The spire that glittered in the morning sun lay scattered in fragments, and the full voice of the whirlwind roared through the aisles. The trees crouched and were stripped leafless; and the sturdy oak, whose roots had embraced the earth for centuries, torn from the deep darkness of its foundations, was uplifted

on the wings of the tempest. Darkness was spread over the earth. Lightnings gathered together their terrors, and, clothed in the fury of their fearful majesty, flashed through the air. The fierce hail was poured down as clouds of ice. At the awful voice of the deep thunder, the whirlwind quailed, and the rage of the tempest seemed spent.

Nothing was now heard save the rage of the troubled sea, which, lashed into foam by the angry storm, still bellowed forth its white billows to the clouds, and shouted its defiance loud as the war-cry of embattled worlds. The congregation still sat mute, horrified, death-like, as if waiting for the preacher to break the spell of the elements. He rose to return thanks for their preservation, and he had given out the lines—

> "When in thy wrath rebuke me not,
> Nor in thy hot rage chasten me,"

when the screams and the howling of women and children rushing wildly along the streets, rendered his voice inaudible. The congregation rose, and hurrying one upon another, they rushed from the church. The exhortations of the preacher to depart calmly were unheard and unheeded. Every seat was deserted. All rushed to the shore, and Agnes Crawford and her children ran, also, in terror, with the multitude.

The wrecks of nearly two hundred boats were drifting among the rocks. The dead were strewed along the beach, and amongst them, wailing widows sought their husbands, children their fathers, mothers their sons, and all their kindred; and ever and anon an additional scream of grief arose as the lifeless body of one or other such relations was found. A few of the lifeless bodies of the hardy crews were seen tossing to and fro; but the cry for help was hushed, and the yell of death was heard no more.

It was, in truth, a fearful day—a day of lamentation, of warning, and of judgment. In one hour, and within sight of the beach, a hundred and ninety boats and their crews were whelmed in the mighty deep; and, dwelling on the shore between Spittal and North Berwick, two hundred and eighty widows wept their husbands lost.

The spectators were busied carrying the dead, as they were driven on shore, beyond the reach of tide-mark. They had continued their melancholy task for near an hour, when a voice exclaimed—"See! see!—one still lives, and struggles to make the shore!"

All rushed to the spot from whence the voice proceeded, and a young man was perceived, with more than mortal strength, yet laboring in the whirling waves. His countenance was black with despair. His heart panted with suffocating pangs. His limbs buffeted the billows in the strong agony of death, and he strained, with desperate eagerness, towards the projecting point of a black rock. It was now within his grasp, but, in its stead, he clutched the deceitful wave that laughed at his deliverance. He was whirled around it, dashed on it with violence, and again swept back by the relentless surge. He threw out his arms at random, and his deep groans and panting breath were heard through the sea's hoarse voice. He again reached the rock—he grasped, he clung to its tangled sides. A murmur moaned through the multitude. They gazed one upon another. His glazed eyes frowned darkly upon them. Supplication and scorn were mingled in his look. His lips moved, but his tongue uttered no sound. He only gasped to speak—to implore assistance. His strength gave way—the waters rushed around the rock as a whirlpool. He was again uplifted upon the white bosom of the foam, and tossed within a few yards of the wailing but unavailing crowd.

"It is John Crawford!" exclaimed those who were able to recognise his features. A loud shriek followed the mention of his name—a female rushed through the crowd, and the next moment the delicate form of Agnes Crawford was seen floating on the

wild sea. In an instant, a hundred plunged to her rescue; but, before the scream of horror and surprise raised by the spectators when they beheld her devoted but desperate purpose, had subsided, she was beyond the reach of all who feared death. Although no feminine amusement, Agnes had delighted in buffeting the waters from a child, as though she felt a home upon their bosom; and now the strength of inspiration seemed to thrill through her frame. She was hidden from the gaze of the marvelling spectators, and a deep groan crept along the shore. She again appeared, and her fair hand grasped the shoulder of the drowning man! A shout of wild joy rang back on the deserted town. Her father, who was amongst the multitude, fell upon his knees. He clasped his hands together—"Merciful Heaven!" he exclaimed, "Thou who stillest the tempest, and holdest the waters in the hollow of Thy hand, protect—protect my child!"

The waters rioted with redoubled fury. Her strength seemed failing, but a smile of hope still lighted up her features, and her hand yet grasped her apparently lifeless burden. Despair again brooded on the countenances of her friends. For a moment, she disappeared amongst the waves; but the next, Agnes Crawford lay senseless on the beach, her arm resting on the bosom of him she had snatched from a watery grave—on the bosom of her husband.

They were borne to their own house, where, in a few minutes, she recovered; but her husband manifested no signs of vitality. All the means within their power, and that they knew, were resorted to, in order to effect his resuscitation. Long and anxiously she wept over him, rubbing his temples and his bosom, and, at length, beneath her hand his breast first began to heave with the returning pulsation of his heart.

"He lives!—he breathes!" she exclaimed, and she sank back in a state of unconsciousness, and was carried from the room. The preacher attended by the bedside, where the unconscious fisherman lay, directing and assisting in the operations necessary for restoring animation.

As John Crawford began to recover, the film of death that had gathered over his eyes began to melt away, and he gazed around in bewilderment, but unconscious of where he was, and he sank into a troubled sleep; and, as he so slept, and his strength returned, he cast forth his arms, in imagination yet grappling with death. He dreamed, and in his dream he shouted for help. He prayed, and in the same breath he blasphemed and reviled the trembling spectators, that his troubled fancy still pictured on the beach.

In a few hours the fisherman awoke from his troubled sleep, which many expected would have been the sleep of death. He raised himself in the bed—he looked around wistfully. Agnes, who had recovered, and returned to the room, fell upon his bosom. "My Agnes!—my poor Agnes!" he cried, gazing wistfully in her face—"but, where—where am I?—and my bairnies, where are they?"

"Here, faither, here!" cried the children, stretching out their little arms to embrace him.

Again he looked anxiously around. A recollection of the past, and a consciousness of the present, fell upon his mind. "Thank God!" he exclaimed, and burst into tears; and when his troubled soul and his agitated bosom had found in them relief, he inquired, eagerly—"But, oh tell me, how was I saved?—was I cast upon the beach? There is a confused remembrance in my brain, as though an angel grasped me when I was sinking, and held me. But my head is confused, it is fearfully confused, and I remember naething but as a dream; save the bursting awa o' the dreadful storm, wi' the perishing o' hundreds in an instant, and the awfu cry that rang frae boat to boat—'A judgment has come owre us!' And it was a judgment indeed! O Agnes! had I listened

to yer words, to the prayers o' my bits o' bairns, or the advice o' the minister, I wad hae escaped the sin that I hae this day committed, and the horrors wi' which it has been visited. But tell me how, or in what manner, I was saved?"

"John!" said the aged elder, the father of Agnes, "ye was saved by the merciful and sustaining power o' that Providence which ye this morning set at nought. But I rejoice to find that your heart is not hardened, and that the awful visitation—the judgment, as ye hae weel described it—which has this day filled our coast with widows and with orphans, has not fallen upon you in vain; for ye acknowledge your guilt, and are grateful for your deliverance. Your being saved is naething short o' a miracle. We a' beheld how long and how desperately ye struggled wi' the raging waves, when we knew not who you were, and when it wasna in the power o' ony being upon the shore to render ye the slightest assistance. We saw how ye struggled to reach the black rock, and how ye was swept round it; and, when ye at last reached it, we observed how ye clung to it wi' the grasp o' death, until your strength gave way, and the waves dashed you from it. Then ye was driven towards the beach, and some of the spectators recognised your face, and they cried out your name! A scream burst upon my ear—a woman rushed through the crowd—and then, John!—oh, then!"——But here the feelings of the old man overpowered him. He sobbed aloud; and, pausing for a few moments, added—"Tell him, some o' ye." "Ok, tell me," said the fisherman; "a' that my faither-in-law has said, I kenned before. But how was I saved?—or by whom?"

The preacher took up the tale.—"Hearken unto me, John Crawford," said he. "Ye have reason, this day, to sorrow, and to rejoice, and to be grateful beyond measure. In the morning, ye mocked my counsel and set at nought my reproof. True, it was not the speaker, but the words of truth that were spoken, that ye ought to have regarded—for they were not my words, and I was but the humble instrument to convey them to ye. But ye despised them; and as ye sowed, so have ye reaped. But, as your father-in-law has told ye, when your face was recognised from the shore, and your name mentioned, a woman screamed—she rushed through the multitude—she plunged into the boiling sea, and in an instant she was beyond the reach of help!"

"Speak!—speak on!" cried the fisherman, eagerly; and he placed his hands on his heaving bosom, and gazed anxiously, now towards the preacher, and again towards his Agnes, who wept upon his shoulder.

"The Providence that had till then sustained you, while your fellow creatures perished around you," added the clergyman, "supported her. She reached you—she grasped your arm. After long struggling, she brought you within a few yards of the shore; a wave overwhelmed you both and cast you upon the beach, with her arm—the arm of your wife that saved you—upon your bosom?"

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the fisherman, pressing his wife to his bosom—"my ain Agnes!—was it you?—was it you?—my wife!—my saviour!" And he wept aloud, and his children wept also. "There is nae merit in what I've dune," replied she, "for wha should have attempted to save ye had I no! Ye were everything to me, John, and to our bairns."

But the feelings of the wife and the mother were too strong for words. I will not dwell upon the joy and gratitude of the family to whom the husband and the father had been restored as from the dead. It found a sorrowful contrast in the voice of lamentation and of mourning, which echoed along the coast like the peal of an alarm-bell. The dead were laid in heaps upon the beach, and, on the following day, widows, orphans, parents, and

brothers, came from all the fishing-towns along the coast, to seek their dead amongst the drowned that had been gathered together; or, if they found them not, they wandered along the shore to seek for them where the sea might have cast them forth Such is the tale of the Sabbath wrecks—of the lost drave of Dunbar.

THE STONE-BREAKER.

If any of our readers had had occasion to go out, for a couple of miles or so, on the road leading from Edinburgh to the village of Carlops, any time during the summer of the year 1835, they would have seen a little old man—very old—employed in breaking metal for the roads. The exact spot where *we* saw him, was at the turn of the eastern shoulder of the Pentland Hills; but the nature of his employment rendering him somewhat migratory, he may have been seen by others in a different locality. In the appearance of the old stone-breaker there was nothing particularly interesting—nothing to attract the attention of the passer-by—unless it might be his great age. This, however, certainly was calculated to do so; and when it did, it must have been accompanied by a painful feeling at seeing one so old and feeble still toiling for the day that was passing over him; and toiling, too, at one of the most dreary, laborious, and miserable occupations which can well be conceived. Had the old man no children who could provide for the little wants of their aged parent, without the necessity of his still laboring for them—who could secure him in that ease which exhausted nature demanded? It appeared not. Perhaps it was a spirit of independence that nerved his weak arm, and kept him toiling so far beyond the usual term of human capability. Probably the proud-spirited old man would break no bread but that which he had earned by the sweat of his brow and the labor of his hands. Perhaps it was so. At any rate, this we know that, at the early hour of five in the morning, as regularly as the morning came, the old stone-breaker had already commenced his monotonous labor. But this was not all. He had also, by this early hour, walked upwards of four miles—for so far distant was the scene of his occupation from the place of his residence, Edinburgh. He must, therefore, have left home between three and four o'clock, and this was his daily round, without intimation, without variation, and without relaxation. A bottle of butter milk and a penny loaf formed each day's sustenance. His daily earnings, laboring from five in the morning till six at night averaged about ninepence! Hear ye this, ye who ride in emblazoned carriages! Hear ye this, ye loungers on the well-stuffed couch!—and hear it, ye revellers at the festive board, who have never toiled for the luxuries ye enjoy! Hear it, and think of it! But of this person we have other things to tell; and to these we proceed.

One morning, just after he had commenced the labors of the day, a young man, of about four or five-and-twenty years of age, accosted him, wished him a good morning, and seated himself on the heap of broken metal on which the old man was at work, and did so seemingly with the intention of entering into conversation with him. This was a proceeding to which the latter was much accustomed,

it being a frequent practice with the humbler class of wayfarers. The advances of the stranger, therefore, in the present instance, did not for a moment interrupt his labors, or slacken his assiduity. He hammered on without raising his head, even while returning the greetings that were made him.

"A delightful view from this spot," said the young man, breaking in upon a silence which had continued for some time after the first salutations had passed between them.

"Yes," said the old man, drily; and, continuing his operations, he again relapsed into his usual taciturnity; for, in truth, he was naturally of a morose and uncommunicative disposition. Undeterred by his cold repulsive manner, the stranger again broke silence, and said, with a deep-drawn sigh—

"How I envy these little birds that hop so joyously from spray to spray! Their life is a happy one. Would to God I were one of them!"

The oddness of the expressions, and the earnestness with which they were pronounced, had an effect on the laborer which few things had. They induced him to pause in his work, to raise his head, and to look in the face of the speaker, which he did with a smile of undefinable meaning. It was the first full look he had taken of him, and it discovered to him a countenance open and pleasing in its expression, but marked with deep melancholy, and telling, in language not to be misunderstood, a tale of heart-sickness of the most racking and depressing kind.

"Has your lot been ill cast, young man, that ye envy the bits o' burds o' the air the freedom and liberty that God has gien them?" said the old man, eyeing the stranger scrutinizingly, with a keen, penetrating grey eye, that had not even yet lost all its fire.

"It has," replied the latter. "I have been unfortunate in the world. I have struggled hard with my fate, but it has at length overwhelmed me."

The old man muttered something unintelligibly, and, without vouchsafing any other reply, resumed his labors. After another pause of some duration, which, however, he had evidently employed in *thinking* on the declaration of unhappiness which had just been made him—

"Some folly o' your ain, young man, very likely," said the other, carelessly, and still knapping the stones, whose bulk it was his employment to reduce.

"No," replied the young man, blushing; but it was a blush which he who caused it did not see. "I cannot blame myself."

"Nae man does," interposed the stone-breaker; "he aye blames his neighbors."

"Perhaps so," rejoined the stranger; "but you will allow that it is perfectly possible for a man to be unfortunate without any fault on his own part."

"I hae seldom seen't," replied the ungracious and unaccommodating old man; and he hammered on.

"Well, perhaps so," said the youth; "but I hope you will not deny that such things *may* be."

"Canna say," was the brief, but sufficiently discouraging rejoinder.

"Then let us drop the subject," said the stranger, smilingly. "Each will still judge of the world by his own experience. But, methinks, your own case, my friend, is a hard enough one. To see a man of your years laboring at this miserable employment, is a painful sight. Your debt to fortune is also light, I should believe."

"I hae aye trusted mair to my ain industry than to fortune, young man. I never pat it in her power to jilt me. I never trusted her, and, therefore, she has never deceived me; so her and me are quits." And the old man plied away with his long, light hammer.

"Yet your earnings must be scanty?"

"I dinna compleen o' them."

"I daresay not; but will you not take

it amiss my offering this small addition to them?" And he tendered him a half-crown piece. "I have but little to spare, and that must be my apology for offering you so trifling a gift."

The man here again paused in his operations, and again looked full in the face of the stranger, but without making any motion towards accepting the proffered donation.

"I thocht ye said ye war in straits, young man," he said, and now resting his elbow on the end of his hammer.

"And I said truly," replied the former, again coloring.

"Then hoo come ye to be sportin yer siller sae freely? I wad hae thocht ye wad hae as muckle need o' a half-croon as I hae?"

"Perhaps I may," replied the stranger; "but that's not to hinder me from feeling for others, nor from relieving their distresses so far as I can."

"Foolish doctrine, young man, an' no' for this warl. It's nae wunner that ye're in difficulties. I guessed the faut was yer ain, and noo I'm sure o't. Put up yer half-croon, Sir. I dinna tak charity."

"I hope, however, I have not offended you by the offer? It was well meant."

"Ou, I daresay—I'm no the least offended; but tak an auld man's advice, an dinna let yer feelins hae the command o' yer purse-strings, otherwise ye ll never hae muckle in't."

And the churlish old stone-breaker resumed his labors, and again relapsed into taciturnity. Silent as he was, however, it was evident that he was busily thinking, although none but himself could possibly tell what was the subject of his thoughts; but this soon discovered itself. After a short time, he again spoke—

"What may the nature an' cause o' yer defeeculties be, young man, an' I may speer?" he said—"and I fancy I may, since ye hae been sae far free on the subject o' yer ain accord."

"That's soon told," replied the stranger. "Three years ago, an aunt, with whom I was an especial favorite, left me two hundred and fifty pounds. With this sum I set up in business in Edinburgh in the ironmongery line, to which I was bred. My little trade prospered, and gradually attained such an extent that I found I could not do without an efficient assistant, who should look after the shop while I was out on the necessary calls of business. In this predicament I bethought me of my brother, who was a year older than myself, and accordingly sent for him to Selkirkshire, where he resided with our father, assisting him in his small farming operations; this being the business of the latter. My brother came; and, for some time, was everything I could have wished—sober, regular, and attentive; and we thus got on swimmingly. This, however, was a state of matters which was not long to continue. When my brother had about completed a year with me, I began to perceive a gradual falling off in his anxiety about the interests of our little business. I remonstrated with him on one or two occasions of palpable neglect; but this, instead of inducing him to greater vigilance, had the effect only of rendering him more and more careless. But I did not then know the worst. I did not then know that, in place of aiding, he was robbing me. This was the truth, however. He had formed an infamous connection with a woman of disreputable character, and the consequence was the adoption of a regular system of plunder on my little property, to answer the calls which she was constantly making on my unfortunate relative.

"About this time I took ill, and, not suspecting the integrity of my brother, although aware of his carelessness, I did not hesitate to trust him with the entire conduct of my affairs. Indeed, I could not help myself in this particular; he best knowing my business, and being, besides, the natural substitute for myself in such a case. For three months was I

confined, unable to leave my own room; and, when I did come out, I found myself a ruined man. In this time, my brother had appropriated almost every farthing that had been drawn to his own purposes; and had, moreover, done the same by some of my largest and best outstanding accounts; and, to sum up all, he had fled, I knew not whither, on the day previous to that on which I made my first appearance in my shop after my recovery. That is about ten days since."

"Did the rascal harry ye oot an' ott?" here interposed the old stone-breaker, knapping away with great earnestness.

"No, there was a little on which he could not lay his hands—some considerable accounts which are payable only yearly; there was also some stock in the shop; but these, of course, are now the property of my creditors."

"But could ye no get a settlement wi' them, an' go on?" inquired the other, still knapping away assiduously. "I'm sure if you stated your case, your creditors wadna be owre hard on ye."

"Perhaps they might not; but there is one circumstance that puts it out of my power to make any attempt at arrangement. There is one bill of fifty pounds, due to a Sheffield house, on which diligence has been raised, and on which I am threatened with instant incarceration. In truth, it is this proceeding that has brought me here so early this morning. I expected to have been taken in my bed, as the charge was out yesterday, and I am here to keep out of the way of the messengers. I am thus deprived of the power of helping myself, or taking any steps towards the adjustment of my affairs."

"An' could ye do any guid, think ye, if that debt war paid, or in some way arranged?" inquired the other.

"I think I could," said the party questioned. "My good outstanding debts are yet considerable, and so is the stock in the shop; so that, had a little time been allowed me, I could have got round. But all that is knocked on the head, by the impending diligence against me. That settles the matter at once, by depriving me of the necessary liberty to go about my affairs."

"It's a pity," said the man, drily. "Wha's the man o' business in Edinburgh that thae Sheffield folk hae employed to prosecute ye. What ca' ye him?"

"Mr. Langridge."

"Ou ay, I hae heard o' him. An' will he no gie ye ony indulgence!"

"He cannot. His instructions are imperative, otherwise he would, I am convinced; for he is an excellent sort of man, and knows all about me and my affairs. Indeed, so willing was he to have assisted me, that, when the bill was first put into his hands, he wrote to his clients, strongly recommending lenient measures, and bearing testimony, on his own knowledge, to the hardship of my case; but their reply was brief and peremptory. It was to proceed against me instantly, and threatening him with the loss of their business if he did not. For this uncompromising severity they assigned as a reason, their having been lately 'taken in,' as they expressed it, to a large extent, by a number of their Scotch customers. So Mr. Langridge had no alternative but to do his duty, and let matters take their course."

"True," replied the monosyllabic stone-breaker. It was all he said, or, if he had intended to say more, which, however, is not probable, no opportunity was afforded him; for at this moment three laboring men of his acquaintance, who were on their way to their work, came up and began conversing. On this interruption taking place, the young man rose, wished him a good morning which was merely replied to by a slight nod, and went his way.

At this point in our story, we change the scene to the writing chambers of Mr. Langridge, and the time we advance to the evening of the day on which our tale opens.

It will surprise the reader to find our

old stone-breaker, still wearing the patched and thread-bare clothes, the battered and torn hat, and the coarse, strong shoes, which had never rejoiced in the contact of blacking brush, in which he prosecuted his daily labors, ringing the door-bell of Mr. Langridge's house, about eight o'clock in the evening. It will still more surprise him, perhaps, to find him received, notwithstanding the homeliness, we might have said wretchedness, of his appearance, by Mr. Langridge himself, with great courtesy, and even with a slight air of deference.

On his entering the apartment in which that gentleman was, the latter immediately rose from his seat, and advanced, with extended hand, towards him.

"Ah, Mr. Lumsden," he exclaimed, "how do you do? I hope I see you well. Come, my dear sir, take a chair." And he ran with eager civility for the convenience he named, and placed it for the accommodation of his visiter.

When the old man was seated—

"Well, my dear sir," said Mr. Langridge, "I am sorry to say that *your rents* have not come so well in this last half year as usual. We are considerably short." And the man of business hurried to a large green painted tin box, that stood amongst some others on a shelf, and bore on its front the name of Lumsden, and from this drew forth what appeared to be a list or rent-roll, which he spread out on the table. "We are considerably short," he said. "There's six or eight of your folks who have paid nothing yet, and as many more who have made only partial payments."

"Ay," said the man, crustily, "what's the meanin o' that? Ye maun just screw them up, Mr. Langridge; for I canna want my siller, and I winna want it. Hae thae folk, Thamsons, paid yet?"

"Not a shilling more than you know of," replied Mr. Langridge.

"Weel then, Mr. Langridge, ye maun just tak the necessary steps to recover; for I'm determined to hae my rent. I'm no gaun to alloo myself to be ruined this way. They wadna leave me a sark to my back, if I wad let them. Ye maun just sequestrate, Mr. Langridge—ye maun just sequestrate, an' we'll help oorsels to payment, since they winna help us."

"Oh, surely, surely, my dear sir. All fair and right. But I would just mention to you, that though, latterly, they have been dilatory payers—I would say, shamefully so—they are yet decent, honest, well-meaning people, these Thomsons; and that, moreover, there is some reason for their having been so remiss of late, although it is, certainly, none whatever, why you should want your rent."

"No, I fancy no," here interposed the other, with a triumphant chuckle.

"No, certainly not," went on Mr. Langridge, who seemed to know well how to manage his eccentric client; "but only, I would just mention to you, that the *reason* of the dilatoriness of the Thomsons, is the husband's having been unable, from illness, to work for the last three months, and that, in that time, they have also lost no less than two children. It is rather a piteous case."

"An' what hae I to do wi' a' that?" exclaimed the other, impatiently. "What hae I to do wi' a' that, I wad like to ken? Am I to be ca'ed on to relieve a' the distress in the world? That wad be a bonny set o't. Am I to be robbed o' my richts that others may be at ease? That I winna, I warrant you. See that ye recover me thae folks' arrears, Mr. Langridge, by hook or by crook, and that immediately, though ye shouldna leave them a stool to sit upon. That's *my* instructions to *you*."

"And they shall be obeyed, Mr. Lumsden," replied the man of business—"obeyed to the letter. I merely mentioned the circumstance to you in order that you might be fully apprized of everything relating to your tenants, which it is proper you should know."

"Weel, weel, but there's nae use in

troublin me wi' thae stories. I dinna want to be plagued wi' folk makin puir mouths. There's aye a design on ane s pouch below't. By the by, Mr. Langridge," continued he, after a momentary pause, "hae ye a young chield o' an ironmonger in your hauns enow about some bill or anither that he canna pay."

"The name?" inquired Mr. Langridge, musingly.

"Troth that I canna tell you; for I never heard it, and forgot to speer."

"Let me see—oh, ay—you will mean, I dare say, a young man of the name of John Reid, poor fellow!"

"Very likely," said the client. "Is he a young man, an airnmonger to business, and hae ye diligence against him 'enow on a fifty pound bill, due to a Sheffield hoose?"

"The same," replied Mr. Langridge. "These are exactly the circumstances. How came you, Mr. Lumsden," he added, smilingly, "to be so well informed of them?"

"I'll maybe explain that afterwards; but, in the meantime, will ye tell me what sort o' a lad this Mr. Reid is? Was he a decent weel doin young man?"

"Remarkably so," replied Mr. Langridge, "remarkably so, Mr. Lumsden. I can answer for that; for I have known him now for a good while, and have had many opportunities of estimating his character."

"Then hoo cam he into his present difficulties?"

"Through the misconduct of a brother—entirely through the misconduct of a brother." And Mr. Langridge proceeded to give precisely the same account of the young man's misfortunes, and of the present state of his affairs, that he himself had given to the old stone-breaker, as already detailed to the reader. When he had concluded—

"It seems to me rather a hard sort o' case," said the client. "But could ye no help him a wee on the score o' lenity?"

"I would willingly do it if I could; but it's not in my power. My instructions are peremptory. I dare not do it but with a certainty of losing the business of the pursuers, the best clients I have."

"Naething, then, 'll do but payin the siller, I suppose?" said the ether.

"Nothing, nothing, I fear. My clients seem quite determined. They are enraged at some smart losses which they have lately sustained in Scotland, and will give no quarter."

"Then I suppose if they *war* paid, they would be satisfied," said the stone-breaker.

"Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Lumsden, no doubt of *that*," exclaimed Mr. Langridge, laughing. "That would settle the business at once."

"I fancy sae," said the other, musingly. Then, after a pause—"An' think ye the lad wad get on if this stane war taen frae aboot his neck?"

"I have no doubt of it—not the least," replied Mr. Langridge, "for I have every confidence in the young man's industry and uprightness of principle. But he has no friend to back him, poor fellow; no one to help him out of the scrape."

"Ye canna be quite sure o' that, Mr. Langridge," said the old man. "What if I hae taen a fancy to help him myself?"

"You, Mr. Lumsden!—you!" exclaimed Mr. Langridge, in great surprise. "What motive on earth can you have for assisting him?"

"I didna say that I mean to assist him—I only asked ye, what if I took a fancy to do't?"

"Why, to that I can only say that, if you have, he is all right, and will get his head above water yet. But you surprise me, Mr. Lumsden, by this interest in Reid. May I ask how it comes about?"

"I'll tell you a' that presently, but I'll first tell you that I *do* mean to assist the young man in his straits. I'll advance the money to pay that bill for him. Will ye see to that, then, Mr. Langridge? Put

me doon for the amount oot o' the funds in your hauns, and stay further proceedins."

Mr Langridge could not express the surprise he felt on this extraordinary intimation from a man who, although there were some good points in his character, notwithstanding of the outward crust of churlishness in which it was encased, he never believed capable of any very striking act of generosity. Mr. Langridge, we say, could not express the surprise with which this unlooked for instance of that quality in Mr. Lumsden inspired, nor did he attempt it; for he justly considered that such expression would be offensive to the old man, as implying a belief that he had been deemed incapable of doing a benevolent thing. Mr. Langridge, therefore, kept his feelings, on the occasion, to himself, and contented himself with promising compliance, and venturing a muttered compliment or two, which, however, were ungraciously enough received, on the old man's generosity.

"But whar's the young man to be fand?" inquired the latter.

"Why, that I cannot well tell you," replied Mr. Langridge; "for I was informed, in the course of the day, by the messengers whom I employed to apprehend him, that he had left his lodging early in the morning, no doubt in order to avoid them, and they could not ascertain where he had gone to."

"Humph, that's awkward," replied the client. "I wad like to find him."

"I fear that will be difficult," replied Mr. Langridge; "but I will call off the blood-hounds in the meantime, and terminate proceedings.

"Ay; do sae, do sae. But can we no get haud o' the lad ony way?"

At this moment, a rap at the door of the apartment in which was Mr. Langridge and his client, interrupted further conversation on the subject.

"Come in," exclaimed the former.

The door opened, and in walked two messengers, with Reid a prisoner between them. We leave it to the reader to conceive the latter's surprise, on beholding his acquaintance of the morning, the old stone-breaker, seated in an arm-chair in Mr. Langridge's writing chamber. But while he looked this surprise, he also seemed to feel acutely the humiliation of his position. After a nod of recognition, he said, with an attempt at a smile, and addressing himself to the old man—

"You see they have got me after all, my friend. But it was my own doing. On reflection I saw no use in endeavoring to avoid them, and gave myself up, at least threw myself in their way, in order to encounter the worst at once, and be done with it."

"I dare say ye was richt, after a'," replied the stone-breaker; "it was the best way. Mr. Langridge," he added, and now rising from his seat, "wad ye speak wi' me for a minnit, in another room?"

"Certainly, Mr. Lumsden," replied Mr. Langridge.

"Will we proceed with the prisoner?" inquired one of the messengers.

"No, remain where you are a moment, till I return;" and Mr. Langridge led the way out of the apartment, followed by the old stone-breaker. When they had reached another room, and the door had been secured—

"Noo, Mr. Langridge, anent what I was speaking to ye about regarding this young man wha has come in sae curiously upon us, juist whan we were wanting him —I dinna care to be seen in the matter, sae ye maun juist manage't for me yoursel."

"Had ye not better enjoy the satisfaction of your own good deed in person, Mr. Lumsden, by telling Mr. Reid of the important service you intend doing him."

"I'll do naething o' the kind," replied the old stone breaker, testily. "I dinna want to be bothered wi't. Sae juist pay ye his bill and charges, Mr. Langridge, an' keep an ee on his proceedins after-

wards, an' let me ken frae time to time hoo he's gettin on."

With these instructions Mr. Langridge promised compliance; and, on his having done so, the stone-breaker proposed to depart; but, just as he was about doing so, he turned suddenly round to his man of business, and said—

"About the Tamsons, Mr. Langridge, ye needna, for a wee while, tak thae steps again them that I was speakin aboot. Let them alane a wee till they get roun a bit."

"I'll do so, Mr. Lumsden," replied the worthy writer, who, the reader will observe, had accomplished his generous purpose dexterously. He knew his man, and acted accordingly.

"What's their arrears, again?" inquired the other.

"Half-a year's rent—£3 17s.," replied Mr. Langridge.

"Ay, it's a heap o' siller. No to be fan at every dyke side. An' then, there's this half year rinning on, an' very near due. That'll mak—hoo much?"

"Just £7 14s. exactly, Mr. Lumsden."

"Ay, exactly," replied the latter, who had been making a mental calculation of the amount, and had arrived, although more slowly than his experienced lawyer, at the same result. "A serious soom," added the client.

"No trifle, indeed, Mr. Lumsden," said Mr. Langridge; "but it's safe enough. They're honest people."

"Ye're aye harpin on that string," replied the stone-breaker, surlily; "but what signifies their honesty to me if they'll no pay me my rent?"

"True, very true," said the law agent. "That's the only practical honesty."

"See you an' get the arrears, at ony rate, oot o' them, *if* ye can, Mr. Langridge; an' if ye canna, I suppose we maun juist want them. Ye needna push owre hard for them either, since they're in the state ye say. But ye'll surely mak the present half year oot o' them. That maun be paid. Mind *that*, at ony rate, maun be paid, Mr. Langridge." And saying this, he placed his old tattered hat, which he had hitherto held in his hand, on his head, and left the house.

On his departure, Mr. Langridge hastily entered the apartment in which he had left the messengers with their prisoner.

"We're just waiting marching orders, Mr. Langridge," said the latter, on his entering, and making an attempt at playfulness, with which his spirit but ill accorded. "My friends here are getting tired of their charge, and anxious to be relieved of him."

"Are they so, Mr. Reid?" replied Mr. Langridge, smiling. "Why then, we had best relieve them at once." Then turning to the principal officer—"Quit your prisoner, Maxwell—the debt is settled. Mr. Reid, you are at liberty."

The blood rushed to poor Reid's face, and then withdrew, leaving it as pale as death, and yet he could express no part of the feelings which caused these violent alternations. At length—

"Mr. Langridge," he said, "what is the meaning of this? How do I come to be liberated?"

"By the simplest and most effectual of all processes, Mr. Reid," replied the worthy writer, smiling; "by the payment of the debt."

"But *I* have not paid the debt, Mr. Langridge. I *could* not pay the debt."

"No; but somebody else might. The short and the long of it is, Mr. Reid, that *a friend* has come forward and settled the claim on which diligence was raised against you. The bill, with interest and all expenses, *is* paid, and you are again a free man."

Again overwhelmed by his feelings, which were a thousand times more eloquently expressed by a flood of silent tears than they could have been by the most carefully rounded periods, it was some time before the young man could pursue the conversation, or ask for the

further information which he yet intensely longed to possess. On recovering from the burst of emotion which had, for the moment, deprived him of the power of utterance—

"And *who*, pray, Mr. Langridge, is this friend—this friend indeed?"

"Why, I do not know exactly whether I am at liberty to tell you, Mr. Reid," replied Mr. Langridge. "The friend you allude to declined transacting this matter personally with you, which seems to imply that he did not care that you should know who he was; yet, as he certainly did not expressly forbid me to disclose him, and as I think it but right that you should know to whom you are indebted, I will venture to tell you. Had you some conversation, at an early hour this morning, with an old stone-breaker, on the highway side, about three or four miles from town?"

"I had. The old man was sitting here when I came in."

"The same. Well, what would you think if *he* should have been the friend in question? Would you expect, from his manner, that he *would* do such a thing? or, from his appearance and occupation, that he could?"

"Certainly not—certainly not. The old man—the poor old man, to whom I offered half-a-crown—who works for ninepence a-day—who never saw me in his life before this morning—who knows nothing of me! Impossible, Mr. Langridge—impossible; he cannot be the man. You do not say that he is?"

"But I do though, Mr. Reid, and that most distinctly. It is he, and no other, I assure you, who has done you this friendly service."

"Then if it be so, I know not what to say to it, Mr. Langridge. I can say nothing. I trust, however, I shall not be found wanting on the score of gratitude. I can say no more. But will you be so good as to inform me, if you can, how the good man has come to do me so friendly a service? Who on earth, or what is he?"

"Sit down, sit down, Mr. Reid, and I'll answer all your questions—I'll tell you all about him," replied Mr. Langridge.

Mr. Reid having complied with this invitation, the latter began:—

"The history of the old stone-breaker, my good sir, is a very short and a very simple one. It contains no vicissitude, and to few, besides ourselves, would be found possessing any particular interest. Your friend was, in his youth, a soldier, and served, I believe, in the American war. At his return home, on the conclusion of that war, he was discharged, still a young man, and shortly after married a woman with a fortune" (smilingly) "of some five-and-twenty or thirty pounds. With this sum the thrifty pair purchased two or three cows, and commenced the business of cow-feeders. They prospered; for they were both saving and industrious, and, in time, realized a considerable sum of money, which they went on increasing. This they invested in house property from time to time, till their possessions of this kind became very valuable.

"For upwards of forty years they continued in this way, when Mrs. Lumsden died, leaving her husband a lonely widower; for they had no children. On the death of the former, the latter, who was now an old man, and unequal to conducting, alone, the business in which his wife's activity and industry had hitherto aided him, sold off his cows, and proposed to live in retirement on the rents of his property; and this he did for some time. Accustomed, however, to a life of constant labor and exertion, the old man soon found the idleness on which he had thrown himself, intolerably irksome. He became miserable from a mere want of something to do. While in this state of ennui, chancing one day to stroll into the country, (this is

what he told me himself), he saw some laboring men knapping stones by the wayside; and, strange as the fancy may seem, he was instantly struck with a desire of taking to this occupation. He did so, and has, from that day to the present, now upwards of ten years, pursued it with as much assiduity as if it was his only resource for a subsistence. He has, as I already told you, no family of his own; neither has he, I believe, any relation living; or, if there be, they must be very remote; and, as he strictly confines his expenditure to his daily earnings as a stone-breaker—some ninepence a-day, I believe—his wealth is rapidly increasing, and is, at this moment, no trifle, I assure you. Now, my good sir, when I tell you that I am the law agent of this strange, eccentric person, and that I manage all his business for him, I have told you everything about him that is worth mentioning."

"There is just one thing, Mr. Langridge," said Mr. Reid, who had been an attentive listener to the tale just told him, "that wants explanation: can you give me the smallest shadow of a reason for the part he has acted towards me?"

"Nay, there you puzzle me; I cannot. It appears as unaccountable to me as to you, although I have known Mr. Lumsden now for upwards of fifteen years."

"Did you ever know him do a thing of this kind before?"

"Never; and I must say candidly, that, although he is by no means deficient in kindness of heart, notwithstanding his rough exterior, I did not believe him capable of such an act of generosity."

"It is an extraordinary matter," said Mr. Reid; "and although I can have but little right to inquire into the *motives* for an act by which I am so largely benefited—it seems ungracious to do so—yet would I give a good round sum, if I had it to spare, to know the real cause of this good man's friendship towards me."

"Why, that I suspect neither you nor I shall ever know. I question much, indeed, if the principal actor in this affair himself could give a reason for what he has done. It seems to me just one of those odd and unaccountable things which eccentric men, like Mr. Lumsden, will sometimes do; and with this solution of the mystery, and the benefit it has produced to you, I rather think, Mr. Reid, you must be content. I would, however, add, in order to redeem Mr. Lumsden's act of generosity from the character of a mere whim, that your case was one eminently calculated to excite any latent feeling of benevolence which he might possess; and that your manner and appearance—no flattery—are equally well calculated to second a claim so established. Yourself, and your peculiar circumstances, in short, had chanced to touch the right chord in a right man's breast, and hence the response on which we are speculating."

Having thus discussed the knotty point of the old stone-breaker's sudden act of generosity, Mr. Langridge invited Mr. Reid to put his affairs into his hands, promising that they should have the advantage, on his part, of something more than mere professional zeal. This friendly invitation the latter gladly accepted, and shortly after consigned all his business matters to the care of the worthy writer, who exerted himself in behalf of his client with an efficiency that soon placed the latter once more in the way of well-doing. And well he did; having subsequently realized a very handsome independency. In the success of the young man, no one rejoiced more than the old stone-breaker, who frequently visited him in his shop; sometimes merely for the purpose of seeing him; at others, to purchase some of those little articles of ironmongery which the due preservation of his dwelling-house properly demanded. Let us state, too, that, amongst his purchases, were at different times, the

hammer-heads which he used in his occupation of stone-breaking.

In their first transaction in this way, there was something curiously characteristic of the old man's peculiarities of temper. Mr. Reid, not yet perfectly aware of these peculiarities, declined, for some time, putting any price on a couple of hammer-heads which his friend had picked out. He would have made him a present of them; and to the latter's inquiry as to their price, replied evasively, and laughing while he spoke, that he would tell him that afterwards.

"I tak nae credit, young man," said the stone-breaker crustily, "tell me enow their cost." And he pulled out a small greasy leathern purse, and was undoing its strings, when Mr. Reid laid his hand on his arm to prevent him, at the same time telling him that he would do him a favor by accepting the hammer-heads in a present. "What is such a trifle between you and me, Mr. Lumsden—you to whom I owe everything?"

"You owe me a great deal mair than ye're ever likely to pay me, at ony rate, young man, if this be the way ye transact business," replied the other, with evident signs of displeasure. "Tell me the price o' the hammer-heads at ance, and an' be dune wi't. I hae nae broo o' folk that fling awa their guids as ye seem inclined to do."

Mr. Reid blushed at the reproof, but, seeing at once how the land lay, with regard to his customer's temper, he now plumply named the price of the hammers, sevenpence each.

"Sevenpence!" exclaimed the old man. "I'll gie ye nae such price Doonricht robbery! I can get them as guid in ony shop in the toon for saxpence ha'penny. If ye like to tak that price for them, ye may hae't. If no ye can keep them."

Mr. Reid, now knowing his man somewhat better than he did at first, demurred, but at length agreed to the abatement, and the transaction was thus brought to a close.

We need hardly add, that the £50 advanced by the old man to Mr. Reid, were subsequently repaid; but the call is more imperative on us to state, that, on the former's death, which took place about two years after, the latter found himself named in his will for a very considerable sum. One, somewhat larger, was bequeathed by the same document to Mr Langridge. The remainder was appropriated to various charities. And here, good reader, ends the story of the Stone-Breaker.

THE MISTAKE RECTIFIED.

"Now," said the traveller, as he wandered up one of those retired Highland glens, which characterise and beautify the Grampian range, "I shall once more visit my dear father and mother; and my sister, now woman grown, and what is more, my sweet Helen M'Donald, who used to gather the mountain berries along with me, and pursue the little kids and lambs. Ah, Helen was only about thirteen years old when I left; she will now be eighteen; a full grown beautiful woman, I have no doubt. I wonder if old Andrew, her grandfather, be still living; he used to tell me

such tales of Prince Charlie, and Prestonpans, and Culloden, that my hair yet almost stands erect at the recollection of them. And then there was Euphemia M'Gregor, his son's wife, the mother of my dear Helen; and Oscar and Fingal, my father's faithful attendants and servants: and we had such fun during the long winter nights, when the sheep were in a place of safety, and the door was barred, and the peat-fire was burning clear, and the very cat and kitten enjoyed the cheery fireside—such questions and commands, such guessing and forfeiting, and riding round the fire on a besom, and holding one's mouth full of water to discharge on the person's face who should first laugh at our grotesque gestures and looks: but night is approaching whilst I linger by the way—my whole heart heaves to behold once more the sweet home of my youth and innocence."

Thus said, or thought aloud, a young man, seemingly about twenty-two years of age, as he ascended Glen —— and approached the thatched sheiling which stood on the margin of a small mountain stream, which wended its mazes along the tortuous glen. He had been five years, come the time, absent from his mountain home, and had, during that period, endured and encountered a variety of fortune. He sung as he went along—

> "A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,
> Goes through the world, brave boys!"

switching the bent and heather bells with his cane, and treading with a step as elastic as was his bosom. At last, just as the sun was tinging with his departing ray the top of the highest mountain in the neighborhood, he turned the corner of a projecting rock, and came at once into full and distinct view of his home. It was then gray twilight, and objects began to assume an indistinct appearance. Walking by the side of the stream, as if meditating, there appeared a figure wrapped up in a Highland plaid. It immediately struck the young sailor that this was his sister; and in order to give her what is called an agreeable surprise, he stepped aside unperceived by her, and stood concealed behind a projecting cliff, which the stream had stripped bare of soil in its passing current. The figure came nearer and nearer, and then, sighing deeply, uttered some sound, which his ear could not catch. At last, tears and sobs followed, and he heard the words most distinctly pronounced—"Alas, I can never truly love him! I shall be the most wretched of women! But he whom I loved as angels love—Oh, he, my own dear William M'Pherson, is dead and gone, and I can never see him more."

"But you can though, my own dear Helen;" and in an instant he held her lifeless and motionless in his arms. She had uttered just one awful scream, which was re-echoed by the surrounding cliffs, and had ceased to feel or know anything connected with the living world. Alas! she was dead, and he was distracted. He ran to the house calling aloud for help; but every one of its inmates, even the mother who bore him, fled from his presence, uttering ejaculations, intimating the greatest terror at his presence. In vain did he protest with tears—I am your son and no other—I am Willie M'Pherson, your lost boy! His words bore no conviction along with them. Avaunt, foul fiend! Avaunt, in the name of God and the Holy Trinity—trouble me not—trouble me not; my dear child is in heaven; and thou, foul spirit, art permitted for a time to assume his shape. His sister, too, was equally incredulous, and his father had not yet returned from the hill. What was to be done; Helen M'Donald was in all probability dead, or dying helpless and alone, and yet no one would come to her assistance. At last, Oscar and Fingal made their appearance in advance of his father; and though they barked at first upon his naming them, they immediately ran up to him and jumped up upon his back, his neck, his head, his whole person. They seemed in as much danger of expressing

of joy as poor Helen had been of dying of fearful surprise.

"Stand back," said the delighted and believing father to his wife, who absolutely clung to his knees to prevent his advance—"Stand back, woman; d'ye think Fingal and Oscar would caress the foul fiend in that manner? Na—na—na. Ha! ha! ha!" And he fell upon his son's shoulders, weeping and crying convulsively.

"My father—my dear, dear father."

"My son—my lost, my only, my restored son," was the response.

But Helen, in an instant, brought the whole party, consisting of father, mother, sister, and son, to her aid: a light was procured and held over her face: her bosom was bared, and rubbed; her forehead had water plentifully poured upon it from the stream; and, at last, symptoms of returning life appeared. Oscar and Fingal, in the meantime had licked Helen's face, and neck, and shoulders, all over; and whether from any virtue in the peculiar touch of their tongues, or from the natural expiry of the trance, Helen breathed heavily—her bosom heaved; William looked on her cheeks, and they were flushed with red. In a moment he had her in his arms. Helen, for some time, suffered exquisite bodily torture; but was at last capable of having the truth made gradually known to her. She said surely she had been dreaming, as she had often done, and that she was still surely asleep, and that she would waken, at last, as she had done before, to a dreadful perception of the reality. William M'Pherson still continued to clasp and assure Helen of his personal identity. But even when convinced of the reality of William's presence, Helen did not evince that degree of happiness which might have been expected; she sat stupified and passive, and seemingly insensible to everything around her; her mind was evidently wandering to a disagreeable subject. However, she was prevailed upon to return with the family into the house, and, worn out and fatigued, she was soon after put to rest in an adjoining apartment.

In the meantime, the young sailor was questioned minutely respecting the reason of his re-appearance after he had been so long reported and believed by everybody to be dead.

Without repeating his answer in his own words, which were interlarded with sea-phrases, we may state, in general, that it was to the following purpose:—He had gone to Dundee, with the view of making some small purchases for the household, when he accidentally fell in with a recruiting party, who were beating up for marines for the fleet, then just returned from the capture of the Danish fleet at Copenhagen. Inexperienced as he was, he was enticed into a public-house on the shore, and awakened, after a stupor of some hours, on board a British man-of-war. In a few hours, he was conveyed out to sea, along with several others, and was conveyed immediately to Spithead. Having it ultimately put to his choice whether he would stand by a gun, or handle a musket and a sabre, he choose the former, and was regularly entered as an able-bodied seaman on board his Majesty's ship the *Victory*. In her, along with Admiral Nelson, he sailed for the West Indies, and then crossed the Atlantic, back to the shores of France. The enemy still eluding the eagle-eye of Lord Nelson, he sailed for the Mediterranean, and, after various landings and inquiries, came upon the French fleet, moored closely inland on the coast of Egypt, at the mouth of the Nile. He was in the dreadful battle of the Nile, and assisted in rescuing several who were blown up, but not killed in the *L'Orient*. After the battle he had promotion, and ultimately prize-money, on account of his brave and humane conduct, and sailed again for Naples, and latterly in quest of the Spanish fleet on the coast of Spain. He was close by Nelson when he was shot by a rifleman from the mast of the ship with which he

had grappled, and saw the fellow who did the deed drop on the deck, being shot through the heart by a marine on board of Lord Nelson's ship. After the battle, he was returned to Plymouth, having been wounded in the leg—a musket-ball had passed through the flesh, and somewhat, but not greatly, injured the bone. He spent some months in the hospital, and was then dispatched to the coast of France on board the *Spitfire*. There he had distinguished himself in cutting out and burning several of the enemy's craft at Havre; and being again wounded, though slightly, in the arm, he was put upon the pension-list, and allowed to dispose of himself till his country should again require his services. In these circumstances he began to think of his home, and, with some hundreds of pounds in the bank, and a pension order of about two shilllings and sixpence a-day in his pocket, he arrived at Dundee in a sailing vessel, and was on his way to his *native glen* when the reader first became acquainted with him. When this narrative was finished, his father retired for an instant, and then appeared with some papers, which he had extracted from his private depositories. He first read a letter, which purported to come from a King's officer, who signed himself William Wilson, and who informed his afflicted father that his son had been induced to go on board a King's ship, to see the arrangements which it exhibited; but that, in passing from the small boat to the deck, he had missed a foot, and been drowned. The letter was dated on board the *Spitfire;* and mentioned, likewise, that the ship was under sailing orders for the general rendezvous at Spithead. The poor distracted parent had come to Dundee, but could obtain no information of his son—only, about three months after, he heard that a dead body, severely mutilated, had been thrown out upon the sands of St. Andrew's; and, on account of the state of his decomposition, had immediately been interred in Christian burial ground. A second pilgrimage to St. Andrew's was undertaken by the father and daughter; but nothing satisfactory was discovered, except that the corps exhibited marks of having been dressed in a blue and white striped waistcoat, which answered to that in which he had left Denhead, his home in the Highlands. After this last discovery, all further inquiry ceased, and the afflicted family fulfilled the period of their sincere mourning, and things returned nearly to their usual bearing. But when father, and mother, and sister had seemingly got over the worst of their grief, Helen M'Donald still pined in silence over the recollections of her early companion; and as she expanded into womanhood, her grief seemed to grow "with her growth;" and her father became extremely anxious to have Helen properly and creditably disposed of in marriage.

The son of a small proprietor in the neighborhood had lately become laird himsel'; and, though far exceeding Helen in years, having had frequent opportunities of seeing her, particularly at church, on Sabbath, he had become enamored of so much beauty and innocence. Proposals had been made to the father, which were immediately accepted; and the young lady had been dealt with, as young ladies in such situations generally are, by arguments of interest and worldly comfort, and even grandeur. First impressions are deep—oh, how deep!—and Helen could not yet entirely exclude the image of her beloved William from her recollection. Laird M'Wharry was urgent in his suit—her father, whom she affectionately loved, was troubled and anxious—her mother, too, pressed home upon her attention prudential considerations—so, after long delays and many internal struggles, Helen at last consented to become, but not till some months afterwards, Mrs. or Lady M'Wharry, as the peasantry styled the laird's wife. It was during her visit (previous to her marriage) to M'Wharry, that the incident took place which thus connects our

narrative, and brings us up to the point of time when William M'Pherson arrived at Denhead.

William, learning from Helen, as well as from his father and mother, how matters were situated, suddenly disappeared, and left no means of tracing the place of his retreat. Days, and even weeks passed, but no letter arrived, and no message came. In the meantime, the day appointed for the marriage approached, and Helen seemed to have made up her mind to submit to necessity—at least, she tried to look cheerful, and put as good a face upon it as many tears, shed in private, would permit.

Laird M'Wharry was a true Highlander—he had much of that clannish feeling which is peculiar to the Celt. He was, besides, exceedingly passionate, and had more than once got into trouble from having used hasty and unguarded expressions. Nay, he had once been prosecuted in the Court of Session, and damages had been obtained to a considerable amount, by one of his servants, or rather slaves, whom he had beat most unmercifully. In attending a Perth market, he had occasion to ride homewards, after dark, with a brother proprietor, who had lately bought an estate in his neighborhood. This proprietor could not boast a Celtic name or origin. He was plain Mr. Monipenny, from the town of Kirkaldy, in Fife. They had both been drinking during the course of the day, and were, therefore, more liable to get into some dispute or quarrel. M'Wharry began by deprecating Mr. Monipenny's horse, whose character the master supported with some warmth; so, to settle the matter, they both set off at the gallop, and the fire flashed from the horses' heels as they passed through Dunkeld. Unfortunately for Laird M'Wharry, however, about a mile beyond the above town, the saddle-girth gave way, and he came to the ground head foremost. He was dead when Mr. Monipenny came up with him. He had suffered a concussion of the brain; and, notwithstanding that medical aid was immediately obtained from Dunkeld, nothing could be done.

Poor Helen M'Pherson really mourned his fate; for though she had no love for him, she had brought herself to think that it was her duty to fulfil her promise. But where was he whom her young heart held in its core? No one knew—no one could tell. Helen had inwardly resolved to live single on his account, even if no further accounts were received of William M'Pherson. But her father, in the meantime, died of a fever; and her mother was compelled to remove from the farm to the village of Dunkeld, where, in order to support herself and her lovely daughter, she set up a little shop with a small sum which her husband and she had saved, and was highly respected by all who knew her. In the meantime, the parish schoolmaster, an excise officer, and a wealthy sheep-farmer, all solicited Helen's hand; but she lent a deaf ear to all these offers, still thinking, and speaking, and dreaming, about her William.

One day, when she was standing at the shop door, she observed a crowd gathered about a horse and gig, out of which a person had just been thrown, and was taken up, as was feared, lifeless. Helen, from motives of humanity, rushed into the crowd to make inquiries, and saw the person carried into an adjoining apothecary's shop; there he was immediately bled, and, to the infinite satisfaction of all, had begun to recover. The fact turned out to be, that he had been stunned by the fall on his head, but no concussion or fracture had taken place. The gentleman, she learned, had been put to bed, but was mighty unruly, as he insisted upon pursuing his journey that very evening into the Highlands; and a post-chaise, with two horses, and a steady driver, had been brought to the apothecary's door, and the traveller was passing into it with his head and arm tied up, when all at once Helen uttered a scream, and stood trembling betwixt him

and the conveyance. It was her own William, returned from sea—to which he had again fled—making all despatch to reach Denhead, as he had learned, on his way towards the Highlands, the fate that had overtaken the bridegroom, Laird M'Wharry. Now, reader, you and I part—I can do no more for you; for, if you cannot far better conceive, than I can describe what followed, you can be no reader of mine—you will never have perused the story at all. William was now comfortably circumstanced, pensioned, and dismissed the service; and the last time I had a week's fishing at Amalrie, I spent my evenings and nights under his roof. He is now, like myself, a grandfather; and Helen, though not quite so young as she was some thirty or forty years ago, is still in my mind a perfect beauty, and has blessed her husband, during a pretty long life, with all that kind husbands can expect or obtain by marriage. She has made him a happy father, and a fond, foolish, indulgent grandpapa.

DURA DEN;

OR, SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

I took my way, a few days ago, fishing-rod in hand, from Cupar in Fife, by Dura Den, up towards the healthy and sequestered village of Ceres. Dura Den was once romantic and secluded. Its brawling stream, which empties the waters of the upper bason into the Eden, leapt and tumbled over igneous, and penetrated its way through aqueous formations, till it mingled into rejoicing union with the lovely Eden immediately under the old towers of Spottiswood, and the fine Gothic church of Dairsie. This deep and beautifully winding ravine was covered from rock to rock, on each successively sunny side, by trees of various name and leaf, from the scented sloe and hawthorn up to the hazel, the birch, and the oak. It was a perfect aviary during the spring months. A few wild deer browsed amidst recesses and various love-smitten maids and men repaired to this retreat, to talk of many things which were only interesting to themselves. The soft projecting sandstone rocks had been water-run into caves and recesses; and in some of these, report had fixed the residence, for a night at least, of the famous Balfour of Burley, after the affair of Magnus Muir.* It is not, however, to this, but to a more recent occurrence, that I am now about to solicit your attention, after, however, premising the change which has now been wrought upon this once rural, secluded, romantic, lovely spot. At the very entrance, there stands a bone mill, grinding, with grating activity and horrible crunch, into powder the mingled bones of man and beast. You have scarcely escaped from the horrible jarring sound of the modern ogre, than you come full plump upon a spinning-mill, with as many windows as there are days in the year. There it stands bestriding the valley like a colossus, and commanding all

* A sword has lately been discovered in one of the caves, rusted and broken—probably once the sword of Burley!—19th Oct. 1839.

the collected energies of the once pure and solitary stream. Bless me! how it thunders: the very rocks seem to shake under the whirl of the tremendous machinery; whilst at every open window out flies in clouds the imprisoned dust and stour. A single door opens, and the sound maddens on your ear into a screwing torture. It shuts again. You are greatly relieved by the compressed and imprisoned horror. A little further up this once delighted den, a pillar of smoke shoots out on the eye, like an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. This is an evidence that (as in the formation of this globe) fire has been called upon to assist water. Again and again, another and another hulking dirty erection fixes its hideous trail in the lovely localities, till the landscape still onwards opens upon green fields, all covered and whitened over, *not* with daisies, but with *yarn*, which has just been removed from the vitriolic vat. I had essayed here and there to fish, but had not even a nibble. A little factory urchin, who saw my mistake, immediately accosted me with—

"Ye needna fish here about, sir, for the fish are a' dead."

"What has *deaded* them," said I.

"Oh! I dinna ken, except maybe it is the vitriol—they dinna tak wi' the vitriol ava."

"No wonder," thought I. "I suspect neither you nor I would tak weel with such a beverage." So I at once rolled in my line, put up my rod, and was on the eve of returning, somewhat disappointed, from my forenoon's ramble, when my attention was attracted by an old though fresh looking man in his "*cruda viridisque senectus*," who was sitting on a bench in the sunshine, betwixt the door and the window of one of those very neat and cleanly cottages, which have been erected for the convenience and accomodation of the mill spinners, and which, from the name of the spirited proprietor, has been called "Yoolfield."

"James," said the old man; "come here, James, and tell me what's that ye waur saying to the gentlemen."

"Ou, I was only telling him, there waur nae trouts except *stane anes** here."

In the meantime, I had approached the old man's seat, and thinking that he motioned me to be seated, I at once took my place, as if I had been an old acquaintance, by his side. It turned out that he was the grandfather of this urchin, who, in a few minutes, reappeared with a face of great comfort and vigorous health; "*causa erat in aperto*"—he had dined.

"Ye'll be a stranger here aboots, I mak nae doubt?" said the old man.

I replied that I had been so for sometime past; that I had stopped, on my way north, a day in Cupar, in order to revisit this romantic retreat; but that it was now sadly changed, and I had not the heart to pursue my walk any further. I miss, added I, everything which I expected to see; the solitude, the green banks, the trees, the pure waters, the yellow trouts, the all of innocence and nature by which this den was marked, ere these vile spinning-jennies had entered, with noise, confusion, and defilement in their train.

"And so," said the aged Nestor, "ye are up in arms against the late erections, because ye canna get an hour or twa's fishing, nor pursue your own fancies about solitude, and innocence, and that! I will tell ye, my good sir—for yere but a bairn in comparison wi' me—that had ye experienced what I hae experienced, ye wad hae blessed the day which converted this solitary and useless den into a source of comfortable living to hundreds of families, who might otherwise be starving at home, or banished from all that they hold dear, into a foreign land."

"Grandfather," hereupon said a fine rosy girl about fourteen, "dinner's ready; will ye come in, or will I bring it out to you."

* Vide recent discoveries of extinct species of fish found in this den. "Fife Illustrated."—Glasgow, Joseph Swan.

"I think," said the ancient patriarch, "I'll just rest whar I am; it's a bonny sunny day, and the den is a' loun and sheltered; just bring out the broth and the wee bit Irish stew here, and maybe this gentlemen, now tired wi' nae fishing, will no scorn to tak a spoonfu' and a bit alang side o' a puir auld body."

I immediately assured my kind host that I had provisions in my basket, which I soon disengaged, together with a flask containing a sufficiency of old Nantz. To it, therefore, we set, exchanging viands; I partaking of the excellent and savoury stew, and he of a wee drap, only a very wee drap o' the brandy. Like Sir Walter Scott's minstrel, the soul of the old yet vigorous Trojan waxed strong within him; and after having duly returned thanks to the Giver of all Good, he drew me close to his elbow, and proceeded thus:—"Indeed, sir, I'm now considerably upwards of eighty years—the period at which the psalmist says the strength of man is but grief and labor; but I hae nae found it sae, for all my griefs and labors were confined to the earlier part of my life, and no to the latter day—his name be praised for the same." I instinctively answered "Amen," and partly encouraged by this, and partly by an additional pull at the brandy flask, the old man pursued his egotism.

"Well, ye see, ye are against spinning-jennies and large manufactures, ye say; but they are the friends o' the poor, sir—the blessed supporters of thousands and millions in these lands.* You shall hear; for, as you seem to have time on your hands, I will, for your father's sake, (I had made him acquainted with my descent from a worthy clergyman in the north), unfold to you my whole history, and that of my children up to this hour:—

"My name, sir, is Donald Sutherland. I belong originally to the county of that name; and I was bred a farmer on the estates of the Duchess of Sutherland. But there was neither Duke nor Duchess then, oh dear!"—(Hereupon the old man absolutely cried; having, however, checked himself, by observing that he was an old fool—he again proceeded:)—"I had, as I said, a small sheep-farm, of about one thousand acres, in the western district of that county. I see, sir, you are surprised at my saying *small;* but, sir, when land is let at a shilling an acre, as it was in my day, such a farm is but small—a thousand shillings, ye ken, is just fifty pounds o' yearly rent; and that was my rent at *Edderachills*, near by Loch Assynt. I am now, as ye see, an auld man and a gray; but I was ance young, and stout, and foolish, too, nae doobt. I thought naething wad war me, sae I just married whan I was a young inexperienced callan about nineteen; and, having got a brother of my puir father's to be security (ye see my puir father was only a hind on the estate o' Sutherland, and had neither money nor credit), I took my dear Jenny M'Roy home to no that ill a bigging—wi' a hantel o' blankets, a peat-fire, a herd callan, and twa as canny and sensible dogs as ever followed a herd or turned a hirsel. Aweel, ye ken, Helen and me war very happy, for we loved each other dearly; we had been acquainted frae the time we could climb a brae or eat a cranberry; and things went on no that ill ava. We had twa bairns in the course o' twal years, a lassie and a fine lad, wha was drowned, as ye shall hear; but, oh, my heart is sair yet whan I think o't. It was one awful night in the month of January. A vessel had stranded in Loch Assynt. The men were seen, through, a stormy moonshine, hanging to the topmast, which, however, went from side to side, with a fearful swing. At every turn or jerk another and another human being was plunged into the roaring foam. My son Archibald, my shepherd, and I, pushed from the shore in a fishing-boat, which was lying high and dry—we heard the fearful screams of perishing men

* Very different this deliverance from that of Mrs. Trollope in her "Factory Boy."

—we rowed off at all hazards, but had not neared the vessel when our boat fairly swamped. We were still, however, within wading depth, and with difficulty regained our feet and the boat. We again pushed hard from land, and at last came under the lee of the wreck. My son was young, active, and daring; and, in order to ascertain how matters were, or what remained of the deck, he caught a rope, and leapt on board. In an instant, a young man, a passenger, with his wife and child, were slung, as it were, miraculously, on board our little boat. The waves went up in spouting foam betwixt the wreck and the boat, and then subsiding, heaved us with a tremendous crash against the side of the vessel; and I remember no more, till I awoke to misery, in a kelp hut by the sea-shore. I found that my son, with the woman and child, had perished; but that the husband, my shepherd, and myself, had been cast ashore, and with difficulty resuscitated. My grief and his mother's grief were loud and severe. But 'what cannot be cured must be endured.' The stranger was a native of Fife, who had been to America on a mercantile speculation, and having married at New York, and become a father, was on his way towards Kirkaldy, his native place, when this dreadful accident took place. He had lost all his effects, and some money in the wreck, and was content to take part of my humble dwelling for a season. In the meantime, my lease expired, and another proprietor had arisen, who knew not Donald Sutherland. The rent offered by my next and more wealthy neighbor, was far above what I would think of promising, so I behoved to leave sweet Edderachills, with all its heath, and moss, and muir, for a sea-shore appointment in the manufacturing of kelp from sea weed —at that time a very flourishing employment in the West Highlands in particular. The stranger about this time took his departure, but not without many promises of returning again to visit the grave of his wife and child, and to renew his acquaintance with my wife, my daughter, and myself. For a time the kelp concern did pretty well; we had good and regular payment for the article, and an increasing demand; and we contrived to live at least as comfortably as we had done as sheep-farmers. But man is always finding out inventions—a method was devised of dispensing—by means of a chemical discovery —without kelp entirely; and we were suddenly and entirely ruined. It was at this period that I, in a manner, *cursed*, like you, the spirit of discovery and invention. I was disgusted by the change which the progress of science had made, and I did not know how to turn myself for a bare subsistence. In this situation of affairs, my daughter Nelly within there (pointing to the door) was courted by a neighboring sheep-farmer's son, of a somewhat disreputable character, but of considerable reputed wealth. This was a sad trial to us all; for, though the marriage might have benefited us somewhat in a worldly point of view, we did not like to see our blooming and virtuous child sacrificed, it might be, to the momentary feelings of a known deceiver. Nelly could not bear the thoughts of such a union; and one night she told her lover as much. In consequence of this unfortunate affair, we were very soon after turned out of house and hold—the old farmer having contracted with the proprietor for the huts and steadings which had once been peopled with busy and prosperous hands, but which now were nearly empty. Baser proposals than before were made by the degraded and vindictive young man; and we set off, one moonlight night, across the hills, for the town of Dornoch. We were three wanderers in the wilderness—my wife Helen, my daughter Nelly, and myself. I was still comparatively strong, and was determined to work, but could find no employment. For days we slept (for the weather was fine) on the heath, and lived on what little of our means which yet re-

mained. I was resolved, come what might, that I would not beg. My wife and daughter bore up amazingly; for we trusted that our God—the God of the hills as well as of the valleys—of the poor and the outcast as well as of the rich and provided—would not forget us. I found temporary work, at last, in a stone quarry, and occupied a hut close upon the sea shore. This, to us all, was luxury; for it was independence. Contentment *kitchened* labor, and we slept soundly in our poverty and innocence. But this, I saw, could not long continue; my strength was not equal to this severe labor, to which I was unaccustomed; so I persuaded, not without difficulty, my wife and daughter to accompany me to Canada, to which the Countess of Sutherland was then offering a free passage from Cromarty Frith, in the good ship *Aurora*. I should, however, have mentioned that, whilst residing at Dornoch, I had observed the son of a neighboring proprietor—a somewhat smart-looking gentleman—frequently passing our door, and sometimes conversing with my wife and daughter; but I took no notice of the affair, as I felt secure in the virtue and prudence of both parties. No proposals, honorable or otherwise, were made to my daughter, and I conceived the matter to be at an end. On the day of the ship's sailing, we were all on the quay, and ready to embark. My wife and I had entered the boat, and were waiting for my daughter, who had been sent by us on a message to a shop. She did not return in time for the boat in which we were conveyed to the *Aurora;* but we were told by the sailors that she would probably arrive in the next. One boat, however, arrived, but our dear Nelly was not in it; another came, but with it no daughter. Meantime the ship was under sail, and the captain said he would not lose the favorable breeze for all the girls in Scotland. My dear wife was inconsolable, and I petitioned hard to be let out, even on one of the western isles; but the weather was exceedingly stormy, and we kept as far as possible from land. 'God,' said I to my grieving partner, 'will protect Nelly; for she is good and virtuous. God can be father and mother, and more than all that, to those who fear and obey him.' We landed at Quebec, and maintained ourselves for some time—I acting as a kind of shore-porter, and my wife assisting in assorting furs in a great warehouse. But our means were but small; so we bethought us of removing more inland. So we arrived ultimately at Montreal, where I had the good fortune to meet with a distant relation in pretty good circumstances. He had long been engaged in a mercantile house, and had now obtained a considerable and a profitable share in it. He immediately found employment for me as a warehouse-servant, whilst my wife washed and dressed for himself and a few friends. Year after year passed by, and many a letter did we write to Edderachills and Dornoch; but we received no answer. At last, it pleased God to remove my dear Helen by death; and my friend having resolved to remove to Kirkaldy, his native place, I took shipping with him in the ship *St. John*, and we arrived off the Land's End in safety. But it came on to blow dreadfully from the north and the east, as we rounded the island; and, one dark night in the month of November, we struck upon a rock in the neighborhood of Ely. The ship fired signals of distress, and a boat came out, which saved the passengers and crew; but the ship and cargo were lost. What was my surprise, upon arriving at the inn, to find, in the person of one of the boatmen, the shipwrecked stranger, Sam Rogers, who had lodged so long with us at Edderachills. He insisted upon my immediately repairing to his cabin, as he termed it, on the shore, with the view of introducing me to his wife and a large family of children.

"'Have you ever heard,' continued he, after we were seated, 'anything of your daughter Nelly?'

"'Not a word,' said I, eagerly. 'Have you?'

"'Would you know her?' continued he, 'if you were again to see her?'

"'Know her,' said I; 'to be sure I would—her image is ever before me. I see her, at this moment, as plainly as if she were still alive. Oh! what—horrible! —stand off!—stand off! Do these old eyes deceive me, or art thou indeed my own darling, lost child?' said I; whilst Nelly—the real flesh and blood—clasped me to her arms and burst into a flood of tears.

"'My father!—my father!' she exclaimed, whilst the young ones gathered around us in stupid amazement; and my son-in-law, Sam Rogers, rubbed his hands and flapped his arms in perfect delight. It was indeed my dear Nelly, in the person of Helen Rogers, the still handsome mother of seven children.

"But Helen, I say—Helen, set down the bairn a wee bit, and tell this honest gentleman the Dornoch story, ye ken.

"'Hout,' said Helen, 'I hae nae time, faither, to enter into a' the outs an' ins o' thae lang-syne tales; besides, I see Sam waving me up to the mill—I'm wanted, faither, and ye maun look after the bairn till I come back again.'"

Being foiled in his wish to set his daughter's tongue a-going to the tune of her own adventures, the old man placed the child on the greensward in front of the cottage, and, after once more paying his respects to my brandy flask, proceeded as follows:—

"Weel, the lassie disna like to hear me tell the story; I ken, she aye blushes at bits o't; but now that she's awa, I may just as weel finish by letting ye know that the scamp wha had seen, and fallen in love, as he called it, with her at Dornoch, had watched her down to the beach, and having hired some accomplice in the person of one of the sailors, had her misdirected in the first place, and lifted off her feet in the second, and placed beside the well-known gentleman in a post-chaise, which drove off immediately in an inland direction. In vain were all her struggles and entreaties. The young blackguard immediately proceeded to inform her that her struggles and her shouts were of no avail; that he could not promise her marriage, as he was already engaged to please his mother; but he would give her love in abundance, and a cottage residence, which he had provided for her on his father's property, at no great distance. It was in vain for her to resist; but she had resolved rather to die than to yield to his wishes; so, when they had arrived at the centre of an extensive plantation, he caused her to alight, and dismissing, as it was now nearly dark, the chaise and driver, proceeded to conduct her, as he said, on foot, to the cottage which he had provided. He half dragged her a few paces from the road, or rather track through the wood, and unveiling all at once the fiend within him, proceeded to open and undisguised violence. But sir," said the old man, with emphasis, "he thought himself alone, but he was not alone—God saw him, and had marked his proceedings; and God sent a deliverer, in the person of him owre by yonder (pointing to the mills). God sent Sam Rogers, with a guid oak plank, to free the captive, and make the captor flee for his life: in short, sir—for I fear I have tired ye wi' my lang-winded story—Sam, by the mercy of God, had just landed at Dornoch as we sailed from it; and being on his way to Edderachills for the very purpose of asking my Nelly in marriage, he had pushed on, meaning to travel all night across the country, when the providential occurrence took place. Weel, we were now to Ely, where we remained for a time—old grannie, that is, myself, my son, and his family; but times became tight there, and the family kept still increasing; so, at last, we got acquainted with the worthy gentleman, Mr. Yool, to whom all these great works and these neat cottages belong, and he brought us up

here, and set us down comfortably, where, not only my son-in-law, but every wean, male and female, above seven years of age, can earn its own clothes and subsistence. We are now, sir, in comparative affluence; and all this, sir, is owing to these improvements in machinery and in chemistry, which, at one time, drove me from my native land. 'SECOND THOUGHTS, THEY SAY, ARE BEST;' at least so it has been with me, as I sit here in my old age in comparative ease and comfort, and see my grandchildren growing up in domestic affection and public usefulness around me. Here is no scattering of the young family—one going east and one west, never to meet again; but here, every night, all congregate around *one hearth*, whilst a psalm is sung, a chapter is read, and a prayer said by grannie himsel!"

I shall never regret the loss of my old and favorite amusement, whilst I can recollect this old man's narrative, and the many happy and comfortable homes which now occupy the once solitary homes of *Dura Den*.

THE RETURNED LETTER.

WE all know that great endings have often had but small beginnings; that most serious consequences have often arisen from very trifling incidents. This, we say, we all know. Yet there may be some who would deny the fact. If there be, let them read the following account of a particular passage in the life of Mr. John Manderston, and let them, at the same time, take warning by it:—

Mr. John Manderston, who was an ironmonger to business, sat him down one day, at the period to which our story refers, to indite a letter to a certain Mr. David Morrison; the said David Morrison being then resident in the city of Glasgow. The purpose of this letter, which we shall shortly place before the reader, was to remind Mr. David Morrison of an old debt due to the writer, and demanding payment thereof. These were the terms of the document in question:—

"*Heatherbraes, 24th August*, 1813.

"MR. DAVID MORRISON,

"SIR,—Your old dett which you o me, is now long standing for about seven years; and as you are now, I here, in good circumstances, I houpe you will immedtately remit me the same, which is £9 : 14 : 4½., for various artikles furnished you in my line.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obed. Serv.,

"JOHN MANDERSTON."

Having duly folded, sealed, and addressed this letter, John took it to the post office, and with his own hands, popped it into the slip. This done, John patiently awaited the result. His claim on Mr. David Morrison, we need hardly say, was a just one, and had, indeed, been long owing, as set forth in the letter of demand. John, therefore, reasonably expected that his application would produce something—and, *certes*, it did.

On the third day after Mr. Manderston had written and dispatched the letter in question, he was very much surprised, and very much pleased, to be presented by the postman with a very promising-looking packet, on which was a charge of one shilling and fourpence halfpenny of postage.

This charge not doubting that the packet spoken of contained a remittance from his old debtor, Morrison, Mr. Manderston cheerfully paid.

"One shilling and fourpence ha'penny, Archy!" he said, addressing the postman in a chuckling voice, and with a smiling countenance. "I'll pay you the money, my man!" and he drew out the drawer of his till, with a jerk of unusual promptitude and readiness, paid the postage and retired to his little desk, to open, and feast on the contents of his packet.

Mr. Manderston, however, went to work cautiously and deliberately in this matter, as if to prolong the enjoyment of pleasing anticipation. He first broke one seal, and then another—for the packet was carefully secured—and then slowly unfolded the envelope—an operation which he fully expected would disclose to his longing eyes the impressive appearance of a bank-note of respectable amount. But what was his surprise and disappointment to find that the envelope, which he had just unfolded, enclosed only a letter! This letter, however, John immediately opened, without looking at the superscription, and read—

"Sir,—Your old dett which you o me is now long standing—for about seven years, and"—Here John brought up all at once. Paused. A sudden light had broke in upon him. He discovered that he was reading his own letter—the identical letter he had sent, three days before, to his debtor Morrison.

"What could this mean? No remittance; but in place of that, his own letter back. Most extraordinary! Mr. Manderston now turned his attention to the outside of the letter, and there discovered the word *refused* written in red ink in a scrawling hand.

"Ah, refused!" he exclaimed, in a tone of bitter indignation. "The scoundrel. To swindle me out of my money, and now to refuse my letter; and to subject me, moreover, to a double postage." It was a very provoking case; and deep was the resentment, fierce the ire of Mr. Manderston, as he contemplated, in all its bearings, the ungrateful, ungracious proceeding. But peace-loving and rest-loving man as John was, he determined to bestir himself on the present occasion, and not to allow the slight put upon him by his debtor Morrison, to go unresented. John determined on revenge; but in what shape, of what description should it be? This was a question; for the debtor was a discharged bankrupt, and, moreover, a wily rogue, so there was no safety in dealing with him "according to law;" that is, in prosecuting. Such a proceeding might only make bad worse, by hooking John in for the expenses, without effecting the recovery of a penny of the principal. It might. Then what was to be done? Mr. Manderston was a good deal at a loss. At length however, a bright idea struck him; and John chuckled over it, for there was some mischievous humor in it; at least so there appeared to be to John himself, who, we need hardly say, was not very bright either in *repartie* or retaliation, or indeed in anything else. The idea alluded to, was to send his letter back again to Morrison under a cover, which should also enclose the envelope in which it came to himself, and thus to subject his debtor in triple postage.

No sooner conceived than executed. Delighted with the ingenuity of the contrivance, Mr. Manderston immediately made up the cunning packet, addressed it, disguising his hand as much as he could, and dispatched it.

For a whole week after, Mr. Manderston enjoyed, undisturbed, the pleasing notion that he had *done* his correspondent; for, on this he presumed after the second day, seeing that there was no return in that time. He had no doubt, therefore, that Morrison had bitten.

For a whole week, then, we say, Mr. Manderston enjoyed, undisturbed, all the

felicity which this circumstance was capable of affording. At the end of that time, however, an event occurred which showed, that the thing had not gone off either quite so quietly or so satisfactorily as John had fondly imagined. A thickish letter, postage free, however, was put into Mr. Manderston's hand by the postman. He wondered where it could be from, and what it could be about, and still more did he wonder when he read on the back, in large plain print, the words—"On His Majesty's service." An order for ironmongery, thought Mr. Manderston, for some barracks or other. Thus thinking John broke, the large official seal with which the letter was secured, and found several documents enclosed. He took out one, opened it, and read—

"SIR,—Your old dett which you owe me is now long standing—for about seven years, and"—— Here, as on a former occasion, Mr. Mandertson stopped short, looked a little pale, and got a little confused. What could *this* mean. His letter again. It was rather alarming; it was so, from its appearing under such circumstances, under cover of an official, a government envelope. Rather serious.

There was an official letter also, inside. Mr. Manderston took it up, opened it, and found it to be to the following effect:—

"SIR,—The enclosed letters having been refused by the person to whom they are addressed. I have to request that you make immediate payment of the several postages, on the letters in question, amounting in all to 3s. 4½d., to the postmaster of your place, otherwise legal proceedings will be forthwith entered into against you for recovery of the same.

"I am, sir, &c."

Mr. Manderston was struck dumb; at least it would have been seen that he was so, had anybody been present; but there being none, he had no occasion to speak. It was some moments too before he could even think on the very odd affair thus so unexpectedly thrust upon him; that is, think of it in any useful or connected way. At length, however, he began to take a regular and deliberate view of the matter in all its bearings, and finally emerged from the brown study into which it had thrown him with a clear conviction that he was ill used in the matter: that Morrison had behaved villanously; and that he had no right to pay the 3s. 4½d., demanded, and that he *would* not pay it, he firmly resolved.

Full at once of this determination, and of the gross injustice attempted to be done him, Mr. Manderston immediately took pen in hand, and commenced inditing a memorial to the postmaster at Edinburgh, setting forth in the following terms, the hardship of his case, together with an expression of the resolution above alluded to; that is, the resolution *not* to pay.

"SIR,"—began this pithy document—"I have receive yours, in which you demand from me three shillins and forpence hapeny for postig for a leter I sent to Mr. Morrison, Glasgow, who has been owin me a det of long standing—for seven years—demanding the payment of my just and laful det; and he refused it, because he wishes to avoid payment of his laful dets, although justly owin, with interest and expenses. I will not, therefore, pay the money you demand, as I think it unjust and unreasonable that I should be obliged to pay for askin my on, which is due me, as I have said, by Morrison, which got value in ironmongery and other guds, as I can well prove by my buks.

"I am, sir, &c."

"P.S. I am determine not to pay the 3s. 4½d., you must go to Morrison for it, which is bound to pay it."

Having folded and sealed this concise, clear, and felicitously expressed memorial

and remonstrance, Mr. Manderston addressed it "To the Postmaster of the city of Edinburgh;" and dispatched it to its destination, in full assurance that he should he should hear no more of it. In this opinion, three days of entire silence confirmed him; but the fourth brought an awakener; it came in the shape of a letter —a sufficiently polite one, however—from the Post-Office at Edinburgh, acknowledging receipt of his epistle, but refusing to forego the claim of 3s. 4½d.

"The letters to which your communication alludes," said this official document, "having been refused by the party to whom they were addressed, you, as the writer thereof, are liable in the postage as charged, agreeably to the regulation of this office. You will, therefore, please order immediate payment of the amount, (3s. 4½d.) otherwise, I regret to say, the case will be put forthwith into the hands of our solicitor for instant prosecution.

(Signed) "SECRETARY."

The matter was getting serious then; Mr. Manderston thought it so; but still his resolution not to pay remained unshaken. How to proceed next in the business, however, puzzled him. He had now exhausted all his resources and all his ingenuity, in so far as these were applicable to the affair in hand. Mr. Manderston, in short, was at his wits ends as regarded it.

In this dilemma he bethought him of applying to his solicitor for advice and assistance.

Having come to this determination, he took down his hat, put it on, told his boy to keep a sharp look-out on the shop, and proceeded straightway to the house of his legal friend, Mr. Snoddy, carrying with him all the letters and papers relating to the case on which he was about to consult him.

On being ushered into the writing-room of the man of law—"Be seated, my dear sir, be seated," said the latter—perceiving that there was a look of business about his visitor. "Anything to do in my way?" added Mr. Snoddy, laughingly, and rubbing his hands with professional glee. "Anything to do in my way, my dear sir?"

Mr. Manderston, with a gravity of face which contrasted rather strongly with the smiling countenance of the lawyer, replied, that there *was* a small matter regarding which he wished to consult him; and forthwith proceeded to state his case, producing, at the same time, the various documents which its progress had accumulated. Having patiently listened to the former, and carefully perused the latter, Mr Snoddy rested his head upon his left hand, and gave himself up for a few seconds to profound thought. This imposing ceremony gone through, he suddenly resumed his natural lively manner, and said—

"Well, my dear sir, I see very plainly what we are to do in this case: we will pay the 3s. 4½d."

"We'll do no such thing," here vehemently interposed Mr Manderston.

"Patience, my good sir—patience," said Mr Snoddy, holding up his hand deprecatingly—"till I explain. We will pay the 3s. 4½d. to the Post Office; because, if we don't, they will enforce it with expenses, they having nothing to do between you and Morrison, but merely to look to the writer of the letter or letters, for the postage or postages thereof. But, having paid it, we have then good grounds of action against Morrison for recovery of the same, with interest and charges; don't you see? And when we have brought the matter into this shape, leave me alone for sweating him. I'll stir him up with a long pole, I warrant ye."

To Mr Manderston this view of the case gave great satisfaction; and had, besides, the effect of reconciling him to paying, at least in the meantime, the 3s. 4½d. demanded by the Post Office. This was

accordingly done, and proceedings instantly entered into against Morrison.

In about a week after this, Mr. Snoddy called on Mr. Manderston, with a bundle of papers in his hand; and looking very grave and business like—even before he spoke a word—Mr. Manderston, saw there was something wrong; he was, therefore, in some measure prepared for the following communication, thus prefaced, from Mr. Snoddy:—

"That fellow, Morrison," he said, looking fierce, "is going to be troublesome, I doubt. He has employed a man of business to defend. Here are two letters I have had from that person on the subject, in answer to two of mine, of which here are the two copies; and here, also, is a scroll of another letter which I mean to dispatch this afternoon, in answer to the Glasgow writer's last, and I think it'll be a settler."

Having said this, Mr. Snoddy placed the various documents he alluded to, *seriatim*, before his client, and invited him to look over them.

Mr. Manderston, without saying a word, went to his little desk, took therefrom his spectacles, put them leisurely, and solemnly on his nose, and commenced a deliberate perusal of the different papers submitted to him; Mr. Snoddy standing by, with his hat in his hand—for he was warm—wiping the perspiration from his forhead with his handkerchief, and looking terribly ferocious—this said ferocity being directed against Morrison and his law agent.

"But you have'nt looked over the scroll of the letter I mean to send to-day, Mr. Snoddy, seeing that the former paused in his labors as if he had finished, without looking at the document in question. "It's, I think, a settler, as I said," continued Mr. Snoddy. "It's a complete summing up of the whole case, embodying all that has been or can be said on the subject, and showing, I imagine, very clearly, that we have the right end of the string. But I'll read it for you, my dear sir;" and Mr. Snoddy, taking up the very formidable scroll, began:—

"Sir,—The case of Manderston *versus* Morrison, your client, arose, as you are well aware, from the circumstance of Mr. Manderston addressing a letter to Morrison, dated the 24th of August, 1813, craving, as he was well entitled to do, payment of a just and lawful debt due to him by the said Morrison"——

"Exactly," here interposed Manderston, "just and lawful, and *long owing*."

"Yes, my dear sir, we'll come to that immediately," replied Mr. Snoddy, "a letter craving, as he was well entitled to do"—continued the latter, resuming his reading—"payment of a just and lawful debt due to him by the said Morrison; of which letter, the following is a literal copy:—

"*Heatherbraes, 24th August*, 1813.

"Sir,—Your old debt which you owe me is now long standing—for about seven years"——

"Precisely," here again interrupted Mr. Manderston. "That's just what I said. The very words to a hair."

"A copy from your own holograph, my dear sir, which I have in my possession," said Mr. Snoddy.

"My what?" inquired Mr. Manderston.

"Your holograph, my dear sir," said the writer.

"What's that?" rejoined Mr. Manderston.

"Your handwriting—the original letter you wrote Morrison.

"Ou ay, ay ou!" replied the now enlightened penman.

Mr. Snoddy now proceeded, but we need not, to finish the copy of Manderston's "holograph." He then passed on to further statements of facts, and finally concluded with three close written pages of argument, filled with law and logic. It was, in fact, a masterpiece, and well en-

titled to the eulogium which the writer had passed on it, when he called it a settler.

When he had finished——

"Juist sae," said Mr. Manderston. "It seems to me a gay steeve, pithy piece o' writin. Ye hit him gaying hard in twa or three places."

"I think I do!" replied Mr. Snoddy, smiling complacently, and folding up the "pithy piece o' writin," with a triumphant flourish.

"That'll surely bring them to their senses?" said Mr. Manderston.

"I should think so!" replied Mr. Snoddy, with a confident simper.

"Weel, despatch't as fast's ye can!" said Mr. Manderston. "Keep the puddin het, and dinna gie them a moment's respite. They'll no fin' John Manderston gie in so ready as they think."

Thus encouraged, Mr. Snoddy lost no time in firing off the great gun which he had just charged against the enemy. It had not, however, by any means the effect hoped for by that very acute lawyer; quite the contrary: its only result was to bring back a reply of twice its length, stating facts also, but arriving at very different conclusions, and breathing in every line the most contemptuous defiance.

On receipt of this reply, Mr. Snoddy, as in duty bound, waited on his client, and laid it before him, saying, as he did so—"The scoundrel is going to defend."

Mr. Manderston adjusted his spectacles on his nose, and, with the same gravity and earnestness as before, began to read the reply.

When he had finished—"What's to be done noo, then, Mr Snoddy?" he said, raising his spectacles on his forehead, and looking his man of business earnestly in the face. "We maun on nae account gie in—I'm determined on that."

"Why, I fancy," replied Mr. Snoddy, "we must carry it into court. The expenses on the case are already considerable, and it would be a pity to lose them."

"We'll *no* lose them, if there's justice to be had for love or money," said Mr. Manderston, reddening with anger. "Into court wi' them by a' means, and let's hae a warsle wi' them there."

Thus instructed, Mr. Snoddy lost no time in taking the necessary steps for bringing the case of Manderston *versus* Morrison before the Sheriff. These steps gone through, the day and hour of cause was anxiously waited for.

They came, both to one and to the other; and when they did, they found Mr. Snoddy at his post. Mr. Snoddy did for his client all that man could do; but what availed it: the Sheriff held that no man was bound to receive a letter unless he chose it, on whatever ground or pretence it might be sent, and decerned' with expenses, against the pursuer.

It was to no purpose that Mr. Snoddy urged the reasonableness of his client's application to his creditor, by letter, for payment of his debt; and in proof of the *bona fide* nature of the transaction, read to the court Mr. Manderston's first letter to Morrison, the original cause of the whole proceeding, commencing:—"SIR, your old debt which you owe me is now long standing—for about seven years."

It was to no purpose, we say, that Mr. Snoddy did all this, and a great deal more. Judgment went against him, and the enemy was victorious. This defeat was heavy news for Mr. Snoddy to bring home to Mr. Manderston; but he did bring them home to that gentleman, nevertheless, and said it was most "unfortunate," and, "he would add, most iniquitous."

Mr. Manderston thought so too, and said he was still determined not to lose his 3s. 4½d. Mr. Snoddy said he was right, and added, that he was sure if the case was brought before the Court of Sessions, justice would still be obtained; that they would get a decision in their favor, with costs.

It was a great and important day for Manderston, the 31st day of the month

after the events which we have just recorded took place.

On that day Mr. Manderston was up at an unusually early hour of the morning, and shortly after, appeared on the main street of Heatherbraes, dressed in his best, carrying a small bundle under his arm, whose outward covering was a bright yellow silk handkerchief, and wending his way toward the "Hen and Chickens Inn," from whence the "Fly Jack and begone" light coach started for Edinburgh.

On reaching the yard of the inn, Mr. Manderston was joined by a gentleman in a new full suit of blacks, and otherwise evidently picked out for some great occasion. It was Mr. Snoddy.

On this day the returned letter case was to come before the Lords of Session; and the lawyer and his client were now on their way to the metropolis to be present at the trial.

Having taken their seats in the vehicle with the curious compound name, the two gentlemen were soon at their destination, and were shortly afterwards seen—Mr. Snoddy piloting the way, and Mr. Manderston *stavering* after him, working their way through the crowded Parliament House, the buzz and bustle of which greatly surprised and confounded the unsophisticated ironmonger, who had never been there before.

Mr. Snoddy having now conducted his client into the division where his case was to be tried, whispered two or three words into his ear; and, by dint of some dragging, hauling, and pushing, succeeded in getting him snugly planted in a seat directly behind that usually occupied by the legal gentleman interested in the proceedings before the Court.

Having thus disposed of his client, Mr. Snoddy disappeared, but, soon after, returned, and, stretching across the seats, so as to get as near Mr. Manderston as possible, informed him, in a whisper, "that *the* case was just coming on." It came on, and one of the most brilliant speeches that ever was heard within the walls of that court-house, was delivered, on this occasion, by the counsel employed by Mr. Snoddy for Mr. Manderston's interest. The counsel poened the case by calling it one of the most important, extraordinary, and he said, "he did not hesitate to add, one of the most infamous, on the part of the defenders, that ever perhaps, came before their Lordships." He then proceeded to state the grounds on which the action was brought.

"Nothing," he said, "could be more reasonable in its purpose, nothing more mild in its terms, than his client's letter to Morrison. But, my Lords," he continued, "I do not wish your Lordships to take my unsupported assertion on this point; I will read to your Lordships the letter itself, which I am fortunate enough to have in my possession.

"It is dated, your Lordships"—went on the eloquent counsel, now looking on a paper which he had dug out from a mass of documents before him, and at this moment, held open in his hand—"It is dated, your Lordships, '*Heatherbraes*, 24th *August*, 1813,' and runs thus:—'SIR,—your old debt which you owe me, is now long standing—for about seven years, and' "——

"Exactly—precisely, sir. That's the identical letter, word for word"—here spoke out some one, in an audible voice, from the seat behind the counsel who was speaking, to the great surprise of the Court, and to the interruption of its proceedings.

It was Mr. Manderston. His counsel looked at him reprovingly; Mr. Snoddy stretched his hand towards him deprecatingly; and the bench admonished him severely.

Harmony restored, the case went on, came to a close and—is the reader prepared for such a catastrophe—was decided, once more, in favor of the defenders.

Mr. Manderston returned home, settled the costs of his case, including Mr. Snoddy's account, and found, in summing up the various items of his outlay in this affair, that he had paid, altogether, £114: 13: 9d. for the Returned Letter.

THE CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

Hanging and marriage, they say, go by destiny. Of the first, being a very ugly subject, we do not choose to say anything; but it is certain that the last is frequently the offspring of curious chances. A remarkable instance of this occurred, about seventy years ago, in the case of a young lady, the daughter of a Highland clergyman, in one of the remote western isles of Scotland.

The name of this clergyman was M'Ivor. A worthy and good man he was, but one little known to fame. His situation was a distant and obscure one, and but rarely visited by strangers. The island itself is only some ten or fifteen miles in circumference. The number of its inhabitants does not—at least did not at the time of which we speak—exceed 150 in number.

At the head of a little bay, by which the island is indented near the centre, on the east side, the minister's modest mansion rose. It was a plain two-story house, with a slate roof and bright white-washed walls. From the sea, its appearance was attractive, although, perhaps, this arose as much from the circumstance of its standing alone as from any superior elegance of which it could boast. It was, in truth, a very homely domicile; but it was unrivalled—there being no other slate-roofed house on the island, nor one in any way approaching it in pretension; and hence, the dignity in which it rejoiced.

Mr. M'Ivor's daughter, whose name was Mary, was a fair-haired, beautiful girl of some seventeen years of age, or thereabouts. Remote and obscure as her situation was, and equally obscure as her destiny was likely to be, Mary's education had not been neglected. Her father, who was a learned and accomplished man, had early imbued her with a taste for polite literature, and had taught her to read the French and Italian languages with readiness and fluency.

To complete her education, and to afford her an opportunity of seeing a little of the world, he had sent her to Edinburgh for two successive seasons, where she had added to her other accomplishments, a very competent knowledge of music and drawing.

Mary M'Ivor had now returned to her father's house for good and all; or, at least, until some of those changes should occur by which the course of human life is chequered. Yet did the fair girl seem, from the circumstances in which she was placed, to be one of those flowers which are doomed to

> "Waste their sweetness on the desert air;"

for who would think of seeking, or expect to find, so lovely and accomplished a being in so rude and remote a corner of the world? But odd things will happen. They are happening every day. Few, however, more odd have occurred, as the reader, we think, will allow, than that this lonely flower should, in less than twelve months from the period at which we first introduce her to the reader, be seen blooming in some of the gayest saloons of Paris, attracting and commanding the admiration of all. That Mary M'Ivor, the daughter of an obscure Highland clergyman, should, within that time, be mistress of one of the most magnificent chateaus on the banks of the Seine. Yet so it was.

One stormy afternoon, a vessel was driven, by stress of weather, into the little bay, at the head of which stood the minister's manse. Shortly after the vessel came to anchor, a boat pushed off from her and made for the shore.

Mr. M'Ivor, on perceiving from the window of his study, the boat approaching, hastened down stairs, called to his daughter Mary to throw her plaid around her, and to accompany him to the shore to receive the strangers, and to invite them to the manse—a hospitality which the worthy man extended to every stranger who visited the island. The persons in the boat, besides the men who rowed her, were the captain of the vessel, and a tall, swarthy, gentlemanly-looking young man, having the appearance of a foreigner; and such he really was. Mr. M'Ivor having introduced himself and his daughter to the strangers, invited them to the manse. The invitation was at once accepted, and with many expressions of thanks.

Hitherto the conversation had been conducted on the part of the strangers, entirely by the captain, who was an Englishman; his companion, if such a term will apply to one whom he seemed to treat with the utmost deference and respect, understanding nothing of the English language. The captain now informed Mr. M'Ivor that his passenger was a French nobleman, the Count de l'Orme. That he had taken a passage by him at Bordeaux for Liverpool, on an intended visit to England, and that they had been thus far driven out of their course by contrary winds.

On learning these particulars, Mr. M'Ivor, who spoke French with tolerable fluency, immediately addressed the count in that language. The latter, at once surprised and delighted to find his native tongue understood by their proposed entertainer, became lively, cheerful, and communicative. But when he discovered —which he soon did, by her looks of intelligence, and her earnest attention to what he and her father were saying— that the fair girl who leant on the arm of the latter, also understood the French language, his delight knew no bounds.

From that moment, he directed the most pointed attentions to her, and with the graceful manners of the ancient chivalry of France, sought, and not in vain, to render himself agreeable in the eyes of Mary M'Ivor.

In the meantime, the party proceeded to the manse, beguiling the way with a lively conversation, in which the blushing little island maiden was led to take a part, by the courtesies and gallantries of the noble stranger.

On gaining the manse, the visiters were ushered into the minister's comfortable little parlor, where they were hospitably entertained until a pretty late hour of the night, when the count proposed that he and the captain should return on board. To this proposal their kind-hearted host would not listen, but insisted that they should take up their quarters in the manse till the vessel sailed. His guests, at first, objected to this arrangement; but, it was finally settled that the captain should return on board, and that the count should remain.

From the moment in which the count first saw Miss M'Ivor, he appeared to have been struck with her beauty, for frequent and earnest were the gazes which he fixed on her fair countenance, and the subsequent discovery of her accomplishments, her refined tastes, and highly cultivated mind, which his residence at the manse enabled him to make, completed the conquest which her beauty had begun.

For a week, the vessel by which the Count de l'Orme was passenger, was detained by contrary winds in the little bay of Machray; and during all this time, the latter was an inmate of the manse.

But was it, indeed, adverse winds that detained the vessel so long? We doubt it. Well, then, if truth must be told, it was not. On the very next day she might have sailed, but a word in the captain's ear from the count, with a whisper of ample indemnification to himself and owners, kept the ship at her anchors for a week.

Ere that week had expired, however, the Count de l'Orme had, with the consent of her father, made offer of his hand to

Mary M'Ivor. It was accepted, and in a month after, the count, who had in the meantime fulfilled his intention of visiting England, and who had, during the same interval, made the necessary arrangements for his marriage, returned with a friend to the lonely little Scottish isle to claim his island bride.

The ceremony of their marriage was performed by Miss M'Ivor's father.

In fourteen days after, the Countess de l'Orme was installed in the magnificent Chateau de Chauvergne, on the banks of the Seine, as mistress of all its wealth, and of the fair domains that spread far and wide around it.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

The following tale was communicated to me when in Dumfrieshire, in the year 1827, by an old and respectable lady, who was herself the subject of it. It interested me then, and I shall endeavor to tell it to my readers as she told it to me. But, as she may be still living, I shall change the name, though I then had her permission to publish it, and, to use her own words, "to write a Tale about it if I pleased." I shall therefore speak of her as Mrs. Isabella Simpson.

My father, she began, was weel to do in the world. He had a farm that bordered on the Nith, between Dumfries and Sanquhar. The laird and him had been companions frae they were bits o' leddies, and he had a guid bargain o't, and made a hantel o' siller. He was rather a purse-proud man, but a kind faither in the main, for a' that. My mother was a woman among ten thousand—ye might hae searched ten parishes and not found her equal—my faither allowed that; and he had a right to ken, for she was his wife thirty years. She was the best tempered woman that I've ever met wi' in my born days; and, without having the least particle o' meanness about her, she was as thrifty as she was good tempered. She had also been a particularly weelfaured woman. An aulder brother and mysel' were the only bairns that they had living, and we were accordingly a good deal made o', especially by our mother. It was generally believed that I would bring a fortune to the man that got me, and when I grew up to woman's estate, there were a number o' young lads that professed to be very fond o' me; but for my part I had no liking for any o' them save one, and that was Peter Simpson. He was a blate lad, and I didna ken that he was fond o' me frae himsel; but my acquaintances used to jeer me about him, and say, "Isabella, if ye dinna tak pity on puir Peter Simpson, the lad will do some ill to himsel'. He is fairly owre head and ears aboot ye."

"Hoots!" said I, "nane o' yer havers—the ne'er a fears o' him. The lad never spoke to me in his life."

And sure enough, as I have tauld ye, he never had. But I used to remark his confusion when he passed me, as he half looked at me, and half turned away his head, and I'm sure I was as confused as he was; and it was a'thegither on account o' our acquaintances jeering me about him. At the kirk, too, on the Sabbath, I often used to observe his een fixed on me; and when he perceived that I saw him, he would turn away his head, and his cheeks,

his very brow, grew as red as the morocco on the back of the laird and his lady's bible's.

Peter's faither was a farmer like my own, and we were on an equality in that respect; but he had taken a fancy to be a millwright, and was serving his time for that business in Dumfries. Now, there was one day that I had been in the town, making some bits o' bargains at the shops for my mother; but, just as I was completing them, a terrible storm came away; it rained a perfect down-pour—such a spate as I never saw. Umbrellas had hardly been seen in the country at that time, and it wasna one in five hundred that had a one. I had no acquaintances in Dumfries, and I was forced to stop in the shop. But I remained from four in the afternoon until seven at night, and it rained as fast as ever—it was never like to fair. It was beginning to set down for dark, I was feared to gang hame at night, by mysel', and I saw it was o' no use stopping ony longer—so I left the shop, but before I had got three yards from the door, who should come bang against me, as he ran wi' his head down for the rain, but Peter Simpson!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Isabella," said he, when he saw who I was; and he looked very confused.

"There is nae harm done," said I.

"Ye haena to gang hame in sic a nicht as this?" said he.

"Indeed hae I," said I.

"Then," said he, "if ye'll just step into the shop there for a minute, I think I ken where I could borrow ye an umbrella."

I thought it was remarkably kind o' him, and I gaed back to the shop again. He hadna been away a handel-awhile, when in a very jiffy he came running back wi' an umbrella in his hand. I went to the door as soon as I saw him, and he lifted up the umbrella owre my head and held out his oxter to me. I canna tell what my feelings were at the moment. I forgot that it was a down-pour o' rain and everything else, and I wonder that I didna lose my mother's bundle frae under my arm. But I took his oxter, and wi' the umbrella owre our heads we gaed linking awa thegither—and, between you and me, I was glad o' his company for more reasons than one.

I never had any idea before that umbrellas could be such comfortable things. It made it as pleasant owre our heads as if the sun had been shining on us. Under foot it wasna just so agreeable, for the water was running across the roads in many places just like rivers, and I had either to wade knee-deep, or to allow Peter to take me up in his arm and carry me through, which he did; though I was very greatly put about before I could think o' allowing him to do it.

But I got home, and when we reached the door, Peter was sae backward that he held out his hand to bid me "good night," without gaun into the house wi' me.

"Oh," says I, "ye maunna gang awa yet—for when my mother hears o' yer kindness, if she kenned that I had let ye gang back at the door withoot askin ye in, she would be very angry."

So I got him prevailed upon to gang in wi' me, and when I tauld my mother how attentive he had been, and how he had borrowed the umbrella, and accompanied me a' the way, she didna ken where to set him. There was naething in the house that she thought owre good for him. She got him to put off his coat, and his shoon and his stockings, and gied him things o' my brother's to put on. My faither wasna at hame, I remember—I think he was in about Edinburgh at the time. My mother pressed Peter to stop and take his supper wi' us; and he did stop, and began to gather more courage, and to get the use o' his tongue. The supper was laid out, and a hearty meal he made, and glad was I to see him eat sae freely. After supper, my mother brought out the bottle and gied him a dram, and Peter drank baith our very good healths.

Just as he was on his feet to gang away, my mother had to turn her back for a minute, and says he to me, while he keepit turning his hat round about in his hand—"Guid nicht, Isabella—when may I come back again?"

"Hoots!" said I, without meaning the slightest harm, and not for a moment intending to forbid him to come back. He hung down his head, and with a sort o' sigh, gaed away without saying ony mair. But night after night came, an' week after week, an' I saw nae mair o' Peter Simpson; he hadna courage to venture back again, although it was not my intention to discourage him by saying—"Hoots!"

About three months after this, my mother was suddenly cut off frae among us and called to her account. I was naturally appointed housekeeper in her place. Now, we had a windmill on the farm, and the mill was out o' repair, and the millwrights were to come frae Dumfries to put it to rights, and till their job was finished they were to get their meat in the house. I wished that Peter might be one o' them, and he was one o' them. Our acquaintance was renewed. Peter's shyness gradually wore away, and I daresay that, for a year and a half, for five nights out o' the seven, he came regularly to see me. We were very happy. I liked him, and he liked me. But his faither sent him to the south for a year or two, to some great men they ca'ed Mr. Bolton and Mr. Watt, to get a thorough insight into his business before he set him up for himsel. Hech me! what insight he got about wheels, and mills, or machines, I canna tell ye; but he got an unco insight into wickedness.

During his absence, my faither had married a second wife, which I considered as very disrespectful to the memory o' my mother, and I was very ill about it. I was loath to gie up the keys o' the house to a stranger that wasna meikle aulder than mysel, and to gie up my situation as housekeeper. I didna like to submit to her; but my faither said that I should submit or leave the house—and what could I do? But I wearied for Peter to come back, and, were it for no other reason, just that I might hae a house o' my ain, where I might hae the liberty o' doing what I liked without being quarrelled.

But Peter did come back, and there was a very great change upon him indeed, though not for the better. He certainly looked a great deal smarter than when he went away, and I didna ken where he had left his former blateness; but he brought none o't back wi' him. His language was quite Englified; and, amongst other bad practices which he had acquired, I was baith sorry and disgusted to remark that of profane swearing!—which he actually did as though he werna conscious o' what he was saying. O sir! I think there is naething that makes a man look mair degraded and contemptible than this most senseless o' a' sinfu' practices. It is lower than even daily drunkenness. I ken naething sae bad. However, I must say for him, there seemed no abatement in his affections for me: and I resolved that, as soon as we were married, I would cure him o' the bad practices he had acquired.

To my sorrow and surprise, however, ye might as weel hae taken an adder by the beard as spoken to my faither o' our marriage. He set himself tooth and nail against it.

"Na, na!" said he; "if I were to allow ye to throw yersel awa upon that young, graceless birkie, he would squander away the thousand pounds that ye hae for a portion, and break your heart into the bargain within a twalmonth."

It was in vain that I grat before my faither and tried to reason wi' him. I might as weel hae let my tears fall on a neither millstone wi' the hope o' softening it. Peter vowed, however, that he no cared a snap o' his fingers for neither my faither nor the fortune he had to gie me—that it was me he wanted, and me he

would hae. The short and the long o' the story is, that, finding there was nothing to be made o' my faither, and that he wadna come to, Peter got me to consent to elope wi' him. My conscience tauld me that I was doing a daft-like action, and a thing I wad maybe rue. But Peter, according to an agreement between us, came to my bedroom window, which, after some hesitation, when I saw his frenzy and impatience, I opened, and he threw up to me the queerest sort o' ladder I ever saw. It was just bits o' sma' rope tied thegither, wi' twa cleeks at the one end. I had no sooner done wi' it as he desired me, than up he came, and whispering to me to come out at the window and place my foot on it, I did so, and he taking me under his arm, lighted me safe upon the ground in a moment.

One o' his faither's servants was standing at a distance holding a horse, ready saddled to carry two. I gat on to the pad bihint Peter, and he galloped away till he came to the side o' the Solway, and there I found a boat was lying ready to take us across to Workington. Peter took out a license, and that day I became Mrs. Simpson. I heard that, when my faither learned in the morning that I had run away, he didna offer to come after me, but he shaked his head and said—"Aweel! 'they that will to Cupar maun to Cupar!' Poor infatuated lassie!—sorrow will bring her to her hunkers, and she will be glad to come back to the house that she has clandestine left; and, come when she like, for her mother's sake, she shall aye find a hame!"

He said this when his wife was not present. I hae often thought that there is something prophetic in a parent's words, especially when they speak concerning the consequences o' disobedience; and in my case I found much o' what my faither said owre true.

Peter, however, had begun business, and he and I set up house. Trade was very guid in the millwright line at that period, for thrashing machines were just getting into vogue, though ignorant folk raised an unco outcry against them. My husband's having been wi' the great men, Mr. Bolton and Mr. Watt, threw a good deal in his way; and, on the second year after he began business, we had fifteen journeymen constantly employed, besides apprentices. Now, Peter was very clever, and everybody said that he was turning out a "bright fellow." Four years and better passed owre our heads, and I'm sure there wasna a happier woman than me to be met wi' round the whole circumference o' the globe. I had twa bits o' bairns, a laddie and a lassie, and was likely to hae a third. I had got Peter so broken off the evil practices which he learned in the south, o' which I hae spoken, that he never swore, except when he was in a passion; and, though that was more frequently than I wished—for he was of a fiery temper—yet it never lasted lang, and he was always sorrow for it afterwards. Even my faither heard sae meikle about his behavior and cleverness, and his affection for me and the bairns, that he called one day at our house, and, after making an apology for being angry at our marriage, he actually paid the thousand pounds that were to be my portion, down upon the nail.

"Weel, as I have said, this state o' happiness continued for four years and better; but it didna see the fifth year out. Peter had a job that would take a twalmonth in completing, some way in the neighborhood o' Durham. All our men, save a journeyman and an apprentice or two, were there, for the work had to be finished by a certain time, and Peter was there himself also. He was only to be hame about once a month; and, for the first eight weeks that he was there, he was very attentive in writing every week, and came thrice across to see me and the bairns. But, on the ninth week we had no letter, on the tenth we had none, and one came on the thirteenth. It was merely three or four lines at the most, and in-

stead of beginning it—"*My dear Isabella*," as all his former letters began, (and long letters they were), he merely said, "*Dear Wife*," and informed me that he was weel, that he hoped I would study economy in everything in his absence, and gie his love to the bairns, and that it was impossible for him to say when he would be across to see us again. I was dumfoundered—I read the letter again and again, and as I read the tears fell down my cheeks. "What," thought I, "can hae possessed Peter!"

It was ten weeks before I again saw his face; and when he did come, he was as dour and as ill natured as if I had been his enemy instead o' the wife o' his bosom, and he hadna even a pleasant look or a pleasant word to gie to the bairns.

"O Peter!" says I, "what's the matter wi' ye—what has happened? Will ye no tell me, yer ain wife, that wishes nae mair than to share wi' you whether it be joy or sorrow! Is the job likely to be a loss to ye—or what?"

"Haud your tongue, ye silly woman, ye!" said he—"why do ye trouble me wi' your nonsense?"

"O Peter!" said I, "this behavior o' yours is distressing me beyont measure. Will ye no tell me what is the cause o't, or if I can do onything to mak ye happier?"

"Get oot o' my sicht?" cried he; "I tell ye get out o' my sicht!—and if onything will mak me happier that will!"

My heart was ready to burst; my poor bosom heaved like a bird's that has been pursued by a hawk, till it falls upon the ground. I sank down upon the chair, and I was only able to cry to our auldest bairn—"O hinny, bring me a drink o' water!" And the words were hardly out o' my lips when I swooned clean away.

I had an infant o' nine weeks auld at the time; but Peter shewed nae regard for either the bit tender lammie or its mother. He went out o' the house, driving the doors behint him, and that very night set out for Durham again. I thought the change in his conduct would be my death, and I tried in vain to imagine what could be the reason o' it. It laid me bedfast for a fortnight, and the poor infant at my bosom began to dwine through the effects o' my illness.

Ten miserable and anxious weeks passed, and Peter neither came to see us, nor wrote, nor sent us siller for our support. I was tempted to mention the circumstances to my faither, and to ask his advice; but I thought again that it might be making bad worse, and that it was best for me as a wife and mother to keep my sorrows to mysel, without making them a world's talk. So I buried my misery and anxiety in my own heart, and no one knew of it from me, save from the unco change that had been wrought upon my appearance. But my heart was for ever sick, and my bit infant, through the effect o' my misery, died in my arms.

I got word sent to Peter, but he didna come to assist or comfort me in my distress, until within half an hour o' the time set for lifting the corpse. When I saw him enter the house, I wrung my hands, and cried "O Peter!" and got up to meet him—to throw my head upon his breast—for I thought it might still find comfort there; but he said coldly—"Compose yourself!" And without even coming forward to meet me, or to shake hands wi' me, he took a chair and sat down. His manner, his cauld words, went like an arrow through my miserable bosom. I wished to be wi' my dead infant, and I sank back upon a seat and sobbed aloud.

When the funeral was owre, and the folk had left the house, he got up and said—"I haena time to stop. The work must be got forward, and the men can do nothing till I am wi' them again in the morning. Therefore I maun bid ye goodday."

"O Peter! Peter!" cried I, "will ye leave me in the midst o' my affliction! what hae I dune, dear, that ye should be

sae changed to me? There was a time when ye wadna used me in this way. Only let me ken my fault and there is naething in this wide world that I winna do to mend it."

"Ye talk as a fool, woman!" said he.

"No, Peter," I answered, "I dinna talk as a fool; but I talk as a heart-broken wife and a mourning mother. Wee' do ye ken that I would lay the hair o' my head beneath your feet to serve ye; and there was a time when ye would hae done as meikle for me. But its no the case wi' ye now—and, O Peter!—what—what is the reason? What hae I dune to offend ye?"

"Are ye dementit, Bella, or what is the matter wi' ye?" said he, crossly; "I tell ye I am bound to get the work forward—it will be at a stand if I stop here. Therefore, I hae nae time to be tormented wi' yer nonsense, and so—good day!"

"Peter!—husband!" I cried, and flung my arms round his neck—"do you mean to kill me outright? Oh! by the love ye once bore me, and by the vows ye made, dinna drive me from your breast as if I were a serpent. I am the mother o' yer bairns, Peter—her that ye used to say was dearer to ye than your own existence—and how can ye treat me sae now?" He kissed my cheek, and for a moment I thought I saw tears in his een. But he shook me by the hand, and saying, "I canna stop," broke away frae me, and left me to my misery.

A thousand hopes and suspicions now began to rise up in my mind and torment me. I was the most unhappy woman under the sun. Yet I couldna bring mysel to believe ill o' Peter. I never saw his face again until the job was finished, and he very seldom wrote, and only sent a pound note or sae now and then, for the support o' me and the bairns.

When the concern at Durham was finished, he got another in Cheshire, which I heard would be two or three years in completing. The whole o' baith his men and apprentices were there wi' him; and, in a short time, he dropped sending the bit pound note now and then; and it was wi' a sair, sair struggle, that I could get bread for my bairns, or make a decent appearance; and I thought that I would now be compelled to make known a' my sorrows to my faither.

But what I had lang dreaded, though I couldna wrang Peter by believing it possible, was revealed to me like a clap o' thunder. There was a Mrs. Montgomery, who was a very particular acquaintance o' mine; and, though I had never hinted a word o' my griefs to her, but tried to look cheerfu' when the canker-worm was eating at my very heart, she saw that I had a secret sorrow in my breast, and that I was pining under neglect. She was in very comfortable circumstances, and she had an only son, and he was an apprentice wi' Peter, and was working wi' him in Cheshire. She had invited the twa bairns and me to spend the afternoon wi' her, and take a dish o' tea. But, just as the lass had brought in the tray, we heard a heavy foot on the stairs, and in came Mrs. Montgomery's son, tired-looking, broken down, and foot-sore.

"Johnny!—my bairn!" said his mother, "what's brought ye the noo? Ye haena broken your 'prenticeship!" The bit callant said he had to run away, wi' the ill usage o' his mister and *mistress!*

"*Mistress!* laddie!" I gasped—"what—what do ye mean?"

"I mean to say," quoth the laddie, "that he is a bad man, and has another wife besides you, ma'am, and a family too!"

"O Peter!—cruel Peter!" I cried, and I fell down upon the floor as if I were dead.

It was wi' great difficulty that Mrs. Montgomery could restore me to consciousness, or bring me to onything like composure. But she kindly pressed me if there was ony way in which she could serve me, and I borrowed from her a five

pound note, and the next morning, before onybody was astir, I locked up the house, and wi' one bairnie in my arms, and the other leading in my hand, I took the Carlisle road to the south. Sometimes we got a cast in a carrier's cart, or went a stage or twa in the coaches that overtook us on the road, but for the most part I walked on foot, carrying my helpless bairns. At length, after a weary journey, we reached Macclesfield, which was the name o' the town where Peter was; and when I was there, I had great difficulty to learn onything concerning him; but at last I inquired at an ironmonger's shop, and I was informed there that he lived about a mile and a half down the river—and I think they ca'ed the river the Bodlin. Sae, wi' my bairnies toddlin' and tired by my side, for I was sae fatigued that I couldna carry them, I gaed away down by the river to seek for him. My laddie, tired as he was, poor thing, hirpled away about a dozen o' yards before me, pulling at the gowans and other flowers, and every now and then crying to me—"O mother, here's a bonny ane!—I'll gie my faither this!—will it be lang or we see him noo?

"No, my dear," said I, "it winna be lang noo." And the tears were hailing down my cheeks as I spoke.

But, as I was saying, my bairn was about a dozen o' yards before me, and he was just turning a sort o' corner, when he cried out—"Mother! mother!—here's my faither coming to meet us!"

My broken heart louped to my mouth. I cried—"O hinny! hinny!—what do you say?" But, as I spoke, I got to the corner, and there, within a half a stone throw o' me, did I see Peter—my husband!—wi' a lang yellow hizzy, dressed like a queen, linked to his arm, and a servant wench carrying a bairn behint them!

I saw my laddie running wi' his hands out to meet him, and I heard him crying—"Faither! faither!—here's my mother and my sister!"

But my poor dazied head swam round. I could hear, I could see nae mair; and, wi' a scream o' misery, I fell senseless on the green grass. As I began to recover, I felt cauld water pouring on my breast and face, and when I open my een, it was Peter that did it. Even then, I could hae forgien him a' that was passed, and I tried to rise, and, stretching out my hand to him, said, affectionately, but not upbraidingly—"O Peter!"

"Woman!" said he, and he looked fiercely as an angry lion, and his teeth were grating one upon another, "why hae ye come here to torment and persecute me? Go back to your faither's—go where you like—take your bairns wi' ye—I will gie you and them a maintenance; but never let me see your face again."

My poor bairns were screaming round about me, they were kissing me and clinging round my neck. The strength and the presence o' mind wi' which I was then inspired surprises me to this moment. I rose upon my feet, I looked him brent in the face, and his guiltiness made him hang down his head before me.

"Peter," said I, "if I am not worthy o' yer heart, I winna accept o' bread at yer hands. For thir dear bairns that I hae borne, I am ready to beg to the world's end. I will work for them till the nails fa' frae my fingers; but I will die, Peter, and they shall perish for want, before they taste a morsel o' your providing! Farewell! cruel, ungratefu' man!—and may ye never feel the pangs o' the poor heart that ye hae broken!"

"Villain that I am!" he cried. And striking his clenched hand upon his brow, he left me and my bairns.

Where the hizzy that I saw wi' him, and her servant and bairn, were a' the time, I didna see, and I didna inquire. But not to fatigue you, sir, wi' a lang story—I had husbanded the five pounds that Mrs. Montgomery lent me in such a way that I thought I had enough left to carry me back again to Dumfriesshire. We had reached within a mile o' Preston,

when wha should we meet upon horseback, but my auld faither coming to look after us! Mrs. Montgomery had informed him o' the whole particulars, and he nae sooner heard o' them than he set out to see that nae harm was done to his Isabella. The auld grey-haired man jumped down frae his horse, and grat upon my neck like a bairn. He sent us by the next coach to Carlisle; and he took me and my bairns hame wi' him; and there I found that a good mother was my step-mother to me in my distress: and she was mair than a grandmother to my bairns.

When my son was about eighteen, my father died; and besides the portion that I had got after my marriage, he bequeathed to me in his will what had been an independence.

I had heard nothing about my husband for nearly twenty years. I didna ken whether he was dead or living. But my son took a fancy for the sea; and, before he was twenty-one, he was a ship captain in the American trade. His vessel was lying at New York, when there was a middle-aged broken-down man—one that seemed to be ruined both in health and circumstances—came aboard and begged for the sake o' Heaven that he would gie him a passage to England. My son asked him several questions, and, O sir! sir!—he discovered that the poor beggar before him was his own faither—his thoughtless faither! He didna chide him, he didna upbraid him—for oh, it is a terrible thing for a son to speak like a condemning judge to a faither. I needna tell ye that he brought him hame—that he did everything to restore him to health and happiness—and even brought him as a criminal before me. But I kenned him at the first glance, and welcomed him wi' open arms.

"O Isabella! Isabella!" he cried, and fell at my feet.

"Husband! husband!" said I, helping our son to raise him up, "there is joy owre those that repent. Welcome!—welcome!"

He lived for twelve years after this, and he died a sincere penitent, wi' his head upon my bosom, and his hand in my hand, imploring a blessing upon me and his bairns.

THE INTENDED BRIDEGROOMS.

When we inform the public that they may rely upon the truth of the following story, which tells a pregnant moral, and points to the consequences of a vice for which our country (unfortunately) stands pre-eminent among the nations of the earth, we have, perhaps, done as much for the cause of sobriety as could be effected by the proudest triumph of the moral teacher. The vice of drunkenness is too often reprobated only for its effects on the moral and physical health, and the worldly interests of the unhappy votaries themselves; but there are evils beyond these, which extend their influence far and wide throughout society—dissolving endearing links, entailing misery and death on those who are nearest and dearest to the deluded victims; and only repented of when all is beyond the hope of cure or amendment.

Walter Brown and James Maitland had been intimate friends from their boyhood. They had gone through the progressive classes of the grammar school together, and together had completed their education at the university. They enter-

ed it on the same day, and on the same day left it. Unlike many of the friendships of youth, however, that of Brown and Maitland did not terminate with their educational course; it continued with unabated warmth and sincerity after they had entered into the world and begun to share in its perplexities and troubles But of these perplexities and troubles, it must be confessed, neither of the young men had by any means an undue proportion. Their fathers were both wealthy, and thus was their way smoothed to prosperity.

It was about this period—that is, after Brown and Maitland had entered into the world—that I became acquainted with them. It was in the year 18—. This acquaintance soon ripened into a sincere and cordial friendship. It was impossible it could be otherwise, at least on my part, for they were both excellent young men; highly educated and accomplished; possessed of first rate abilities, amiable in their disposition, and of noble and generous natures; in short, they were altogether two as fine young fellows as the city of G—— could produce. They were both, at this time, about five-and-twenty years of age. As there were many points of similarity between them, and many striking coincidences in various circumstances, so did this sort of parallel progression continue after they had entered into life. They fell in love nearly at the same time; and, after a courtship of some month or two's continuance—during all which time they had made confidants of each other, and faithfully reported progress, from time to time, as they advanced in their suits—they determined on "popping the question" on the same day, and, if favorably answered, that the same day should see them united.

The objects of their choice were both beautiful and accomplished girls, and possessed of considerable fortunes. I knew them intimately, and was perfectly aware of the relationship in which they stood to my two friends; for I, too, was made a confidant in this matter, and was occasionally informed by the young men themselves of the progress of their courtships. This attachment at length came to the usual crisis where the course of true love *does* run smooth. The lovers declared themselves, and were accepted with the full and free consent of all interested. The matches were thought highly eligible on all sides. I have already said that my friends had agreed to "propose" on the same day; nay, they reduced this understanding, as nearly as they possibly could, to the same hour. To this arrangement I was made privy; and it was agreed amongst us that they should meet in my room immediately after the important interview had taken place, and then and there announce to each other the results of their respective overtures. The hour of meeting at my apartments was fixed for eight o'clock in the evening; and at six the lovers repaired to their mistresses. Feeling deeply interested in the proceedings of my friends on this eventful night, it was with no little impatience and anxiety I waited for their appearance as the hour of eight approached. I tried to beguile the time by reading, but it would not do; the intense curiosity I felt as to the results of the affair on the tapis with my friends, prevented me applying my mind to anything but wandering speculations on the deeply interesting matter in which they were engaged. While I was thus employed the appointed hour struck; and, in a few minutes after, I heard a rapid foot on the stair. I knew it to be either Maitland or Brown; and I augured well for the happiness of the party, whichever of them it was, from the lightness and vivacity of his footsteps. I was right in my conjecture as to the coming visiter: in a second after, Maitland, with a face radiant with joy, and with a loud expression of exultation, burst into my room.

"Ah! ha! Bob," said I, stretching out my hand to him, "I see I may wish you joy. You need not say a word on

the subject; your looks tell the happy tale."

"Right, right, Tom," replied Maitland, seizing my hand with wild glee; "I am a happy man. It's all settled with father and all. But what's become of Brown? I hope, poor fellow, he's been as successful as I have been; it would lessen my happiness greatly if he wasn't."

The words were scarcely out of Maitland's mouth, when Brown also burst into the apartment; and *his* countenance also told a tale of success. He was in exuberant spirits; and a furious shaking of hands and noisy interchange of congratulation marked the felicity of the trio; for I, too, rejoiced by sympathy in the happiness of my friend: and, though not personally interested in the events of the evening, was scarcely less obstreperous in my glee.

It was now proposed, I think by Brown, that we should instanter adjourn to a certain well-known tavern in the city, and conclude the joyous evening by a supper. I, for some time, stoutly resisted this proposal, insisting that they should remain where they were, and sup with me. Would to God they had complied!—for, had they done so, the fearful scene which afterwards occurred would not have taken place. But it was otherwise ordered. My friends would not listen to my proposal of their remaining with me; and threatened, jocularly, that, if I did not accompany them of my own accord, they would carry me by force.

"You must come and sup with us, Tom," said Maitland; "you must; so don't compel us to use violence. Why, man, we're such happy dogs to-night, that no man can with safety deny us anything."

Seeing it useless to make any further objections or resistance, I at length consented to accompany them; and away, accordingly, we went in high spirits to the tavern alluded to. Supper was ordered and dispatched. A bottle of wine followed, then another, and another, till it became evident, in the course of a few hours, that we had attained a crisis, and could not possibly hold out much longer. We were all, in short, very tipsy; and our mirth, partaking, of course, of the character of our condition, was noisy and outrageous. Feeling, at length, that we had reached a consummation, and aware that the hour was late (it might be about two o'clock in the morning), we arose, paid our reckoning, and left the house. On gaining the street, we gave full swing to the excitation which a sense of propriety had kept somewhat under while we remained in the tavern, and shouted and sang as other fools do in similar circumstances; that is, when laboring under the insanity of intemperance. In this way, we came noisily and joyously along, until we arrived in front of the house in which Maitland lived. It was his father's, and lay directly in our way.

"Now, my friends," said Maitland, as we were about to bid him good night, "we will not part yet. My father is not at home, and there's nobody in the house but an old woman; so you'll just go up with me, and we'll have one single tumbler before we part. I'll promise you a glass of as fine old rum as ever came from Jamaica."

This proposal I met with a decided negative. Not so Brown: he at once closed with it.

"Faith, we shall, we shall, Bob," he said; "we'll have one tumbler of your old stingo. Our bachelor days are nearly at a close now, and we'll see them merrily out."

Saying this, he seized me by the collar on one side, while Maitland did the same by the other; and thus was I forcibly dragged into the house. I determined, however, to drink no more, but to wait patiently till my friends should think fit to close the scene of their own accord. The old housekeeper having been roused from her bed, tumblers, glasses, and hot water were soon produced; and to these Maitland himself added a bottle of rum, which he took from an adjoining closet. In a few minutes my two friends had each mix-

ed up a large tumbler; and, at their obstreperous importunities, I also mixed up one; but I resolved not to taste it; and neither did I—a dereliction which escaped the notice of my companions, who, satisfied by seeing me with a dose before me, forgot to compel me to swallow it. This, however, was a proceeding which *they* did not forget. In a very short time, both of their tumblers were drained to the bottom, and another couple prepared. It was at this moment that I first observed a curious change in the manner of Brown: he all at once became strangely incoherent—an incoherence that appeared to me more like that of insanity than intoxication. It is true that this is a common, nay, a necessary consequence of the latter; and it is true also that Brown had drunk quite enough to account for it; but there was a peculiarity, a wildness in his incoherence, that both surprised and alarmed me. He did not seem to know where he was, who he was with, or what he was doing. Nor was this state accompanied by the physical imbecility or sottish lethargy which usually characterizes excessive inebriety; on the contrary, his animal energies seemed unnaturally increased. He was furious, although not ill-natured; and his unsettled eye roved about with a wild expression, and with restless activity. It might be, that all this was merely the effects of intoxication—and there can be no doubt that there lay its origin; but I had never seen such effects before from the same cause.

I have already casually adverted to one feature of Brown's case—his not seeming to know whom he was with. This obliviousness came suddenly upon him; for, but an instant before, he had been addressing both Maitland and I by our names. In a moment after, he stared at us alternately, with a wild and inquiring look. It was evident he did not recognise us. I now, by signs, called Maitland's attention to the condition of our friend; and he acknowledged the communication, by proposing, in an affected off-hand manner, as it was now so late, and the morning so wet (it was at this moment raining heavily), that we should not leave the house at all, but take our beds with him. To this proposal, thinking it advisable on Brown's account, I at once agreed, and suggested that we should retire to bed immediately. Brown made no remark on his friend's suggestion that he should remain all night; he neither dissented from nor approved of it, but seemed quite passive, and willing to submit to any arrangement that we chose to make. Taking advantage of this apparent pliancy and indifference, we conducted him to a sofa, which was in the apartment, as the most convenient resting-place for him; and having desired the housekeeper to bring in some bed-clothes, we covered him up, and left him, as we thought, snug for the remainder of the night. Having thus disposed of our friend, Maitland and I retired to bed, as did also the old housekeeper; and, in a few minutes, all was quiet in the house. I almost immediately fell into a profound sleep, and might have been thus for about an hour, when I was suddenly awakened by a violent noise in the apartment in which Brown was. He had got up, and was overturning everything he came across in the room, and shouting violently. I listened for a moment, and heard him demanding to be let out, and threatening the demolition of everything within his reach, if he was not; and he was already acting on his threat, by smashing pictures and mirrors, and everything else that came into his hands that he could destroy. But his great object seemed to be to get out; and he appeared the more bent on this, that he did not yet know where he was. Of this he had no idea, as I perceived from his outrageous and incoherent expressions. He seemed, however, to be under an impression that he was forcibly detained by some persons; and, conceiving himself ill-used, was in a furious rage.

Alarmed at the destruction he was

making, I hastily arose, and, finding my way to where Maitland slept, I awoke him; for he was sound asleep, and had heard nothing of the noise and ruin which his friend was occasioning.

"He must be let out instantly," said I, "or he'll destroy everything in the room. I wonder he did not find the way out himself, for I heard him working at the handle of the door."

"Oh, I locked it," said Maitland, "for fear he should get up through the night and leave the house." Here, then, was in part explained the cause of Brown's outrageous passion. He had found himself locked in, and this had irritated him, and inspired him with the notion of his being forcibly detained.

"But we must let him out instantly," said I.

"Oh, surely, surely," replied Maitland, leaping on the floor; "but go you to bed, Tom—no occasion for you disturbing yourself; I'll pacify him in a minute—and perhaps the more readily that none are present but ourselves." Saying this, he hurried away in his night-gown to the apartment in which Brown was confined, while I retired, as he recommended, to bed, and listened for the result of Maitland's proceedings. The house was a large one, with a very long passage running down the centre; and, as Brown's apartment was at the further end, I could not hear distinctly what passed; but I was surprised at a sudden cessation of all noise in Brown's room, the moment Maitland's footsteps approaching it by the passage became audible. It seemed as if Brown had become silent on discovering that some one was moving towards him; and this perfect silence he maintained while his friend was for sometime unsuccessfully endeavoring to introduce the key into the key-hole; neither did he make any reply to, or take any notice whatever of the expressions which Maitland was, from time to time, addressing to him from the outside, while employed in searching for the key-hole. I considered the circumstance odd, and, without being able to account for it, felt uneasy at it. At length, while listening with intense anxiety for the issue, I heard the key enter the lock, I heard the door opening, and, in the next instant, heard—I leave the reader to imagine with what sensations—the cry, uttered in a wild unearthly voice, "I am murdered! I am murdered!" The voice was Maitland's. I leaped frantically from my bed, and rushed along the passage. I met my unfortunate friend coming towards me. He was staggering. "A light! a light!" he exclaimed—"I am murdered! I am murdered, Tom!" I flew to the kitchen, found a lamp burning on the hearth, snatched it up, and ran again to the passage, when and where a sight presented itself to me, which, to this hour, fills me with horror when I think of it. Seated in the middle of this passage—he had been able to get no farther—I found Maitland, with both hands endeavoring to cover a large wound in the lower part of his body. Here was a winding up of the merriment and joyous recklessness of the preceding night! On seeing the horrible and deplorable condition in which my unfortunate friend was, I instantly ran away for a surgeon, without waiting to exchange words with him, or to make any inquiries into the dreadful occurrence. I conceived that the first thing to be done, was to procure him surgical assistance.

On knocking up the medical gentleman whose aid I desired, and hurriedly stating the case to him, he recommended to me to run instantly and call up other two of the profession, whom he named. This I did; and, in less than fifteen minutes, the whole were in consultation around the unhappy sufferer. I am not myself a medical man, and therefore cannot describe the proceedings which those who attended on this occasion adopted. Indeed I was but little present, being unable to endure the horrible sight which my ill-fated friend presented. He was, however, perfectly

calm and collected; and, short as the time for preparation had been, resigned to his fate; which, from the first, he believed to be certain, and all but immediate death.

The surgeons having done what they could for the sufferer, although with no hope whatever of saving his life—this, from the hideous nature of the wound, being altogether out of the question—a search was instituted for the murderer; a proceeding which was neither difficult nor tedious, as he was found lying quietly on the sofa where the kindness of his murdered friend had first laid him. Beside him, on the floor, lay a large carving knife. It was with this he had done the fatal deed; and it was now discovered, or rather perhaps conjectured, that he had come by the possession of it by accidentally overturning, or coming in contact with a knife case, which stood on a side-board in the apartment.

When we first approached Brown, as he lay on the sofa, he seemed to be in a kind of stupor; his eyes were open, but he appeared to be wholly unconscious of what was passing around him. One of the medical gentleman present now laid his hand on his shoulder, and, shaking him with some violence, to arouse him, asked him if he knew what he had done. To this he made no reply, but stared at us with a bewildered look. The question was again repeated, when a confused recollection of the horrid occurrence seemed to pass through his mind; for he became agitated and deadly pale. To the question put to him, however, he replied in the negative:—"No," he said—"what have I done?"

"You have murdered your friend, Maitland," replied one of the medical gentlemen; "you have stabbed him, mortally wounded him, and, we have every reason to believe, with this knife; and he held up the fatal instrument.

Brown made no reply for some time, but looked earnestly at the knife, and then at us, alternately. At length—

"This is dreadful," he said, in a low, hollow voice—"dreadful, dreadful, dreadful!" And he struck his hand on his forehead with convulsive violence, and his whole frame shook with the intensity of his mental agony.

He seemed now fully alive to the horrors of his situation, and to have a perfect recollection of the shocking occurrence that had taken place. After a silence of some seconds, disturbed only by the loud sobbings of a difficult and struggling respiration, he again burst out with—

"O my God! my God!—what is this? But it cannot be a reality; it is impossible; it must be some horrid dream. There must be some fearful delusion somewhere. *I* murder Robert Maitland! *I* stab him with a knife.—my dearest, my best friend! Ha! ha! ha!—nonsense—impossible, impossible! I would stab myself sooner—much sooner, God knows! I would not hurt a hair of his head for worlds. *I* loved him, loved him most sincerely—and yet you tell me I murdered him! Base slanderers! who would believe you? Who would believe so utterly improbable a story? None, none. Ha! ha! ha! None, none. I am safe—who would believe you?" He again burst out into a hysterical laugh.

It was now evident that the unfortunate young man's senses had deserted him. But, whether this proceeded from an overwhelming sense of the atrocity of his crime, and of the dreadful situation in which he stood, or was but a continuation of the consequences of the preceding night's debauch, could not be determined. It appeared to me to proceed in part from both. But, from whatever cause it proceeded, it was most painful to witness; and it was impossible to look on, or listen to the wailings of the unhappy man, great as his guilt was, without a feeling of compassion.

One of the medical gentlemen present now made a signal to the other—the third having remained by the patient—to step aside with him. He did so; and, though they spoke in whispers, I overheard as much as informed me that they were con-

sulting as to the propriety of giving immediate information of the occurrence to the Fiscal, with a view to having Brown apprehended; and one of them eventually undertook this duty, and was about to depart on its execution, when his attention, and that of us all, was suddenly called to the patient, by the medical gentleman, who had remained with him, coming hastily to the door of the apartment we were in, and, in a hurried voice, summoning his brethren to the bedside of the sufferer. He was expiring. We all hastened to the chamber of death, and were just in time to hear the last words of poor Maitland. These conveyed an earnest entreaty that no harm should come to Brown for the occurrence of that night.

"For I feel perfectly assured," said the dying man, "that it was either done altogether unintentionally, or that he neither knew me nor what he was doing. I am certain of that. Brown would not knowingly do me an injury. See, then, gentlemen," he continued, "I entreat of you, with my dying breath, that he be not in any way troubled for what has happened. On the solemn declaration of a dying man, I acquit him of all intention of doing me a wilful injury."

These were the last words he uttered; but he continued to breathe for some time afterwards, and the medical gentlemen still remained by his bedside.

Taking advantage of this interval, I stole out of the apartment, and hastened to that in which Brown had been left, to warn him of his danger, and to prevail upon him to fly. But he was not there. I went to the street door and found it open. Impelled by a natural instinct, Brown had already fled; and I was glad to find that he had.

On my return to the room which Maitland was, I was informed that he was dead. His murderer, as just mentioned, had left the house; but he had not gone far: he was apprehended in his father's house on the following morning, and carried to jail. He was subsequently brought to trial before the High Court of Justiciary; but escaped with his life, on the plea of insanity, supported by other extenuating circumstances. What became of him afterwards I could never learn, nor do I know to this hour. The general belief was, however, that he was conveyed out of the country; and this seems confirmed by the fact that he was never again seen or heard of by any one who knew him. I need not enter into any description of the misery and desolation with which the dreadful occurrence just related overwhelmed the families of the unfortunate young men, equally that of the injurer as the injured, and almost equally likewise those of their respective brides elect. The young ladies never again appeared at any place of public resort: one of them, the chosen of the unfortunate Maitland, followed him to a premature grave; and the other, in about two years after the fatal occurrence, went abroad to reside with a relative, where she also shortly afterwards died.

Such, then, was the appalling termination to which one night of unguarded indulgence brought the careers of two most promising young men—hurling both, in a few short hours, from the summit of human felicity, the one into a premature and blood-stained grave, the other into the lowest depths of human misery—into a situation of as utter wretchedness as the human mind can perhaps conceive.

I have but one remark to add to this dismal tale; and I leave the reader to employ his own reasoning on it, and to draw from it his own conclusions. The excess which led to the melancholy results just related, was not habitual to the unfortunate young men whose history exhibits them; on the contrary, they were remarkable for the general temperance of their habits, and the uniform correctness of their lives. It was an indulgence excited by a particular occasion, and given way to for a time under peculiar circumstances and feelings. If there is a lesson here, let it be learned.

LADY RAE.

During the time that Oliver Cromwell was in Edinburgh, a lady called one day at his lodgings and solicited an interview. She was closely wrapped up in a large and loose mantle, and deeply veiled. The former, however, did not conceal a shape of singular elegance, nor mar the light and graceful carriage of the wearer. Both were exceedingly striking; and if the veil performed its duty more effectually than the mantle, by completely hiding the countenance of the future Protector's fair visitor, it was only to incite the imagination to invest that countenance with the utmost beauty of which the "human face divine" is susceptible. Nor would such creation of the fancy have surpassed the truth; for the veiled fair one was, indeed, "beautiful exceedingly."

On its being announced to Cromwell that a lady desired an interview with him, he, in some surprise, demanded who and what she was. The servant could not tell. She had declined to give her name, or to say what was the purpose of her visit.

The Protector thought for a moment; and, as he did so, kept gazing, with a look of abstraction, in the face of his valet. At length—

"Admit her, Porson, admit her!" he said. "The Lord sends his own messengers in his own way; and if we deny them, he will deny us."

Porson, who was one of Cromwell's most pious soldiers—for he served in the double capacity of warrior and valet—stroked his sleek hair down over his solemn brow, and uttered a sonorous "Amen" to the unconnected and unintelligible observation of his master, who, it is well known, dealt much in this extraordinary sort of jargon.

Having uttered his lugubrious Amen, Porson withdrew, and, in a few minutes, returned, conducting the lady, of whom we have spoken, into the presence of Cromwell.

On entering the apartment, the former threw aside her veil, and discovered a countenance of such surpassing beauty as moved the future Protector to throw into his manner an air of unwonted gallantry.

At the lady's first entrance, he was busy writing; and had merely thrown down his pen when she appeared, without intending to carry his courtesy any further; but he had no sooner caught a sight of the fair face of his visitor, than, excited by an involuntary impulse, he rose from his chair, and advanced towards her, smiling and bowing most graciously; the latter, however, being by no means remarkable either for its ease or its elegance.

"Pray, madam," now said Cromwell, still looking the agreeable—so far as his saturnine features would admit of such expression—"to what happy circumstance am I indebted for the honor of this visit?"

"The circumstance, sir, that brings me here, is by no means a happy one," replied the lady, in tones that thrilled even the iron nerves of Oliver Cromwell. "I am Lady Rae, general; the wife of John, Lord Rae, at present a prisoner in the Tolbooth at Edinburgh, for his adherence to the cause of the late King."

"Ah, my Lady Rae, I am sorry for you; sorry for you, indeed; but, doubtless, you have found consolation in the same source whence your afflictions have sprung. Truly may I reckon—indeed may I, doubtless—that the Lord, who has seen fit to chastise you, has also comforted you under this dispensation."

"None, Sir General, who seek the aid of the Almighty in a true spirit, ever seek that aid in vain," replied Lady Rae;

" and I have been a seeker and have found; nor have I, I trust, been wanting on this occasion, in a due submission to his will."

" Truly, I hope not; indeed do I," replied Cromwell. " Then, what would ye with me, fair lady? What would ye with one so feeble and humble as I am; who am but as a tool, a mean instrument in the hand of the artificer?" and the speaker assumed a look of the deepest humility.

" I dare not utter it! I dare not utter it, general!" exclaimed Lady Rae, now giving way, for the first time, to that emotion which was agitating her whole frame, although she had hitherto endeavored, and not unsuccessfully, to conceal it. " I dare not utter it," she said, " lest it should bring death to my hopes; yet came I hither for no other purpose."

" Speak, lady, speak," said Cromwell. " What wouldst thou with me?"

Lady Rae flung herself on her knees, and exclaimed, with upraised countenance and streaming eyes—

" Save my husband, general! Restore him to liberty, and to me; and thus, on my knees, shall I daily offer up prayers to heaven for thy safety and prosperity. O refuse me not!—refuse me not! general—as thou, thyself, hopest for mercy from thy God in the hour of retribution!" and she wildly grasped the knees of the republican commander.

Without saying a word, Cromwell gently disengaged himself from the fair suppliant, and, turning his back upon her, stalked to the further end of the apartment, seemingly much agitated.

On gaining the extremity of the room, Cromwell stood for two or three minutes, still keeping his back to Lady Rae, with arms folded, and drooping his head, as if musing deeply. At the expiry of this period, he suddenly turned round, and, advancing towards his fair visitor, with quick and hurried step, said—

" My Lady Rae, may the Lord direct me in this matter, and in all others. I have been communing with myself anent your petition; truly have I, but see not that I can serve thee; I cannot indeed. If we would all walk in the straight path, we had need to walk warily; for, in this matter I cannot help thee, seeing my Lord Rae is a State prisoner, and I have no power over him; none, truly, none whatever. The law is strong, and may not be trifled with. But I will consider, fair lady, indeed will I; I will seek direction and counsel in the matter from on high. I will do so this night; I will have this night to think of the matter, and thou wilt call upon me at this hour to-morrow; and I will then see if the Lord will vouchsafe me any light, as to how I may assist thee and thy poor husband; for, on thy account, I would do so if I could."

Confused, and all but wholly unintelligible, as was this address of Cromwell's, Lady Rae perceived that it contained a gleam of comfort, that a ray of hope-inspiring light, however feeble, played through its obscurity; and, satisfied with this, she urged her suit no further, but, with a thankful acceptance of the Parliamentary general's invitation to her to wait upon him on the following day, she withdrew.

On Lady Rae's issuing from Cromwell's lodgings, she stood in the street, gazing around her for an instant, as if looking for some one whom she had expected to find waiting her, but who was not, at the moment, in sight. This was the case; but it was only for a moment that she was so detained. She had glanced but two or three times around her when she was joined by a personage of very striking appearance. This was a huge Highlander, considerably above six feet in stature, proportionably stout and well made, and, apparently, of enormous strength. He was dressed in the full costume of his country, and armed to the teeth. By his side depended a tremendous claymore; in his belt were stuck a dagger and a brace of

pistols ; and, on his shoulder, rested that formidable weapon called a Lochaber axe.

The countenance of this tremendous personage was in keeping with his other charms : it was manly, and decidedly handsome, but, withal, was marked with an expression of fierceness that was appalling to look upon ; and was thus calculated, when associated with his gigantic figure, to inspire at once admiration and fear.

As this formidable personage approached Lady Rae, he touched his bonnet with an air of the most profound respect, and assumed a look and attitude of devoted attention to her commands.

" I have seen him, John," said Lady Rae, addressing her Goliath of an attendant, who was neither more nor less than a retainer of Lord Rae's, but one who stood high in the estimation of both the former and latter for his fidelity, and, fierce as he looked, for the gentleness of his nature. John M'Kay—for such was his name—was, in short, an especial favorite of both Lord and Lady Rae, and was admitted to a degree of confidence and familiarity that elevated him much above his real condition. They were proud, too, of his superb figure, and delighted to exhibit him in the full dress of his country, as a specimen of the men which it produced—" I have seen him, John," said Lady Rae, whose protector and attendant John always was, when she went forth on occasions of business or importance like the present.

" And what he'll say, my Letty ?" inquired John, in a low and gentle tone, and stopping to catch Lady Rae's communication.

" Not much that is quite satisfactory, John. He speaks in a strange style, but I think there is ground of hope. He did not altogether refuse the prayer of my petition, but bade me call upon him again to-morrow."

John looked grave, but made no reply. His lady walked on, and he followed at a respectful distance.

The former now directed her steps to a locality in the city with which she was but too familiar, and which she had had occasion of late but too often to frequent. This was the Tolbooth—the place of her husband's confinement.

On reaching the outer entrance to the jail, the low half door, thickly studded with huge-headed nails, by which it was temporarily secured during the day, was immediately thrown open for her admission by the turnkey—a little crusty-looking personage in a fur cap—who had been leaning over it, listlessly looking around him, on her Ladyship's approach. As the latter entered the prison door, the former stood to one side, doffed his little fur cap, and respectfully wished her Ladyship a good morning.

" How are you to-day, James ?" said Lady Rae, in kindly tones ; " and how is my Lord ?"

" Quite well, my Lady, quite well," replied the little turnkey—extremely proud, seemingly, of the condescension of her Ladyship. The latter passed on, and commenced threading her way through the tortuous but well-known passages which led to her husband's prison room. John M'Kay followed his mistress into the jail, previously leaving his arms at the door—a condition to which he had always to submit before gaining admission. Having denuded himself of his weapons, John also passed on, but not before he had shaken his fist ominously in the face of the little jailer. This was John's constant practice, every time he entered the prison ; and, simple as the act was, it had a good deal of meaning. It meant, in the first place, that John associated the misfortune of his master's confinement with the little turnkey's employment : that he considered him as aiding and abetting in the same. It further meant, that if it were not for one thing more than another, or, as John himself would have expressed it, " for todder things more nor ones," he would have brought his Lochaber axe and the turnkey's head into more intimate contact.

In the meantime, Lady Rae having ascended several flights of dark and narrow stairs, and traversed several passages of a similar description, had arrived at a particular door, on either side of which stood a grenadier, with shouldered musket, and bayonet fixed. They were the guards placed upon her husband, who occupied the apartment which they sentinelled.

The soldiers, who had orders to admit her Ladyship and attendant to the prisoner, at any time between the hours of nine in the morning and seven at night, offered no hindrance to her approaching the door and rapping for admittance. This, she now did, and the "who's there?" of the captive was replied to, in a powerfully Celtic accent, by John M'Kay, with—"My Letty Rae, my Lort." The door instantly flew open, and its inmate came forth, with a smiling and delightful countenance, to receive his beautiful and faithful wife.

In the meantime, John M'Kay took his station on the outside of the door—a more friendly guard over the inmates of the apartment to which it conducted, than those who stood on either side of him. Here the same feeling which had dictated John's significant hint to the turnkey below, suggested his general bearing and particular manner to the two soldiers now beside him.

Maintaining a profound and contemptuous silence, he strutted up and down the passage—without going, however, more than two or three yards either way—in front of the door of his Lordship's apartment, keeping his huge form proudly erect, as he thus paced the short walk to which he had limited himself, and casting, every now and then, a look of fierce defiance on the appalled soldiers, who looked with fear and dread on the chafed lion with whom they found themselves thus unpleasantly caged, and who seemed every moment as if he would spring upon and tear them to pieces; and, in truth, little provocation would it have taken to have brought John M'Kay's huge fists into play about their heads. There can be no doubt, that there was nothing at that moment which would have given John more satisfaction than their affording him an excuse for attacking them. This, however, the soldiers, carefully avoided; and, not content with refraining from giving the slightest offence, either in word, look, or deed, endeavored to conciliate John by an attempt to lead him into friendly conversation. But the attempt was in vain. Their advances were all repelled, either with silent contempt, or with a gruff uncourteous response. A specimen of the conversation which did take place, between M'Kay and the guards, may be given:—

"Delightful day, friend!" said one of the soldiers.

"S'pose it is!" replied John, sternly, and continuing his walk.

A pause.

"Anything new in the town to day?" at length said the other soldier.

"S'pose something new every tay!" replied John, gruffly.

"Ay, ay, I dare say; but have *you* anything new to tell us?"

"Maype I have!" said John with a grim smile.

"What is it?"

"Tat I'll knock your tam thick head against tat wall, if you'll po botter me wi' any more o' your tam nonsense. Tat's news for you!" and John gave one of those peculiar Celtic grunts, which no combination of letters can express. "And you, you scarecrow-looking rascal," he continued, addressing the other sentinel, "if you'll spoke anoder word, I'll cram my sporran doon your tam troat."

Having delivered himself of these friendly addresses, John resumed his march, with additional pride of step and bearing. In a minute after, he was summoned into Lord Rae's apartment, where he remained until Lady Rae left the prison, which she did in a short time afterwards.

It was with a beating heart and anxious mind that Lady Rae wended her way, on

the following day—attended, as usual, by her gigantic serving-man—to the lodgings of Oliver Cromwell. On reaching the house, M'Kay took his station, as on a former occasion, on the outside; while her Ladyship advanced towards the door, within which she speedily disappeared, her admittance having been more prompt on the present visit than the former.

In an instant after Lady Rae was again in the presence of Oliver Cromwell. As, on the former occasion, he was employed in writing when she entered, and as on that occasion so, also, he threw down his pen, and rose to receive her.

"Anent this matter of yours, my Lady," began Cromwell, abruptly, and without any previous salutation—although he looked all civility and kindness—"I really hardly know what to say; truly do I not; but the Lord directs all, and he will guide us in this thing also."

"I trust so!" interrupted Lady Rae, meekly.

"Yes," resumed the future Protector of England; "for we are but weak creatures, short-sighted and erring. But, indeed, as I told you before, my Lady, your husband is a State prisoner; truly is he, and, therefore, may I not interfere with him. I cannot; I have not the power. Yet would I serve thee if I could; truly would I with great pleasure. But these, you see, are strange times, in which all men must walk warily, for we are beset with enemies, with traitors; deceivers on all sides, men who fear not the Lord. Yet, for this matter of yours, my Lady Rae, I will tell you; I cannot take your husband from prison; it should be unseemly in the sight of all God-fearing men; but, truly, if you could in any way manage to get his Lordship once without the prison walls, I would take upon me to prevent his being further troubled. He should have a protection under my hand; truly he should, although it might bring me to some odium with my friends. But he should have it, nevertheless, out of my respect for you, my Lady. Now, go, go my Lady; I may say no more on the subject. Go, try and fall on some means of getting thy husband without the walls of his prison; this done, come instantly to me, and thou shalt have a protection for him under my hand; indeed thou shalt."

To Lady Rae, this proposal was a grievous disappointment. It contained an arrangement which she had never contemplated, and which seemed as impracticable as it was strange; yet she saw it was all she had to expect, and that whatever might be the result, she must be content with the extent of interference on her husband's behalf, which was included in the singular measure suggested by Cromwell.

Impressed with this conviction, Lady Rae thanked him for his kindness, said she would endeavor to get her husband without the prison gates by some means or other, and would then again wait upon him for the protection he was so generous as to offer.

"Do so, my Lady, do so," said Cromwell, escorting her Ladyship to the door with an air of great gallantry; "and may the Lord have thee in his holy keeping."

Lady Rae turned round, again thanked the general, courtsied, and withdrew.

On reaching the street, her Ladyship was instantly joined by her faithful attendant, M'Kay, who had been waiting with the greatest anxiety and impatience for her return; for to him his master's life and liberty were dearer far than his own, and he well knew that both were much in the power of the extraordinary man on whom his Lady was now waiting.

On the first glance which he obtained of his mistress's countenance, John saw with a feeling of disappointment that lengthened his own several inches that the interview had not been a satisfactory one. His native sense of politeness, however, and of the deference due to his mistress, prevented him making any inquiries as to what had passed until she should herself choose to communicate with him on the

subject. For such communication, however, he had longer to wait than usual; for, lost in thought and depressed with disappointment, Lady Rae walked on a good way without taking any notice whatever of her attendant, who was following at a distance of several yards. At length, she suddenly stopped, but without turning round. This John knew to be the signal for him to advance. He accordingly did so, and, touching his bonnet, waited for the communication which it promised.

"I am afraid, John," now said Lady Rae—"I am afraid we shall be disappointed, after all. The general has made the strangest proposal you ever heard. He says that he cannot, without compromising himself, or to that effect, liberate his Lordship from jail; but that if he were once out—that is, if he could be got out by any means—he would save him from being further troubled, and would grant him a protection under his own hand. But how on earth are we to get him out? It is impossible. These two guards at the door, besides other difficulties, render it altogether impracticable. I know not what is to be done."

It was some seconds before M'Kay made any reply. At length—

"I'll no think ta diffaculty fery crate, after all, my Letty," replied John. "There's shust ta bodachan at ta dore, I could put in my sporran, and ta twa soger."

"Yes, John; the first you might, perhaps, manage," said Lady Rae, smiling, and glancing unconsciously at the huge figure of her attendant, which presented so striking a contrast to that of the little, slim, crusty turnkey; "but the two soldiers—"

"Whoich," exclaimed John, contemptuously; "if's no far prettier men than was there yesterday, it'll no trouble me much to manage them too, my Letty. A wee bit clamshcuchar wi' my Lochaper axe, or a brog wi' my skean dhu, will make them quate aneuch, my Letty. Tat's but a small shob."

"John, John, no violence, no violence!" exclaimed Lady Rae, in great alarm, at the sanguinary view of the process for her husband's liberation which John had taken. "No violence. If his Lordship's liberation be attempted at all, there must be no violence; at least none to the shedding of blood, or to the inflicting the smallest injury on any one. The idea is horrible; and if acted on, would only make matters worse. Your own life, John, would be the forfeit of such an atrocious proceeding."

"Foich, a figs for that, my Letty, beggin your Lettyship's pardon," replied John, a good deal disappointed at the peaceful tone of his mistress, and at the loss of an opportunity, such as he had long desired, of taking vengeance on his master's guards and jailors.

"Foich, a figs for tat, my Letty, beggin your Lettyship's pardon," he said. "I could teuk to the hills in a moment's notice, and see who'll catch John M'Kay then."

"Well, well, perhaps, John, you might, but you must speak no more of violence; I charge you, speak no more of it. We will, in the meantime, go to his Lordship and submit the matter to him, and be guided, thereafter, by his advice."

Having said this, Lady Rae directed her steps to the jail, and, closely followed by M'Kay, was soon after in the apartment of the prisoner.

Lord Rae having been apprised, by his lady, of the result of her interview with Cromwell, a secret consultation between the two, which lasted nearly an hour, ensued.

During this consultation, many different plans, for effecting the liberation of the prisoner, were suggested, and, after being duly weighed, abandoned as impracticable. One at length, however, was adopted, and this one was proposed by M'Kay; it was characteristic of the man, and came as close in its nature to his original one as he durst presume upon.

This plan, which was a simple enough one, was, to seize the two guards at the outside of the door, and hold them fast until Lord Rae should have rushed past them, and got out of the prison. The turnkey at the outer door, who, as has been already said, was a little slender man, his Lordship was to seize, and throw down, and then get over the little half door, which was under his guardianship, the best way he could. A row of short, sharp spikes, however, with which it was fenced on its upper edge, rendered this a formidable difficulty; but it was thought that it might, to speak literally, be got over, by the aid of a long form which stood on the side of the passage of the jail, for the accommodation of visitors.

All this trouble a touch of the key would have saved, but this, the little man always carried in his pocket, never allowing it to remain in the lock an instant, however frequent or numerous his visitors might be.

The securing of the two guards at the prisoner's door, by far the most serious part of the business, M'Kay took upon himself, and with a degree of confidence that sufficiently showed how well he was aware of his own surpassing strength.

This plan of proceedings arranged, it was resolved that it should be put in execution that very afternoon. On that afternoon, accordingly, John M'Kay again appeared at the jail door, demanding admittance to his master. The door was immediately thrown open to him by the little turnkey, whom he now, for the first time addressed in a friendly tone.

The same change of manner marked his salutation to the guards at the door of his master's apartment. To these he spoke in the most civil and obliging terms possible. The men, who had often winced under his savage growls and fierce looks, wondered at the change, but were glad enough to meet with it, in place of his former ferocity.

John, after talking for a few minutes with the sentinels, went into his Lordship's room. The latter was dressed, and ready for the bold proceeding about to be adopted.

"Think you, you can manage them, John?" said his Lordship in a whisper, after the door had been secured in the inside.

"Pooch a dizzen o' them, my Lort!" replied M'Kay, in the same under-tone. It's twa bits o' shachlin podies no wors speakin aboot."

"But they are armed, John; they have guns and bayonets, and the former are loaded."

"Pooch, their guns! what'll sicknify their guns, my Lort, when I'll have cot a hold o' the craturs themsels, in my hants?" and he held out his enormous brown paws as if to certify their power. "I'll crush the podies like a mussel shells."

"No violence, John, remember," said Lord Rae, energetically, but smiling as he spoke; "that is, to the extent of doing the men any, the smallest, personal injury. Remember, now, John; do otherwise," continued his Lordship, in a more severe tone, "and you forfeit my favor and esteem forever. Mark, John, besides," added his Lordship, who seemed most anxious on the point which he was now pressing on M'Kay's consideration, "your doing any injury to these men would be destruction to me; for, under such circumstances, the general would not grant me a protection after I was out, and my case would, otherwise, be rendered infinitely worse, and more hopeless than it is. Now, remember all this, John, and do the men no personal injury, I charge you."

John's face reddened a little at the earnestness with which these injunctions were delivered; and, probably, he thought they indicated something like degeneracy in his chief; but he promised compliance with his commands; and, to render his obedience more certain, by lessening the temptation to infringe them, he denuded himself of a concealed dirk, which he always car-

ried about him, over and above the arms he openly wore. Of this proceeding, which was voluntary on M'Kay's part, his master highly approved, but, smiling, said—

"You have still your fists, John, nearly as dangerous weapons as that you have just laid aside; but I hope you will use them sparingly."

John smiled, and promised he would.

In a few minutes afterwards, M'Kay came forth from Lord Rae's apartment to perform the daring feat of securing two armed men by the mere force of physical strength; for he was now without weapon of any kind. When he came out, however, it was with an appearance of the most friendly feeling towards the soldiers. He came out smiling graciously, and he entered into familiar chat with the men, alleging that he came to put off the time till his master had written a letter, which he was to deliver to a person in town.

Thrown off their guard, by M'Kay's jocular and cordial manner, the soldiers grounded their muskets, and began to enter, in earnest, into conversation which he was promoting. M'Kay, in the meantime, was watching his opportunity to seize them; but this, as it was necessary he should be placed, with regard to them, so as to have one on either side of him, that he might grasp both at the same instant, he did not obtain for some time.

By dint, however, of some exceedingly cautious and wary manœuvring, M'Kay at length found himself in a position favorable to his meditated proceedings. On doing so, he, with the speed and force of lightning, darted an arm out on either side of him, seized a soldier by the breast with each hand, and with as much ease as a powerful dog could turn over a kitten, laid them both gently on their backs on the floor of the passage, where he held them extended at full length, and immovable in his tremendous grasp, till he felt assured that Lord Rae had cleared the prison. This the latter effected with the most perfect success. The moment M'Kay seized the soldiers—an act of which Lord Rae was apprised by the former's calling out, "Noo, noo, my Lort"—he rushed out, ran along the passage, descended the stair in three or four leaps, came upon the little turnkey unawares, as he was looking over the half door of the prison entrance—his sole occupation during three fourths of the day—seized him by the neck of the coat behind—laid him down, as M'Kay had done by the soldiers, at his full length—no great length after all—on the floor—drew the form to the door—placed it over the little turnkey in such a way as to prevent his rising—jumped on it—leapt into the street at one bound, and instantly disappeared. All this was done in the tenth part of the time that it has been taken to relate it. It was, in truth, the work of but a moment.

On being satisfied that Lord Rae had made his escape.

"Noo, lads, ye may got up," said M'Kay, loosening his hold of the men, and starting himself to his feet. "Ta burd's flown; but ye may look after ta cage, and see tat no more o' your canaries got away."

Freed from the powerful grasp which had hitherto pinned them to the floor, the soldiers sprung to their feet, and endeavored to get hold of their muskets. Seeing this, M'Kay again seized them, and again threw them to the floor; but, on this occasion, it was merely to show the power he had over them, if they should still have any doubt of it.

"Noo, lads, I'll tell you what it is," said M'Kay, addressing the prostrate soldiers—"if you'll behave yourscls desenly, and no be botherin me wi' ony more o' your tam nonsense, I'll aloo you to make me your prisoner; for I'm not intending to run away; I'll kive myself up to save your hides, and take my shance of ta law for what I'll do. Tat's my mind of it, lads. If you like to acree to it, goot and well; if not, I will knock your two heads togidder, till your prains go into smash."

But too happy to accept of such terms, the soldiers at once assented to them; and on their doing so, were permitted once more to resume their legs, when M'Kay peaceably yielded himself their prisoner. The gigantic Highlander could easily have effected his own escape; but he could not have done so without having recourse to that violence which had been so anxiously deprecated by both his master and mistress. Without inflicting some mortal injury on the soldiers, he could not have prevented them from pursuing him when he had fled, and probably firing on him as he did so. All this, therefore, had been provided for by the arrangements previously agreed upon by Lord Rae and his retainer. By these it was settled, that he should, on the former's making his escape, peaceably yield himself up to "underlie the law," in a reliance on the friendly disposition of Cromwell towards the fugitive, which, it was not doubted, would be exerted in behalf of his servant. Such proceeding, it was thought too would bring Lord Rae's case sooner to issue; and be, with regard to the law, as it were, throwing a bone in the dog's way to arrest his attention, and interrupt his pursuit of the original, and more important object of his vengeance.

On delivering himself up, M'Kay was immediately placed in confinement, and shortly after brought to trial, for aiding and abetting in the escape of a State prisoner. The trial was a very brief one; for the facts were easily established, and sentence was about to be passed on the prisoner, when a stir suddenly arose at the court door. The presiding judge paused. The stir increased. In the next instant it was hushed; and in that instant Cromwell entered the court. On advancing a pace or two within the apartment, he took off his hat, bowed respectfully to the judges, and proceeding onwards, finally ascended the bench and took his seat beside them.

When a man feels himself master, he need be under no great ceremony, neither need he trouble himself much about forms or rules which regulate the conduct of inferiors. Cromwell, on this occasion, got up in a few minutes after he had taken his place, and delivered to the court, a long, and, after his usual fashion, obscure and unconnected oration, in favor of the prisoner at the bar. The chief ground, however, on which he rested his defence and exculpation of M'Kay, was the fidelity to his master, which the crime with which he was charged implied, and the worse effect to the cause of morality than good to the political interests of the State, which the infliction of any punishment in such case would produce. "If," concluded Cromwell, "fidelity to a master is to be punished as a crime, where shall we look for honest servants."

The reasoning of Cromwell, even had it been less cogent than it was, could not be but convincing to those who knew of and dreaded his power. He was listened to with the most profound attention, and the justness of his arguments and force of his eloquence acknowledged by the acquittal of the prisoner.

As M'Kay rose from his seat at the bar to leave the court, Cromwell eyed him attentively for some seconds, and struck with his prodigious size and fierce aspect, whispered to one of the judges near him: —"May the Lord keep me from the devil's and *that* man's grasp."

We have now only to add, that the protection promised by Cromwell to Lady Rae for her husband was duly made out and delivered to her. We need not say that it was found to be a perfectly efficient document.

A BITING EVIDENCE.

It has often been remarked that crimes are discovered in strange ways. The instances on record are, indeed, so numerous, that the moralist stands in no need of any assistance from us to enable him to give his lesson to the workers of iniquity. Yet we may aid the good cause to which our efforts have always been directed, by giving an example, perhaps as curious as any that has been recorded, of the singular ways by which the eternal laws of right are often vindicated, though we claim at the same time, an exemption, in the present instance, from the gravity that is generally reputed to belong to moral teachers.

Those who have lived all their lives in large towns, and who are, consequently, accustomed to rumors of robberies, larcenies, and all sorts of illegal appropriation of property, can form no idea of the dreadful stir which the burglarious entrance of some person or persons unknown into the premises of William Ritchie, farmer, Searig, created in the adjoining village of Cranstoun. It was tremendous. The honest and simple villagers stood aghast at the appalling relation, and wondered at the enormous wickedness.

The robbery had been committed during the night. It was an outhouse that had been entered, and the articles abstracted were, a quantity of linen, several cheeses, and an entire barrel of excellent salt beef, which the lawful owner thereof, little dreaming of what was to happen, had laid up for winter store; and often had William Ritchie, since he drove the last hoop that secured the head of the said barrel (for William had coopered it up with his own hands)—often, we say, had he, since that period, revelled in imagination on the savory and nutritious feeds of beef and greens which he fondly hoped he had secured. Often had his mental vision dwelt with rapture on the sappy rounds embedded in their vegetable accompaniment smoking deliciously on the board; often had the same peep into futurity presented William Ritchie (for William Ritchie liked a good dinner with great sincerity of affection) with distinct simulations of the carving knife entering the said rounds, and severing therefrom thick, juicy slices of well proportioned fat and lean. Often——But where is the use of enlarging on all the beatific visions which the lost barrel of beef, before it was lost, summoned up before the mind's eye of William Ritchie. Let us rather proceed with our story, leaving it to the reader to mark, with the sympathy which the circumstance demands, the rain, the utter prostration of all William's hopes, as regarded his salted provender, of which this nefarious robbery was the cause.

It was a good while after the perpetration of the burglary and theft before the slightest clue could be obtained to the discovery of the perpetrator. One or two, indeed were suspected, but they were so more on the general ground of their being habit and repute loose fish, than from any particular indications of their guilt in the special case of the robbery of William Ritchie's outhouse.

So long, indeed, was it before any trace of the perpetrator of this offence could be discovered, that people were beginning to abandon all hopes of its ever being made out. It is curious, however, to mark how strangely things sometimes come round.

About two months after the robbery in question, William Ritchie had occasion to call one day on a certain Mr. John John-

stone who kept a grocery shop in the village of Cranstoun. It was to order some tea and sugar—Mr. Ritchie being a customer of Mr. Johnstone's, and one of the best he had.

"Ony word yet, Mr. Ritchie," said the shopkeeper, after the first greetings had passed between himself and the former—"ony word yet o' your late visitors?"

Mr. Ritchie shook his head, and, with a melancholy smile, replied—

"No, nae word yet; and, I fancy, there never will be noo."

"No quite sure o' that," said Mr. Johnstone, with a look of peculiar and somewhat mysterious intelligence. "Was the barrel o' saut beef they took frae ye a gey big ane? As muckle as wad keep a sma' family chowin for sax weeks or sae?"

"I daur say it micht," replied William Ritchie, with a sigh," if they warna a' the greedier on't."

"Just sae," said Mr. Johnstone, with the same expression of latent meaning; and, in the next moment—"Will ye step ben the way a minat, Mr. Ritchie. I want to speak to ye." And he led the way to a back apartment, followed by his customer.

On reaching this retreat, Mr. Johnstone carefully shut the door, and advancing, almost on tiptoe, to Mr. Ritchie, said, in a half whisper:—

"I'll tell ye, William, what I was wanting to say to ye. If I'm not greatly mistaen," continued Johnstone—and now adding to the force of the mysterious expression of countenance formerly alluded to, by placing his forefinger significantly on the side of his nose—"If I'm no greatly mistaen, I hae gotten an inklin o' wha it was that broke into your premises."

"No!" exclaimed William Ritchie, with a look of intense interest. "Wha are they?"

"What wad ye think if it were Raggit Rab?"

"That it wasna the least unlikely," replied William Ritchie. "Twa or three hae suspeckit him, and mysel amang the the lave; but nae mair could be made o't. Hoo come ye to be sae sure he's the man, John?"

"Isna mustard a fine thing to a bit saut beef?" rejoined John Johnstone, with another of his deep intelligent looks.

"Nae doot o't," said William Ritchie, surprised at the oddness and apparent irrelevancy of the remark. "But what o' that?"

"I'll tell ye what o' that, William," replied Mr. Johnstone. "I've noticed that ever since your premises war broken into, Rab has bocht mair mustard frae me than he ever did in the hale course o' his life before. There's no a day noo, but ane o' his weans is here for a pennyworth;" and John Johnson looked triumphantly at William Ritchie.

The latter said nothing for a few seconds, but at length remarked, that it was a queer aneuch circumstance, and looked geyin suspicious. But added, that it was a new way o' makin out a charge o' robbery.

"It may be sae," replied Johnstone; "but I think it pretty conclusive evidence, for a' that."

"It wad be a funny aneuch circumstance," said William Ritchie, smiling, "to detect a thief through the medium o' mustard. There wad be novelty in't, at ony rate."

"Faith, I'm sae convinced o't, I wad hae ye try't, William," said Mr. Johnstone. "Gie ye lang Jamie the messenger the hint, and let him search Rob's hoose incontinently, and, I'll wad a firkin o' butter to a fardin cannle, that ye'll fin something there that Rab Borland 'll no be very weel able to account for."

Notwithstanding the confidence Mr. Johnstone evinced in the accuracy of his conjectures regarding the guilt of the personage above-named, William Ritchie could not help thinking, as indeed, he had said, that the mustard formed rather a

strange ground of proceeding in a case of criminal dereliction; still, as Robert was a gentleman of very indifferent reputation in that part of the country, and in one or two other places besides, perhaps he thought there could be neither great harm nor risk in adopting the process recommended by his friend, Johnstone.

Being of this opinion, Mr. Ritchie immediately proceeded to seek out the legal functionary before alluded to—namely, James Rathbone, or Lang Jamie, as he was more familiarly called; this soubriquet being highly descriptive of the personal conformation of the worthy in question, whose legs were of prodigious length, but not with body corresponding. Indeed, so marked was the discrepancy here—that is, between the length of Jamie's legs and his body—that although he stood six feet three on his stocking soles, he was found too short for admission into a dragoon regiment, to which he, on one occasion, made offer of his services; for, being all legs, he sunk down nearly to his neck on the saddle when mounted on horseback, and thus presented no superstructure worth counting upon. Jamie, in short, so far as appearance went, was merely a pair of animated tongs. But this is something of a digression.

William Ritchie having sought out Lang Jamie, whom he found in the act of writing out some summonses against certain defaulters in Cranstoun, thus cautiously opened the business of his call.

"Ony word yet, Jamie, o' the depredaturs?" Jamie had been previously employed in the matter to which this question referred.

"No; nae scent o' them yet," replied Jamie. "But I'm keepin a sharp look oot, and houp to hae some o' them by the cuff o' the neck before lang."

"Hae ye nae idea wha they could be, Jamie?" again inquired William Ritchie.

"Maybe I hae, and maybe I haena," replied the former. "It's no safe speakin, ye ken, anent thae things. There's yevidence wanted, Mr. Ritchie—strong steeve yevidence; or, at least, weel-grounded suspicion, to allow o' a man openin his mind on thae subjects wi' perfect safety."

"Dootless, dootless," said William Ritchie; "but if there war now onything like fair and reasonable grounds o' suspicion against ony body, wad ye act, Jamie, and proceed thereon as the law directs?"

"Undootedly. I wad nab them at ance," replied Jamie.

"Just sae," said William Ritchie. "Weel then, if a certain person bocht an unusual quantity o' mustard within a certain time, what wad ye infer frae that, Jamie?"

"I wad infer frae that, that he likit it. That's a'," said Jamie.

"But folk dinna usually eat mustard its lane," rejoined William Ritchie; "they maun hae something till't. Noo, what's the maist likely thing that they wad eat it wi' in this, or in ony ither similar case?"

"I dinna ken, I'm sure," said Jamie, musingly. "Maybe a bit saut fish, or something o that kind."

"What wad ye think o' a bit saut beef?" inquired Ritchie.

"Very guid," said Jamie. "Just an excellent association. Saut beef and mustard;" and he licked his lips, as he thought of the condiment thus accompanied.

"Weel then," continued William Ritchie, "micht ye no infer, think ye, frae this extraordinary consumption o' mustard, that the consumer had a comfortable supply o' saut beef in his larder?"

"The inference, I think, wad be fair aneuch," said Jamie; "at least there wad, certainly, be strong probability o' the fact."

"I think sae," rejoined William. "Then, keepin in mind that I lost a barrel o' saut beef, what wad ye think if Rob Borland sent every day since syne to Johnny Johnstone's shop for a pennyworth o' mustard?"

"I wad think it a gey suspicious lookin thing, surely," replied Jamie; "and wad

conclude that Borland and your beef, Mr. Ritchie, were on rather owre intimate a footin. It wad, indeed, I confess, be rather a queer sort o' proof to go on; but feth, there's something in't. Can ye instruct as to the mustard?"

"'Deed can I," said William Ritchie; and he proceeded to inform Jamie of what had passed between him and Johnstone on the subject in discussion; adding, that he had come to him by the advice of the latter, and concluding by requesting Jamie to search the premises of Mr. Robert Borland.

Jamie, at first, shyed a little at taking so very decisive a step on such strange grounds; but, at length, agreed to adventure on the proceeding.

On the afternoon of that very day, Jamie, accompanied by two drunken, pimple-faced concurrents, visited the domicil of Mr. Robert Borland, and there found, not William Ritchie's beef, but the barrel which had contained it; the last piece of the former having made the family dinner on that very day.

The barrel, however, having been identified, and sworn to by its owner, Mr. Borland was consigned to the county jail, and subsequently brought to trial before the circuit court for the robbery.

A young lawyer, who was desirous of fleshing his legal sword for the first time, undertook Mr. Borland's defence without fee or reward, and labored hard to show that the circumstance of the panel at the bar's buying a quantity of mustard daily, was no proof whatever that he was living on stolen salt beef, or, indeed, on salt beef at all. "It might have been salted fish. He might have bought it to eat with salt fish, gentlemen of the jury," said this unfledged orator, "or with a hundred other articles of food. Why salt beef more than anything else? I say, that to allege that it was salt beef, gentlemen of the jury, is to presume that to be a fact which is a mere hypothesis—a hypothesis founded on an association of ideas—the association of salt beef with mustard, or *vice versa*. Now, gentlemen of the jury," continued our incipient Cicero, "you will be so good as observe that however natural this association of ideas may be—that is, however, natural it may be to suppose that the panel at the bar bought the condiment in question to eat with salt beef—the inference is by no means either a necessary or an inevitable one. Very far from it. It is indeed monstrous to insist on its being so. Can a man I would ask—can a man, I say—not purchase a pennyworth of mustard without being suspected of having stolen salt beef to eat with it? Or, take another view of the case—is a man to be suspected of having stolen salt beef, *because* he buys a pennyworth of mustard? No, gentlemen of the jury, you will never, I am sure, give in to such a monstrous doctrine as this—a doctrine that would destroy at one fell blow the liberty of the subject, and the trade in mustard."

Much more to the same purpose did this promising young lawyer say; but, we regret to add, to no purpose. The jury insisted on sticking by the mustard, as at least, a presumptive proof of guilt, when corroborated by the circumstances of Mr. Borland's "habit and repute" character, and the empty barrel's having been found on his premises. The result of this view of the case was a verdict of guilty; and the consequence of that verdict, sentence of transportation for fourteen years.

Such was the doom awarded against the ingenious Mr. Borland; and, we daresay, the reader will allow that seldom has crime owed its detection to so curious a circumstance.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF ST. KENTIGERN.

This celebrated personage, as is well known, first began business as a saint in the immediate vicinity of the city of Glasgow.

On his first settlement in that neighborhood, he built himself a hut—said hut bearing a felicitous resemblance to a pig's sty—on the site of the ancient cathedral called by his name.

While the saint was yet but little known as a person of eminent piety, he was one day surprised by the visit of a young and very beautiful lady, who called at his cottage. He was listlessly leaning over the little half-door of his domicil when the lady approached, thinking how he had best go to work to establish a reputation, and but little imagining, worthy man, that an opportunity of accomplishing this desirable end was at that very moment about to be presented to him.

"How do you do, Mr. Kentigern?" said the lady, with a gracious smile and profound courtsey, on coming within a yard or so of the former.

"Pretty well, I thank you, ma'am," replied the saint, respectfully, and at the same time doffing a red nightcap, which he happened to have on at the moment.

"Could I have a private word with you, Sir," said the lady.

Saint Kentigern looked embarrassed by this request. He thought it wouldn't look well in a person of his pretensions to be giving private audiences to young ladies. However, his natural urbanity and politeness finally prevailed, and, opening the half door as he spoke—"Oh, certainly, ma'am," he said. "By all means. Walk in if you please."

The lady complied.

"Grieved, ma'am, to be obliged to introduce you to such sorry quarters," said the saint, dusting a rush-bottomed chair with half the bottom away, and the remaining half all tag-rag and bobtail, for the lady to sit upon. She sat down.

The saint drew in the only other chair he had for his own accommodation. It was a curiosity in its way. The bottom was driven full of nails, points projecting upwards. It was a sort of a mortification chair, and the one in which the saint always sat. He would sit in no other.

Having seated himself, St. Kentigern waited the lady's communication. She began:—

"Mr. Kentigern, the favorable reports I have heard of your piety (here St. Kentigern bowed politely to his visitor), have induced me to call upon you, for the purpose of asking your advice and aid in a very awkward and unpleasant affair. You must know, Sir, that, about three weeks ago, my husband, who is one of the most jealous men alive, presented me with a gold ring. Well, this ring I most unfortunately lost while bathing one day lately in the river Clyde, on the banks of which we live. It had dropped off my finger while I was in the water, for I missed it the moment I came out; but it was, of course, irrecoverable. Well, Mr. Kentigern, would you believe it, my husband, unfeeling brute that he is, swears that I never lost the ring, but have given it to some gallant. He suspects my virtue, Mr. Kentigern. He does, he does. Oh! I cannot live under the vile imputation;" and here the afflicted fair one burst into tears.

"Be composed, my dear madam, be composed, I beg of you," said the saint, with an extremely kind and consolatory manner. "It seems to be a very hard case, certainly."

"It is, Sir, a very hard one—a very

cruel one. I am an ill-used, a shockinly ill-used woman, Mr. Kentigern. Now, my dear Sir," continued the lady, getting a little more calm, "can you do anything for me? Can you assist me to disabuse my husband of the infamous notion he has taken into his head?"

"Why, ma'am, not on the spur of the moment; not to-night," said the saint, stroking his chin thoughtfully. "I must have a little time to think, ma'am; and, moreover, ma'am—pray, be not offended—I must make some inquiries into the case before I can do anything in it; and, to be plain with you ma'am—plain dealing is best in all cases—I must make some inquiries regarding yourself, before I can promise you any assistance, although I have no doubt that the result of these inquiries will be perfectly satisfactory. No doubt of it whatever.

"This being the case, then, ma'am, if you will be kind enough to call upon me again—say to-morrow, about this time—I will see what can be done; and, in the meantime, beg to assure you that it will afford me infinite pleasure if I can be of any service to you in this or any other matter."

"Oh, thank you, Sir!—thank you!—you are very kind," said the lady, rising from her seat. "I cannot tell you Mr. Kentigern, how much I am obliged to you; for, feeling confident of the result of the inquiries you quite reasonably propose to make, I may reckon, I dare say, on having secured your kind assistance in this most unhappy affair. I will be punctual, to-morrow afternoon. Good morning, Sir—good morning."

"Good morning, madam," replied the saint, also rising. "Sorry, ma'am, that I can offer you no refreshment of any kind. I keep no bottle," he added, smiling. "A few herbs from the Fir Park, and a pitcher of water from the Molendinar, form the staple of my living."

"Don't mention it, Mr. Kentigern!—don't mention it, my dear sir, if you please. You have been but too kind in saying the many obliging things you have said. Good morning again, sir."

The saint bowed, and the lady departed having previously given the former to understand that her name was Mrs. Milligan.

The worthy saint lost no time in making the inquiries regarding the lady which he had proposed to make. She was not half-an-hour gone when he drew on his greatcoat, the night being chilly, rolled a red comforter about his neck, took a stick in his hand, and sallied forth in quest of Mrs. Milligan's character.

The result was highly gratifying. He found that she was a most virtuous woman; most exemplary, as the obituaries have it, in all the relations of life, and that her husband was a brute.

Possessed of this satisfactory information, the saint returned home, and waited with some impatience—for he delighted in doing good—the promised reappearance of Mrs. Milligan.

The lady came at the appointed time. St. Kentigern received her with a cordial welcome. There was now, on his part, no doubt—no hesitation—no reserve. The information he had received regarding her had banished all that.

"Come away, my dear madam," he said, taking her affectionately by the hand, and contemplating her with a smile of great benignity. "I am glad to see you, and still more glad to inform you that all's right. I have had the most satisfactory accounts of you in all quarters."

The lady blushed and curtsied.

"Then sir," she said, "I may hope, I presume, for your kind assistance in helping me to re-establish my character."

"Most certainly, ma'am."

"You will probably take the trouble of calling on my husband, and, by reasoning with him, convince him of the injustice he has done me."

"No, ma'am. I will serve you in a much more effectual way."

"Indeed, sir; and how, pray?"

"I will perform a miracle, madam, in your behalf," said the saint. "A miracle, madam; and one of the neatest that has been done for a long while. Quite a gem of a thing."

"A miracle!" exclaimed the lady in raptures. "O dear! that will be so delightful, so charming."

"Yes, madam," said St. Kentigern, with a look of grave importance—"It shall be a very pretty thing. It will confound your enemies, madam, especially your unfeeling monster of a husband—whom it will strike as dumb as an oyster."

"Pray, what sort of a miracle will it be, Mr. Kentigern?" inquired the lady, eagerly.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said the former. "It never does to divulge these things before hand. But I'll tell you what you have to do, ma'am. Without mentioning anything of this matter to your husband, endeavor to prevail upon him to walk with you by the river side, a little above the village of Bridgegate, to-morrow afternoon about this time. I will be on the ground, and will, then and there, perform the miracle I have spoken of."

"Oh, thank you, sir—a thousand thanks," said Mrs. Milligan, rising to depart. "I shall be punctual, and shall endeavor to coax my husband to come along with me; although it will not be an easy task, as he is in shocking bad humor just now, about that confounded ring. However, I think I shall be able to manage him, after all."

"I hope you will, ma'am—I hope you will," said St. Kentigern, bowing his fair visitor to the door.

On the following afternoon, Mrs. Milligan and her husband appeared at the appointed place. How she had prevailed on him to accompany her is not known; but there they were. That they were still, however, on very indifferent terms, was evident, from the circumstance of their not walking arm-in-arm together, but one after the other—the gentleman first, and the lady several yards behind. The former, too, was looking most horribly sulky and discontented.

While thus dodging along the banks of the river, Mr. and Mrs. Milligan saw a stout gentleman, carrying a stick in his hand, and wearing a very broad-brimmed hat, approaching with a slow and stately step. It was St. Kentigern.

Mrs. Milligan immediately recognised him; and, running forward, extended her hand to him. The saint took it cordially; touching his hat, at the same time, respectfully, with his left hand.

"My husband, Mr. Kentigern," said the lady, introducing the latter to the former—"Mr. Kentigern, Peter."

"Hope you're well, sir," said the saint to Mr. Milligan, raising his hat politely, but at the same time looking very cold and stern.

"Pretty well, I thank you, sir," replied the latter, somewhat gruffly.

"Mr. Milligan, sir, I am sorry to say," resumed St. Kentigern, "that you are using your poor wife here very ill—very ill, indeed. She is a paragon of virtue, sir; and your accusing her of having given away the ring you presented her with lately, is a most unjust one. She lost the ring, sir, and precisely in the way she says."

"That's all in my eye," replied the uncourteous Mr. Milligan. "I know better."

"I'll prove it, sir," said Kentigern, indignantly.

"Will you, by Jingo!" replied Mr. Milligan. "I should like to see you."

St. Kentigern deigned no further altercation on the subject; but, turning towards the river, where were some fishermen dragging a net to shore—

"I say, lads," he called out, addressing the fishermen, "bring hither the first salmon you catch."

One of the men touched his hat, and said he would; and, in a minutes after, came towards the saint with a fine large

fish, which had just been taken, in his arms.

"Put it down on the grass there," said the saint to the fisherman. "Now, my man, kneel down, open the fish's mouth, and see if it contains anything extraordinary."

The man did as he was desired. He knelt down, opened the salmon's mouth, when, lo and behold! it was found to contain a gold ring. The fisherman was amazed. St. Kentigern was not so in the least, but coolly desired the man to hand it to him. He did so, when the saint, presenting it to Mr. Milligan, said—

"Examine that ring, sir, and see if you recognise it. I rather think you will find it to be the same with that you gave to your wife, and which you kicked up such a dust about."

"It is—it is, indeed!" exclaimed the astonished and confounded Mr. Milligan, turning the ring round and round. "The identical ring, as I'm a sinner!"

"Yes, sir, it is," said St. Kentigern, with a severe aspect. "And now, sir, are you not ashamed of yourself, and of the gross injustice you have done this most innocent and most virtuous woman here? Does not this satisfy you that she indeed lost the ring as she said? Is not its being found in the river sufficient proof that it was lost there?"

"It is—it is! I am satisfied—perfectly satisfied," replied the contrite and humbled Mr. Milligan; "and heartily sorry am I for the injury I have done you, my dear."

And he tenderly embraced his wife, who, so far from triumphing over her husband in an insolent manner, as she might well have done, or rejecting his advances, was all meekness and humility. Her innocence had been proven, and she was satisfied; it was all she desired.

"Now, my dear sir," said the repentant husband, addressing St. Kentigern, "how am I to recompense you for the trouble you have taken in this little family affair of mine?"

"I want no recompense, sir," replied the saint; "I do good for its own sake alone, and not for reward."

"You will, at least, do us the honor of going home with us, and taking a bit of dinner with us," said Mr. Milligan.

"Excuse me; I never dine out," replied St. Kentigern; "nor is it a practice I approve of. Good evening, sir; and allow me to hope that you will benefit by this lesson." Then, turning to Mrs. Milligan—"Good evening, my dear madam," he said, taking her tenderly by the hand. "Your innocence is now fully and fairly established, and your enemies fully and fairly confounded. Believe me, madam, I am delighted at having had the opportunity of serving you; and I beg that you will not hesitate to apply to me should you ever again stand in need of any such aid or advice as I can afford. Farewell, my dear madam!"

And the saint, raising his hat politely to the lady, who was so much affected that she could not say a word, and rather coldishly saluting the gentleman, turned him round and departed.

Such is the well-authenticated tradition which has introduced into the arms of the city of Glasgow, amongst other emblematical insignia, the figure of a salmon with a ring in its mouth.

This famous miracle, we may add, set St. Kentigern at once upon his feet. It made him as a saint, throwing around him an odor of sanctity, which the lapse of some eight or ten hundred years has but little abated.

THE BRIDE.

Fifty years ago, William Percy rented a farm that consisted of about a hundred acres, and which was situated on the banks of the Till. His wife, though not remarkable for her management of a farm-house, was a woman of many virtues, and possessed of a kind and affectionate heart. They had an only daughter, whose name was Agnes; and, as she approached towards womanhood, people began to designate her *The Rose of Till-side*. Her beauty was not of the kind that dazzles or excites sudden admiration; but it grew upon the sight like the increasing brightness of a young rainbow—its influence stole over the soul as moonlight on the waters. It was pleasant to look upon her fair countenance, where sweetness gave a character to beauty, mellowing it and softening it, as though the soul of innocence there reflected its image. Many said that no one could look upon the face of Agnes Percy and sin. Her hair was of the lightest brown, her eyes of the softest blue, and the lovely rose which bears the name of *Maiden's Blush* is not more delicate in the soft glow of its coloring, than was the vermilion tint upon her cheeks. She was of middle stature, and her figure might have served a sculptor as a model. But she was good and gentle as she was beautiful. The widow mentioned her name in her prayers—the poor blessed her.

Now, Agnes was about eighteen, when a young man of her own age, named Henry Cranstoun, took up his residence for a few months in her father's house. He was the son of a distant relative of her mother, and was then articled as a clerk or apprentice to a writer to the signet in Edinburgh. He also was the only child of his parents; for, though they had had eight others, he was all that death had left them. He was the youngest son of his mother; and there was a time when there was no mother had greater cause to be proud of her children. Yea, as they hand in hand, or one by one, went forth on the Sabbath morning with their parents to their place of worship, there was not an eye that looked not with delight or admiration on the little Cranstouns. The neatness of their dress, the loveliness of every countenance, the family likeness of each, the apparent affection of all, the propriety of their demeanor, interested all who looked upon them. But, as untimely flowers, that, by a returning frost, are stricken down in beauty, so drooped, so perished, this fair and happy family. Some had said that they were too beautiful to live; and, as they also manifested much quickness and wisdom for their years, there were others who said to Mrs. Cranstoun, as she was shedding their shining hair upon their brows, that she would never comb an old head! This is a cold, cruel, and ignorant prophecy. It has sent foreboding and unhappiness into the bosoms of many a fond mother; but, in this case, it needed not the gift of a seer to foretell the gloomy tidings. Consumption lurked amidst the beauty that glowed on every cheek; and seven of the fair family had fallen victims to the progress of the insidious destroyer, till Henry alone was left. And now, even upon him also, it seemed to have set its mark. The hollow cough and the flushed cheek, the languidness by day and the restlessness by night, gave evidence that the disease was there.

Change of air and less study were recommended by the physicians as the only means by which Henry might be saved; and he was sent over to Northumberland, to the house of William Percy, his mother's friend.

It was about that period of the year which is spoken of as the "fall of the leaf," when Henry Cranstoun first arrived at Till-side. William Percy had just gathered in his harvest, and Henry met with the kindly welcome of a primitive family. The father, the mother, and their daughter, received him as one whom they were to snatch from the hands of death. In a few days, the goat's milk, and the bracing air, which came with health on its wings from the adjacent mountains, wrought a visible change in the appearance of the invalid. His cough became more softened, his eyes less languid, his step more firm, and he panted not as he walked. He felt returning strength flowing through his veins—in his bosom, in the moving of his fingers, he felt it. He walked out by the side of Agnes—she led him by the banks of the Till, by the foot of the hills, by the woods where the brown leaves were falling, and by the solitary glen.

Perhaps I might have said that the presence of Agnes contributed not less than the mountain air, and the change of scenery, to his restoration to health. Of this I have not been told. Certain it is that her beauty and her gentleness had spread their influence over his heart, as spring, with its wooing breath, awakens the dreaming earth from its winter sleep. It was not the season when nature calls forth the soul to love; for the cushat was silent in the wood, the mavis voiceless on the thorn, the birds were dumb on every spray the wild-flowers had closed their leaves and drooped, and the meadows lost their fragrance. But, as they wandered forth together, a lark started up at their feet; it raised its autumn song over their heads; it poured it in their ears. Both raised their eyes in joy towards the singing bird; they listened to it with delight. His fingers were pressed on hers as he heard it, as though he would have said—"How sweet it is!" But the lustre forsook his eyes while he yet listened—he sighed, and was silent. They returned home together, and Agnes strove to cheer him; but his spirit was heavy, and he pressed her hand more fervently in his. The song of the lark seemed to have touched a chord of sadness in his bosom.

Henry was heard walking backward and forward in his room throughout the night; and, on the following morning at breakfast, he put a paper into the hands of Agnes, on which were written the following rhymes:—

THE LARK'S AUTUMNAL SONG.

(INSCRIBED TO AGNES PERCY.)

Again in the heavens thy hymn is heard,
Bird of the daring wing!
When last ye sprang from the daisied sward
Making the welkin ring,
Thy lay the dreaming buds awoke—
Thy voice the spell of winter broke—
The primrose, on the mossy brae,
Burst beauteous into life and day,
And smiled to hear thee sing!
The children clapped their tiny hands;
The shout rang through their little bands,
Hailing the bird of spring!
Thy lay made earth and air rejoice,
And Nature heard thee as an angel's voice.

Again in the heavens thy hymn is heard,
Bird of the mournful song!
A lonely daisy yet decks the sward,
The last of the summer throng.
While here and there, upon the brae
Some primrose, *languid as the ray,*
Of hope that vanisheth away.
Upon the cheek of death,
Untimely opes its golden wing,
Mistaking, as it hears thee sing,
That thou art come to tell of spring,
And not of winter's wrath.
But now thy strain is as one that grieves—
Thou singest the dirge of the falling leaves!

Again in the heavens thy hymn I hear,
Bird of the merry song!
Thou art ringing a lay in old winter's ear—
Ye bid him farewell, and ye welcome him here—
Ye help the old man along!
Ye are singing to look on the fruits of the year
Gathered in, and in ripeness, with plenty around;
And ye pour o'er earth's fulness a rapturous sound.
Ye are singing a strain that man should have sung—
Man with ingratitude sealed on his tongue!
At *seed-time*, thy joyous and *hope-breathing* lay,
To the ploughman was sung, as an anthem, all day,
And now, at his *harvest*, ye greet him again,
And call him to join in thy *thanksgiving* strain!

Agnes wept as she perused the foreboding lines, which he had marked in what printers call italics, in the second stanza, by drawing a line under them. She felt interested in the fate of Henry

Cranstoun—deeply interested. We believe that, like the gentle Desdemona, she wished that

"Heaven had made her such a man;"

for, though the young writer to the signet spoke not

"Of war, and broils, and battles,"

his tongue was the interpreter of nature—he dwelt as an enthusiast on its beauties, its mysteries, its benevolence, its glorious design; and, through all, he would point

"Through Nature up to Nature's God!"

It is a common saying, "that you cannot put an old head upon young shoulders;" but, if ever the truth of the saying might be disputed, it was in the case of Henry Cranstoun. The deaths of his brothers and his sisters had rested upon his young mind—they had struck it with awe—they had made him to feel that he, too, must die—he, indeed, felt as though the shadow of death were creeping over him; and the thoughts and the hopes of eternity early became the companions of his spirit. He treasured up the words of the inspired preacher, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." He treasured them up, and he practised them; and his deportment gave him a deeper interest in the eyes of the Northumbrian farmer and his family.

William Percy was esteemed by his neighbors as a church-going and a good man. He was kind to his servants; he paid every man his own; he was an affectionate husband, and a fond father; the poor turned not away murmuring from his door; and, every Sunday night, he knelt with his wife and with his daughter, before his Maker, in worship, as though it were a duty which was to be discharged but once in seven days. Now, it was late on a Saturday night when Henry Cranstoun arrived at their house; and, on the following evening, he joined in the devotions of the family. But Monday night came, and the supper passed, and the Bibles were not brought. Henry inquired—

"Is it not time for worship?"

The question went to the conscience of the farmer—he felt that before his Creator, who preserved him, who gave him every breath he drew, he had knelt with his family but once a-week. "Is not He the Almighty of all time and of all eternity?" asked his conscience; "and have I not served Him as though He were Lord of the Sabbath only? I forsake Him for a week—where should I be if He left me but for a moment?"

"Agnes, love," said he aloud, "bring the books."

She cheerfully obeyed; and the Bibles were laid upon the table. The psalm was read, and the voice of praise was heard; and as the hinds in the adjoining houses heard the sound they followed the example of their master. Hitherto like their employer, they had lifted their voices in thanksgiving but once a week; as if a few minutes spent in praise and in prayer, and in the reading of a chapter, were all that was necessary for example to a family, or for gratitude to Him who sustained, protected, and gave them being from moment to moment. I should not dwell upon this, were it not that there are many good and Christian parents, who conceive that they fulfil the injunction of "praying often with and for their children," by causing them to kneel around them on a Sabbath night. But this, certainly, is a poor fulfilment of the oath which they have taken—or which, if they have not taken, they are equally bound to perform. I do not say that the man who daily prays with his family will have the gratification of seeing all of them following in his footsteps, or that all of them will think as he thinks; but he may be of one sect, and some of them of another; yet, let them go where they will, let them be thrown into what company they may, let temptation assail them in every form, and absence throw its shadows over their father's house, yet the remembrance, the fervor, the words of a father's prayers, will descend upon their souls like a whis-

per from Heaven, kindling the memory and awakening the conscience; and, if the child of such a man depart into sin, the small still voice will not die in his ear. Nay, the remembrance of the father's voice will be heard in the son's heart above the song of the bacchanal, and the lowly remembered voice of psalms rise upon his memory, making him insensible to the peal of instruments. I have listened to the sonorous swell of the organ in the Roman church and Episcopal cathedral, to the chant of the choristers and the music of the anthem, and I have been awed by the sounds; but they produced not the feelings of peace and of reverence, I might say of religion, which are inspired by the lowly voices of a congregated family joining together in their hymn of praise. I have thought that such sounds, striking on the ear of the guilty, would arrest them in their progress.

Such was the change which Henry Cranstoun introduced into the house of his host. From that moment, Agnes regarded him with a deeper interest, her father loved him, and her mother looked on him as a son. But, although his mind had been early imbued with serious impressions, he was a lover of all that was beautiful in nature—he was warm of heart and eloquent of speech—and his form was such as the eye of a maiden might look on with complacency.

Christmas had passed before he left the house of his mother's friend, and health again glowed on his cheeks, strength revisited his frame. No one that saw Henry Cranstoun on his entering the house of Mr. Percy three months before, and who had not seen him in the meanwhile, would have known him to be the same individual. But Agnes noted no change in him. She knew that his health was now restored; but she had begun to hope and love at the same moment, and she had never thought that Henry would die. His eyes had ever been bright to her—his voice ever pleasing; and her beauty, her gentleness, her sweetness of temper, her kindness, her looks, her tones of affection, had fallen upon his bosom, till every thought, save the thought of Agnes, was banished.

He was to leave her father's house—he bade her *farewell;* till that moment, they had not known how dear they were unto each other. They had never spoken of love—and, to hearts that do love, there is little need for such declarations. The affection of every glance, the guarded delicacy of every action, speaks it more plainly than the impassioned eloquence of language. True eloquence is feeling, and feeling dictates the words to be used, pouring them forth in the full tide of the heart's emotion; but, though love also be feeling, it is not of that kind which makes men eloquent. True love is dumb, as true gratitude. It speaks from the glowing eye and the throbbing bosom; from the hand passionately grasped—not from the tongue.

Henry and Agnes said little; but they fell upon the necks of each other when they parted. She wept, and from his eyes the tear was ready to fall. He kissed her brow, and said that in the spring he would return.

He left Northumberland, and his parents welcomed him as one received from the dead. He was strong and healthy, and he alone, of all their children, seemed to have overcome the power of the destroyer. Yet a week never passed but he wrote to his friends, who had snatched him as from the gates of death; or rather I should say, that he wrote to the gentle Agnes, requesting that the expression of his gratitude might be given to her parents, until he returned to thank them. But spring came, and with it Henry Cranstoun returned to Till-side. Health still glowed in his eyes and beamed upon his cheeks. He was fond of angling, and, with his rod in his hand, he sought amusement in the gentle art; yet his favorite pastime afforded him no pleasure, save when Agnes was by his side, and then they would sit down

on the brae-side together, with her hand in his, and the fishing-rod on the ground, and they forgot that he had gone out to fish, until evening came, and he returned with his creel empty.

Thus five years passed on, and, twice in every year, Henry Cranstoun visited his friends in Northumberland. He had commenced practice in Edinburgh; fair prospects opened before him; his marriage-day was fixed; and need I say that the bride was Agnes?

The ceremony was to be performed in the parish church, which was situated about a mile from her father's house. Henry was only expected to arrive an hour or two before the marriage was to take place. The bosom of fair Agnes throbbed with tumultuous joy. Her parents gazed upon her—blessed her, and were happy. She sat before them, arrayed, a bride for the altar. He whom she loved and they esteemed, was that day to make her his wife. Her mother gazed on her with pride—she blessed her Agnes. Her father's heart glowed within him. The bridemaidens were come—Agnes was impatient, but still happy; no fear, no doubt had risen in her mind. She knew her Henry.

But the last hour arrived, and Henry came not. Her uneasiness increased. The servants were sent to a neighboring hill; but no chaise, no horseman appeared in sight. Agnes became unhappy; paleness overspread her cheeks. The company were silent. Her father's watch hung over the mantel-piece, and she sat at the opposite side of the room; yet its ticking fell upon her ears slow and heavy, as sounds from a hammer on an anvil. Tears, which she had struggled to conceal, now gathered in her eyes. Some evil, she said, and wept, had befallen Henry.

The hour which had been appointed for the ceremony was passed; but still he came not. Her fears, her anxiety increased, and she wept the more, refusing to be comforted She knew not what she feared; but her breast was filled with misery. She had received a letter from him but three days before. She read it again—it breathed the language of impassioned affection, but his truth she doubted not; yet there was an incoherency, a vehemence, in some parts of the letter, which were not like the style of Henry. A vague horror shot across her thoughts, and her hand trembled as she laid the letter aside.

Still the servants were despatched to see if he approached, and at length they brought tidings that two horsemen were riding towards the house. Agnes strove to wipe away the tears from her eyes, but her heart yet throbbed, and others rose in their place. The horsemen drew near the house. Those of the company who beheld them from the windows drew back with a look of dismay. Agnes clasped her hands together as she beheld the expression of their countenances. The evil she apprehended was about to be revealed. The parish clergyman, and the minister of the congregation to which Mr. Percy belonged, entered the room. She started from her seat as they entered—she rung her hands on her bosom—her eyes seemed fixed and motionless with misery—her lips moved—her tongue struggled for utterance.

"Be comforted!" said one of the reverend visitors, kindly.

"Is my Henry dead?" she exclaimed—"is he dead?"

"He is not dead," was the reply; "but"——and the clergyman hesitated a moment to proceed.

"*His mind is dead!*" added the wretched bride, and sank back in her mother's arms. The dismal thought flashed upon her soul, the vague horror that she had shrank from before became tangible—the incoherency and vehemence of passages in his last letter were suddenly and fearfully interpreted.

The tidings which the clergymen had to communicate, her fears had already told. The mind of Henry Cranstoun had become a wreck. A cloud fell upon his reason; and, on the day that he was to lead

his bride to the altar, he was placed an inmate of the gloomy cells of Bedlam.

Several months had passed, and the grief of Agnes became more tranquil, but not less deep. She intreated permission to visit her bridegroom in the place of his confinement, and her parents fondly endeavored to dissuade her from her purpose; but it became the one, the ruling wish of her heart, and they consented. Her father accompanied her to the dreary prison-house. But I shall not attempt to discribe the heart-rending interview, nor to tell how the iron which fettered him entered her soul. He knew her—he wept before her as a child—he exclaimed, "My brain!—my brain!" and pressed his hand upon his brow. Around him were strewed scraps of paper: she beheld her name upon each; they were covered with verses of love, and of wildness. But I will not dwell upon the harrowing scene, upon the words that were spoken, and the fitful gleams of reason that flitted across his soul, as his eyes remained rivetted on the face he loved. But when her father, with a faltering voice, suggested that they should depart, and took her hand to lead her from the cell, a scream of loud and bitter agony burst from the wretched maniac. "Agnes!—Agnes!" he cried, and his wailing was as the lamentation of a lost spirit. Anguish overpowered her, and she was borne insensible from the cell, in her father's arms.

Seven long and dreary years passed, and the mind of Henry was still bewildered; still was he an inmate of the melancholy asylum, and no hope was entertained of his recovery. But the heart of Agnes knew no change—for him she still shed the secret tear, and offered up the secret prayer.

But her father's fortunes were altered. He had been induced to enter into a speculation with one who deceived him, and in it the industry of years was swallowed up and lost. He was obliged to leave his farm, and he now resided in a small cottage in its neighborhood. Still there were many who sought the hand of the fair Rose of Till-side; but she chose rather to brood over the remembrance of poor, ruined Henry, than to listen to their addresses. But amongst them was a young gentleman named Walker, whose condition was far above hers, and who for two years had vainly sought a place in her affections. In the day of her father's distress he had been his friend, and he yet sought to place him again in a state of independence. The health of Mr. Percy, also, began to decline; the infirmities of age were growing upon him; and the little that he had been able to save from the wreck of his capital, was wasting rapidly away. He became melancholy with the thought that he should die a pauper, or leave his wife and his daughter in want; and, in the presence of Agnes, he often spoke of Mr. Walker—of the excellence of his character—of his wealth—of what he had done for him, in the midst of his misfortunes—of what he still desired to do—and of his affection for her. She listened to her father's words in sorrow and in silence, and, on her pillow by night, she wept because of them. To her the remembrance of Henry Cranstoun was dearer then the temptations of wealth, and her heart clung to him with a constancy which neither time, misery, nor hopelessness could shake. She was grateful to her father's friend for the kindness he had shown him, and for the generosity of the proposals he had made—yet she found that she could not love him, that her bosom had room for none but Henry.

Poverty, however, entered her parents' dwelling, and her father seemed drooping for lack of nourishment, which his increasing feebleness required. Her mother, too, sat silent and melancholy, occasionally raising her eyes to her daughter's face, with a look that implored her to save her father. The old man had been ordered wine daily; but their penury was now such that they could not purchase it, and the plainest food had become scanty on their table.

Such was their situation, and they were sitting sorrowful together, when Mr. Walker entered the room. He approached Agnes respectfully, he took her hand.

"Dear Agnes," he began, "can one with so kind a heart look with indifference on the wants and the sufferings of a father and a mother? It is in your power to make them happy, to restore them to prosperity. For two years I have sought your hand, without meeting one look of encouragement, or one word of hope. Yet believe me, Agnes, I admire the constancy which induces you to cherish a hopeless passion and reject me. If not for my sake, yet for the sake of your poor father, for that of your fond mother, yea, for your own sake, dearest, permit me to call you mine. I do not ask your love now; give me but your esteem, and I will study to deserve your affection. Dear friends, plead for me," he added, addressing her parents.

Her father laid his hand upon hers—"Dear Agnes," said he, "your father is now a poor man—he is very poor. I fear the hand of death is already upon me; and when I am gone, who will provide for your poor mother—who will protect thee, my child? It is the only wish of my heart to see you provided for, and your father would die in peace. And oh, my Agnes, as your father's dying request, permit me to bestow your hand upon this generous youth."

"Save us, my sweet one!" cried her mother, and she flung her arms around her daughter's neck.

"It is done!" exclaimed Agnes, bursting into tears, and she stretched out her hand to Mr. Walker.

A few weeks afterwards, and the village bells rang a merry peal, children scattered flowers, and there was joy on every face, save upon the face of the fair bride, who went as a sacrifice to the altar. She heard not the words of the clergyman as he read the ceremony. She trembled, she would have fallen to the ground, but that the bride's-maid supported her.

The marriage-party were returning by a foot-path from the church, the sorrowful bride resting on the arm of her bridegroom. A stranger met them—he turned aside, that they might pass. His eyes fell upon the countenance of the bride.

"O Heavens! my Agnes!" cried the stranger, in a voice of agony.

"Henry! my Henry!" screamed the wretched bride, and starting from the side of the bridegroom, she sank on the breast of the stranger.

That stranger was indeed Henry Cranstoun. A severe illness had brought him to the verge of death, and with his restoration to health reason was restored also. He had come to take his bride to his bosom—he met her the bride of another. It was a scene of misery.

"O Agnes! Agnes!" groaned Henry, "would to Heaven I had died! You are another's, though your heart is mine! Farewell! farewell!—we must meet no more! I have endured much, but never misery like this!"

She could only exclaim—"Henry!" and speech failed her—recollection fled. Henry Cranstoun struck his hand upon his brow, and rushed wildly away. Agnes was conveyed to her father's house, as being nearer than that of her bridegroom's. She was laid upon her bed, she seemed unconscious of all around, and her tongue only uttered the word "Henry." She rose not again from the bed on which she was laid, and, within a week, her gentle spirit fled. The shock which Henry had met with occasioned a relapse of the fever, from which he had but recently recovered. He was taken to the village inn. He felt that death was about to terminate his sufferings, and when he heard of the death of his Agnes, he requested to be buried by her side. Within three weeks after he died, and his latest wish was fulfilled—he was laid by the side of Agnes Percy, and a rose-tree was planted over their grave.

PHEBE FORTUNE.

I HAVE now been upwards of forty years minister of the parish of C——. Soon after I became minister, I stumbled one morning upon a small parcel lying in a turnip field adjoining the manse. It appeared to me at first to be a large hedgehog; but, upon further investigation, I found that it was a seemingly new-born infant, wrapped carefully up in warm flannel, and dressed in clothes which indicated anything but extreme poverty. There was a kirk-road through the turnip field —my wonted passage to my glebe land every morning; and the infant had manifestly been deposited with a reference to my habits. I could not possibly miss seeing it—it lay completely across my path—a road almost untrod by anybody save myself.

As I happened to have a young, and a pretty large—or, in other phrase, *small*—family of my own, I hesitated at first how to proceed; but a moment's reflection taught me the necessity of acting rather than of thinking; and I gathered up the little innocent in my arms, and hastened back, with all possible speed, to the manse. The little hands of the helpless existence were moving backwards and forwards, up and down; and its lips plainly indicated a desire for its natural beverage.

"Bless me!" said my dear wife, as I entered; "bless me, my dear, what's that you are bringing us?"

"It's a child," said I; "an infant—beautiful as day—only look at it."

"None of your nonsense," said spousie, looking somewhat archly in my face. "I'm sure, ye ken, we hae mae weans than we hae meat for already. But where in all the world did you pick up this sweet little darling?"—for, by this time, my wife had opened the flannel coverings, and examined the features of the young stranger carefully.

My second youngest girl, about four years of age, had joined us, and, falling down on her knees, kissed the foundling's cheeks all over. In fact, the news spread all over the manse in less than no time; and I had my two eldest boys—then preparing for school—my eldest daughter, and the two maid-servants, all tumbling into the parlor in a world of amazement My wife, however, having recovered from her first surprise, and burst of natural affection, began, very naturally, to speculate about the parentage of this uninvited visitant. She examined its dress; and, amongst other discoveries, found a piece of paper attached to the body of the frock, inscribed with these words, in a plain printed hand —"I am not what I seem. My name is *Phebe*." On searching a little more particularly, a hundred-pound note was found stitched into a small purse or bag, suspended from the infant's neck. We were all amazement. My wife was all at once persuaded that the infant must be the offspring of some lady of high quality, and that, by keeping her in our family, we should be absolutely enriched by presents of hundred-pound notes every other morning. She seemed to look upon poor Phebe as the philosopher's stone, and thought that gold would, in future, be as plentiful in our house, as brass coinage had hitherto been. But who could be the mother of this pretty, sweet, dear, darling, lovely child? Could it be—and she whispered me knowingly in the ear; but I shook my head, and looked equally knowing. Could it be Lady M——? I looked incredulity, and my wife pushed her speculations no further. By this time my eldest daughter had arranged Phebe's dress, and made all

snug; and the poor little infant gave audible intimation of a desire for food. What was to be done? This question occupied us for about a quarter of an hour, when we at last recollected that Lord C——'s gardener's wife had yesterday buried her infant. She was immediately sent for, and, having no children of her own, agreed, after some persuasion, and the promise of a handsome reward, to suckle poor Phebe. It was, indeed, beautifully interesting to observe how Phebe's little hands wandered over the source of her sustenance, and seemed to say, as plainly as hands could speak it, "I have you now, and will not part with you again." Phebe grew—opened her sweet blue eyes—smiled—and won all hearts in the course of a month. But she was still a heathen, or, in other words, unbaptized; and, after consulting the session, whom I advertised of all the circumstances, it was agreed that the gardener's wife should take the vows, and name the child. We all wept at the christening; there was something so unusual and overpowering, so mysterious and exciting, in the whole transaction. My wife suggested that she should be called "Phebe Monday," that being the day on which she was found; but, somehow or other, I disliked the combination of sounds exceedingly; and, at last, at the suggestion of the nurse mother, we affixed Fortune to her Christian designation; and, after the ceremony, which was performed in the gardener's house, we drank a glass of ginger wine to the health and long life of little Phebe Fortune, the foundling. Through the kindness of Lord C——, I had the privilege of walking when I chose in his extensive gardens and pleasure-grounds, which were in my parish, and adjoining to the manse; and it was on one of the smooth rolled grass walks of this garden that I conducted little Phebe's first steps, when she put down her little foot for the first time, and stood almost erect on the grass. Oh, how the little doll screamed and chuckled as she tumbled over and rolled about; ever and anon stretching out her little hand, and asking, as it were, my assistance, in aiding her inexperience and weakness. However, "*Tentando fimus fabri*," by effort frequently repeated success is at last secured; and Phebe at last flew off from me like an arrow, and, like an arrow, too, alighted, head foremost, on the soft sward. Phebe won all hearts when she began to syllable people's names. Me she called "minny-man;" my wife, "minny-man-minny;" and her own nurse, "mother, ma, ma, bonny ma! guid ma!" Year rolled on after year, and little Phebe was the talk of all the country round. People passing on the highroad stopped and spoke to her. Phebe used often to visit the manse, and to play with my youngest daughter only a few months younger than herself, whilst I have often sat in my elbow chair, called in the family "Snug," and said to myself, "I am sure I cannot tell which of these children I am most attached to." All the features and properties of little Phebe were aristocratic: beautiful feet and ankles; small, little plump hands, and finely tapered fingers; an eye of the purest water and of the most noble expression, beaming through a curtain of deep blue, under a canopy of the finest auburn; a brow, nose, lips, and chin, all exquisitely formed and proportioned. No child in the neighborhood could be compared with Phebe. Even my wife, prejudiced as she naturally was in favor of her own offspring, used sometimes to say—"Our Jessie looks well enough, but that child Phebe is a pear of another tree." To this I readily assented, as I had no inclination to hint even the identity of the tree, or the affinity of the fruit.

One day I was walking with little Phebe (who had now attained her seventh year, and exhausted the last penny of the hundred pounds) in my own little garden—we were quite alone, when the girl all at once stopped her playfulness (for she was now a very lark), and, taking a hold of my

hand, pulled me gently, nothing loath, into an adjoining little arbor; after I was seated, and Phebe had taken her wonted station betwixt my knees, reserving either knee for future convenience, the little angel looked up in my face so innocently and so sweetly, saying—

"You are Jessie's pa, are not you?"

"Yes," I replied, "my dear child, I am."

"But where is my pa? have I no pa? Gardener says you know all about it."

I regretted exceedingly that anything should have passed betwixt the foster-parents and their charge, upon the subject; but since it was so, I judged it best at once to tell the child the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Phebe looked me most intently in the face as I proceeded, and, when I had finished by kissing her, and assuring her that, whilst I lived, she should never want a pa, the poor dear burst into tears, exclaiming, in an accent of complete misery—

"No pa! no ma! Everybody has pa's and ma's but Phebe. Dear, dear minny" —a term by which she still addressed me —"can you not tell me anything about my own ma?"

I assured her that I could not, having not the least information on the subject.

"Maybe she's dead"—and here again her feelings overcame her, and she laid her head on my knee, with all its luxuriant tresses; and I felt the tears warm on my person.

From this day Phebe Fortune became a different child. Even at an early age she had learned to think; but had been hitherto very averse to learning, or school education. She was henceforth diligent and attentive, making rapid progress in reading, writing, and accounts. Her foster-mother taught her sewing; and little Phebe, by the time she was eleven years old, was quite accomplished in all the necessary and useful parts of a female education. But, alas! the instability of human affairs!—poor Phebe caught a fever, which she communicated to her foster-mother, and which occasioned *her* death in a few weeks, whilst Phebe slowly recovered. The gardener's heart was broken —he had long been subject to occasional fits of low spirits. Whether from accident or not was never fully ascertained, nor even closely investigated; but he was found one morning drowned, in a pond of water which ornamented the east corner of the garden ground. As my own family was numerous, and my stipend limited, I behoved to endeavor to place Phebe in some way of doing for herself—still hoping, however, that time, ere long, would withdraw the veil, and discover the sunny side of Phebe Fortune's history. Seldom did a carriage pass the manse by the king's highway, that my wife did not conjecture that it might perhaps stop at the bottom of the avenue, and emit a fine lady, with fine manners and a genteel tongue, to claim our now highly interesting ward. But the perverse carriages persevered in rolling rapidly along, till, at last, one fine sunny afternoon, one did actually stop, and out stepped the lady, middle-aged, splendidly attired, and advanced towards our habitation. My wife's heart was at her mouth—she ran through the house in a few seconds, from bottom to top, had Phebe put into her best attire, and all diligence served upon the dusting and cleaning of carpets and chairs. The lady appeared; but, to my wife's great disappointment, proved to be no other than an old pupil of my own, who, in passing, had heard of my residence, and wished kindly to renew an acquaintance, interrupted by, perhaps, not less than thirty years. Still my wife would not give up the notion that Phebe resembled Lady D—— exceedingly, and that Lady D—— seemed to eye her with more complacency than any of the rest of the children. In the course of conversation, I had occasion to acknowledge that the beautiful being whom Lady D—— admired above all the rest of my fine family, was a foundling. This led to

a detail of the whole matter; and Lady D——, having conversed for a little while with Phebe, took such a liking to the girl, that she proposed having her continually about her person, as a kind of superior waiting-maid, half menial and half companion, and to remove her from under our roof on the instant. Although this was an offer too good and too opportune to be negatived, yet we could not think of parting with our darling Phebe on so short a warning; and, after some remonstrances on both sides, it was agreed that the carriage should be sent for Phebe and me on a future day, which was named, and that I should spend a few days with my old pupil, in her recently acquired and lately inhabited mansion-house of Rosehall, little more than thirty miles distant. The interval which took place betwixt this proposal and its accomplishment, was spent in needlework, and other little feminine preparations; and, as the day approached, we all felt as if we could have wished that we had rejected the proposal with disdain. Phebe was often seen in tears—but she was all resignation, and rejoiced that I was to accompany her, and see her fairly entered. At last, the dreadful carriage, with its four horses, came into view, at the foot of our avenue (which, though possessed of a sufficiently imposing appellation, was nothing more nor less than a very bad and nearly impassable cart-road), and we all began our march to meet the vehicle. Promises of future visits were spoken of, and made, and solemnly sworn to—a home, house, our manse was declared to Phebe at all times; but, particularly, should she find herself unhappy in her new position; and it was with difficulty that I got the now truly lovely, and all but woman, Phebe, torn from the grasp and cling of my daughters, and handed into the splendid and richly lined chariot.

In the family of Lady D——, Phebe's duties were at once easy and agreeable. She waited upon her mistress's bell in the morning, and was soon taught how to assist at the toilet. During the day, she either read aloud, whilst her Ladyship reposed after her forenoon's walk or drive, or looked after the health and comfort of two favorite lap-dogs. At night, again, she renewed her closet assistance, reading aloud some paragraph which she had marked in a newspaper, and detailing such little domestic incidents as came within the range of her somewhat limited sphere of observation. Lord D—— was much engaged in public business (being lord-lieutenant of the county), and in carrying on some agricultural speculations by which he was much engrossed. There were two young Honorables of the fair sex, and an only son—then attending his studies at Oxford—children of the family. Phebe Fortune was now fifteen, and seemed to increase in loveliness, and the most kindly, intelligent expression of countenance, daily. Her eyes were heaven's own *blue*—

> "The little halcyon's azure plume
> Was never half so blue."

And then, when she spoke or smiled, her countenance was altogether overpowering; as well might you have attempted to look stedfastly upon the sun in his midday radiance. Of *her* far more truly and forcibly might it have been said or sung, than of the "Lassie wi' the Lint-white Locks"—

> "She talked, she smiled, my heart she wiled,
> She charmed my soul, I wat na hoo;
> But aye the stound, the deadly wound
> Cam frae her een sae bonny blue."

Phebe, by my own arrangement with Lady D——, was not exposed to any intimacy with the servants, male or female. She had her own apartment and table; and all the menial duties were performed to her as regularly as to any branch of the family. It was soon after my return from a three weeks' visit at Rosehall, that I received the following letter from Phebe. I got it at the post-office, unknown to any of my family; and I kept it, as was my custom when I had anything agreeable to communicate, till after dinner. The board having been cleared, and a tumbler of warm toddy made, my wife's single glass having

been filled out, and my daughters having turned them all ear, I proceeded to read the following maiden epistle of Phebe Fortune :—

" Dear, dear Papa, and ever dear Mamma, and all my own Sisters dear,—I am happy here ; Lady D—— is so kind to me ; and Lord D—— looks very kind too, though he has not spoken to me yet —but then you see he is always engaged ; and the honorable young ladies—but I do not think they are quite so kind ; and they are so pretty too, and so happy looking ! Oh, I wish they would like me ! If they would only speak to me now and then as they pass me on the stair ; but they only stop and laugh to one another, and then they toss their heads ; and I can hear them say something about ' upsetting,' and ' mamma's whim, and papa's absurdity.' I'm sure—I'm sure, my dear parents—(for alas ! I have none other, though I dream sometimes that I have, and I feel so happy and delighted that I always awake crying) —but what was I going to say ?—you know I never wrote any letters before, and you will excuse this I know—I could not, I am sure, speak of whim or absurdity in regard to you, my dear benefactors. But I will try never to mind it. Lady D—— is so very kind. I sometimes go out with the little dogs, Poodle and Clara ; they are such dear pets, I could take them, and do often take them to my bosom. And then, the other day, when I was sitting playing with Clara and Poodle, beneath the elm tree, the gardener's son passed me, and—no he did not pass, that is to say not all at once—but he stopped, and asked me to take a flower, which he had pulled for me, which I did, and then he offered to show me through the hot-houses, but I did not go. My dear mamma, do you think I should have gone ? And then he left me ; but yesterday a little boy gave me the following letter. And all that the letter contained is this—

" If you love me as I love thee,
What a loving couple we shall be !"

Love him !—oh, no—no—no—I will never, never walk that way again—I will never, never speak to him more. I love you, my own dear papa, and mamma, and my sisters, and Lady D——, and the two little dear doggies ; but I never could love Donald M'Naughton ; not but that he is good-looking, too, and young, and respected in the family ; but he never can be a father or a mother to me you know, as you have been. Oh ! do write me soon, soon—and tell me all about the garden, and the ash-tree, and the arbor, and the flowers, and old Neptune your favorite, and everything.

I remain, most affectionately yours,
PHEBE FORTUNE.

" P.S.—But Fortune is not my name. Oh, that I had a name worth writing !—such a name as Lindsay, Crawford, Hamilton, Douglas. Oh ! how beautifully Phebe Douglas would look on paper, and sound in one's ears !"

Such was the state of Phebe's mind and feelings at that interesting period of life when the female is in the transition from the mere girl to the real woman ; and it was about this very period, when all the feelings are peculiarly alive to each fine impulse, that it fell to Phebe's lot to be severely tried. Day after day, and week after week, Lady D—— missed some valuable article of dress, some Flanders lace, some costly trinket, a ring it might be, or a bracelet. At last Lady D—— thought it proper to inform her lord of the fact, who, upon obtaining a search warrant unknown to any one save his lady, had the trunks of the whole household establishment strictly searched. Poor Phebe's little chest, " wi' her a' in't," discovered, to the amazement of all, the whole lot of the missing articles. Lady D—— looked as if she had been suddenly struck with lightning ; whilst poor Phebe regarded the whole as a jest, a method adopted by her Lady or his Lordship, to try her character and firmness. She absolutely laughed

at the denouement, and seemed altogether unconcerned about the matter. This, to his Lordship in particular, appeared to be a confirmation of guilt; and he immediately ordered her person to be secured, evidence of her guilt to be made out, and a criminal trial to be instituted. When the full truth dawned upon poor Phebe, she sat as one would do who is vainly endeavoring to recollect something which has escaped her memory. Her color left her; she was pale as Parian marble; her eyes became dim, and her ears rang; she fainted; and it was not till after great and repeated exertion that she was recovered, through the usual painful steps, to a perception of the outward world. She looked wildly around her. Lady D—— was standing with her handkerchief at her eyes—she had wept aloud.

"O Phebe," said her Ladyship, "are you guilty of this?"

Phebe repeated the word "guilty" twice, looked wildly on Lady D——'s eyes, and then, in an unsettled and alarmed manner, all round the room.

"Guilty!" she repeated—"Guilty of what? Who is guilty? It is not he. I am sure he could not be guilty. Oh, no—no—no—he is my father, my friend, my protector, my minny, my dear, dear minny—he could not do it! he never did it! You are all wrong!—and my poor, poor, head, is odd—odd—odd!" Thus saying, she clasped her forehead in a frenzied manner, and nature again came to her relief in a second pause of insensibility, from which she only recovered to indicate that her remaining faculties had seemingly left her. Time, however, gradually awakened her to a perception of the sad reality; and it was from a chamber in the castle, to which she was confined, that she wrote the following letter to her original and kind protector:—

"Oh, my ever dear Friend,—Your Phebe is accused of—I cannot write it, I cannot bear to look at the horrid word—of stealing. Oh, that you had let me lie where the wickedness of an unknown parent exposed my helpnessness to the random tread of the passenger! Oh, come and see me; I grow positively confused; your Phebe is imprisoned in her own chamber; but my poor head is swimming again—there—there—I see everybody whirling about on the chimney-tops—there they go—there they go! I can only see to write Phebe."

There was no date to this sad scrawl; but it needed none; for in twenty-four hours after it had arrived at the manse, I had set out on my way to Rosehall. The meeting betwixt the foster-father and the child was, of course, exceedingly affecting. Investigations into the whole matter were renewed; but no other way could be thought of for accounting for the presence of the missing property in Phebe's locked trunk, than the supposition which implied her guilt.

"I could stake my life, my salvation," said I, "on Phebe's innocence." But Lord D—— doubted; his Lady could not have believed it possible; but still there were, she said, similar cases on record—one, quite in point, had just occurred in her neighborhood, where the guilty party had, up to the dishonest act, borne a very high character. The circuit trial came on in about ten days, and Phebe, accompanied by the minister, and the best legal advice, was seated at the bar on her trial. Witnesses were examined, who swore that they saw the trunk opened, and Lady D——'s property discovered; others, particularly the lady's maid, swore that she all along suspected Phebe, from seeing her always shutting, and often locking her door inside. She once looked through the key-hole, and saw Phebe busied with her trunk; she saw something in her hand that sparkled. Phebe had no exculpatory evidence but her simple averment that she knew not how the articles came there—

she never brought them. The king's advocate having restricted the sentence, and the jury having brought in unanimously a verdict of guilty, the judge was on the point of pronouncing a sentence of banishment, when the poor pannel fainted. It was a most affecting scene to hear the sentence of banishment pronounced over a piece of insensate clay. All wept—even the judge; and Phebe was carried out of the court, apparently quite dead.

Next morning I was found sitting with a cheerful countenance by Phebe's couch, in the prison-house. I had good news, I said, to impart to her :—

"The girl who has been the principal witness against you, has been suddenly seized, during the night, with an excruciating and evidently fatal disease; in the agonies of death she has confessed to me, and in the presence of Lady D—— too, that she had sworn to a lie; that she herself, with her own hand, and by means of a false key, placed the articles—which she had originally stolen with the view of retaining them—in your chest. This she had done from jealousy, having observed that her lover, the gardener's son, had fixed his affections upon you."

All this was solemnly attested in the presence of witnesses, and all this was conveyed in a suitable manner to the judge; in consequence of which, and through the usual preliminary steps, Phebe was set free, and again admitted into the full confidence and the friendship of the family.

It so happened, that a young nobleman had witnessed the whole trial from the bench, and had taken an exceeding interest in Phebe, whose beautiful and modest demeanor and countenance not even despair could entirely disfigure. Having made some inquiries respecting her history, he was led to make more, and discovered considerable emotion when I unfolded the whole truth to him. Still he said nothing, but took his departure, with many thanks for the information given. In a few days this same young nobleman, of remarkably fine features and pleasing expression, returned to the Manse of C——, having an elderly gentleman in the carriage along with him. He requested a private interview with me; and, in the presence of his friend, I travelled over again the whole particulars of the foundling's story, comparing dates, and investigating seeming inconsistencies. At last, he declared, at once, and in tears of amazement and joy—"Phebe Fortune is my own—my only *sister!*" I looked incredulous, and almost hinted at insanity; but the young nobleman still persevered in his averment. His father, a nobleman of high rank, far south of the Tweed, in order to gratify a passion which had driven him almost mad, had consented to *pretend* to marry privately (his own father being still alive, and set upon his son's marrying his cousin the Honorable Miss D——) a most beautiful girl, the daughter of a Chester yeoman of high respectability. The lady was removed from her native home, and lodged in a remote quarter of the town of Liverpool. A report was fabricated, and spread abroad by means of the newspapers, that a lady, who was minutely described, had jumped one evening into a boat, and, being rowed, at her request, to some distance, had plunged into the sea, and perished. Phebe's parents investigated the matter, as far as the boatman's evidence was concerned, and were satisfied, from his description of her person, that their dear Phebe, who, for some time past, had appeared troubled and even dispirited, had adopted suicide as a refuge from all her earthly cares. Phebe and the Honorable Mr. L—— met frequently in secret, and a daughter was the fruit of their interviews. This daughter the young nobleman proposed to put out to nurse; but in reality, to put beyond the reach of being ever recognised as his. A confidential person was obtained, herself a Scotchwoman, to carry the child into Fife, and there to expose it, under the

circumstances and with the provision already mentioned. This person chanced to be a parishioner of mine, and the consequences were as already described. Having executed her task, she married a soldier, with whom she soon after sailed for our West India settlements. Phebe's second birth proved to be a male; and the boy was about to be removed in a similar manner from the mother, when she absconded from her now tyrannical husband and her concealed home, refusing to be again separated from her own offspring. Her parents, who had regarded her as dead, were sufficiently surprised, but by no means gratified, when Phebe appeared again with the child in her arms. In the meantime, Lord L—— died, and the Honorable youth became Baron L—— of Houston-hope. Poor Phebe's averment respecting her previous marriage was regarded, even by her parents, as somewhat suspicious; and not being able to command the testimony of the person who had married them, she was compelled to remain silent. The effort, however, soon cost her her life; and the boy, by his acknowledged father's interest, was placed in the army, and sent out to the West Indies. There he accidentally met with the woman his mother had often mentioned to him, who had carried off his sister. She confessed the whole truth to him; and, after a year or two, they both returned in the same ship to England. By this time, the noble husband, being free to dispose of his hand in matrimony, proposed, not for his cousin, as his father had contemplated, but for the daughter of an exceedingly wealthy Liverpool merchant. This person happened to be a near relative of him who had called what was deemed only a pretended priest to perform the marriage ceremony; and, seeing the danger which his relative would run, should he give away his daughter, in hopes of her offspring heiring the title and property, when a legitimate heir probably existed, he divulged the secret to his relations. This naturally led to a denouement; and Lord L—— being thus frustrated in his object, and being at the same time a person governed more by passion than reason, shot the person who had deceived him through the arm; and then, thinking that he had committed murder, he blew out his own brains.

The brother of Phebe, after a long and complicated legal investigation, was declared and served heir to the title and vast property. Taking the clergyman who had married his mother along with him, he had gone into Scotland, partly to visit his uncle, Lord D——, and partly, by the assistance of the priest and Scotchwoman, to discover what had become of his sister. Her likeness to himself and his mother had struck him forcibly in court, and the investigation and discovery followed.

To describe the interview betwixt the brother and sister is far beyond my power. Every heart will appreciate it more than ink and paper can possibly express. It was a pure—a long—a terrible embrace; but it spoke volumes, heart met heart, and lips were glued to lips, till breathing became inconvenient. All parties rejoiced. Phebe, on her way south along with her brother, spent a whole day at the Manse. I was absolutely insane with joy; and my wife told me privately — "My dear, our fortune is made; we'll get all our boys out to India now." My daughters, too, kissed and fondled their sister, "and all went merry as a marriage bell."

"How sweet is pleasure after pain!"

The contrast of Phebe's fortune greatly enhanced the enjoyment; and, in the space of a few short months, Phebe Fortune was married to her own cousin, the son of Lord and Lady D——, her kind protectors. The old couple are still alive; but their children, with a numerous offspring, live upon one of their estates in Ayrshire, and exhibit to all around them the blessings which a humane and generous aristocracy may disseminate

amidst neighbors and dependents. The brother of Phebe, Lord L——, still remains a bachelor; but has proved to his mother's relatives, as well as to the parties who befriended her by deceiving his dishonorable parent, that he feels the obligation, and rewards it, by making them one way or another entirely independent.

I go my weekly rounds amongst those now happy families, and have experienced the truth of my wife's prophecy; for both my boys are advantageously disposed of, and, on the marriage of my eldest daughter, Phebe Fortune made her a present of one thousand pounds.

THE POACHER'S PROGRESS.

The poacher is a common character; and, although there is no guilt in his occupation itself, yet he who is in the everyday practice of breaking the laws of man, from the very habits and fears attendant upon such practice, unconsciously becomes ready to break the laws of his Maker. The sin is as small on the part of a poor man killing a bird or a leveret for gain, as on the part of a rich man killing it for amusement. Yet I have seldom known a confirmed poacher who did not eventually become a person of reckless and desperate character. His living in the constant fear of detection—the jeopardy of his calling—the secrecy of his actions—insensibly blunt and destroy his better feelings and principles; and I have often thought that our game-laws are laws made for the amusement of the rich, at the expense of the morals of the poor. But, to drop this, I shall briefly sketch the progress of a poacher.

Adam Black was the son of a farmer of the old school, who rented some hundred acres near a part of the debatable grounds between Roxburgh and Northumberland. Adam received a respectable education; but he was of idle habits from his boyhood upwards. It is but seldom that we hear much good of a person who is given to idleness; and we have a proverb that says, "If the devil find a man idle, he generally sets him to work." There is much truth in the adage. Yet, it may almost be said, that, instead of being tempted, an idle man actually holds out a temptation to the tempter—he invites him to his destruction. I have said, however, that Adam Black was idle from his youth. When he became a lad, no portion of his thoughts was given to the business of the farm. Give Adam his dog and his gun, and that was all he desired, all he cared for. He turned a deaf ear to the admonitions of his father, and the counsels of his mother were laughed at. His gun by day, and his gins or his snares by night, were the sole occupants of his thoughts. But as yet he was not vicious; and his only faults were, that he was given to idleness and poaching. He, perhaps, had a redeeming quality in the warmness of his heart, if it was not more than counterbalanced by the excess of his passions; for he was headstrong, vehement, revengeful.

At the age of three-and-twenty, and while he yet lived with his father, Adam married. His parents offered no opposition to his wishes, for the object of his choice was a maiden of sweet and gentle disposition, and of blameless character; and, though poor, they trusted that her influence would arouse their son to habits

of industry and exertion. Some said that she had made a good match, because, being the daughter of a simple shepherd, she had married the only son of a farmer; but there were others who observed more closely, and who saw deeper, that shook their heads, and said, "she was too good for his wife." But it is frequently difficult to account for a woman's affections; the cause that produced them is often as mysterious, as their depth is intense. A thousand bards have sung of WOMAN'S LOVE; and, although

"nae poet in a sense,
But just a rhymer like, by chance."

I shall interrupt my story for a minute's space, to sing of it also.

Say not it is the flickering flame
That all have felt—that all must feel—
Which comes, and goeth as it came—
That fleeteth, changeth, as the wheel
Of caprice or young fancy turns;
Nay, 'tis the strong, the deep emotion
Of the full heart whose fixed devotion
Through adverse fate and coldness burns,
That marks a woman's love.

Oh, 'tis a glad, a holy glow—
An angel's dream—a seraph's bliss—
A theft from heavenly joy to know—
To feel, to own, to know but this:
That there is one—a lovely one—
The life, the partner of our being—
Who, all our faults and follies seeing,
Can love, and love but us alone,
With all a woman's love.

Within her bosom is a fire
That burneth with a light divine,
Which, when opposing ills conspire
To cloud the soul will burst—will shine
Within, around—and joyous throw
A ray of hope o'er him she loveth,
Till heaven the kindred flame approveth,
And half the pain of fate—of wo,
Is lost in woman's love.

Such a woman became the wife of Adam Black; but although he was proud of her love, though he was conscious of it and jealous of it, he had not principle enough within him to appreciate it. She, therefore, produced no abiding change upon his habits; and although, in a measure, he was broken from them for a time, within three months he returned to them as the swine doth to its wallowing in the mire. For some weeks she occupied his thoughts, and her words had influence; but he returned again to his dog and to his gun—her counsel became irksome—he received it peevishly, and he thought as little of her as of his duties on the farm.

Within the first year after his marriage his mother died; and in the third year, a paralytic stroke fell upon his father, as though Death had tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Come." The old man felt that his days were numbered—that the last warning had been given; and he called his son to his bedside, and said—

"Adam! I am about to leave you; and, O man, will ye listen to a faither's dying advice?"

"Yes, faither!" cried Adam—for I have said that he was warm-hearted—and he wept as he spoke.

"Oh, then, my son," continued the old man, "hearken to my last words—the last words o' yer faither, Adam. I dinna say that ye are vicious, but, oh! ye hae been thoughtless—ye are far from what I would wish to see ye. It isna meikle that I hae to leave ye; but if ye dinna take care o't, it will waste frae amang yer hands like snaw aff a dyke. Ye are now also a faither, and a young family are rising around ye; and, oh, for their sakes, and for the sake o' the mother that bore them, see that ye set them the example o' a Christian, that they may not rise up as witnesses against you at the great day. Do ye hear me, Adam? O my son, say that ye will follow your faither's dying injunction, and I will die in peace."

Adam wrung his father's hand, and hid his face upon the bed to conceal his agony. "It's enough," said the dying man—"thank God, the voice of conscience is not dumb in the breast of my bairn!"

On the death of his father, Adam became the occupier of the farm; but he neglected it, and I need not say that in return, fortune neglected him. His fields and his crops became a jest among his neighbors, and the former they called "Idle Adam's pleasure-grounds." But

the lease expired, and, because he had been a slothful tenant, the landlord refused to renew it.

The money which his father had left him, was reduced to about a hundred pounds, when he was compelled to leave the farm, and he removed with his family to a small cottage which stood on the road-side, in a lonely part of the country, and about ten miles from the farm on which he had been brought up. Here Adam took up his abode, as though the hundred pounds would provide for his family for ever.

He did nothing, save to prowl about behind the hedges with his gun over his arm, or, in the dead of night, to rob the preserves of the gentlemen in the neighborhood. His poor wife strove anxiously, and with tears, to reclaim him—to arouse him to honest exertion. She reminded him of the destitution that was creeping around them, and every day narrowing its circle. She drew her infant children round his knees, and implored him to provide for them. But his answer was, "We shall do well enough—I will be my own master."

"Ay," replied she, "and the slave of the law!"

"Hang the law!" returned he; "what care I for the law!"

For a time their cottage had an appearance of cleanliness and neatness, but gradually it began to exhibit the marks of poverty and wretchedness, as her spirit broke, and she found her love lost, and her counsel of no avail. Old garments supplied the place of glass in one-half of the window—the well-scoured and sanded threshold was no longer visible, but stagnant water lay in little pools before the door, and around them ragged and squalid children quarrelled with each other.

They were sent to no school—it was but little instruction that their mother could give them; and the little she endeavored to give, the example of their father destroyed. The only education they received was such as would enable them to become poachers like himself; and before the eldest was seven years of age, he was sent to the neighboring towns to sell the game which his father had destroyed.

People wondered how Adam Black lived, for he wrought none; and although they knew him to be a poacher, they could not see how by such means he provided food for himself and family. And although his children were in rags, and his wife never seen, his appearance approached what might be termed respectable. He wore a large velvet coat, made after the fashion of a sportsman's, and, in general, his vest and trousers were of the same material. Every day his voice was heard in the ale-house of a neighboring village, and by his side, on such occasions, crouched a dog of the pointer breed—a living emblem of hunger and leanness.

But famine often pressed hard upon the family; and when he would have wrought for them, no one would employ him; and once, when want gnawed at his heart, and remorse stung his soul, he would have lifted up his hand against his own life, had not the daughter of a Mr. Nisbet, who was the clergyman of the parish, at the very moment, like an angel of mercy, visited the cottage, and having heard of the destitution of its inmates, come to relieve them.

Such was the life of the poacher for several years, and as yet he had been guilty of no actual crime. He had carried on his trade without detection, defying the law, and laughing the landed proprietors around him, and their gamekeepers, to scorn. At length he was caught in the preserve of a gentleman in the neighborhood, with three pheasants in the bag which he carried by his side. He resisted the attempt to seize him—he levelled his fowling-piece, and fired upon his assailants; but they were not injured, and it was believed that he did not fire with the wish of wounding them. He, however, was made prisoner, tried, and sentenced to transportation for seven years. No one

made application for a mitigation of the punishment, and it was carried into effect.

On his departure, his neglected wife roused herself from the lethargy of despair which his habits had brought upon her spirit. She refused parish relief, and the farmers around admired her conduct and pitied her distress. She became washerwoman and laundress to all the respectable families around her; and when she had toiled as such in their houses, yet even at midnight the lamp was seen flickering in her cottage, and the stranger who passed it heard the busy sound of her spinning-wheel. She taught her little daughters to knit, and she sent them to gather wool amongst the whins and hedges Her sons were employed on the surrounding farms, and each, in their turn, she sent for a quarter of a year to the parish school. The stagnant water was no longer seen at the door, but again there appeared the clean and sanded threshold—the old garments were removed from the windows, and glass supplied their place. She obtained the respect of all who knew her, and the pity they at first felt for her gave place to esteem. When the name of Janet Black was mentioned, it was ever said that "she deserved a better fate." Yet she often mourned to find that her influence was inadequate wholly to eradicate the habits which their father's example had instilled into his children.

But seven years passed, and Adam Black returned from being a convict in the hulks to his family. When he entered the cottage, Janet sprang up and received him with open arms. She had wept over his punishment, but she had trusted that it would effect a reformation of his propensities. When she had called her children around him, and desired him to look now upon one, and now upon another, to observe how they had grown, and to tell him how they had wrought for her, and how one had become a scholar, and all could read, she again flung her arms around his neck, and said—

"And now, dear Adam, we shall a' be happy—for, after a', yours wasna a crime that we need hang our heads about—it was only what hundreds do daily—though it maybe wasna richt. But ye winna be looked down upon on account o't—for it wasna like stealing—and I'm sure I'll be able to get ye wark, for a' the gentry round hae been kind to us.'

"Work!—ha!" muttered Adam sullenly; and he coldly acknwledged the tenderness of his wife.

She saw, she felt, that he cared not for her, and his indifference went to her heart. Yet she fondly trusted, by her affection, to win back his, and to lead him also to habits of industry. But her hope was vain. To be doomed to wear the felon's chain, and to mingle with convicts for years, may be a punishment, and it may make men worse than they were before the law condemned them; but that it can reform them is all but impossible. It had wrought no reformation on Adam Black, but it had rendered him more callous and more desperate; it had caused him to associate with wretches who made him acquainted with crimes of which he had never dreamed, and their habits gradually became his habits, and their thoughts his thoughts. He had been sent amongst felons for killing a pheasant, and he returned from amongst them capable of murdering a fellow-being.

Poor Janet shuddered at the words which she heard him utter—for, with strange and wicked oaths, he vowed vengeance on the individual who had prosecuted him; and she flung her arms around his neck, and kissed his forehead, yea, wept before him, and prayed that he would be calm, and tenderly, earnestly urged upon him the duty of forgiveness to enemies; but at her entreaties, and the sight of her tenderness, he raged the more furiously.

"Away with your foolery, woman!" he exclaimed, pushing her rudely from him; "talk not of forgiveness to me! Have I not worn the chains with which they de-

graded me—worn them till the iron entered my flesh—yet you talk of forgiveness! Do not torment me—I shall be revenged!" And he uttered words which we cannot write.

He inquired for his gun; and when informed that it had been sold to clothe his children during his absence, he grated his teeth together, and his eyes flashed with indignation—but he said little. He had brought home a few pounds with him; and, on the day after his return, he visited the ale-house which had before been his habitual place of rendezvous. There also he purchased a fowling-piece from an acquaintance. He seized it eagerly in his hands; and, though he had manifested no joy at the sight of his wife and children, when he again handled his favorite instrument, he leaped upon the floor, he examined it in every part, he almost pressed it to his lips.

That very night he returned home laden with game.

"O Adam! Adam, man!" cried Janet, as he flung the birds upon the table, "have we no had enough o' this wark, think ye, yet? Has a' that ye hae suffered, and that we hae suffered, no been a lesson to ye? O Adam! will ye really persevere in this dangerous course until ye are torn frae your wife an' bairns again? O bairns!" added she, addressing her children, "for dearsake, tak thae birds out o' my sight—burn them!—bury them in the yard!—diuna let them remain beneath this roof! O Adam! for my sake—for the sake o' your family—gie owre this, an' I'll work for ye, dear—we'll a' work for ye, till the bluid run owre our finger-ends, if ye'll only be prevailed upon to desist frae such a practice."

"Wheest, old fool!" said he, pushing her roughly aside; "get the birds dressed—it is long since I tasted the food I am fondest of."

"No, Adam—no!" returned she, firmly; "rather wad I cut my hands aff than touch a feather o' them."

"Idiot!" retorted he, stamping his foot and scowling upon her; and, ordering one of his daughters to prepare two of the birds for supper, the poor girl looked first anxiously at her mother, and then tremblingly at her father, and obeyed him.

Janet sat sorrowful and silent for a few moments, and tears ran down her cheeks. He to whom she had given her young affections, and from whom, unworthy as he was, her heart had never swerved, had looked upon her with coldness, he had spoken to her with anger and contempt—and these are hard things for a wife to bear. She had endured sorrow, she had suffered shame, for his sake, yet she felt his present treatment worse than all. Yet affection, and a desire for her husband's reformation and safety, prevailed over every other feeling, and she rose, her countenance expressive of anxious and imploring tenderness, and laid her hand on his, and said earnestly—

"Dear Adam!"

"Dear devil!" rejoined the monster, dashing away her hand, "has the woman parted with the little sense she ever had! See that the girl cook those birds right, and let me have none of your preaching."

She sat down in silence, and endeavored, as she best could, to conceal the agony of a blighted heart.

He returned to his old courses—drinking by day, and poaching by night; and wasting not only the money which the game he destroyed produced, but the earnings also of his wife and family.

About twelve months after his return from banishment, the two oldest of his children fell sick of a fever and died; those that were left were unable to provide for themselves; and his heart-broken wife became feeble of body and almost imbecile of mind. Again the cottage bore the impress of wretchedness. About this time, also, sheep were frequently stolen from the flocks of the gentleman who had been accessary to his punishment. Adam was suspected, and his cottage was

searched; but there was nothing found in it that could criminate him, though the conviction was strong on every mind that he was the depredator. At length want drove him from the cottage, and he removed no one knew where, taking his wife and children with him.

It has been mentioned that, at a time when Adam Black's family were in want, and when famine and remorse were goading him to destruction, their wants were relieved by the daughter of a Mr. Nisbet, who was the clergyman of the parish. Now, it was about three years after the poacher had left the scene of his depredations, that Mr. Nisbet proceeded to Edinburgh upon business, intending to return in a few days. But, day after day, his daughter looked for him in vain. He came not, and no tidings were heard concerning him. A messenger was dispatched to Edinburgh to inquire respecting him; and it was ascertained that he had left that city in a coach which passed within three miles of his manse, and there it was found that he had left it to proceed home on foot; but, beyond this, no trace of him could be found, though rewards were offered and diligent search made over the country. Many were the surmises regarding his fate, but his disappearance remained involved in mystery. Some, remembering the character of the poacher, and that suspicion would have attached to him, said—"Well, that is one thing idle Adam is innocent of."

At the period of her father's disappearance, Mary Nisbet was not beyond the age when reason, though not immature, is least powerful, the world most alluring, and sorrow wildest. She had been suddenly deprived of her only protector, her only relative. But, educated as she had been—the sole child of a country clergyman, springing up like a solitary but lovely flower in the wilderness, concentrating in its own bright hues the colors of every ray that the sun scattered over the barren desert—she endeavored, by the precepts her father had taught her, to subdue the intensity of her feelings; and, a few months after his disappearance, partly to beguile her grief, and partly from the hope of hearing something that might throw light upon his fate, she accepted an invitation to visit a friend in Leith.

To cheer her melancholy, her friends took her to visit every object of interest in and around the Modern Athens; though at that period it had not the same claims to the appellation that it has now. One object only remained unvisited, an object which few of her sex would be desirous of beholding. Mary had never seen the interior of a prison; and, to the surprise of her friends, she expressed a determination to visit the city jail. She allowed it was a strange wish, but she could not drive it from her thoughts. On the following day, they accompanied her to the gloomy abode of iniquity and punishment, where crime, like a tiger, crouches ready to spring upon its victims as they enter, and complete within the walls of a prison the work of depravity it had already begun.

She shuddered as she beheld the keepers, with suspicion written on their eyeballs, slowly turn lock after lock, surveying the visitors with jealous scrutiny as they entered, and suddenly closing upon them one massy door after another, till they were enveloped in the innermost places of guilt. And there, the profane impenitence of fallen wretches, from the grey-haired criminal to the felon of ten years old, made humanity tremble and Christianity bleed. There, the elder corrupted the younger, laughed the lingering fragments of conscience to scorn, and developed the broad ways of vice. Some few mourned over their *first* crime, and trembled to think of the miserable futurity that awaited them, when the days of their punishment would be past, and they should be again cast upon the world, the shunned of society.*

* It is a desideratum amongst the benevolent institutions of our country, that, for the class of un-

They were shown into the cell of a miserable being lying under sentence of death for murder. He was seated on a low stool in the darkest corner of his dungeon, his elbows resting on his knees, and his face buried in his hands. His body rocked backward and forward convulsively, his fetters clanked with the melancholy motion, and his deep groans at times burst forth, in the bitterness of remorse, into an agonizing howl. He appeared alike insensible of their approach or their presence. They were about to depart, when he started up in a paroxysm of despair, and dashed his clenched hands against his forehead. His eyes, which were red with agony, fell upon Mary. He sprang back—he seized his chains and attempted to tear them from their fastenings; and, still riveting his eyes upon her features, he uttered a wild scream, and, as they were turning away in horror, exclaimed—

"Stay, Mary Nisbet—stay!" Her heart throbbed fast and painfully, as she heard her name thus suddenly and unexpectedly pronounced in such a place, and by such a being, and she clung closer to the arm of her friend: for there is something in the presence of a murderer from which the stoutest heart recoils, not with fear, but horror.

"Hear me!" he cried—"turn not away. Look upon me—know me! Art thou come to heap an orphan's curse upon the doomed of Heaven and of man? Hear me! my words are already steeped in the fury of despair—they burn my own throat! Look on me—*look on your father's murderer!*" As he said this, he again howled wildly, and struck his head against the wall.

"Miserable wretch!—*my father!*" exclaimed Mary. And, forgetful of her recent horror, she sprang forward and grasped him by the arm.

"Miserable indeed!—lost—ruined for ever!" screamed the wretched criminal. Mary trembled, wept, and fell back upon the shoulder of her friend.

"Ye have come to look on me as a wild beast," continued the murderer, vehemently; "ye have thrust your hand into its den, and it has not been withdrawn unwounded. But look on me again, and remember the features of a monster. Twelve years ago, Mary"——

Here the wretched man burst into tears, and wrung his hands upon his bosom. "Thank Heaven!" said her friend, "tears are the forerunners of repentance."

"Remorse! remorse!" ejaculated the hopeless criminal—"repentance is drowned in the blood of my victims." He paused a few moments, and again proceeded—"Twelve years ago I sat beneath your father's ministry. I resided in his parish. O death! I was then guiltless!—yes, yes—I was guiltless then! But what am I now?—a murderer!—the murderer of the very man who made me tremble at sin. Look on me, Mary—remember me now! In the midst of the hard winter, when labor was frozen up, and when I would have wrought if any man would have employed me, and when bread was buried in the granaries of the rich, you saved me from self-destruction—you saved my wife from death, my children from starvation!"

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fortunate beings above referred to, there is no place of refuge. When the period of their punishment has expired, they are again driven upon the world, without character, without friends—the outcasts of society—despised, shunned, and unpitied—persecuted by the virtuous, and welcomed only by the vicious—willing to repent, but to them the path of repentance is barricaded—with no hope, and no means of subsistence but to return to their former crimes! There is surely enough of pity and of Christian charity in the bosoms of the British public to attempt the rescue of such. It is a fearful thing to behold thousands of our fellow-beings, who would willingly return to the arms of honesty, driven again by *necessity* back upon guilt. It should be enough to say unto philanthropy, "Look upon these," that the work of their redemption might be begun. The amelioration of their condition, however, would require a remedy separate from an amendment of our prison discipline, or an enactment of the legislature.

"Adam Black!" exclaimed Mary—"wretched man! can it be possible?"

"It is possible," continued he; "it is true. You saved me from destroying myself, and I have become the destroyer of others. You snatched my wife from death, and I have trampled on her bosom—I have hurled her to a strange grave, with a broken heart. You saved my children from starvation, and I have blasted them by my example, and they have become a pestilence to society—they have broken the law and endured its punishment. O woman! I have run the race of the wicked—I have worn all the honors of sin! I started as a poacher and a drunkard, and I have ended as a murderer. Want, and the fear of detection of crimes that I had committed, drove me from your father's parish. I came to this city—without a character, without principles, without friends, and with no aim but to live, though how I knew not. I became a prowling fiend upon the streets, a housebreaker and a robber, and an associate of those with whom I had become acquainted when we were convicts together. Some months ago, I saw your father in this city. My chief confederate in guilt learned that he had drawn a considerable sum of money, with which he was to return home on the following day. We resolved that the money should be ours, and agreed to rob him by the way. The better to avoid detection, we concerted that the robbery should take place in his own parish. We set out on the day before he was to leave, and arrived at the footpaths leading across the moor to the manse, after nightfall. My companion took his station upon one path, and I upon another, at about four hundred yards distant from each other, lest we should miss our prey. Within an hour, your father approached by the path at which I lay in wait for him. I sprang before him. I demanded his money. He refused it. He grappled with me—he was too powerful for me—he knew me—he mentioned my name. Till then I had not thought of murder; but I drew my knife—I plunged it in his bosom, and he fell dead at my feet. The booty we expected I did not find. My companion came up, and, with our hands we dug a grave for my victim in the morass. My fellow in guilt accused me of having secreted your father's money before he came to me. With deep oaths, I swore that I had found none; but he believed me not. Afterwards, he saw notices of the rewards that were offered for the apprehension of the murderer, or to those who could give information respecting your father's fate. We were drinking together, when he threatened to give me up to justice and receive the reward. Stung to insanity and despair by his threats, I sprang to my feet, and buried in his body the same knife I had plunged in your father's bosom. He expired before me; I was seized before I withdrew my hand; and now I am doomed to death—death here and hereafter. I would have carried this confession to the grave—if there be a grave for me. Your father's fate should have remained a mystery till suspicion darkened the soul of the innocent; but your appearance here dragged it to my lips—an invisible power compelled me to make it—and, now you have heard it. Invoke the vengeance of Heaven upon me, and leave me."

Mary wept aloud for a few minutes, and, again addressing the criminal, said—"Unhappy man! waste not your numbered hours in wickedness and despair. Insult not the yet offered mercy of your Creator: for even for you, guilty as you are—and a more guilty man than you, Adam Black, breathes not upon the earth—yet even for you there is hope."

"Away, woman!" cried he impatiently; "am I a child, or am I an ignorant man, that ye preach to me! Did I not forsake my Maker in my youth, and dishonor Him with my strength, and will he accept my premature grey hairs? Shall He take me to heaven merely because I

fear hell? Away, woman! ye have heard all I have to tell thee! I have lived a sinner, but I will not die the hangman's fool, believing that the steps of the gallows, like Jacob's ladder, lead to heaven!"

"Adam Black!" said Mary, solemnly, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, "dost thou believe the Scriptures?"

"Yes!" exclaimed he, "I believe as devils believe—I believe and tremble; and already I feel the futurity that awaits me, in the absence of hope—in the gnawing of the worm that dieth not—in the burning of despair!"

"Wretched being!" said she, "add not wilful despair to the catalogue of your crimes."

"Woman, woman!" he cried, furiously—"why are ye come to torment me before my time! My conscience cried to me for years—'Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?' but I laughed at its voice, I drowned it in the yell of human fiends, and now it has turned upon my bosom, where it clings and stings as a scorpion! Away, woman! away! Torture me not—leave me!—leave me!"

She was supported from the prison in the arms of her friend; and, on the following day, Adam Black, her father's murderer, expiated his crimes upon a scaffold.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN AGED SPINSTER.

The poet of The Elegy *par excellence*, hath written two lines which run thus—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Now, I never can think of these lines but they remind me of the tender, delicate, living, breathing, and neglected flowers that bud, blossom, shed their leaves, and die, in cold unsunned obscurity—flowers that were formed to shed their fragrance around a man's heart, and to charm his eye—but which, though wandering melancholy and alone in the wilderness where they grow, he passed by with neglect, making a companion of his loneliness. But, to drop all metaphor—where will you find a flower more interesting than a spinster of threescore and ten, of sixty, of fifty, or of forty? They have, indeed, "wasted their sweetness on the desert air." Some call them "old maids;" but it is a malicious appellation, unless it can be proved that they have refused to be wives. I would always take the part of a spinster: they are a peculiar people, far more "sinned against than sinning." Every blockhead thinks himself at liberty to crack a joke upon them; and when he says something that he conceives to be wondrous smart about Miss Such-an-one, and her cat, or poodle dog, he conceives himself a marvellous clever fellow; yea, even those of her own sex who are below what is called a "certain age" (what that age is, I cannot tell), think themselves privileged to giggle at the expense of their elder sister. Now, though there may be a degree of peevishness (and it is not to be wondered at) amongst the sisterhood, yet with them you will find the most sensitive

tenderness of heart, a delicacy that quivers, like the aspen leaf, at a breath, and a kindliness of soul that a mother might envy—or rather, for envy, shall I not write *imitate*? But, ah! if their history were told, what a chronicle it would exhibit of blighted affections, withered hearts, secret tears, and midnight sighs!

The first spinster of whom I have a particular remembrance, as belonging to her caste, was Diana Darling. It is now six-and-twenty years since Diana paid the debt of nature, up to which period, and for a few years before, she rented a room in Chirnside. It was only a year or two before her death that I became acquainted with her; and I was then very young. But I never shall forget her kindness towards me. She treated me as though I had been her own child, or rather her grandchild, for she was then very little under seventy years of age. She had always an air of gentility about her; people called her "a betterish sort o' body." And, although *Miss* and *Mistress* are becoming general appellations now, twenty or thirty years ago, upon the Borders, those titles were only applied to particular persons or on particular occasions; and whether their more frequent use now is to be attributed to the schoolmaster being abroad or the dancing-master being abroad, I cannot tell, but Diana Darling, although acknowledged to be a "betterish sort o' body," never was spoken of by any other term but "auld Diana," or "auld Die." Well do I remember her flowing chintz gown, with short sleeves, her snow-white apron, her whiter cap, and old kid gloves reaching to her elbows; and as well do I remember how she took one of the common *blue cakes* which washerwomen use, and tying it up in a piece of woollen cloth, dipped it in water, and daubed it round and round the walls of her room, to give them the appearance of being papered. I have often heard of and seen *stenciling* since; but, rude as the attempt was, I am almost persuaded that Diana was the first who put it in practice. To keep up gentility putteth people to strange shifts, and often to ridiculous ones—and to both of these extremities she was driven. But I have hinted that she was a kind-hearted creature; and, above all, do I remember her for the fine old ballads which she sang to me. But there was one that was an especial favorite with her, and a verse of which, if I remember correctly, ran thus—

"Fie, Lizzy Lindsay!
Sae lang in the mornins ye lie,
Mair fit ye was helping yer minny
To milk a' the ewes and the kye."

Diana, however, was a woman of some education; and to a relative she left a sort of history of her life, from which the following is an extract:—

"My faither died before I was eighteen (so began Diana's narrative), and he left five of us—that is, my mother, two sisters, a brother, and myself—five hundred pounds a-piece. My sisters were both younger than me; but, within six years after our father's death, they both got married; and my brother, who was only a year older than myself, left the house also, and took a wife, so that there was nobody but me and my mother left. Everybody thought there was something very singular in this; for it was not natural that the youngest should be taken and the auldest left; and, besides, it was acknowledged that I was the best-faured* and the best-tempered in the family; and there could be no dispute but that my siller was as good as theirs.

I must confess, however, that when I was but a lassie o' sixteen, I had drawn up wi' one James Laidlaw—but I should score out the word *one*, and just say that I had drawn up wi' *James Laidlaw*. He was a year, or maybe three, aulder than me, and I kenned him when he was just a laddie at Mr. Wh—'s school in Dunse; but I took no notice o' him then in particular, and, indeed, I never did, until one day that I was an errand down by Kim-

* Best looking, or most beautiful.

merghame, and I met James just coming out frae the gardens. It was the summer season, and he had a posie in his hand, and a very bonny posie it was. 'Here's a fine day, Diana,' says he. 'Yes, it is,' says I.

So we said nae mair for some time; but he keepit walking by my side, and at last he said—'What do ye think o' this posie?' 'It is very bonny, James,' said I. 'I think sae,' quoth he; 'and if ye will accept it, there should naebody be mair welcome to it.' 'Ou, I thank ye,' said I, and I blushed in a way—'why should ye gie me it?' 'Never mind,' says he, 'tak it for auld acquaintance sake—we were at the school together.'

So I took the flowers, and James keepit by my side, and cracked to me a' the way to my mother's door, and I cracked to him—and I really wondered that the road between Kimmerghame and Dunse had turned sae short. It wasna half the length that it used to be, or what I thought it ought to be.

But I often saw James Laidlaw after this; and somehow or other I aye met him just as I was coming out o' the kirk; and weel do I recollect that, one Sabbath in particular, he said to me—'Diana, will ye no come out and tak a walk after ye get your dinner?' 'I dinna ken, James,' says I; 'I doubt I daurna, for our folk are very particular, and baith my faither and my mother are terribly against onything like gau'n about stravaigin on the Sundays.' 'Oh, they need never ken where ye're gaun,' says he. 'Weel, I'll try,' says I, for by this time I had a sort o' liking for James. 'Then,' said he, 'I'll be at the Penny Stane at four o'clock.' 'Very weel,' quoth I.

And, although baith my faither and mother said to me, as I was gaun out—'Where are ye gaun, lassie?'—'Oh, no very far,' said I; and, at four o'clock, I met James at the Penny Stane. I shall never forget the grip that he gied my hand when he took it in his, and said—

'Ye hae been as good as your word, Diana.'

We wandered awa doun by Wedderburn dyke, till we came to the Blackadder, and then we sauntered down by the river side, till we were opposite Kelloe—and, oh, it was a pleasant afternoon. Everything round about us, aboon us, and among our feet, seemed to ken it was Sunday—everything but James and me. The laverock was singing in the blue lift—the blackbirds were whistling in the hedges—the mavis chaunted its loud sang frae the bushes on the braes—the lennerts* were singing and chirming among the whins—and the shelfa† absolutely seemed to follow ye wi' its three notes over again, in order that ye might learn them.

It was the happiest afternoon I ever spent. James grat, and I grat. I got a scolding frae my faither and my mother when I gaed hame, and they demanded to ken where I had been; but the words that James had spoken to me bore up against their reproaches.

Weel, it was very shortly (I daresay not six months after my faither's death), that James called at my mother's, and as he said, to bid us *fareweel!* He took my mother's hand—I mind I saw him raise it to his lips, while the tears were on his checks; and he was also greatly put about to part wi' my sisters; but to me he said—

'Ye'll see me down a bit, Diana.'

He was to take the coach for Liverpool or, at least, a coach to take him on the road to that town, the next day; and from there he was to proceed to the West Indies, to meet an uncle who was to make him his heir.

I went out wi' him, and we wandered away down by our auld walks; but, oh, he said little, and he sighed often, and his heart was sad. But mine was as sad as his, and I could say as little as him. I winna, I canna write a' the words and the

* Linnets. † Chaffinch.

vows that passed. He took the chain frae his watch, and it was o' the best gold, and he also took a pair o' Bibles frae his pocket and he put the watch chain and the Bibles into my hand, and—'Diana,' said he, 'take these, dear—keep them for the sake o' your poor James, and, as often as ye see them, think on him.' I took them, and wi' the tears running down my cheeks —'O James,' cried I, 'this is hard!—hard!'

Twice, ay thrice, we bade each other '*fareweel*,' and thrice, after he had parted frae me, he cam running back again, and, throwing his arms around my neck, cried—

'Diana! I canna leave ye!—promise me that ye will never marry onybody else!'

And thrice I promised him that I wouldna.

But he gaed awa, and my only consolation was looking at the Bibles, on one o' the white leaves o' the first volume o' which I found written, by his own hand, '*James Laidlaw and Diana Darling vowed that, if they were spared, they would become man and wife; and that neither time, distance, nor circumstances, should absolve their plighted troth. Dated, May 25th*, 17—.'

These were cheering words to me; and I lived on them for years, even after my younger sisters were married, and I had ceased to hear from him. And, during that time, for his sake, I had declined offers which my friends said I was waur than foolish to reject. At least half-a-dozen good matches I let slip through my hands, and a' for the love o' James Laidlaw who was far awa, and the vows he had plighted to me by the side o' the Blackadder. And, although he hadna written to me for some years, I couldna think that ony man could be so wicked as to write words o' falsehood and bind them up in the volume o' everlasting truth.

But, about ten years after he had gane awa, James Laidlaw came back to our neighborhood; but he wasna the same lad he left—for he was now a dark-complexioned man, and he had wi' him a mulatto woman and three bairns that called him *faither!* He was no longer my James!

My mother was by this time dead, and I expected naething but that the knowledge o' his faithlessness would kill me too—for I had clung to hope till the last straw was broken.

I met him once during his stay in the country, and, strange to tell, it was within a hundred yards o' the very spot where I first foregathered wi' him, when he offered me the posie.

'Ha! Die!' said he, 'my old girl, are you still alive? I'm glad to see you. Is the old woman, your mother, living yet?' I was ready to faint, my heart throbbed as though it would have burst. A' the trials I had ever had were naething to this; and he continued—'Why, if I remember right, there was once something like an old flame between you and me.' 'O James! James!' said I, 'do ye remember the words ye wrote in the Bible, and the vows that ye made me by the side of the Blackadder?' 'Ha! ha!' said he, and he laughed, 'you are there, are you? I do mind something of it. But Die, I did not think that a girl like you would have been such a fool as to remember what a boy said to her.'

I would have spoken to him again; but I remembered he was the husband of another woman—though she was a mulatto, an' I hurried away as fast as my fainting heart would permit. I had but one consolation, and that was, that, though he had married another, nacbody could compare her face wi' mine.

But it was lang before I got the better o' this sair slight—ay, I may say it was ten years and mair; and I had to try to pingle and find a living upon the interest o' my five hundred pounds, wi' ony other thing that I could turn my hand to in a genteel sort o' way.

I was now getting on the wrang side o'

eight-and-thirty; and that is an age when it isna prudent in a spinster to be throwing the pouty side o' her lip to any decent lad that hauds out his hand, and says—'Jenny, will ye tak me?' Often and often, baith by day and by night, did I think o' the good bargains I had lost, for the sake o' my fause James Laidlaw; and often, when I saw some o' them that had come praying to me, pass me on a Sunday wi' their wives wi' their hands half round their waist, on the horse behint them—'O James! fause James!' I have said, 'but for trusting to you, and it would hae been me that would this day been riding behint Mr.——.'

But I had still five hundred pounds, and sic fend as I could make, to help what they brought to me. And, about this time, there was one that had the character of being a very respectable sort o' a lad, one Walter Sanderson; he was a farmer, very near about my own age, and altogether a most prepossessing and intelligent young man. I first met wi' him at my youngest sister's goodman's kirn,* and, I must say, a better or a more graceful dancer I never saw upon a floor. He had neither the jumping o' a mountebank, nor the sliding o' a play-actor, but there was an ease in his carriage which I never saw equalled. I was particularly struck wi' him, and especially his dancing; and it so happened that he was no less struck wi' me. I thought he looked even better than James Laidlaw used to do—but at times I had doubts about it. However, he had stopped all the night at my brother-in-law's as weel as mysel; and when I got up to gang hame the next day, he said he would bear me company. I thanked him, and said I was much obliged to him, never thinking that he would attempt such a thing. But, just as the powny was brought out for me to ride on (and the callant was to come up to Dunse for it at night), Mr. Walter Sanderson mounted his horse, and says he—

'Now, wi' your permission, Miss Darling, I will see you hame.'

It would hae been very rude o' me to hae said—'No I thank you, Sir,' and especially at my time o' life, wi' twa younger sisters married that had families; so I blushed, as it were, and giein my powny a twitch, he sprang on to his saddle, and came trotting along by my side. He was very agreeable company; and, when he said, 'I shall be most happy to pay you a visit, Miss Darling, I didna think o' what I had said, until after that I had answered him, 'I shall be very happy to see ye, sir.' And when I thought o' it, my very cheek bones burned wi' shame.

But, howsoever, Mr. Sanderson was not long in calling again—and often he did call, and my sisters and their guidmen began to jeer me about him. Weel, he called and called, for I daresay as good as three quarters of a-year; and he was sae backward and modest a' the time that I thought him a very remarkable man; indeed, I began to think him every way superior to James Laidlaw.

But at last he made proposals—I consented—the wedding day was set, and we had been cried in the kirk. It was the fair day, just two days before we were to be married, and he came into the house, and, after he had been seated awhile, and cracked in his usual kind way—

'Oh,' says he, 'what a bargain I hae missed the day! There are four lots o' cattle in the market, and I might hae cleared four hundred pounds, cent. per cent., by them.'

'Losh me! Walter, then,' says I, 'why didna ye do it? How did ye let sic a bargain slip through your fingers?'

'Woman,' said he, 'I dinna ken; but a man that is to be married within eight-and-forty hours is excusable. I came to the fair without any thought o' either buying or selling—but just to see you, Diana—and I kenned there wasna meikle siller necessary for that.'

'Losh, Walter, man,' said I, 'but that

* Harvest-home.

is a pity—and ye say ye could make cent. per cent. by the beasts?'

'Deed could I,' quoth he—'I am sure o' that.'

'Then, Walter,' says I, 'what is mine the day is to be yours the morn, I may say; and it would be a pity to lose sic a bargain.'

Therefore I put into his hands an order on a branch bank that had been established in Dunse, for every farthing that I was worth in the world, and Walter kissed me, and went out to get the money frae the Bank, and buy the cattle.

But he hadna been out an hour, when ane o' my brothers-in-law called, and I thought he looked unco dowie. So I began to tell him of the excellent bargain that Walter had made, and what I had done. But the man started frae his seat as if he were crazed, and without asking me ony questions, he only cried—'Gracious! Diana! hae ye been sic an idiot?' and, rushing out o' the house, ran to the bank.

He left me in a state that I canna describe; I neither kenned what to do nor what to think. But within half-an-hour he returned, and he cried out as he entered—'Diana, ye are ruined? He has taken in you and everybody else. The villain broke yesterday. He is off! Ye may bid fareweel to your siller!' 'Wha is off?' cried I; and I was in sic a state I was hardly able to speak. 'Walter Sanderson!' answered my brother-in-law.

I believe I went into hysterics; for the first thing I mind o' after his saying so, was a dozen people standing round about me—some slapping at the palms o' my hands, and others laving water on my breast and temples, until they had me as wet as if they had douked me in Pollock's Well.

I canna tell how I stood up against this clap o' misery. It was near getting the better o' me. For a time I really hated the very name and the sight o' man, and I said, as the song says, that

'Men are a' deceivers.'

But this was not the worst o' it—I had lost my all, and I was now forced into the acquaintanceship of poverty and dependence. I first went to live under the roof o' my youngest sister, who had always been my favorite; but, before six months went round, I found that she began to treat me just as though I had been a servant; ordering me to do this and do the other; and sometimes my dinner was sent ben to me into the kitchen; and the servant lassies, seeing how their mistress treated me, considered that they should be justified in doing the same—and they did the same. Many a weary time have I lain down upon my bed and wished never to rise again, for my spirit was weary o' this world. But I put up wi' insult after insult, until flesh and blood could endure it no longer. Then did I go to my other sister, and she hardly opened her mouth to me as I entered her house. I saw that I might gang where I liked—I wasna welcome there. Before I had been a week under her roof, I found that the herd's dog led a lady's life to mine. I was forced to leave her too.

And, as a sort o' last alternative, just to keep me in existence, I began a bit shop in a neighboring town, and took in sewing and washing; and, after I had tried them awhile and found that they would hardly do, I commenced a bit school at the advice of the minister's wife, and learned bairns their letters and the catechism, and knitting and sewing. I also taught them (for they were a' girls) how to work their samplers, and to write, and to cast accounts. But what vexed and humbled me more than all I had suffered, was, that one night, just after I had let my scholars away, an auld hedger and ditcher body, almost sixty years o' age, came into the house, and 'How's a' wi' ye the nicht?' says he, though I had never spoken to the man before. But he took off his bonnet, and, pulling in a chair, drew a seat to the fire. I was thunder-

struck! But I was yet mair astonished and ashamed, when the auld body, sleeking down his hair and his chin, had the assurance to make love to me!

'There is the door, sir!' cried I. And when he didna seem willing to understand me, I gripped him by the shouthers and showed him what I meant.

Yet quite composedly he turned round to me and said, 'I dinna see what is the use o' the like o' this—it is true I am aulder than you, but you are at a time o' life now that ye canna expect ony young man to look at ye. Therefore, ye had better think twice before ye turn me to the door. Ye will find it just as easy a life being the wife o' a hedger as keeping a school—rather mair sae I apprehend, and mair profitable two.' I had nae patience wi' the man. I thought my sisters had insulted me; but this offer o' the hedger's wounded me mair than a' that they had done.

'O James Laidlaw!' cried I, when I was left to mysel, 'what hae ye brought me to! My sisters dinna look after me. My parting wi' them has gien them an excuse to forget that I exist. My brother is far frae me, and he is ruled by a wife; and I hae been robbed by another o' the little that I had. I am like a withered tree in a wilderness, standing by its lane—I will fa' and naebody will miss me. I am sick, and there are none to haud my head. My throat is parched, and my lips dry, and there are none to bring me a cup o' water. There is nae *living thing* that I can ca' mine. And some day I shall be found a stiffened corpse in my bed, with no one near me to close my eyes in death or perform the last office of humanity! For I am alone—I am by myself—I am forgotten in the world; and my latter years, if I have a long life, will be a burden to strangers.'"

But Diana Darling did not so die. Her gentleness, her kindness, caused her to be beloved by many who knew not her history; and, when the last stern messenger came to call her hence, many watched with tears around her bed of death, and many more in sorrow followed her to the grave. So ran the few leaves in the diary of a spinster—and the reader will forgive our interpolations.

ELLEN ARUNDEL.

Ellen Arundel was the only daughter of an officer in the British service, who, with his sword for his patrimony, had entered early into the profession of arms as the means of maintenance; and he had, accordingly, pursued it with that enthusiastic spirit of honor, which is dictated by the considerations of family pride, the hope of fame, the dread of disgrace, and the most ardent love of glory.

The utmost height, however, to which he had risen, when he committed the folly of matrimony, by uniting his destiny to that of the portionless daughter of a venerable, respectable, unbeneficed clergyman, was that of lieutenant in a foot regiment. By dint of careful management, on the part of his wife, they contrived to live happily together; nor did the increase of their family—for Ellen made her appearance within the first year after their marriage—add to their difficulties.

In the care and superintendence of their darling daughter, did their years roll on

in humble content. If they heaved a sigh, it was for their Ellen's future welfare; if they breathed a wish, it was to see her placed in a situation which might guard her against the attacks of poverty, and the designs of iniquity. From the former, they were aware, beauty and accomplishments would prove no shield; and they trembled when they reflected that they might prove the most powerful incitement to the latter. The sweets of life are not to be enjoyed without its accompanying embitterments. The regiment in which Mr. Arundel served, received orders to embark for America, in transports already prepared for the reception of the British forces. On the communication of this intelligence, so subversive of their little plans of economy and felicity, Mrs. Arundel earnestly entreated that she and Ellen might be the companions of his voyage. For a while Mr. Arundel would not consent to this, from a fear of incurring expense which they were unable to support; but all the difficulties which the narrowness of their finances suggested, were obviated by a thousand little arrangements, the ingenious devices of love; and the command of a company, which was conferred upon him before the embarkation, relieved them from their anxiety.

Few events happened, either during their voyage or on their arrival at Boston, except that the assiduities of a young officer of another regiment, who accompanied them in the transport, seemed to have made some impression on the heart of Ellen Arundel. She listened to his tales of love, with the full sanction of her parents, and sighed out the confession that his passion was returned. Mr. Meredith was formed on the model which Captain Arundel had, in idea, fixed on for the husband of his Ellen. To the qualifications of a soldier, he added those which most highly adorn private life; nor was his income limited, for he was the only son of a gentleman of fortune. But both Captain Arundel and Mr. Meredith were too regardful of decency and propriety to hasten an event of so much importance, till the father of the young gentleman had been made acquainted with the attachment; and letters from Captain Arundel and the lover were, accordingly, prepared, for the purpose of being despatched to Europe by the first ship that should sail.

But, alas! these precautions were soon rendered unnecessary, by events which dissolved the bonds of affection. On that day when the attack of Bunker's Hill occasioned a carnage which thinned the British ranks, Captain Arundel and Mr. Meredith stood foremost in the bloody contest. Accident had placed them in the same brigade: they fought and fell together. The body of the young officer was carried off by the Americans; and the mortally wounded captain conveyed to the habitation of his wretched wife and daughter, where, shortly afterwards, he expired.

The keen and piercing anguish felt by Ellen and her mother, in consequence of this sorrowful event, had changed to silent and corroding melancholy, when they embarked for their native land, after having received every attention which the governor and garrison could offer as a tribute to the memory of the deceased. On their arrival in Britain, a pension was granted to Mrs. Arundel, which, in the event of her death, was to be continued to her daughter; and with this they retired to a small village northward of the Scottish metropolis, where a maiden sister of Captain Arundel, who was remarkably fond of Ellen, resided.

But, as no retirement will conceal the charms of beauty, nor any circle, however confined, prevent the fame of accomplishments from spreading beyond its limit, Mr. Newton, a widower of independent fortune, not much past the prime of life, having been told of Ellen, resolved to visit the Arundels. An opportunity soon presented itself. The house which the

ladies inhabited was advertised for sale; and under pretence of an intention to purchase, he wrote Mrs. Arundel, desiring to know when it would be convenient for him to call. To which Mrs. Arundel, returned a polite answer, naming an early day.

Mr Newton went; and, after he had viewed the house and gardens with the air of an intending purchaser, Mrs. Arundel, desirous of cultivating the acquaintance of so distinguished a neighbor, asked him to stay to tea; which being unhesitatingly accepted, he was introduced to the fair, the amiable, the still mourning Ellen. Prepared by the universal voice to admire, love was the immediate consequence of a visit, which he requested leave to repeat, in terms with which civility could not refuse to comply; and a few weeks confirmed Mr. Newton the ardent and the professed lover of Ellen. But her heart was still engaged; nor could she abandon even a hopeless passion. The character, the fortune, the unobjectionable person of Mr. Newton, were urged to her, by her only friends, with such energy, but mildness, of persuasion, that, enforced by the declarations of her admirer, she was prevailed upon to promise him her hand, though not her heart; and a day was named for the celebration of their nuptials.

The necessary preparations now engaged the attention of Mr. Newton and the two matron ladies; whilst Ellen passively yielded to the assiduities of her friends, and suffered the adornments of her person, and the intended provisions of settlement, to be adjusted, without once interfering.

A few mornings before the appointed day, as Ellen was seated at breakfast with her mother and aunt, a note was put into her hands. She saw at a glance that it was from Mr. Newton; and she immediately handed it across the table to Mrs. Arundel, who read:—

"Madam,—That your heart is not at all interested in the intended event, you have, with candor, frequently acknowledged to me. You will not, therefore, even wish to receive an apology for my releasing you from an unsuitable engagement.

"My long lost son—my son, whom I had for years resigned to heaven, is restored to me; and Providence, which has bestowed on me this consummate happiness, will not permit me to add to it a wish which concerns myself. He is young, he is amiable, and more worthy of your regard than I am. It is my sincere wish that he should become your husband. I shall, therefore, take an early opportunity of introducing him to you.

"My real name is *not* what you have hitherto considered it to be. I changed it when, on the supposed death of my son, I retired from my usual place of residence to a distant part of the kingdom, to avoid the importunities of some worthless relatives; but, until I have the honor of disclosing to you in person my real name, I beg to subscribe myself, Madam,

"Yours very truly.

"J. B. Newton.

"*To Miss Ellen Arundel.*"

When this most extraordinary epistle was read, Ellen turned deadly pale, and would certainly have fallen to the ground, had not a young man entered through the window, which opened out on the lawn, and caught her in his arms. He was followed by Mr. Newton.

"Ellen," exclaimed the latter, "behold my son!"

The sorrowing girl cast her eyes upon the form of him who held her.

"Meredith!" she cried, and threw herself, weeping, upon his shoulder. Her tears were tears of joy. Little more remains to tell. Ellen Arundel gave her hand to the son on the very day which had been appointed for her nuptials with the father.

FAUCONBERG;

OR, THE EMIGRE.

Amongst those whom the revolution in France drove from their native country, was a young man, of noble family, of the name of Fauconberg. Learning that his name was in the list of the proscribed, registered in one of those fatal rolls from which Robespierre supplied the guillotine with its victims, he hurried to Bordeaux, flung himself on board the first vessel he found there about to sail for a foreign port, without inquiring or caring whither she was bound; it being enough for him that he was borne far away from a country stained with blood and with crime, and in which he dared no longer remain but at the imminent hazard of his life.

The vessel on board which young Fauconberg embarked, happened to be an English one; and it is probable, notwithstanding his indifference as to his destination, that it was the sound of that language which induced him to make choice of her; since, if he had any preference at all in the matter of country, it was in favor of England.

Be this as it may, however, in less than a week after, the expatriated Frenchman found himself in Liverpool; and, finally, led from one place to another, by various inducements, located in a small country village in the south of Scotland. Unlike most of the other French emigrés of this period, Fauconberg was not dependent on his own exertions for a maintenance: he had brought as much money with him as he calculated would, with economy, maintain him for three years; and he hoped that, long ere that time expired, some such favorable change would take place in the affairs of France as would enable him to return to that country.

It was in these circumstances, then, and with these hopes, that Fauconberg sat himself quietly down in the village of Cairnton to await the course of events. The beauty of the situation had attracted his attention; and an idea that he might live there more cheaply, or, at least, less exposed to temptations to extravagance, than in any of the larger towns, determined his choice.

For two years, the French emigré continued an inmate of the schoolmaster's of Cairnton, with whom he took up his abode on first coming to the village.

During this time, his conduct had been sufficiently honorable as regarded pecuniary matters. He paid every one regularly and punctually; and was a general favorite on account of his mild and gentlemanly manners. His moral character, however, was not so unblemished; as the birth of a son to him, by a young woman of the village, but too strongly bore evidence.

Fauconberg, however, did not add to his offence that heartless meanness which so often characterizes the seducer. He provided liberally for the wants and necessities of the unfortunate mother of his child, and at once agreed to settle an annual sum on her for the maintenance of the infant. Soon after this event took place, Fauconberg suddenly left Cairnton, without giving any one previous intimation or mentioning to any one whither he was going. Nor, as he left no debt behind him, was this ever ascertained, or, indeed, ever inquired into.

Years passed away, but the French emigré never returned; and, but for one circumstance, he would, in all probability,

have been entirely forgotten. This circumstance, however, was rather a remarkable one, and was creditable, at any rate, to his character as a gentleman. Regularly, every half-year, there came, by post, to Lucy Gardner—the mother of Fauconberg's child—a remittance of the half of the yearly amount which he had settled on her before leaving Cairnton. Nay, more honorable still, this sum was, after a time, increased every year, as if to provide for the increasing wants of the infant; and intimation was given, when this advance in the allowance was first made, that such advance would go on progressively until the boy was grown up, and enabled to do for himself. To this communication was added a request, that he might be well educated.

This was the only occasion, however, on which any writing accompanied these remittances. On all others, they were merely enclosed in a blank sheet. For some time, this money came from England—sometimes from one place, and sometimes another, as the post-marks intimated; but, at the end of four or five years, it came to be remitted by a banking house in London, by which the business was ever afterwards transacted.

In the meantime, young Fauconberg grew apace, and bore, as all those who recollected the French emigré said, a singularly strong resemblance to his father, who was a very handsome man.

The boy's abilities, too, were of a superior order; and, in his education, he made a progress which gave much satisfaction to his teachers, and induced more than one of them to augur favorably of his future success in the world. His dispositions, also, were amiable; and, in his manners and deportment, there was a refinement and grace that marked him out very distinctly from his associates. This was partly the result of a naturally elevated mind, and partly of an ever present consciousness that gentle, nay, even noble, blood flowed in his veins; for he had been early made aware that his father was a man of rank, and, in manner and accomplishments, a gentleman.

Young Fauconberg had now attained the age of seventeen; and, up to this period, his life had been unmarked by any extraordinary circumstance. Continuing to live with his mother, who had, in some measure, atoned for past errors by the maintenance of an irreproachable character, and by the care she took both of the morals and of the education of her son, he had met with but little yet to disturb the even tenor of his youthful existence.

An unhappy change, however, was at hand. Tempted by the annuity of which Lucy Gardner was in receipt for the support and education of her son, a person of the name of Morrison made her proposals of marriage.

This Morrison had once been in a respectable way as a shopkeeper in the village, and still followed that calling; but dissipation was fast hurrying him to utter ruin. He thought to save himself from the gulf of wretchedness—on the brink of which he stood—by grasping at the annuity of Lucy Gardner.

The foolish woman listened to his proposals; and they were married.

From this day, young Fauconberg's life became one of misery and wretchedness; rendered so by Morrison's intemperate habits and brutal conduct, of which both mother and son soon felt the unhappy effects.

The affection of the young man for his parent—the only one he had ever known—induced him, for a long time, to put up with the harsh treatment of his father-in-law, and to bear uncomplainingly with the opprobrious epithets which he was constantly heaping on him. But there was one that tried his temper severely, and it was that with which he was oftenest taunted—his illegitimacy.

For upwards of a year, young Fauconberg endured this miserable life; but a time came when he could endure it no

longer. Driven, one day, to the door, by Morrison, in one of his brutal phrensies, the young man vowed that that door he would never enter again. This vow he kept. On that day he set out for Edinburgh; where he arrived, fatigued and exhausted, in the dusk of the evening. His subsequent course he had already determined on; and as he had not a penny in his pocket, and knew no one in Edinburgh, it was necessary that he should take that course instantly. He did so. He proceeded straight to the castle; and, encountering a sergeant in the gateway—

"Are you enlisting just now, sir?" he said.

"Oh, yes! always enlisting when likely young fellows such as you offer themselves. Do you intend turning soldier?"

"I do," said young Fauconberg, blushing.

"Couldn't do better, my lad," replied the sergeant. "Come along with me, and I'll put you all to rights in a trice!" And so far as food and lodging went, he was as good as his word, but not before he had secured his man by tendering him the significant shilling.

Young Fauconberg was now then a soldier, and was soon subjected to all its vicissitudes. In a short time after, his regiment was ordered to England, next to Ireland, and afterwards to a foreign station.

In this interval, however—an interval of two or three years—he had been promoted to the rank of sergeant. A promotion, for which he was indebted to his steadiness, his superior education, and, perhaps, in some measure also, to his superior manners, which had early attracted the notice of his officers.

During this time, Fauconberg wrote regularly, and at short intervals, to his mother, informing her of every circumstance that occurred to him in which he thought that she could be interested.

Her letters in reply to him afforded but little comfort. They but too plainly told, although not in express terms, of the miserable life she was leading with her worthless and dissipated husband: they spoke, too, of declining health; and in one—the last her son received from her—she said she would never see him more, and bade him farewell for ever. In a week after, he received intelligence of her death.

Up to this period, his mother's allowance for that maintenance and education which he was no longer receiving, had been regularly paid, with this difference, that it was remitted yearly instead of half yearly, as before.

On the appearance of the next remittance—that is, the one succeeding Mrs. Morrison's death, and which was nearly a twelvemonth after that event—the schoolmaster, to whom, as we should, perhaps, have said before, these remittances always came, in the first instance, returned it to the bankers, informing them of the death of Mrs. Morrison, and saying—what was true—that he knew not where her son was, having heard nothing of him for a long while.

The consequence of this communication was, that no further remittances came.

Again years passed away; and, in this time, Fauconberg had been tossed about the world, from east to west, and from north to south, without having any correspondence with, or hearing anything from his native village.

The Peninsular War was now raging violently; but the regiment to which Fauconberg belonged, had not yet partaken of either its glories or its dangers.

Its time, however, was coming; and although it had not been permitted to share in the honors attending the opening of that illustrious series of campaigns which ended in the overthrow of Napoleon, it was allowed to participate in those attending their close.

In the latter end of 1812, Fauconberg's regiment was ordered to Spain, where it arrived just in time to partake of the perils and triumphs of the field of Vittoria.

They afterwards formed part of that army with which Wellington crossed the Nive to attack Soult, who was in great force on the opposite side.

During the advance of the British troops towards the enemy, and when within an hour or two's march of the latter, there was descried, a good way to the right of the British line of march, and consequently on the left of the French army, a strong natural position which appeared to be occupied by the enemy, but in what manner could not be ascertained. It being desirable to know this, as also something of the nature of the ground, the colonel of Fauconberg's regiment, which happened to be the one nearest the position in question, was directed to find, if he could, a cool, brave, and intelligent man, who would undertake to reconnoitre the position, and bring back as correct an account as possible of the enemy's arrangements for defence, and of the localities of the place.

On this order being communicated to Colonel S——, he immediately bethought him of Fauconberg as the man in his regiment best qualified for such an enterprise. In this opinion, he instantly sent for him. On his appearing—

"Fauconberg," he said, "have you a mind to obtain a commission?"

"A great mind, sir," replied the former, smiling, "if I only knew how."

"I can tell you," said the colonel; "but, mind you, it's either a commission or a coffin, or at least a grave."

"In time of war, sir, these are always the alternatives of a soldier," said Fauconberg; "and I'm willing it should be so in the present case, whatever that case may be."

"Then it is this," said the colonel; and he proceeded to inform the young noncommissioned officer of the nature of the duty he was required to perform.

Fauconberg at once undertook the dangerous commission.

"See, however, young man," said the colonel, on his expressing his willingness to do so, "that you perfectly understand the risks you run. If taken by the enemy, certain death awaits you."

"I know it, sir," replied Fauconberg; "and am content to run that and all other hazards."

"I need not add," said the colonel, "that, in the event of your safe return with the desired intelligence, your promotion is certain, and will be immediate."

"I understand so, sir," replied Fauconberg.

"Then that's settled, Fauconberg," said the colonel. "Now, go, and take your measures."

Fauconberg withdrew, but awaited the fall of evening before setting out on his perilous adventure. Evening came; and when it did, it found the intrepid young soldier on his way to the enemy's position, wrapped up in a great-coat, to conceal his uniform; and having concealed beneath, a sword and brace of pistols. He was on foot, having declined the offer of a horse, which, he said, would only encumber him, as he should, in all likelihood, be obliged to go into places where a horse could not carry him.

Having cleared the outposts of the British army, Fauconberg soon found himself within a short distance of the position, without having been challenged by any of the enemy's sentinels, whom he had avoided by taking circuitous routes through fields, and by stealing along the numerous hedges and dykes by which the country was thickly interspersed.

By these cautious proceedings, Fauconberg contrived to get so near the position, that, by the aid of a bright moonlight, he soon made himself master of its general local outlines on the side next the British, and of the dispositions made for its defence.

Having made his observations, Fauconberg was about to retrace his steps towards the British lines, when, to his great alarm, he saw a strong picquet of the enemy within twenty paces of him, and approaching him as directly as if they were

aware of his being there. This, however, they were not; and they would have passed him by, but for an unlucky accident that discovered not only his presence, but his whereabouts. As he hastily threw himself at full length into a hollow, on perceiving the picquet approaching, one of his pistols went off. The ball did him no injury; but the report brought half-a-dozen of the enemy upon him, who instantly made him prisoner, and would have run him through with their bayonets, but for a sergeant of the party, who suggested that they would have more credit by carrying him before the general.

The proposition was acceded to; and poor Fauconberg was forthwith marched into the French lines, and carried before a general of division.

The general was a tall, handsome man; still handsome, though well advanced in years, but of a grave and somewhat stern aspect.

On the case of the prisoner being stated to him—the situation he was found in, his being alone, &c., &c., and which left no doubt of his having been employed in making observations on the position—

"So, young man," said the general, who spoke English with great fluency, although with a good deal of the foreign accent—"You have been playing the part of spy. Do you know the consequences, now that you are in our power?"

"Perfectly, sir; it is death," replied Fauconberg, with a composure of manner that excited the admiration of the general, although he carefully concealed the feeling. "I am prepared for it. I knew all my risks; and that this was amongst the number."

"It is well, young man," said the general. Then, turning to a subaltern who stood beside him—"You will take charge of the prisoner, sir, and see that he is shot to-morrow morning before nine o'clock."

The officer bowed acquiescence; and Fauconberg's guards were about to hurry him out of the tent in which this scene took place, when the general, as if struck with a sudden thought, called back the prisoner and his guards, and, pulling a small memorandum-book from his pocket, opened it, and began writing in it, muttering as he did so—this, however, being in French:—"English soldier—spy—shot at Tarragone, 12th November, 1803."

Then, pausing and looking up to Fauconberg—

"Your name, young man?"

"Fauconberg."

"What, Fauconberg?" repeated the general, with a look of surprise that his grave and stern features rarely assumed.

"Your country?"

"Scotland."

"The particular locality?"

"Cairnton."

"Your mother's name?"

"Gardner."

The general started from his seat, in a state of evident excitement, and, waving his hand impatiently,

"Away with your prisoner," he exclaimed; "away with him; and see that he meet his fate in the morning."

The guards now hurried Fauconberg out of the general's tent, and conducted him towards an old chateau at a short distance, which was temporarily occupied by the French, and some of whose apartments had been converted into prison rooms for offenders of various descriptions.

Into one of these Fauconberg was now thrust; the door locked upon him; and a couple of sentinels placed at the door.

What the feelings of the unfortunate young man were, now that he was left alone to reflect on the dreadful situation in which he was placed—shut up in a cold, dark apartment, in which there was not even a seat to sit upon, with a certainty that the morning's light would conduct him to a violent and untimely death—we say, what his feelings were on that occasion, we need not describe, they will readily be conceived.

Fortunately for Fauconberg, however,

he possessed a strength of mind which enabled him to contemplate death, if not without that awe which it naturally inspires, at least with a decent and manly composure.

Fauconberg had seated himself on the floor of his dismal prison room, and the midnight hour had passed, when he was suddenly startled by hearing the sentinel outside challenge some one who was approaching. The challenge seemed satisfactorily answered; for, in the next instant, his door was opened, and two hussars, one of them bearing a lantern, entered, and intimated to him, by signs, that he must accompany them.

Although having no doubt that it was to execution he was about to be led, Fauconberg arose with alacrity, and, with steady step and composed demeanor, left the apartment with the soldiers; one of whom walked before him to lead the way—the other behind, to prevent any attempt at escape; and both having drawn swords in their hands.

In this way the party proceeded until they reached an outer courtyard of the chateau, where were three horses saddled and bridled, fastened to rings in the wall, champing their bits, and pawing the ground impatiently.

On coming up to the horses, the hussars, pointing to one of the former, gave Fauconberg to understand that they desired him to mount.

Although not a little surprised at the proceeding, he did so; when the soldiers, mounting each one of the other two horses, and taking their places, one on the left and the other on the right of their prisoner, urged his steed onwards, until all three had attained nearly the top of their speed.

At this rate they continued for nearly two hours; encountering in their progress many outposts of the French army, by all of whom they were challenged, but allowed readily to pass, on the reply of Fauconberg's escort.

The horsemen now slackened their speed, although they still continued to advance at so rapid a rate, that, when morning dawned, they had left the outermost picquets of the French army far behind.

Still journeying onwards, the party came to a small inn or wine-house by the wayside. Here the hussars dismounted, and made a sign to Fauconberg to do so likewise. He complied; when the soldiers, fastening their horses to certain iron staples in the wall, placed there on purpose, entered the house, taking Fauconberg along with them, and ordered some refreshment. Some bacon, fried with eggs, quickly smoked on the table, flanked by a bottle of wine.

The soldiers drew in chairs, placed one for their prisoner, and, pointing to it, led him to understand that he was to be a partaker of their good cheer.

Fauconberg thought all this a very extraordinary way of being conducted to execution, although of the latter he saw but little symptoms—a circumstance, however, at which, it will readily be believed, he did not feel greatly disappointed.

In the meantime, complying with the invitation so kindly given him by his guards, Fauconberg took his place at table; but, considering the singular circumstances in which he was placed—the uncertainty of his future fate—it is not surprising that he could do but little justice to the good things before him. He could eat none.

The deficiencies of Fauconberg, in this particular, however, were amply compensated by his guards, who having, apparently, more appetite than care, ate superbly, and drank in proportion.

Having completed their meal, in both the eating and drinking departments, and settled the cost thereof, the hussars, with their prisoner, again mounted and pursued their journey, though now much more leisurely than during any of the preceding ing part of the way.

We have not hitherto interrupted the

course of our narrative, nor will we do so in time to come, to express or describe the feelings of Fauconberg on this extraordinary occasion: we think it best to leave all that kind of thing to the imagination of the reader, and to hold on ourselves the steady even tenor of our way.

Without stopping, then, to say what he thought or felt, we will carry him forward on his mysterious journey.

For two days and two nights this journey continued, with little intermission; an hour or two's rest only being taken at long intervals, and this more on account of the horses than the men.

What was the meaning of all this? what the ultimate destination? what the fate intended for him? were questions which Fauconberg frequently asked himself, but to which, of course, he could not even conjecture a reply.

During all this time, no conversation of any kind had passed between him and his guards, for the very good reason that neither understood the language of the other. But Fauconberg, from what he observed, had reason to believe that they were enjoined to hold no correspondence with him, and to give him no information whatever as to where he was being taken, or what it was intended his ultimate destiny should be.

Early on the morning of the third day, Fauconberg and his escort entered France; and, towards the evening, arrived at a small garrison town about forty miles from the frontiers.

On gaining the former place, the hussars, with their prisoner, rode directly up to a large quadrangular castellated building, situated on the summit of the gentle acclivity on which the town was built, and which it overlooked, and, it may be added, commanded; for the walls of the building were pierced with embrasures, in which the grim mouths of cannon displayed themselves.

The structure had the appearance of a prison; and such it really was, as was but too plainly indicated by the heavily grated windows, which were interspersed, though very thinly, and at wide intervals, over the expansive walls.

On reaching this dismal-looking building, the outer gate of which was guarded by two sentinels, the hussars dismounted, and, leading their horses and their prisoner in at the former, demanded, of a sergeant on duty whom they now encountered, to be conducted to the presence of the governor or commandant. The sergeant asked what was the nature of their business. This they declined telling him, farther than that it was to deliver a prisoner into his hands.

"An English prisoner?" said the sergeant.

"Yes."

"Then why not deliver him to me?" he said, with great impatience of manner. "I have charge of the prisoners here; and will take good care of him, I warrant you. I have 170 English prisoners here under my charge, and never one effected his escape from me yet."

The spokesman of the hussars contented himself with merely replying, that his orders were to deliver the prisoner into the governor's hand, and none other, and that these orders he would obey.

"Umph," ejaculated the sergeant, with an air of offended dignity.

Then, calling to a couple of soldiers, who were at a little distance, to come and take charge of the horses, he, without further remark, conducted the hussars and their prisoner towards a square tower which formed one of the wings of the building, and which, from its having larger windows than the latter, and these unstanchioned, seemed to be the residence of the governor. It was so.

Having ascended several flights of stairs, the sergeant led his followers into a large apartment, used as an office or place of business. It was occupied by several clerks, all busily engaged in writing.

Making no communication to any of

these, the sergeant advanced towards a door at the further end of the apartment, at which he tapped gently.

A voice within called on him to enter. He did so—the hussars, with doffed caps, and their prisoner, following. They were now in the presence of the governor—a tall, elderly, military-looking man, highly powdered, and exhibiting other external evidence of his being of the old school. He was seated at a desk writing when they entered, but rose when the party came in.

"A prisoner," he said, glancing from Fauconberg to the sergeant; and then, without waiting for an answer—"Why bring him here—why bring him to me?" he added, impatiently. "Take him away, and put him amongst the others."

At this moment, one of the hussars took a letter from the breast of his coat, and respectfully, but without saying a word, put it into the hands of the governor.

"What's this?" said the latter, opening it as he spoke.

Having read the letter, he eyed Fauconberg with a look of curiosity for several seconds, but without speaking. At length, nodding to the sergeant—

"You may retire," he said. "Take these men with you, and leave the prisoner with me."

The sergeant and the two hussars withdrew from the apartment.

When they had done so, the commandant, still without saying a word to Fauconberg, rung a small silver bell; when a person of an equivocal appearance—something between a valet and a turnkey—entered the apartment, and, bowing obsequiously, waited the communication of the purpose for which he had been summoned.

The governor spoke two or three words to him, rapidly, and in a low tone; then, pointing to the door, and looking at Fauconberg, intimated to him that he should follow the former, who was now about quitting the apartment.

Fauconberg did so; and was conducted, by that person, up another flight of stairs, which led to the governor's house. This they now entered; when the latter, having previously provided himself with a key, opened a door, which seemed to have been always kept locked, and, bowing slightly to Fauconberg, gave him to understand that he desired him to walk in.

On Fauconberg doing so, his companion, who continued to hold the door by the key, drew it to, locked it, and left him to his private meditations.

On being left alone, Fauconberg, whose, mind was now relieved from the present terrors of death, although not from alarming doubts of the final issue of his strange adventure, began to examine his new quarters. The result of the examination was to discover to him that he had the command of two apartments—a small one, and a larger, the former leading off from the latter.

In the small apartment was a neat and clean bed, furnished with dimity curtains of spotless white, a sofa, and several chairs, covered with the same material, forming altogether a comfortable, nay, rather elegant, dormitory.

The larger apartment, a sitting-room, was also handsomely furnished; containing besides articles of mere utility, a small library, musical instruments of various kinds, and an abundant supply of writing materials, which were deposited, ready for use, on a small table, covered with green cloth, that stood in a recess of one of the windows, and beside which was placed a leathern-covered easy chair. Fauconberg could not, at first, conceive for whose use these apartments were appropriated; for, from their isolated situation, they did not seem to form any part of the governor's domestic accommodations; but, noting that the windows, though much larger than those in other parts of the prison, were, like them, strongly secured with iron stanchions, and that the door was of unusual strength, he concluded that the chambers were intended as a place of con-

finement for State prisoners, or prisoners of rank. But how he, who was neither the one nor the other, should be so honorably accommodated, was, like all the other circumstances of his extraordinary case, a point on which he could not advance even a plausible conjecture.

Having completed his survey of his apartments, Fauconberg having previously provided himself with a book, threw himself down on a sofa, and endeavored to beguile his anxious wandering thoughts by reading. The work he had taken up was a French one—"The Adventures of Telemachus." Being a good French scholar, he read it with ease; and although not unacquainted with its English translations, was delighted with its perusal in the original.

He had been thus employed for about an hour and a half, when the same person who had first conducted him to his present quarters, entered, bearing a clean white towel or napkin in one hand; in the other, a plate, knife, fork, and spoon.

Having spread the first on a small round table, and laid the latter, he withdrew without saying a word. Shortly after, he returned, retired, and again returned, bearing each time some contribution or other to the table, till the latter boasted a roast fowl, a small loaf of bread, a plate of pastries, and, though last not least, a bottle of wine.

These good things all laid down in neat and proper order, Fauconberg's purveyor, and, it would appear, jailor also, made a motion to him to take his place at table.

Nothing loath—for he was now beginning to discover, and it was for the first time since the night of his capture, that he had still such a thing about him as an appetite—Fauconberg drew in and commenced operations; the which operations, to his no great displeasure, he was left to perform unwitnessed, as his attendant withdrew, locking the door carefully after him, so soon as he had seen his prisoner seated and fairly at work.

In about half an hour the former again returned—Fauconberg, in the meantime, having made an excellent supper of it—and, with the same silence and celerity, cleared the table and bore away its furniture, with which he had brought it in.

Our hero, shortly afterwards, retired to rest, appropriating for this purpose the little white dimity-curtained bed, which, though not formally assigned him, he took for granted was meant for the accommodation of the inhabitant of the apartments.

On the following morning, a comfortable breakfast of coffee, &c., was brought him by his attendant of the preceding day; dinner and supper followed; and, thus mysteriously quartered and provided for, day after day passed away, week followed week, and Fauconberg still continued a prisoner, though a well treated one, in the fortress of Rougeville, which was the name of the place of his captivity.

In this way, three months passed away; and, during all this time, Fauconberg continued in the same state of ignorance of the fate intended him, and of those who controlled it, as on the first day of his confinement.

No communication had been made to him by any one. He had never again seen the commandant of the fortress; and his immediate attendant would make no satisfactory answer to any of those anxious inquiries which the singularity of his situation was constantly prompting.

He was, therefore, obliged to be content with his position, and to augur the best from the hospitable treatment he was meeting with.

Three months is not a very long period; but, short as it is, it often brings very remarkable changes; yet seldom, perhaps, has such brief space had so many important events crowded within its limits, as that which embraced Fauconberg's captivity in the fortress of Rougeville.

Within that short three months, the overthrow of Buonaparte had been completed, and the Allied Sovereigns had

entered, as masters, the capital of France.

Soon after, as is well-known, Napoleon abdicated the throne, which was re-ascended by the ancient dynasty of the Bourbons.

It was after the first and second of these remarkable events had occurred, that as Fauconberg was one forenoon looking out of one of the windows of his prison rooms, gazing listlessly on the extensive and beautiful landscape which his elevated situation commanded—for his apartments were on the uppermost floor of the tower—he saw a carriage approaching the fortress at a rapid rate.

"More *State* prisoners," said Fauconberg to himself, ironically. "But no, that can hardly be—at least, they can scarcely be prisoners of Buonaparte's making; for his day is now past. They may, however, be prisoners under the new order of things."

While Fauconberg was thus communing with himself as to the probable freight of the approaching vehicle, and its purpose in seeking the fortress, it entered the gate, and drove into a courtyard immediately beneath the window at which he was standing. Looking on with much curiosity to see who should come forth of the machine, he saw one person only, a gentleman, step out, and enter the door which led to the residence of the governor.

Wondering who the visitor could be, yet not feeling deeply interested in the matter, Fauconberg withdrew from the window, and resumed the reading of the book with which he had been engaged a short while before.

He had not been thus employed many minutes, when he heard voices without, and the noise of the key, as it was being introduced into the lock of the door of his apartment. The circumstance startled him a little, as he had never been intruded on before by any stranger, excepting at meal times.

Leaping from his seat, he awaited in some anxiety—for the sentence of death passed on him on the night he was taken, had not even yet been quite forgotten—the appearance of his visitors. They entered. First came his ordinary attendant; next, a tall, military-looking man, closely buttoned up in a blue surtout; and, lastly, the commandant of the fortress, whom he now saw for the second time only.

Of the three, the person in the blue surtout most attracted the attention of Fauconberg; an attention which was accompanied by no small degree of alarm; for, in this person, he recognized the general before whom he had been brought on the night when he was taken prisoner, and by whom he had been so peremptorily and summarily dismissed to execution.

Little wonder was it then that Fauconberg's countenance grew pale at the sight of this formidable personage; and not much is it to be wondered at either, that he should suppose he had come to have his long-delayed sentence put into execution.

Such, in truth, were the feelings, and such the ideas, which the appearance of this appalling visitor suggested to Fauconberg.

In the meantime, the turnkey, having introduced the gentlemen—the general and commandant—into Fauconberg's apartments, withdrew, after a polite obeisance to his superiors.

On his retiring, the general approached Fauconberg, who was waiting the result of this alarming interview in a state of great perturbation, and thus opened the purpose of his visit:—

"Young man, do you recollect me?"

"But too well, sir," replied Fauconberg.

The general and commandant both smiled; a circumstance from which Fauconberg drew a favorable augury, as regarded the object of his visitors.

"Yes, young man," continued the general, "you have had some reason to recollect me. The circumstances in

which we last met were not of the most pleasant kind; but they might have ended still more unpleasantly for you."

Fauconberg's face crimsoned.

"Your life was justly forfeited, according to the laws of war," resumed the general; "and, but for a singular providence, the forfeit would most certainly have been exacted.

"When brought before me, young man, on the night you were taken," continued the latter, after a pause, "you gave as yours the name of Fauconberg. Do you still adhere to that assertion? Is your name indeed Fauconberg; or did you merely assume it for the time?"

"My name, sir, is really and truly Fauconberg; at least it was my father's name," replied he, reddening, as he rendered this qualification.

"What do you mean by putting your answer in that peculiar shape?" said the general. "Were your parents not married?"

The blood again mounted to Fauconberg's brow, as he replied, hesitatingly—

"No, sir, they were not. My mother, whose name, as I told you on a former occasion, was Gardner, was a woman of humble birth. My father was, as I have been told, a man of noble descent."

"Of what country?" inquired the general.

"A Frenchman," replied Fauconberg.

The general and the commandant exchanged significant looks.

"A Frenchman," repeated the former.

"Yes, sir, a Frenchman; an *emigré*, as I understand," continued Fauconberg; "driven from his country by the Revolution."

Again the general and commandant exchanged looks.

"Have you ever seen your father, young man?" inquired the general.

"No, sir. He left our place while I was yet but an infant, and never again returned."

"Did he desert you entirely?" said the general. "Did he do nothing for you and your mother?"

"Oh, yes, sir," replied Fauconberg. "In that respect he was not wanting. He remitted a yearly sum, and an ample one, for my support and education; which last he desired to be specially attended to."

"And was it so?" said the general.

"It was," replied Fauconberg. "What use I may have made of it, it is not for me to say; but, of instruction, I have had abundance, in various departments of learning."

"Your mother is dead. I mean—I mean," continued the general, with some embarrassment of manner, as if he had committed himself—"I mean, *is* your mother dead?"

"She is, sir," replied Fauconberg, in some surprise at the general's slip, which did not escape him. "She died several years ago."

The latter now took several turns up and down the apartment, saying nothing, but seemingly in considerable agitation.

At length, again confronting Fauconberg—

"Young man," he said solemnly, "*I* am your father."

"There can be little doubt of that," here interposed the commandant, smiling. It was the first time he had spoken during this singular interview. "Any one who sees you together cannot doubt of his being your son, general. The resemblance is very striking."

"I think it is," replied the general, now also smiling.

What Fauconberg's feelings were, on this extraordinary occasion, we need not say: they were overpowering. To find in the man before whom he had been carried a prisoner—in the man who had adjudged him to a violent death—and who had, as he at the time thought, so harshly ordered him to execution—to find in the French general before him, a father—a father whom he had never seen, and whom he had never dreamt of ever seeing—was a

circumstance which might well disturb the equanimity of the most callous and apathetic.

Fauconberg was none of these; and great, therefore, was his emotion on the extraordinary discovery being made. These emotions, however, he controlled as well as he could; and, after returning, with tenderness, the embrace with which his father followed up the announcement of his relationship, he respectfully awaited the communication of his new-found parent's further pleasure regarding him, as he did not doubt that he would now, and henceforth, take an interest in his welfare, and seek to control, or at least to advise as to his future proceedings. In the meantime, Fauconberg saw at once, in the circumstance which had just occurred, a solution of the mysteries of his rescue from death, and of his subsequent hospitable treatment.

He had now no doubt that he was indebted for all to his father; and in this conjecture he was not wrong, as the latter now informed him.

"Besides my desire to keep you where I might readily find you, when circumstances permitted it," added Fauconberg's father, after informing his son that it was by his orders the hussars had acted in carrying him a prisoner into France, "I could not, without a gross dereliction of my duty, have liberated you entirely; seeing that you must have been in possession of information regarding our position which might have been highly injurious to us, if communicated to the enemy; and I could have had no security that you would not communicate what you knew, should you have been again permitted to join the British army: indeed, consistently with *your* duty, you must have done so. *Mine* was to prevent you—the more especially that, in rescuing you from death, I had already done much more than I was warranted in doing, and for which I had rendered myself liable to the severest reprehension. This part of the business, however, I got over, by giving assurance of your safe custody—the only condition on which I could possibly have saved your life.

"To secure you good treatment in your captivity, and which you have no doubt met with, I addressed a letter to my friend, the commandant here, requesting this kindness at his hands—stating our relationship, but entreating him to say nothing of his knowledge of this circumstance to you. This I wished to be the first to communicate myself. I, besides, wished to be farther assured of your identity—further assured, in short, that you *were* my son. The particulars on which I lately questioned you, and which you have so satisfactorily answered, added to the resemblance between us, which my friend here has remarked, has given me this assurance, and on this point I am perfectly satisfied. I am, let me also add, young man, well pleased with your appearance, your manner, your intelligence; and proud of your bravery, of which I had satisfactory proof on the trying occasion on which we first met."

The general then proceeded to inform his son that, as the war was now at an end, it was his intention to retire to, and spend the remainder of his days on his paternal estate; adding that, if Fauconberg had no objection, and was bound by no particular ties to return to his native country, he desired he should accompany him.

To his father's proposal, young Fauconberg readily consented.

On that day the general and his son dined with the commandant of the fortress of Rougeville. On the next, they set out for the residence of the former—one of the handsomest chateaux in the south of France. Six years afterwards, young Fauconberg's father died, and the former succeeded to his fortune and estates.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

"It's in vain to struggle langer wi' the stream, Elleanor—I canna do it. My strength is worn out, and my spirit exhausted, in the weary strife. The current o' adversity is owre strong for me, Elleanor; sae I maun just yield to it, and allow it to overwhelm me."

"Oh, dinna say that, James—dinna say that," replied the young and beautiful wife of the unfortunate man who gave utterance to this desponding language. "Dinna say that, my James," she said throwing her arms around his neck, and gazing in his face with a look at once of sorrow and affection. "There's better days in store for us; and haena we, in the meantime, the love o' each other's hearts to compensate for the want o' warld's gear?"

James Williamson did not repel the endearments of his wife, nor reject the consolation which she would offer; for, moody and stern as his misfortunes had rendered him, to her he was still the same kind and gentle being he had ever been; Elleanor he still loved, as he had ever done, with the most devoted affection; and it was, in truth, the reflection that he had involved her in his miseries and sufferings that gave to his feelings at this moment the bitterness and poignancy which rendered them so intolerable.

James Williamson and Elleanor Dennistoun had been married but a few months; yet, in that short time, irretrievable ruin had overtaken them in so far as regarded their worldly circumstances. An unfortunate speculation in grain, into which Williamson, who was a small farmer in Berwickshire, had rashly entered, involved him in difficulties, from which he felt it to be all but impossible he should ever be able to extricate himself. Bankruptcy, with all its appalling consequences, ejection from his farm, and a total bereavement of all he had in the world, stared him in the face, and drove him to despair.

On the occasion to which the opening of our story refers, Williamson had just received a letter from an importunate creditor, threatening that a caption, which he had against him for £150, would certainly be put in force within three days, if the amount, with interest and expenses, were not then paid; and thus was added to his other miseries the dread of a jail—to poor Williamson one of the most disgraceful and appalling visitations which it was in the power of misfortune to inflict.

It was, then, on returning home after receiving this letter, that Williamson, who had hoped, notwithstanding the desperate state of his affairs, that, if time were given him, he might possibly have weathered the storm, gave utterance to the language of despair in which we have represented him indulging. He had, a few days before, solicited time from the creditor who was now threatening him with extreme measures, and the refusal of this indulgence had deprived him of all heart and all hope.

Williamson, as we have said, did not reject the consolation which his gentle and affectionate wife offered him in his affliction. He returned her caresses with the same tenderness with which they were bestowed, and acknowledged her words of comfort with a look of kind regard; but it was accompanied by a faint smile of incredulity, which their vagueness, when opposed to the stern and positive evils towards which they were directed, could not but excite.

"We have, indeed, the love o' each other's hearts, my Elleanor, to console us," replied Williamson, "and I value yours as the greatest treasure on earth; but what will it avail us in our contest with the world? It canna shield us frae the storm o' adversity, nor avert the evils that are threatenin us."

"No, James," said Elleanor—"it can do neither; but it can help us to endure them; and I hope things are no sae bad but that they may yet mend wi' us."

Her husband shook his head; but it was some time before he made any reply. At length—

"Elleanor," he said, "I hae hitherto concealed frae ye the extent and urgency o' the evils which threaten us—and I hae dune this oot o' tenderness to you; but I think it now necessary that you should know all, and know the worst, that, in case any part of my future conduct may stand in need o' an apology, ye may hae ane to refer to."

"What do ye mean, James? what do ye mean, my ain dear James?" exclaimed Elleanor, alarmed at the ambiguity of her husband's language, which seemed to point at some desperate proceeding. "What do ye mean?" she said, again embracing him, and now bursting into an agony of tears. "Surely misfortune's no gaun to gar ye forget yersel, or to drive ye to do onything that's unworthy o' ye?"

"Oh, no, no, my Elleanor, have no fear of that," replied the husband, smiling, but embracing her tenderly; then, waiving any further discussion on the subject, he proceeded to inform her precisely of the situation in which he stood, and concluded by throwing down the letter which threatened him with instant and summary proceedings, saying, as he did so—

"And ye see, Elleanor, they'll not only leave us houseless and landless; but they'll hae me dragged to a prison like a thief or a murderer. That I canna stand. A' but *that*, I think I might bear. But that I canna, I *winna* encounter."

Elleanor took up and read the letter which her husband threw down; and when she had done so—

"Aweel, James, even in a jail we can be happy in each other. They'll allow me to gae wi' ye, I fancy. But dinna ye think yer uncle would lend ye as much as pay this debt, as it seems the maist pressin?"

"I doot it, I doot it very much," replied Williamson; "for there's little o' the milk o' human kindness in him. But I may try him. It's our last and only chance. If that fails"——Here the speaker stopped short, and left the sentence unfinished.

The application to Williamson's uncle, alluded to, was made on the following day; but it was made in vain. He would give no assistance. On returning home from his fruitless mission to his relatives, Williamson threw down his bonnet, and, addressing his wife—

"Well, Elleanor," he said, "the die is cast. The last throw is thrown, and it has turned up a blank. It is just as I expected: my uncle winna advance me a penny, and to-morrow I maun gang to jail—that is," he said, after a pause, "if I war fule eneuch to wait till they took me. I'll gie up a' to the last penny, but no' my liberty. *That* they shanna tak frae me, if I can help it."

Williamson now proceeded to explain to his wife that it was his intention to go out of the way for some time; and in the propriety of this measure he succeeded in obtaining her acquiescence. The arrangements consequent on this contemplated proceeding were—that Elleanor should go to reside with an aunt of hers, with whom she was a great favorite, and with whom, her father and mother being both dead, she had lived previous to and at the time of her marriage; and that a certain confidential friend of Williamson's should look after his interests in the proceedings of his creditors, and, in the meantime, take charge of his effects. All this being adjusted, Williamson, early on the third

morning after the day on which our story opens, arose. It was the last he was to see from the windows of his pleasant little dwelling at Woodlee; for his landlord was his largest creditor, and would, as a matter of course, eject him, and seize upon his stock and farming implements. This landlord, Williamson had never seen. He was too great a man to admit of his holding any direct personal correspondence with his tenants, especially with one so humble as James Williamson. He was a lord—Lord Allenton.

It was with his factor, then, that Williamson had had always to deal; and, from his previous experience of this gentleman's official practice, he felt that he had but little lenity to expect in that quarter. Good reason, then, had the unfortunate man to mutter to himself, as he did, on looking abroad on the beautiful and peaceful scene which his window overlooked, on the morning to which we allude, that it was the last time he should behold it from the same situation. Having affectionately embraced his wife, and repeated for the thousandth time a promise to write to her often, and to return to her the moment his affairs permitted, Williamson bade her farewell, and set out to proceed to Glasgow, where it had been previously arranged he should reside until such an adjustment of his matters had taken place as should secure his personal safety. This, however, was an affair not so easily accomplished—or rather it was one which could not be accomplished. The factor of Lord Allenton, who found himself considerably short of the arrears due by Williamson, stood out, and would give no quarter. All the other creditors were satisfied; but he remained obstinate, and would listen to no proposals of compromise. In the meantime, Williamson, faithful to his promise to his wife, had written to her frequently, and always in the most affectionate terms; but his letters gradually became more desponding, as time passed away without bringing a final adjustment of his affairs, and kept him in hopeless and listless indolence, at a distance from all he held dear. From the language of despondency, poor Williamson at length employed that of despair, and exhibited, in the following letter, a consummation resulting from that feeling, for which his unfortunate wife was but little prepared.

"My dearest, dearest Elleanor,—The intelligence which this letter will convey to you, will distract you. I feel, I know it will; but I trust the hopeless state of my affairs will plead my apology. I have enlisted, Elleanor. I have taken up the musket. I saw nothing else for it. I could not return to you; or, if I did, and escaped a prison, which is not likely, I could not have supported you in the ease and comfort which you now enjoy, with your kind aunt, and from which I should reckon it a cruelty to withdraw you—a consequence that would result from my return. Believe me, my dearest Elleanor, that whatever changes may take place in my circumstances or condition, none shall ever occur in the feelings I entertain towards you. These will remain unaltered through all the vicissitudes of life, let these vicissitudes be what they may."

Much in a similar strain with this followed, including many regretful references to their once happy abode at Woodlee, which the writer expressed a fear he might never again behold. Williamson then proceeded to detail to his wife various particulars relative to his new duties, informed her of the number of his regiment, and concluded by assuring her that he would regularly inform her of everything that occurred to him, of the smallest interest.

It would serve little purpose to describe the feelings of Elleanor on reading this, to her, most heart-rending letter. Her first idea was to fly to her husband, and to share with him all the dangers and privations to which his new life might expose him; but from this resolution she was, although not without great difficulty, dis-

suaded by her aunt. Nor would the efforts of that relative in this way have been successful, had they not been seconded by the earnest entreaties of her husband himself that she would at no time think of taking such a step. He had feared that she would insist on joining him; and, shocked at the idea of her being exposed to the hardships and humiliations of a soldier's wife, had cautioned her against entertaining for an instant the thought of becoming one otherwise than in name.

At this point of our story, an interval of three years occurs, during which no change had taken place in the fortunes of either Williamson or his wife. The former still continued in the army, and the latter still remained with her aunt. Although no change, however, had taken place in Williamson's fortunes in this time, many had taken place in the localities of his residence. He had been moved with his corps from one destination to another; and was, when we resume our tale, at the seat of war in the Netherlands.

Williamson had, by this time, seen some service. He had been in two or three engagements; and, although he had distinguished himself by his bravery, had hitherto escaped uninjured. But it was not in the field alone that he had made himself remarkable; he enjoyed an equal reputation for steadiness and orderly conduct in quarters. In the meantime, the hostile spirit of the nations of Europe was coming to a crisis; a mighty consummation was at hand. On the plains of Waterloo, the power, and greatness, and glory of Napoleon, were about to be overthrown and trodden in the dust.

It is well known that, for some time previous to that tremendous battle, a general feeling prevailed over all Europe, that a great and decisive struggle was approaching: that a day of deadly strife, such as the world had never seen, was about to dawn on the mighty hosts of armed men who were hurriedly converging, from various and distant lands, towards that point which destiny had marked for the last and closing scene of Europe's long-continued and sanguinary warfare.

One of the atoms, in this huge mass of humanity, on hostile purpose intent, was James Williamson. He was quartered with his regiment in Brussels, and with that regiment marched out to battle on the memorable morning of the fight of Quatre Bras. Two days afterwards, he was in the "ranks of death," mustered on the field of Waterloo. Leaving him here, to share in the fatigues and dangers of that sanguinary day, we shall attach ourselves to a personage whom we hope to render no less worthy of our sympathy and interest.

On the morning of the day on which the battle of Waterloo was fought, a young woman, a stranger, who had just arrived in Brussels, was seen hurrying distractedly through the streets, inquiring of every one she met, if they could tell her where she could find the —th regiment. None could inform her, because none knew the language in which she addressed them. It was English. At length, however, she ascertained that the regiment she sought had left Brussels two days before, and that it was at that moment on the field of Waterloo, where the mighty contest had already begun, as was ominously intimated by the distant roar of cannon, to which her informant called her attention at the moment he spoke. The young woman listened for an instant to the appalling sound of the artillery, whose thunders rolled onwards, in an unintermitting succession of dull and heavy peals—and she grew pale as she listened; but it was not the paleness of a timid or a shrinking spirit. It was the effect of a deep, an agitating sympathy for those who were exposed to the perils of the day, associated with distracting fears for the safety of one, in particular, who was a sharer in those dangers.

Having, as we have said, listened for a

moment to the roar of the cannon, the young woman hurriedly inquired for the road that led to the field of battle. It was pointed out to her. She immediately availed herself of the information, and hastened on towards Waterloo. But she had not gone far, ere she encountered sights that might well have appalled a stouter heart than hers. These were wagons filled with wounded soldiers, being conveyed from the field of battle to Brussels. On some of these Death had already set his seal; the fatal impress of which might be marked on their livid and ghastly countenances, or traced in the total prostration of their vital energies. Others, again, whose wounds were not mortal, yet dreadfully severe, exhibited that languid, sickly, fainting look, which betokens the extremity of bodily suffering. All, all was appalling to behold, and it did appal the lonely and unprotected young woman on whose sight it now fell, and who was hurrying on to the fearful source from whence all this misery proceeded; but it did not for a moment shake the resolution which urged her on the course she was pursuing, nor make her swerve from the purpose which prompted her daring adventure.

As she neared the field of strife she heard—

> "The cannon's roar,
> Nearer, clearer, deadlier than before."

Nor was this alone the only indication of her near approach to the scene of the mighty contest. Dismantled cannon, and broken arms of various kinds, intermingled with military caps, and fragments of military accoutrements, met her at every step, and told of partial combats between the remoter parties of the hostile armies. Here and there, too, a dead body intimated in language still more unequivocal the horrid work that was going forward. Undismayed by these appalling sounds, our heroine held on her way, till at length the great scene of strife itself—the field of Waterloo, covered with its tens of thousands of fighting men engaged in mortal combat—burst, in all its wild and fearful magnificence, on her view, and till she found herself getting involved in the movements of the troops. On discovering this last circumstance, she left the road, and struck through some fields on the left, for the purpose of gaining a solitary knoll at some distance, that seemed at once to be out of the way of the movements of the hostile armies, and to promise a complete view of the field of battle. Having gained this eminence, she sat down, and gazed, with awe-stricken eye and beating heart, on the tremendous scene before her. But how vain, how idle, was at least one of the objects for which she now so intently scanned the field of battle! It was to see if she could, by any sign or circumstance, discover the position of the —th regiment. She had earnestly and eagerly asked every party, nay, every individual she had met as she came along, if they could tell her where the —th regiment was. None could inform her, and most laughed at the absurdity of the inquiry. Idle, therefore, and vain in the last degree, it will be seen, was now her attempt to distinguish, amongst so many thousands, and these, too, constantly changing their positions, that particular corps in which she seemed so interested, and which, moreover, she had no outward mark whatever by which to distinguish it, even were it otherwise possible. While thus situated, and thus hopelessly employed, the young woman was suddenly startled, by hearing the moaning of a person in distress, at no great distance from where she sat. She instantly arose, looked around her, and discovered a wounded soldier lying on the ground, half concealed by some brushwood—which shelter he had evidently sought before he fell. On hearing these sounds, and seeing the prostrate warrior, all the woman rose within her, and she hurried to the assistance of the sufferer. He proved to be a British officer. He was severely wounded, and in the last stage of exhaustion. On seeing

the condition of the apparently dying soldier, our heroine, instinctively impressed with a confidence in the invigorating and refreshing effects of a little cold water in such a case as that before her, instantly snatched up the wounded man's cap, and, hurrying to a brook that was hard by, filled it with the simple element. This, on returning to the sufferer, she sprinkled gently on his pallid countenance, and with it bathed his burning forehead. The beneficial effects of the cooling application were made immediately apparent. The wounded man opened his eyes, and, after gazing for a moment, with a look of bewilderment, on the fair countenance that was wistfully and sympathizingly hanging over him, muttered the word "water."

Again his ministering angel, who had been thus so strangely sent to his relief, hastened to the brook, and returned with another supply of that element which was now so highly prized. Raising him gently up, she held the water to his parched lips. The wounded man drank greedily, and was instantly restored to consciousness, and to a state of comparative vigor. He now sat up, and was able to express the gratitude he felt to the fair stranger, whom heaven seemed to have sent thus opportunely to his aid. But that fair stranger's benevolent ministrations did not terminate with those acts of kindness already mentioned. She did more. She took a shawl from her shoulders, tore it into strips, and with these bound up the soldier's bleeding wounds. After all this had been done, and the latter had so far recovered as to be able to express all he felt—

"Who, in heaven's name," he said, addressing his fair friend—"who, in heaven's name, are you? Where are you from? and what on earth brought you here?"

The young woman blushed, and smilingly replied—"I am from Scotland, sir."

"From Scotland!" exclaimed the wounded officer. "My own dear native land! From Scotland are you, my guardian angel? Then, indeed, is this extraordinary circumstance complete. The gentle hand that has administered to my relief in my sad necessities—that has, under God, restored me to life, and saved me from perishing on the field—is that of a countrywoman."

Having said this, he again asked her what had brought her into such a dangerous neighborhood. The young woman replied, that her husband was in the —th regiment, and that she had come there to watch for him, that, in case he should be wounded, she might be at hand to aid him, and to attend on him.

The wounded officer appreciated all the heroism, the tender and ardent affection, which this declaration indicated; but he could not refrain from smiling at the simplicity of character which it also discovered. A young woman venturing alone towards a battle-field, to be in readiness to administer relief to a wounded husband, whom she had not the slightest chance of meeting with—where, of many thousands, he was but one, and these spread over a field of many miles in extent—seemed to him, as it really was, the very extreme of uncalculating love. Of all this, however, the wounded officer took no notice. He rightly conceived that any remark on it would be ungracious, and he therefore made none; but he resolved, if he could by any means prevent it, that he would not permit her to expose herself any further in so hopeless a pursuit; and a circumstance at this instant occurred, which, singularly enough, brought that about which he, in his present circumstances, could only desire Descrying a British wagon with wounded passing on the road (which was at the distance of about a quarter of a mile) towards Brussels, he requested his guardian angel, as he called our heroine, to do him one other act of kindness, by going down to the road, and informing the escort by which the wagon was accompanied, of his condition, and

desiring that a party should be sent to remove him. The escort of the wagon was composed of a party of the —th: of that regiment which the fair messenger had so anxiously and vainly inquired for. She approached it. She waved to the party to stop. They obeyed the signal; but looked with amazement at the person who made it. To see a young female in such a situation, and alone, was, to the soldiers, matter of inexpressible surprise. The young woman leaped a small ditch that separated the road from the field. She had scarcely done so, when one of the soldiers who formed the escort suddenly threw down his musket, and, rushing wildly towards her, enfolded her in his arms; exclaiming, in a transport of mingled joy and surprise—

"Heavens! Elleanor, Elleanor! my own dear Elleanor!"

"James!" exclaimed Elleanor (the secret is now out, good reader—it was indeed Elleanor, and no other), in a voice faint with emotion; and, without adding another word, she flung herself, in an ecstacy of speechless happiness, on her husband's neck.

"What on earth brought you here Elleanor? and above all, what on earth brought you here at such a time as this?" said her husband, after the first transports of their meeting had subsided, and looking her affectionately in the face while he spoke.

Elleanor blushed and looked down. There were too many witnesses present, too many eyes upon her, to allow her to explain herself; but she said shortly, and in a tone so low as not to be heard by any one but him for whom the information was intended—"It was to take care of you, James, in case anything should have happened you." James acknowledged the devoted affection of his wife by a smile and gentle pressure of her hand.

Williamson would now have pressed his wife for a history of her journey, and proceedings connected with it, but was at the moment prevented, by her stating the mission on which she came from the wounded officer, and her urging that immediate assistanee should be sent him. The request was instantly complied with. A party, of which her husband was one, proceeded, accompanied by Elleanor, to where the officer lay. None of the soldiers knew him personally; but Williamson thought he had seen the countenance somewhere before, but when, where, or in what circumstances, he could not at all recollect. On this subject, however, he made no remark. The wounded officer, on being told by Elleanor that she had found her husband, expressed the utmost satisfaction with the very singular circumstance; and, on the latter's being pointed out to him, took him kindly by the hand, and informed him, and all the others present, how much he was indebted to his wife for her most opportune and friendly aid.

"I shall always consider," he said, "the aid which she afforded me as having been the means of saving my life; and it shall be my first care, on arriving at Brussels, to see that the important service is as fully acknowledged as it is already appreciated."

Nothing more of any interest at this moment passed. The wounded officer, who was a young and handsome man, with the air and manner of a person of high birth and breeding, was removed to the wagon; in which proceeding Williamson was especially anxious and careful to subject him to as little suffering as possible; and, soon after, the whole party resumed their march, and in a few hours afterwards, reached Brussels in safety. On their arrival there, the young officer, who had yet only announced himself as a captain in the —d regiment of infantry, without adding his name, was conveyed, by his own desire, to a hotel, where, on parting with Williamson, he desired him to call on him on the following forenoon; having ascertained previously that the party to which

the former belonged had duties assigned them which would prevent their returning to the field; and that, therefore, this would be fully in Williamson's power. He also requested that the wife of the latter should accompany him on the occasion of his visit. With these requests Williamson promised compliance in his own name, and in that of his wife, who had not, of course, accompanied the party that conveyed the wounded man into the bedroom which he was to occupy, but waited her husband's return on the street.

In the meantime, intelligence of the victory of Waterloo had reached the city, and a scene of wild excitation and confusion followed, that it is more easy to conceive than describe. Every street and alley, every tavern, every house of entertainment, of lesser as well as larger note, filled, during the night, with stragglers from the army, and private houses with the wounded. So great, indeed, was the confusion and turmoil on the following day—these having rather increased than diminished—that both Williamson and Elleanor began to think of abandoning all idea of fulfilling their promise to wait on the wounded officer of the —d; and to this they were induced by recollecting that he had omitted to give them his name, and they to ask it, and by learning that the house in which he had taken up his quarters was filled with persons of a similar rank, and in a similar condition. Indeed, Elleanor had all along been against troubling him further; saying, that, in doing what she did for him, she had merely discharged a duty, and that she neither expected nor desired any reward but what her own feelings afforded her. Her husband, however, ultimately came to the resolution of making the promised visit, which, on reflection, it appeared to him it would be ungracious to withhold, and finally prevailed on his wife to accompany him. On arriving at the hotel, they found, as they expected, from the want of the name of the officer whom they sought, great difficulty in finding him, owing to the great number of other officers who were in the house, and more especially from the rather odd circumstance of there being no less than other three captains of the same regiment in the hotel at the very moment. By dint of frequent inquiry, however, and the exercise of some perseverance in the pursuit, they at last found the person they wanted. He was stretched upon a couch or sofa, and was in such spirits as shewed that his wounds, though they might be, and certainly were, of a very serious character, were yet by no means mortal, nor even very dangerous. Having expressed the utmost delight at seeing his visitor——

"Now, my guardian angel," he said, smiling, and addressing Elleanor, "what can I do for you that will sufficiently express the gratitude I feel for the assistance you rendered me yesterday?"

Elleanor blushingly replied, that she wanted no reward—that such was not her motive for what she did—and that she was perfectly satisfied with the reflection, that she had aided a fellow-creature in the hour of his need.

"Yes, yes," said the captain, smiling; "all very well, my kind, good lady; but, though that may satisfy you, it will not satisfy me. By the way," he abruptly added, "I believe I have never yet told you who I am. I forgot to give you my address. My name is Allenton, I"——

"Allenton, sir!" here hurriedly interrupted Williamson. "Excuse me, sir. Are you the Hon. Captain James Allenton, son of Lord Allenton?"

"The same, my good fellow," replied Captain Allenton, with a smile and a look of some surprise. "Do you know me, or any of my friends in Berwickshire, in Scotland?"

"That I do sir: know your father well, and I knew you too when a boy, that is to say, I know your father as an humble tenant may know a great landlord, and you as his son."

"Why, this is odd," said Captain Allenton; "very odd."

"You were a tenant of my father's, then. Pray, where did you live?"

"At Woodlee, sir," replied Williamson.

"Ah, I recollect the place well. A beautiful spot."

"It is, sir," said Williamson, with a sigh, which was responded to by his wife. "Would I were there again! Many a happy day I have spent in it."

"And why did you leave it, my good fellow?" inquired Captain Allenton, in a friendly tone.

Williamson answered the question by briefly recapitulating certain of those particulars of his history which are already before the reader.

When he had done, Captain Allenton, after thinking for some little time, asked him, directing the question by a look at the same time to his wife, whether he would like to be again set down at Woodlee.

"Oh, sir, nothing on earth we would like so well as that," exclaimed Elleanor; "but that's out o' the question now."

"Perhaps not," said Captain Allenton, musingly. Then added, after a pause—"I think I could manage that matter for you, if you really wish it; and I'll do it. Leave the affair in my hands."

Need we pursue our story beyond this point? We feel that we need not. A consummation, the reader will see, is at hand, and the sooner we now arrive at it the better.

Captain Allenton procured Williamson's discharge—this was his first step—and nearly at the same time presented him with a remission of the debt due to his father—paid his and his wife's passage to Scotland—got them reinstated at Woodlee—stocked their farm—advanced money to Williamson to discharge all his old debts—and, in short, set him one more fairly agoing in the world. Williamson prospered. He entered into no more speculations, but stuck steadily to the business of his farm, and was contented with its slow but comparatively certain return. Captain Allenton in time became Lord Allenton; and when he did so, and settled down a married man and sedate country gentleman at Merlin Castle, he was a frequent caller at Woodlee, and on such occasions took much pleasure in reminding Elleanor of their first acquaintance on the field of Waterloo.

THE IRISH REAPER.

Some years ago, I was proceeding from Runcorn to Manchester, in one of the passage-boats which ply upon the Duke of Bridgewater's canal. There could not be less than a hundred passengers, and they were of as motley a description as the imagination of man could conceive even in a dream. The boats exactly resemble a long, low, flat-roofed wooden house; but sufficiently lofty for a middle-sized person to stand erect between the floor and the roof, or rather the deck. At one end sat about a dozen Primitive Methodists, alternately reading passages of Scripture, or bursting forth, at the extreme pitch of their voice, into a squall of music, singing hymn upon hymn, till my very ears ached, and the timbers of

the boat might have started. Near them sat a number of young, rosy-cheeked Welsh women, staring at the vocalists with a look of wondering vacancy, that the goats on their own mountains could not have surpassed. There were, also, manufacturers' wives and children returning from a seven days' visit to Runcorn, for the benefit of a salt water dip in the Mersey; and six or eight prim, sober, sleek, silent, welldressed Quakers; with a more than sprinkling of the boys of the Emerald Isle. The loud laugh of one of them was ever and anon heard above the shrill music of the Ranters. He was about five feet seven inches high, and exceedingly strong and well-made. He wore an old great coat, of a yellowish blanket color, and a hat, the crown of which had fallen in with service, and its brim was equally turned up before and behind, and on both sides. His feet were thrust into a pair of brogues of true Irish manufacture, which, with a pair of coarse blue worsted stockings and corduroy inexpressibles, completed his outward man. He carried an apparently empty sack under his arm, and was surrounded by about a dozen of his countrymen, who seemed to regard him as an oracle, heartily echoing back his boisterous laughter, and exclaiming—"Well done, Mister M'Carthy!—faith and it's you that's your mother's own son, at iny rate."

O'Connell had sailed from Liverpool on the previous day, and his countrymen were discussing his political merits.

"Why, bad luck to ye," exclaimed our hero with the greatcoat, in answer to one who had held forth in praise of the counseller; "and is it you, Mike Behan, that says every man in Ireland should pay the O'Connell rint?—but I'll tell you a bit of a parable, as father O'Shee says, and a parable, too, of my own natural mother's making. 'Larry,' says she to me, 'Larry M'Carthy, don't be after planting those big potaties for seed; for they've a hole in their heart a little Christian might slape in?'"

"You're no better thin a Sassenach, Larry," interrupted the aforesaid Mick; "can't you speak your maneing like a man, if you have any maneing at all, at all."

This was like to have ended in an Irish row in reality—though the majority evidently sided with Mister Larry M'Carthy, not because they agreed with him in opinion, but because, as afterwards appeared, he was their master or employer. The disputants paused for a moment, and a loud groan, as if from one in great bodily pain, mingled with the wailings of a woman, was heard from the farther corner of the boat. Larry turned round, to use his own expression, "like a flash of lightning," and the next moment he stood by the side of the sufferer, who was a tall, bony-looking figure; but, save the skin that covered them, there was little of his mortal man but the bones left. It was only necessary to look on his features, wasted as they were, to tell that he, too, was an Irishman. A young wife sat beside him, whose countenance resembled beauty personifying sorrow; she had a child at her breast, and two others, the eldest not more than five years of age, stood by her knee. Larry looked upon the group, and his heart was touched.

"Och? and what may be ailing ye, countryman?" said he; "sure and ye wouldn't be after dying among friends, would ye?"

"Ohon! and is it a friend that would be asking after my own Patrick?" replied the poor wife; "sure then, and he is ill, and we're all ill togidder; and it is six blessed months since he earned the bridth of tinpinny. Oh! blackness on the day that the rheumatis came on him"——

"Sure now and is that all," interrupted Larry; "and, belike, the doctors have been chating you; for, I tell you, honey, and you, too, Patrick, those 'natomy chaps know no more about the rheumatis then holy Solomon knew about steam-boats. But, belike, I'm the lad that disn't know

neither; but, maybe, your chating yoursilf if ye think so. I'll tell ye what it is; the rheumatis is a wandering wind between the flesh and the bone; and, more than that, there is no way to cure it, but to squaze it out at the ends of the fingers or toes."

"Oh! my childer's sorrow on it, thin!" replied the suffering man's wife, "but, more and above the rheumatis, Patrick got his leg broke last February"——

"Ay, splintered, honey," added the husband; "and the doctors, bad luck be wid them, can't make nothing on't; and I am now gone to the great Salford bone doctor."

"And, maybe, he won't be curing the bit bone without the money," said Larry, with an expression of sympathy.

The sufferer shook his head, and was silent; his wife burst into tears.

"I will work. I will beg, I will die for my Patrick," she exclaimed, and pressed the child closer to her breast.

"You had better be barring the dying, honey," returned Larry; "and wouldn't a raffle, think ye, among friends, be more gintale thin begging among strangers!"

"Ohon! and is it *friends* you say?" replied she.

"Yes, sure, and it is *friends* that I say," answered Larry; "and a raffle is what no gintleman need be ashamed on."

The boat at this moment stopped opposite an inn at the side of the canal; Larry borrowed a quart measure from the skipper, and sprang ashore. In a few minutes he returned with a quantity of rum, and, handing it first to the wife, and then to her lame husband, said—"Come, warm up thy ould bones with a drop of the cratur." He called the rest of his countrymen around him, and handed the liquor to each. When gathered together, there might be about sixteen or eighteen of them in all.

"Arrah, now, and these are all my men," said Mister Larry M'Carthy, with a look of comical consequence, to his infirm countryman; "and where would you be finding better? We are gone up to a bit of work in Lancashire; for the Inglish are no better than born childer at *our* work;* and," raising the liquor to his head, he added, "here's the Holy Virgin be with us, countryman, and better luck to your bad leg; and should it ever be mended at all—though you may'nt be good for much at *hood-work* iny more, you have still a stout bone for a *barrow*—and you won't be forgetting to ask for Larry M'Carthy. And, now, boys," continued he, turning to his workmen, "here is this poor man, and, more than this, I'm saying, our own lawful countryman, with the rheumatis and a broken leg, and his wife, too, as you see, and those three little cherubims, all starving, to be sure, and he going to the doctor's without a penny! Sure you won't disgrace ould Ireland—just look at the childer—and I say that a raffle is the gintale way of doing the thing."

So saying, he thrust his hand into his pocket, and pulled out a small canvas bag well filled with silver, and tied round the mouth with a strong cord. He took off his indescribable brown hat; he threw in a piece or two of silver, and went round, shaking it among his countrymen. Each took out a bag similar to Larry's, and threw his mite into the hat. He then, without counting them, emptied its contents into the lap of the poor woman; and I should think, from their appearance, they must have amounted to thirty or forty shillings. She burst into tears. The lame man grasped his hand, and endeavored to thank him.

"Don't be after spakeing," said Larry; "did you think we warn't Christians?"

Such was the Irish raffle. Larry instantly resumed his jokes, his jests, and his arguments; but I could do nothing during the rest of the passage, but think

* Larry and his countrymen were all *navigators* as they are called, or rather excavators, employed in digging canals, railways, docks, &c.

of the good Samaritan, and admire Mister Larry M'Carthy.

In the September of 1834, I was wandering by the side of a country churchyard, situated near the banks of the Tyne. The sun had gone down, and the twilight was falling grey upon the graves. I saw a poor-looking man, whose garments fluttered in tatters with the evening breeze, and who, by his appearance, seemed to be an Irish reaper, rise from among the tombs. He repeatedly drew the sleeve of his coat across his eyes, and I could hear him sobbing heavily, as though his heart would burst. As we approached each other, I discovered that he was my old canal-boat companion, the then merry and kind-hearted Larry M'Carthy; but no more like the Larry I had then seen him, than a funeral to a bridal.

His frame was wasted to a skeleton, and hunger and misery glistened in his eyes together.

"Ha!" said I, accosting him, "is it possible that sorrow can have laid its heavy hand upon the light heart of Larry M'Carthy?"

"Sure," said he, drying away the tears that run down his wan and want-worn cheeks, "and it is true, and too true, and heavy is the hand, sure enough; but not so heavy as it should be, or it would be weighing me into that grave." He pointed to the grave I had seen him leave, and added, "But how do you know me, sir—and who tould ye my name—as I don't know yours?—for, sure, and mine is Larry M'Carthy, as my father and mother, and his rivirence, wid my natural sponsors, to boot, all, every one of thim, say and affirm."

I reminded him of the canal-boat and the raffle, and inquired the cause of his distress, and his visit to the grave.

"Arrah, master," said he, "and you touch a sore place when you ask me to tell it. Perhaps you don't know—for how should you—that, not long after the time you spake of in the canal-boat, I came down to what you call the Borders here, to a bit of navigating work that was to be a long job. I lodged wid a widow—a dacent ould woman, that had a daughter they called Mary—and, och! you may be thinking that ever Mary had an equal, but it's wrong that ye are if ye think so. Her eyes were like drops of dew upon the shamrock; and although she was not Irish but Scotch, it was all one; for, ye know, the Scotch and Irish are one man's childer. But, at iny rate, she had a true Irish heart; and, but for the sae or the channel, as they call it, she would have been Irish as well as me. The more I saw of Mary, I loved her the more—better than a bird loves the green tree. She loved me, too; and we were married. The ould woman died a few weeks before Mary presented me with two little Larrys. I might have called them both Larry; for they were as like each other as your two eyes, and both of them as like me, too, as any two stars in the blessed firmament are like each other, where nobody can see the difference.

"Mary made the best wife in Christendom; and, when our little cherubs began to run about our knees, and to lisp and spake to us, a thousand times have I clasped Mary to my breast, and blessed her as though my heart would burst with joy. 'Sure,' I used to say, 'what would my own mother have said, had her ould eyes been witness to the happiness of her son, Larry M'Carthy?"

"But often the thought came stalcing over me, that my happiness was too like a drame to last long; and sure and it was a drame, and a short one too. A cruel, mortal fever came to the village, and who should it seize upon but my little darlints. It was hard to see them dying together, and my Mary wept her bright eyes blind over them. But bad luck was upon me. The 'pothecary tould us as how our lovely childer would die; and, on the very day that he said so, the wife that was dearer to me than ould Ireland to Saint Patrick,

lay down on the bed beside them—and, och, sir! before another sun looked in at our window, a dying mother lay between her dead childer. I wish that I might die too; and, within three days, I followed my wife and my little ones together to the same grave. It was this arm that lowered them into the cold earth—into the narrow house—and, sure, it has been weak as a child's since. My strength is buried in their grave. I have wrought but little since; for I cannot. I have no home now; and I take a light job anywhere when it comes in my way. Every year, at reaping time, I visit their grave, and bring with me a bit of shamrock to place over it, and that it may be a mark where to bury me, should I die here, as I hope I will."

Within ten days after this, I beheld the body of the once lively and generous-hearted Larry M'Carthy consigned to the grave, by the side of his wife and children.

THE STORY OF DUGALD GLEN;

THE SHEPHERD OF DILSTON.

Several years have now elapsed since I resolved to spend a month of the summer's vacation in making a pigrimage to some of the scenes famed in history or in song, which impart an interest to the confines of the sister kingdoms. With this intention I set out, one morning early, from my habitation on the banks of the Tweed, with a heart as light as the breeze that played around me. The third week of my peregrinations found me in what is called the Tindale Ward of Northumberland. Having feasted my appetite for the antique, by exploring the numerous relics of the Romans with which that district abounds, one afternoon I came unexpectedly upon the picturesque ruins of the castellated mansion of Dilston Hall—formerly the residence of the unfortunate James, Earl of Derwentwater, who, in 1716, was beheaded for abetting the Earl of Mar in his vain attempt at reinstating the Stuarts upon the throne. These venerable remains occupied the summit of a steep and beautifully wooded bank, which overhangs the romantic rivulet, or rather brook, of Devil's Water, near its confluence with the Tyne. The sky, which, during the earlier part of the day, had been clear and serene, became suddenly now overcast with dark clouds, which forthwith began to discharge themselves in a heavy shower. To escape a "ducking," I found myself compelled to seek shelter in the interior of a gloomy vault, a few yards distant from the ruins, which had been used as a burial place by the ancient Barons of Dilston Hall, but, as I ascertained from the marks upon its pavement, had been latterly converted into the ignoble purpose of a pen for sheep. Scarcely had I entered, when the storm burst forth furiously, and, in a few minutes, the brook, which laved the base of the rock on which the vault stood, came brawling down with the noise and vehemence of a torrent. No alternative was thus left me, but to amuse myself, as best I might, in attempting to decipher a few of the time-worn monumental tablets that were imbedded in the walls of this sombre mansion of the dead. I had spent some time in tracing the

scarcely legible characters that told of the deeds and achievements of the ancient barons of Dilston, whose mouldering ashes crumbled beneath my feet, and was proceeding to transfer to a scrap of paper the inscription upon the most recent of these monuments, erected by Anne, Countess of Derwentwater, to the memory of her brave but unfortunate son, when the vault became suddenly darkened. On turning round to ascertain the cause of this, I found it to be occasioned by an old shepherd, who stood at its entrance, apparently a good deal astonished at finding me seated in such a situation. I soon entered into conversation with him, and discovered him to be not only intelligent, but likewise disposed to be very communicative. He told me that he was a native of Scotland; but, for several years past, had been employed in the capacity of shepherd to a farmer in that neighborhood. The family of Derwentwater became the subject of conversation; and having talked of the fate of the last of its earls, I was led to speak of the subsequent insurrection of 1745, which had for ever blasted the hopes of the House of Stuart. Talking of the battle of Preston, which, for a time, had inspired the adherents of the Chevalier with expectations of success, the old man's face brightened up, and, with considerable pride, he told me that his father had been one of those who fell fighting in the "gude cause" on that bloody field. "Had you time, sir," said he, "I could tell you something about that business that, aiblins, you may na ha'e heard afore; but it's a lang story, and, I doubt, no just a proper ane to be tauld in siccan a eerie place as this An' you're no feared for a wet coat, you might e'en step down the burn to my beild, that's no muckle mair than a stanesthraw frae this, an' there you shall be made welcome to rest yoursel' till sic time as the storm blaw by; and I, the meantime, wad be tellin' you the story o' my faither and the Laird o' Glengorroch." A minute's walk, or rather run, brought us to the shepherd's hut, and another had scarcely time to slide by before I was seated, hob-a-nob, with Dugald Glen (for that was the name of my new acquaintance), before a blazing fire, listening to a narration of the marvellous incidents, which, on my return home, I embodied in the following story, which is now submitted to the readers of the Border Tales.

It was on a fine still evening in the autumn of 1745, that the clansmen of Glengorroch, with their aged chieftain at their head, marched from the Highland glen of that name, to share the fortunes of Prince Charles Edward, who had reared his standard on the heath of Glenfinnan. Their wives and children were collected in groups on the sides of the Gorroch mountain, in order to enjoy as long a view as possible of the "tartaned warriors." The anxious, though somewhat proud interest, with which they gazed on their departing forms, deepened in proportion as the distance between them was magnified; and when, at length, an abrupt winding of the glen carried their kinsmen, one by one, from their sight, a simultaneous shriek, or rather yell, burst from the female multitude. Then, having gazed for some time on the particular object of their love or affection, they hastily pressed their weeping children to their bosoms, and slowly began to move down the acclivity of the mountain to their hamlet in the vale below, to muse in silence on the strange enterprise that was taking their relatives "awa frae the land o' the mountain and heather;" while Lady Helen, the daughter of their chieftain, returned in sorrow to the old castle or tower of Glengorroch, which reared its high and somewhat dilapidated turrets on the summit of a precipitous cliff that projected from the northern side of the mountain.

With the proceedings of Prince Charles, after his being joined by the Glengorroch and other disaffected clans, our readers are too well acquainted to require any farther information from us. They will

recollect that, on the evening prior to the battle of Preston, the royal army, under the command of Sir John Cope, lay encamped on that wide and then barren plain which extends between the village of Tranent and the sea; whereas the insurgent forces occupied the gentle slope of a hill a little to the northward of that village—an extensive and intricate morass, which has now disappeared under the improvements of modern agriculture, stretching between them. Thus were the rival armies situated on the wet and foggy night of the 20th September, 1745, awaiting the approach of the dawn to commence the onset. The hardy mountaineer, accustomed to deeds of slaughter and bloodshed, lay wrapt in his tartan plaid on the bare ground, in profound repose; while many a less courageous Lowlander, who had either joined in the enterprise in a fit of enthusiasm, or from a spirit of retaliation engendered by wrongs received from those in authority, heard the cry of the sentinels as they changed guard, and viewed the watch fires blazing on the plain with feelings of a far from pleasing kind.

On that night, as the chieftain of Glengorroch sat in his tent, after his brother officers had retired to their slumbers, meditating on the probable issue of the morrow's engagement, there entered the form of an aged Highlander, accoutred in a full suit of armor; but his body was bowed down with the load of years, and the sword which hung unsheathed by his side was reddened with gore, that flowed in a dark purple stream from a wound in his side. His face was unearthly pale, the features being contracted into a convulsive grin, rather, however, betokening a feeling of acute pain than of displeasure. The spectre (for such it was) glided toward the spot where the chieftain was sitting, and then fixing his lustreless eyes upon him, he pronounced, in a solemn sepulchral tone—"Glengorroch, prepare; for thy hour is coming! Ere the morrow's sun hath set, the last chieftain of Glengorroch shall be no more!" And, as the voice died away, the figure became gradually more and more indistinct, till, at length, it almost disappeared. At first, the chieftain had tried to speak, and ask the officer, whom he then conceived the apparition to be, the cause of so unexpected a visit, when suddenly the idea of his being in the presence of Dhorach nan Dhu, the mysterious being who was supposed to preside over the destinies of his race, flashed upon his mind, and rendered every effort to speak for some time abortive, though his mind remained little more affected than might be attributed to surprise at so strange a sight. During the vision, he sat boldly gazing on the spectre, and instead of appearing alarmed or daunted at the appalling annunciation, a smile of sadness played upon his aged features; and, on regaining his speech, just as the apparition was gliding out of sight, he calmly exclaimed—

"Spectre! phantom! or whoever thou art, who hast thus kindly come to warn me of my approaching doom, depart not, I pray thee, till thou hast likewise foretold to me what shall be the destiny of the heiress of our house, that, when the fatal blow shall fall on his head, Glengorroch may die in peace."

While he spoke, the spectre entirely vanished; but, at the further end of the apartment, the form of a lady, in tears and in deep mourning, was seen approaching a gloomy convent, at the portal of which stood a train of nuns attired in the unostentatious garb of the sisterhood. As the figure of the lady entered the convent, the tent resounded with the solemn tones of the organ, which ceased on the novice and the nuns disappearing, and the gates being closed. Glengorroch sat for some time with his eyes rivetted to the spot where the vision had melted away, engaged in deep thought. At length he gave utterance to the painful emotions which overcame him at the latter apparition.

"And is it even so?—are thus all my

high fancies to be blasted for ever?—and is it to fare thus hard with the last remnant of Glengorroch? Alas! my poor child! how are all thy father's proud hopes and wishes for thy happiness in a moment departed, and the heart, which could have smiled upon its own misfortunes, made to weep tears of blood for thine!"

During the remainder of the night, he continued to pace backward and forward, his mind engrossed with the most melancholy reflections. The dawn at length began to break, and they were interrupted by the entrance of his old and faithful domestic, Dugald Glen, a Lowlander by birth, but whose long servitude had caused him to be considered by his master rather in the light of a *confidant* than as an ordinary serving-man. He entered the tent with a smile on his countenance, which became suddenly dispelled as he observed that of his master overcast with a look of unusual sadness. Without paying much attention to the old man, who had now intruded himself into his presence, Glengorroch continued his perambulations, engaged in the same gloomy reverie as previous to Dugald's appearance. By this time, daylight had advanced so far as to render the torch, which continued to blaze on the floor of the apartment, altogether superfluous. This quickly attracted Dugald's notice, who remarked, as he extinguished the blazing faggot, that it was "neither mair nor less than sinnin' ane's mercies to use baith day an' torch light at the same time;" and this he did in a louder tone than usual, chiefly with a view of rousing his master from his reveries, that he might ascertain what had given rise to the painful reflections, which, from long experience of his habits, he readily saw were passing in the chieftain's mind. The latter, at the loud exclamation of Dugald, turned hastily round, and, speedily assuming his wonted smile, said to the venerable valet—"So, Dugald, you are quickly afoot; you, for one, seem determined not to be backward in the fight. How goes the time, Dugald?—is the Prince astart yet!—and how are our English friends looking this morning!"

"Please your honor," replied Dugald, bowing respectfully, "the sun is just beginning to keek out frae the clouds ower Berwick Law; an' as for the Prince, he's been rinnin' frae ae tent to anither this half hour, an', I doubt not, will be wi' your Grace i' the crack o' a nut shell; an' when I came ben, the Southrons were putting out their fires, and seemed to be in an unco flurry. But, i' the name o' the Holy Virgin, what's makin' you look sae pale an' fearsome? I declare your cheeks are as white as a snaw-ba', or a sliced turnip; it canna be that your honor's fear'd for the day's wark; but, aiblins, you may find yoursel' ower weak to fight at your time o' life, an' nae wonder?"

"Fear hath ever been a stranger to the heart of our race, Dugald," rejoined the chieftain, reassuming the thoughtful look which had been dispersed by the appearance of his attendant; "and at no period during my long life did I feel myself more able or willing to wield my sword manfully, than to-day. But, if my face be, as you say, paler than usual, it is owing neither to fear nor weakness; other and weightier causes are required to drive the color from my face; and, alas! these have been sent enough to curdle every drop of blood in my veins; but thou knowest them not, Dugald, and it is better thou shouldst not, for thine old eyes will mayhap have closed in death ere the last event come to pass."

"By the Holy St. Peter!" said the old man, with a look of the most serious alarm, "am I to be believe my ears, or has your honor been dreamin'? My dear maister, if you care ae straw for your puir servant, tell him what it is that's makin' you speak in that fashion. Before I left you last night, you were in the greatest spirits, an' now you're lookin' as white as a corp, an' talkin' in that fearsome manner just when you're on the point o' being

restored to a' your ancient honors and dignities. O my dear maister, tell me if ony danger is like to happen thee or thine, an' auld Dugald Glen 'll no grudge the best drap o' bluid in his body to keep you frae skaith." And here the tears ran down the old man's face as he fell to the ground and grasped his master's knees.

"Poor old man!" said the chieftain, a tear at the same time glistening in his eyes, "last night I thought as thou dost even now, that honor and power were about once more to smile on our ill-starred house; but the fates have otherwise determined. However, my kind old man, enough hath been left from the wreck to enable thee to spend the remainder of thy days in peace and comfort; take this, Dugald"—holding out to the old man his purse, at which however, he gazed without offering to accept it—"this is all I will be able to leave thee for thy long and faithful services; but I will speak to the Prince in thy behalf, and he, I doubt not, will not see our old servant want; *one thing*," added Glengorroch, hurriedly, "*one thing* let me beseech thee to do, in the event of evil betiding thy master—give this ring to Helen, as a memorial from her father."

"My honored maister!" exclaimed the poor old man, after a great many ineffectual efforts to speak, and in a voice quivering with emotion, "waes me, that my auld een should hae seen this day!—auld Dugald Glen should hae been lang syne lyin' wi' his forbears in Auchtermuchty kirkyard. O my puir maister! But what did the bogle say was to befa' Leddy Helen?"

"Ask me not further, Dugald; what I have alluded to has been foretold for the last time by the being who presides over the destinies of our race. Take the money, Dugald; you will find it useful when you are once more obliged to shift for yourself; and keep this for Helen."

"O my puir maister! an' is it so you think my affections are to be got and broken off? Do you think that auld Dugald Glen can live after his first and only maister has perished?—No, no, my Lord; the same hour that shall terminate the race of Glengorroch shall lay auld Dugald i' the dust. I needna, therefore, the money, my Lord, an' the ring you maun consign to other hands to gie puir Leddy Helen. O my puir maister! waes me I should hae lived to see this day!"

"Thou art wrong," said Glengorroch, struggling to conceal his emotion, "thou art wrong, my kind old man; thou mayest yet live to see many a happy day, and it were folly in thee to betake thyself to the field, resolved to share the fate of thy unhappy master, particularly when thou couldst be so well employed in conveying to poor Helen this last token of her father's love."

Any further controversy on this distressing subject was now arrested by a slight tap on the door, at which almost instantly, Prince Charles entered between two Highlanders, who placed themselves by his side. He wore a blue velvet bonnet, surmounted by the famous "white cockade," and a tartan coat with the star of St. Andrew on his breast. A blue sash, embroidered with gold, hung gracefully over his shoulder, while at his side dangled a massy silver-hilted broadsword. His countenance was lightened up by a smile; and immediately he began to discourse with the chief respecting the approaching contest. During this interview, the latter seemed to have regained his former spirits, smiling and even laughing at the humorous remarks with which the Prince's conversation, as usual, abounded. Ere long they sallied out together, joined the rest of the officers, held a council of war, and resolved to attack the enemy immediately. The mist, hovering in dense clouds over the intervening morass, prevented either army from distinctly observing the movements of the other, so that, by the aid of a person well acquainted with the ground,

the troops of Prince Charles were enabled to cross the marsh without observation, and to draw themselves up in order of battle. A scene of bustle and confusion pervaded the royal army, when the terrific yell, whereby the Highlanders commenced the attack, too truly proved that the hedge, which they fancied they saw before them, gradually becoming more and more conspicuous as the day approached, was none other than the armed host of the enemy. Short but decisive was the conflict that followed. The hardy Highlanders, with the fury of a winter's torrent rushing down their mountain glens, fiercely assaulted the troops of the foe, and, in five or six minutes, routed and put them to flight; and, amid the groans of the dying warriors, rose the joyful shout of "God save King James—the Stuart for ever!" After the battle, the field presented, as might have been expected, a most melancholy and disgusting spectacle—strewed with the mangled bodies of the slain who had fallen under the tremendous broadsword. The few surviving retainers of Glengorroch sought out from the lifeless bodies of their clansmen, that of their venerated master, which was pierced with many a wound. During the engagement he had fought bravely at the head of his own undisciplined group of mountaineers. The last charge was made. Glengorroch rejoiced in the expectation of victory, and the prophecy of Dhorach seemed unlikely to be realized. And victory came—but the chieftain was pierced with a bullet which stretched him on the plain; and on the now cultured spot where he fell, a stately hawthorn tree, that has braved the storms of upwards of ninety winters, points out to the passing traveller the place where in peace he rests from his warfare; near which a solitary mound marks the lowly sepulchre of his faithful domestic, Dugald Glen, and the greater part of the ill-fated clan of Glengorroch.

On the evening of that day whose morn had proved so fatal to her parent, did the fair Helen leave the tower of Glengorroch, with the intention of proceeding to the hamlet, to ascertain if any intelligence had arrived of the proceedings of the Prince; but so occupied did her mind become with forebodings relative to the success of the enterprise whereon her father had embarked his life and fortunes, that she proceeded in a totally different direction, through a wild and trackless ravine, utterly unconscious, or, at any rate, heedless whither she wandered. Over this rugged path did she continue to move onwards, notwithstanding the many obstacles which impeded her progress, till her farther advancement was eventually stayed by her arriving on the margin of the deep lake of Gorroch, whose placid bosom was then illumined by the pale rays of the moon. As she gazed on its tranquil waters, slumbering in all the beauty of an autumn's eve, the anxious feelings which previously harassed her mind became gradually subdued. Regardless of the hour and the solitude of the spot, she seated herself on a fragment of rock that lay upon the margin of the lake, and continued, if not to admire, at least to be soothed by the calm scene before her. At length, however, her attention was irresistibly distracted from the subject that had given rise to her moonlight excursion, on observing, at about sixty or seventy yards from her, a sudden burst of flame arise from a small Island whereon mouldered the ruins of a chapel, within whose vaults had been deposited, from time immemorial, the ashes of the chieftains of Glengorroch. Utterly at a loss to account for so strange a circumstance, and possessed of a mind impressed from her earliest childhood by the wild legends and superstitions which did then, as well as at the present day, exert so powerful a sway over the feelings of the Highlanders, it will not be wondered at that a sort of dread overcame her at the sight. It increased as the moon became once more obscured by a dense mass of clouds; the dark interval being

rendered yet more dismal by the terrific glare in which the whole of the trees upon the Island were speedily enveloped. Motionless she sat, with her eyes fixed in fearful gaze upon the towering conflagration, in which appeared to be fast consuming the spot that had ever been held sacred by the natives of that wild region, till the lake, and the hills in whose bosom it reclined, became once more irradiated by the more genial moonlight. Not to dispel, indeed, the terror which had now seized upon the maid of Glengorroch, did fair Luna once more throw her gladsome mantle over the heath-embrowned mountains for no sooner had the clouds floated from before her round disc, than the pale Helen descried a form, apparently of mortal make, gliding upon the surface of the lake, and nearing the spot where she sat. She had just time to observe that neither boat nor oars were required to carry this mysterious intruder on her solitude on his way to the shore, and to infer that none other than Dhorach nan Dhu, of whom she had previously heard much, but whom she had never before seen, was approaching, before terror overcame her and she swooned. On arriving within a few yards of the damsel, he halted; and looking long and steadfastly on her pale features, his withered countenance assumed a look of pity, as he uttered to himself the following in Gaelic:—

"And has it, at length, fallen upon Dhorach nan Dhu to pronounce to the fairest maiden of these mountains the fate which has long been hovering over her father's race? Now is my father's son the most wretched of beings. Oh! blame me not, lady, for even now, methinks, I see an upbraiding look distort thy most beautiful of countenances."

Thus far had his soliloquy proceeded, when the object to whom it related, probably startled by the loud tone of the speaker, or supernaturally influenced, raised her head from the position into which it had fallen on the occurrence of the syncope, and, strange as it may appear, now looked with comparative composure upon the being whose very approach had well nigh bereft her of existence. A pause ensued, ascribable, probably, on the part of the one, to a certain incapability of utterance which has been uniformly supposed to overcome mortals when in the presence of beings of "more than mortal mould," (and of the ethereal essence of Dhorach nan Dhu, it may readily be supposed Lady Helen did not harbor the slightest doubt), and on the part of the other, to an unwillingness to communicate the painful intelligence which devolved upon him, as the last seer who presided over the expiring destinies of Glengorroch. Turning, at length, half round, and pointing to the flaming pile in the midst of the lake, he continued—"Lady of Gorroch, seest thou yonder flame, in which is consuming the spot where the ashes of thy ancestors repose? Thy father, and the clan whom thou sawest march forth from these glens, shall need no such resting-place! They, and he from whom thou art sprung, have found a sepulchre on the battle-field of the Lowlander, and there in peace shall the last chieftain of Glengorroch rest from his warfare! The work of Dhorach nan Dhu is now at a close; and with yonder expiring flame," continued he, still pointing to the island where the fire was now nearly extinguished, "shall perish the last seer of thy father's clan!"

Having thus spoken, he plunged, headforemost, into the lake; and the reverberation of one solitary shriek among the surrounding caverns and glens, rang the death-knell of Dhorach nan Dhu.

How or when, after the above awful meeting with Dorach nan Dhu, Lady Helen reached the tower of Glengorroch, the narrative of the shepherd left us uninformed. Certain it is, however, that from that period her health and beauty

began to wane, notwithstanding all the efforts of those who lent their skill to effect a cure; and prior to her entering a foreign convent, not many months afterwards, such as were familiar with her, traced in the incoherency of her discourse, which always had reference to that fatal meeting, a lamentable failure in her mind.

THE LAIDLEY WORM OF SPINDLESTON HEUGH;

A TALE OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS.

"Word went east, and word went west,
And word is gone over the sea,
That a Laidley Worm in Spindleston Heugh
Would ruin the north countrie.

"All folks believe within the shire
This story to be true,
And they all run to Spindleston
The cave and trough to view.

"This fact now Duncan Frazier,
Of Cheviot, sings in rhyme,
Lest Bamboroughshire-men should forget
Some part of it in time."—*Ancient Ballad.**

"TELL me, old man," said a Northumbrian chief to a Saxon bard, who claimed his hospitality, "tell me a tale of the olden time—a legend of the race of Woden."

The bard bowed his head and began:—Great was Ida, the flame-bearer, above all the kings of the isles. His ships covered the sea in shoals, and his warriors, that launched them on the deep, were stronger than its waves. He built the towers of Bamborough on the mighty rock whose shadow darkens the waters. He reared it as a habitation for his queen, and he called it by her name.* Wheresoever he went, strong places were consumed, kings were overthrown and became his servants, and nations became one. But Ida, in the midst of his conquests, fell in battle, by the red sword of Owen, the avenging Briton. Then followed six kings who reigned over Bernicia, from the southern Tyne even to the Frith of Dun Edin. But the duration of their sovereignty was as a summer cloud or morning dew. Their reigns were as six spans from an infant's hand, and peaceful as an infant's slumber.

But to them succeeded Ethelfrith the Fierce—the grandson of Ida—the descendant of the immortal Woden. His voice, when his ire was kindled, was like the sound of deep thunder, and his vengeance

* The popular Ballad of the Laidley (or loathly) Worm of Spindleston Heugh, was composed by Duncan Frazier, the Cheviot bard, more than five hundred years ago, and has rendered the legend familiar far beyond the Borders. The tradition had doubtless been commemorated by the ancient Saxon bards, when old Duncan turned it into rhyme; and it is under this supposition that the present tale is told, the narrator being understood to be a wandering bard of the Saxon race.

* According to the venerable Bede, the name of Ida's queen was Bidda, and the original name of Bamborough, Biddaburgh.

fleeter than the lightning. He overthrew princes as reeds, and he swept armies before him as stubble. His conquests extended from where clouds sleep on the brow of Cheviot, to where the heights of terrific Snowdon pierce heaven. Men trembled at his name; for he was as a wolf in the fold, as an eagle amongst the lesser birds of heaven.

Now, the wife of Ethelfrith's bosom died; she departed to the place of spirits —to the company of her fathers. She left behind her a daughter, Agitha,* with the tresses of the raven's wing; and she was beautiful as sunbeams sparkling from morning dew amongst the flowers of spring. Her eyes were bright as the falcon's, but with their brightness was mingled the meekness of the dove's. The breath of sixteen summers had fanned her cheeks. Her bosom was white as the snow that lay in winter on the hills, and soft as the plumage of the sea-fowl that soared over the rocks of her lofty dwelling.

A hundred princes sighed for the hand of the bright-haired Agitha; but their tales of love had no music for her ear, and they jarred upon her soul as the sounds of a broken instrument. She bent her ear only to listen to the song of affection from the lips of the Chylde Wynde—even to Chylde Wynde of the sharp sword and the unerring bow, who was her own kinsman, the son of her father's brother. His voice was to her as the music of water brooks to the weary and fainting traveller —dear as the shout of triumph to a conquering king. Great was the Chylde Wynde among the heroes of Bernicia. He had honored the shield of his father. He had rendered his sword terrible. Where the battle raged fiercest, there was his voice heard, there was his sword seen; war-horses and their riders fell before it —it arrested the fury of the chariots of war. Bards recorded his deeds in immortal strains, and Agitha sang them in secret.

* In the old ballad she is called Margaret.

Yet would not Ethelfrith listen to the prayer of his kinsman, but his anger was kindled against him. The fierce king loved his daughter, but he loved dominion more. It was dearer to him than the light of heaven, than the face of the blessed sun. He waded through blood as water, even the blood of his victims, to set his feet upon thrones. He said unto himself—"Agitha is beautiful—she is fairer than her mother was. She is stately as a pine, lifting its head above the sacred oaks. She is lovely as the moon when it blesseth the harvest fields. A king only shall possess her hand, and give a kingdom in exchange for it."

Thus spoke her father, the mighty Ethelfrith, whose word was power, and whose purpose was fixed as the everlasting rocks on which the foundations of the earth are built. He said, therefore, unto the Chylde Wynde—"Strong art thou in battle, son of my brother; the mighty bend before thy spear, and thy javelins pierce through the shields of our enemies As an eagle descendeth on its prey, so rusheth my kinsman to the onset. But thou hast no nation to serve thee—no throne to offer for my daughter's hand. Whoso calleth himself her husband, shall for that title exchange the name of king, and become tributary unto me—even as my sword, before which thrones shake and nations tremble, has caused others to do homage. Go, therefore, son of my brother, take with thee ships and warriors, and seek thee a people to conquer. Go, find a land to possess; and when with thy sword and with thy bow thou hast done this, return ye to me, bringing a crown in thy left hand, and in thy right will I place the hand of Agitha with the bright hair, whose eyes are as stars."

"O king!" answered the Chylde— "thou who holdest the fate of princes in thy hands, and the shadow of whose sceptre stretcheth over many nations—the uplifting of whose arm turneth the tide of battle—swear unto me, by the spirit of

mighty Woden, that while I am doing that which thou requirest, and ere I can return to lay a crown at thy feet, swear that thou will not bless another king for an offered kingdom, with the hand of Agitha, in whom my soul liveth!"

Then did the wrath of the king wax terrible; his eyes were as consuming fires, even as the fire of heaven when it darteth from the dark clouds of midnight. His countenance was fierce as the sea, when its waves boil and are lifted up with the tempest. In his wrath he dashed his heel upon the floor; and the armor of conquered kings, the spoils of a hundred battles, rang round the halls of Ida.

"Shall the blood of my brother," he cried, "stain the floor of his father? Boy! ask ye an oath from a king, the descendant of Woden?* Away! do as I command thee, lest ye perish!"

Then did the Chylde Wynde withdraw from before the anger of the great king, in the presence of whom, in his wrath, the life even of his kindred was as a spider's thread. He sought Agitha with the rainbow smile, where she sat with her maidens, in the groves of Budle, ornamenting a robe of skins for her father, the mighty Ethelfrith. The sea sang its anthem of power along the shore, and the caves of the rocks resounded with the chorus of the eternal hymn. The farthest branches of the grove bent over the cliff that overhung the sounding sea. The birds of heaven sang over her head, and before her the sea-birds wheeled in myriads, countless as the sand upon the shore, like burnished clouds over the adjacent isles. Their bright wings flashed in the sun, like the fitful fires that light the northern heavens.

The warrior Chylde drew near to where the princess sat. There was gloom and sorrow on his brow. The echoes of the grove answered to his sighs. Agitha heard them. She beheld the cloud of anguish that was before his countenance. The robe of skins dropped from her hand. Her eyes, that were as the morning light, became dim. She arose and went forward to meet him.

"Wherefore," she inquired, "does my hero sigh, and why sits heaviness on the brightness of his face? Are not thou renowned in song as the warrior of the dauntless heart and the resistless sword? Art not thou the envy of princes—the beloved of the people—the admired of the daughters of kings? And can sadness dwell upon thy soul? Oh! thou who art as the plume of my father's warriors, and as the pride of his host, if grief hath entered into thy bosom, let it be buried in mine."

Then thus replied the warrior Chylde:—"Agitha—thou that art fairer, milder than the light that plays around the brows of the summer moon, and dearer to me than a mother's milk to the lips of her babe—it is for thee that my countenance is sad, and my soul troubled. For thy father has pierced my spirit with many arrows; yea, even with the poisoned arrows of a deadly foe. He hath wrung my soul for thee, Agitha. Thou didst give me thy heart when the sacred moon rose over the rocky Ferns and beheld us; and while the ministering spirits that dwell in its beams descended as a shower of burning gold upon the sea, and, stretching to the shore, heard us. We exchanged our vows beneath the light of the hallowed orb, while the stars of heaven hid their faces before it. Then, Agitha, while its beams glowed on my father's sword, upon that sword I swore to love thee. But our vows are vain. Daughter of kings! our love is sorrow. Thy father hath vowed by the

* It may be necessary to mention, that the imaginary deities of the Saxons were named Woden, Tuisco, Thor, Frea, and Seator. They also worshipped the sun and moon. Woden was their god of war; and from him Ida and his descendants professed to spring. It is after these objects of pagan worship, that we still name the days of the week; as Woden's day (Wednesday,) Thor's day (Thursday,) Frae's day (Friday,) &c., &c.

mighty Woden, that thou shalt be the wife of a king, and that a kingdom shall be the price of thy hand. Yet will I gather my warriors together. They number a thousand spears; they have a thousand bows. The charge of their spears is as the rushing of the whirlwind. The flight of their arrows hides the face of the sun. Foes perish at their approach. Victory goeth before their face. Therefore, will I go forth into a far country. I will make war upon a strange people, that I may take the kingdom from their ruler, and present his crown unto thy father for the hand of my Agitha."

The maiden wept. Her head sank on her bosom like a fair flower weighed down with dew. Tears stood in the eyes of the warrior.

"Weep not, daughter of heroes!" he said; "the tide of battle is in the hands of Woden. He will not turn it against a descendant of his race. I will return to thee in triumph. I will throw a crown at thy father's feet, and rush to the arms of Agitha. Thou wilt greet me again with thy smile of love—with thy voice that is sweeter than the music of spring. Thy heart, which is dearer than life, shall be my kingdom; and thy bosom, that is whiter than the breast of the wild swan, my throne. I will fly to thee as the hunted deer to its covert—as a bird to its nest where its young await it."

Thus departed the warrior, and Agitha returned to her maidens; she sat down amongst them and mourned.

Gormack, the weird, a thane of the Pictish race, had his dwelling near the giddy cliffs where the young eagles scream to the roar of the dark waters of the Forth. He had a daughter whose beauty was the theme of all tongues. Her fame went over the land like the sound of shells—yea like the sound of shells when the wind is hushed, and the moon is bright in the heavens. Fair was the daughter of Gormack as the lily that groweth by the brook. Her hair was as the finest fleece when it is purified. It fell down her back in ringlets. It was bright as the golden clouds that encircle the throne of the rising sun—as the golden clouds when they are dipped in silver. Her father held counsel with spirits of evil. They were obedient to his will. He invoked them to endue his daughter with more than mortal beauty, that she might inflame the soul of princes, and sit upon their throne. Such was the tale of men. Her beauty was the burden of the song of bards. In their chorus to swell the praise of others, they said that they were "lovely as the fair daughter of Gormack."

The tale of her charms was heard by Ethelfrith. It was heard by the fierce in war—the impetuous in love—the victor in battle—yea, even by Ethelfrith, king of Bernicia. "I will see the fair daughter of the thane," said the proud king, to whose will even war and the mighty in war did homage. Moreover, Gormack the thane was his vassal. He had sworn to his obedience.

The king went forth to the dwelling of Gormack, among the cliffs. Ealdormen,* comites,† and thanes,‡ attended him. The weird thane came forth to meet him; he bowed low his head and made obeisance.

Ethelfrith beheld Bethoc the Beautiful; and the songs that he had heard in her praise were as an idle tale, for her loveliness exceeded the power of song. The soul of the fierce king melted within him. It was subdued by the sorcery of her charms.

"Give me," said he unto her father—and commandments ever fell from his lips—"give me Bethoc to be my wife; for she is more lovely than the morning star. She is fit for a warrior's bride; she shall be THE LADY§ of Bernicia."

* Earls. † Companions.

‡ Thanes signified men high in power, of various degrees of rank.

§ THE LADY was the appellation given to a queen amongst the Anglo-Saxons.

Again the weird bowed his head. He knelt upon his knee. He presented his daughter to the king. Then did Ethelfrith take her by the hand. He led her forth to his chariot of war, through the midst of his ealdormen, his comites, and his thanes, who were great in power and resistless in war, and they made obeysance to her as she passed through the midst of them. They saluted her as their queen. Her breast swelled with exultation. Pride flashed from her eyes, as the sun bursting from a cloud dazzleth the eye of the gazer. The king gazed upon her beauty as a dreamer on a fair vision.

Now, the beauty of Bethoc was sin made lovely. Her bosom was as a hill where the vine and the cedar grew, and where flowers shed forth perfume; but beneath which a volcano slept. To the eye was beauty, beyond were desolation and death. Pride, hatred, and envy, encircled her soul. She was sold unto evil, even as her father was. The spirit of destruction, in answer to her father's prayer, had formed her a beautiful destroyer. Whatsoever was lovely that she looked upon in envy, withered as though an east wind passed over it—the destroying wind which blighteth the hopes of the husbandman.

At the going down of the sun, the king, and his fair queen, Bethoc, with his mighty men, drew near to the tower which Ida had built on the mountain-rock, and all the people of the city came forth to meet him, and to greet their queen.

The bards lifted up their voices; they styled her the fairest of women.

"Fair is the wife of the king," replied an aged thane, "but fairer is Agitha his daughter! Bethoc, the queen, is a bright star, but Agitha is the star of the morning—fairest of the heavens!"

Queen Bethoc heard the words of the aged thane, and she hated Agitha because of them. The spirit of evil spread his darkness over her soul. He filled her breast with the poison of asps, her eyes with the venom of the adder that lures to destruction.

At the entrance of the tower of kings, stood Agitha, lovely as the spirits that dwell among the stars, and give beauty to the beings of earth. She knelt before the queen. She offered her a daughter's homage.

"Rise, beautiful one! inspirer of song!" said the queen; "kneel not to me, for I am but a star—thou art the star of the morning. Hide not thy face from before men. Let them serve and worship thee."

Cold were her words as water which droppeth from the everlasting icicles in the caves of the north. As is the mercy of the tears of the crocodile, so was the kindness of her looks. Envy and hatred gleamed in her eyes, like lightnings round the sides of a dark cloud.

The countenance of Agitha fell; for she knew that her father in his wrath was fiercer than the wild boar of the forest when at bay; and she feared to reply to the sneer of the wife in whom his eyes delighted.

Queen Bethoc, the daughter of Gormack, knew that men said she was less beautiful than Agitha, the daughter of the king. When they walked by the clear fountains or the crystal brooks together, the fountains and the brooks whispered to her the words which men spoke—"Agitha is the most lovely." Therefore did the queen hate Agitha with a great and deadly hatred. As the sleuth-hound seeketh its prey, so did she seek her destruction. As the fowler loreth the bird into his net, so did she lie in wait for her. Yet she feared to destroy her openly, because that she was afraid of the fierce anger of her husband Ethelfrith, and his love for his daughter was great.

Sleep fled from her eyes, and color forsook her cheeks, because of her envy of the beauty of Agitha, and the hatred which she bore her. She spoke unto her father Gormack, the weird thane, that he

would aid her with his sorceries against her. Then did they practise their unclean spells, and perform their dark incantations to destroy her; but their spells and incantations prevailed not, for the spirit of Woden protected Agitha.

Now, there resided at that time in a dark cave, in the heugh which is called Spindleston, an enchantress of great power, named Elgiva—the worker of wonders. Men said that she could weave ropes of sand, and threads from the motes of the sunbeams. She could call down fire from the clouds, and transform all things by the waving of her magic wand. Around her hung a loose robe, composed of the skins of many beasts. Her feet and her arms were bare, and they were painted with strange figures. On her face, also, was the likeness of the spirits that ministered to her will. She was fearful to look upon. Men fled at her approach. The beasts of the field were scared by her shadow. Round her head was wreathed a crown of fantastic hemlock—round her neck a corslet of deadly nightshade. On her left arm coiled a living snake, and it rested its head upon her bosom. In her right hand she held a wand dipped in the poison of all things venomous. Whatsoever it touched died. Whatsoever it waved over was transformed. No human foot approached her cave—no mortal dared. The warrior, who feared not a hundred foes, quailed at the sight of Elgiva, the enchantress, the worker of wonders. Unclean reptiles crawled around her cave—the asp, the loathsome toad, and the hissing adder. Two owls sat in the farthest corner of the cave, and their eyes were as lamps in its darkness. They sat upon skulls of the dead. A tame raven croaked in the midst of it. It was told that the reptiles, the owls, and the raven, were objects of her enchantment—warriors, and the daughters of warriors, transformed by the waving of her wand.

Now, when Bethoc could find no rest because of the greatness of her hatred for Agitha; and, moreover, as she herself had communed with impure spirits, she overcame the terror which the name of Elgiva spread. She sought her aid. In the dead of night, when the moon had gone to rest, yea, when clouds and darkness had blotted out the stars that were left to watch in the heavens, she went forth from the tower of kings. She stood before the cave of the enchantress. She lifted up her voice and cried—"Elgiva—worker of wonders! the feared of mortals!—come forth!"

The owls clapped their wings and screamed; the ravens croaked, and the adders hissed. From the darkness of her cave the voice of the enchantress came forth—it came forth as a voice from the grave, saying—"Who amongst the children of mortals dareth to call upon the name of Elgiva?—or, what deed of sin bringeth thee hither?"

"The queen," answered Bethoc, "the wife of the mighty Ethelfrith, she calleth thee, she invoketh thine aid. The strongest spirits obey thee—the spirits of the earth, of the air, and of the sea. Then help me, thou that art more powerful than the kings of the earth, that art stronger than the fate of the stars; help—rid me of mine enemy whom I hate, even of Agitha, the daughter of the king. Make her as one of the poisoned worms that crawl within thy cave. Or, if thou wilt not do this thing to serve me, when my right hand hath shed her blood, turn from me the fierce wrath of her father the king."

Again the voice of the enchantress came forth from the cave, saying—"In seven days come unto me again—bring with thee the Princess Agitha; and Elgiva, the enchantress, will do towards her as Bethoc, the daughter of the weird thane, hath requested."

Thus did the queen, while Ethelfrith, her lord, was making war against a strange king in a far country.

Darkness lay heavy on the hills, it con-

cealed the objects on the plains. The seven days, of which the enchantress had spoken, were expired.

"Maiden," said the queen unto Agitha, "rise and follow me."

Agitha obeyed; for the fear and the commandment of her father were upon her. Two servants, men of the Pictish race, also followed the queen. She went towards the cave of the enchantress. Agitha would have shrunk back, but the queen grasped her hand. The swords of the men of the Pictish race waved over her. They dragged her forward. They stood before the cave of the potent Elgiva.

"Elgiva! worker of wonders!" exclaimed the queen; "Bethoc, thy servant, is come. The victim also is here—Agitha, the morning-star. By thy power, which is stronger than the lightning, and invisible as the wind, render loathsome her beauty; yea, make her as a vile worm which crawleth on the ground, with venom in its mouth."

Again was heard the deep voice of the enchantress, mingled with the croaking of the raven, and the screeching of the owls, as she rushed from her cave, crying—"It shall be as thou hast said."

Terror had entered the soul of the fair Agitha—it had brought a sleep over her senses. The enchantress grasped her hand. She threw her arm around her.

"Away, accursed!" she exclaimed unto Bethoc, the queen; "fly! lest the power of the enchantment fall upon thee also. Fly! lest it overtake thee as darkness overtaketh the benighted traveller. Fly! ere the wand of the worker of wonders is uplifted, and destruction come upon thee."

The followers of Bethoc quaked with dismay. They turned with her and fled to the tower of Ida. Of their outgoing and their incoming none knew.

The maidens of Bernicia wept when the loss of Agitha was known. "Beauty," said they, "hath perished. Agitha, whose face was as the face of heaven when its glories appear—as the face of the earth when its flowers give forth their fragrance—Agitha is not!" And because she was not, the people mourned. Queen Bethoc alone rejoiced, and was silent.

Dismay and wonder spread over the land—for a tale was told of a serpent-worm, fearful in magnitude and of monstrous form, which was seen at Spindleston, by the cave of Elgiva—the worker of wonders—the woman of power.

The people trembled. They said of the monster—"It is Agitha, the beloved!—the daughter of our king, of conquering Ethelfrith. Elgiva, the daughter of destruction, who communeth with the spirits of the air, and defeateth armies by the waving of her wand, hath done this. She hath cast her enchantments over Agitha, the fairest of women—the meekest among the daughter of princes."

The bards raised songs of lamentation for her fate. "Surely," said they, "when the Chylde Wynde cometh, his sword, which maketh the brave to fall and bringeth down the mighty, will break the enchantment." And the burden of the songs was—"Return, O valiant Chylde, conqueror of nations—thou who makest kings captives, return! Free the enchanted! Deliver the beautiful!"

Now, the people of the land where the Chylde and his warriors landed, were stricken with terror at their approach. They fled before them, as sheep fly upon the hills when the howl of the hungry wolf is heard. He overthrew their king, he took possession of his kingdom. He took his crown, and he brought it to Ethelfrith, whose ambition was boundless as the sea. He brought it as the price of Agitha's hand.

It was morn. The sun rose with his robes of glory o'er the sea. Bethoc, the daughter of Gormack the weird, stood upon the turrets of Ida's tower. She was performing incantations to the four winds of heaven. She called upon them to lift up the sea on their invisible wings, to raise

its waves as mountains, and whelm the ships upon its bosom. But the winds obeyed not her voice, and the sea was still. In the bay of Budle lay the vessels of the Chylde Wynde, and the weapons of his warriors flashed in the sunbeams and upon the sea. Therefore was the spirit of Queen Bethoc troubled. It was troubled lest the enchantment should be broken—Agitha delivered from the spell, and her wrongs avenged.

As a great wave rolleth in majesty to the shore, so advanced the warrior ships of Chylde Wynde, the subduer of heroes. The people came forth to meet him with a shout of joy. "He is come," they cried; "the favored of the stars, the Chylde of the sharp sword, is come to deliver Agitha the beautiful, to break the spell of her enchantment."

He heard the dark tale. His bosom heaved. He rent the robe that covered him. His grief was as the howling of the winter wind, in a deep glen between great mountains. He threw himself upon the earth and wept.

But again the spirit of Woden came upon him. It burned within his bosom as a fierce flame. He started to his feet. To his lips he pressed the sword of his father. He vowed to break the enchantment that entombed his betrothed.

He rushed towards the cave of Elgiva, the worker of wonders. His warriors feared to follow him. The people stood back in dismay. For by the waving of Elgiva's wand she turned the swords of warriors upon themselves; she caused them to melt in their hands.

At the mouth of the cave stood the enchantress. By her side lay the serpent-worm.

"Daughter of wickedness!" shouted the Chylde, "break thy accursed spell; restore the fair form of my Agitha, else thy blood shall dissolve the charm."

"Hearken, O Chylde," cried the enchantress; "thou subduer of kings, thou vanquisher of the strong—sharp is thy sword, but against me it hath no power. Would it pierce the breast that suckled thee?—the breast of her that bore thee?"

From the hand of the warrior dropped his uplifted sword.

"Mother!" he exclaimed. He fell on his knees before her.

"Yea, thy mother," answered the enchantress; "who, when her warrior husband fell, fled to the desert, to the cave, and to the forest, for protection—even for protection from the love, and from the wrath of Ethelfrith the fierce, the brother of thy warrior father, whose eyes were as the eagle's, and his arm great of strength. Uncouth is the habit, wild is the figure, and idle the art of thy mother. Broken is her wand which the vulgar feared. That mine eyes might behold my son, this cave became my abode. Superstition walled it round with fire."

"And Agitha?" gasped the warrior.

"Behold!" answered she, "the loathly worm at the feet of thy mother."

The skins of fish of the deep sea were sewed together with cords—they were fashioned into the form of a great serpent.

"Come forth, my daughter!" cried the enchantress. Agitha sprang from her disguise of skins. She sank upon his breast.

The people beheld her from afar. Their shout of joy rang across the sea. It was echoed among the hills. A scream rose from the tower of Ida. From the highest turret Bethoc the queen had sprung. In pieces was her body scattered at the foot of the great cliff. They were gathered together—they were buried in the cave of Elgiva. From her grave crawled an unclean beast, and it crawleth around it for ever.

Ethelfrith died in battle. Woden shut his eyes and saw him not, and he fell. And Elgiva, the enchantress, the worker of wonders, was hailed as Rowena, the mother of Wynde, the subduer of princes; yea, even as Chylde Wynde, the beloved, and the lord of Agitha the Beautiful.

Such was the tale of the Saxon bard.

THE HERMIT OF THE HILLS.

"INTRUDER, thou shalt hear my tale," the solitary said;
While far adown beneath our feet the fiery levin played;
The thunder-clouds our carpet were—we gazed upon the storm,
Which swept along the mountain sides, in many a fearful form.

I sat beside the lonely man, on Cheviot's cloudless height;
Above our heads was glory, but beneath more glorious night;
For the sun was shining over us, but lightnings flashed below,
Like the felt and burning darkness of unutterable wo.

"I love, in such a place as this," the desolate began,
"To gaze upon the tempests wild that sep'rate me from man;—
To muse upon the passing things that agitate the world—
View myself as by a whirlwind to hopeless ruin hurled.

"My heart was avaricious once, like yours the slave of feeling—
Perish such hearts!—vile dens of crime! man's selfishness concealing;—
For self! damned self's creation's lord!—man's idol and his god!
Twas torn from me, a blasted, bruised, a cast off, worthless load.

"Some say there's wildness in my eyes, and others deem me crazed,
They, trembling, turn and shun my path—for which let Heaven be praised!
They say my words are blasphemy—they marvel at my fate,
When 'tis my happiness to know, they *pity* not, but—*hate*.

"My father fell from peace and wealth the day that I was born—
My mother died, and he became his fellow-gamblers' scorn;
I know not where he lived or died—I never heard his name—
An orphan in a workhouse—I was thought a child of shame.

"Some *friend* by blood had lodged me there, and bought my keeper too,
Who pledged his oath he would conceal what of my tale he knew.
Death came to him; he called on me the secret to unfold;
But died while he was uttering the little I have told.

"My soul was proud, nor brooked restraint—was proud, and I was young;
And with an eager joyancy, I heard his faltering tongue
Proclaim me not of beggars born; yea, as he speaking died,
I—greedy—mad to know the rest—stood cursing by his side.

"I looked upon the homely garb that told my dwelling-place—
It hung upon me heavily—a token of disgrace!
I fled the house—I went to sea—was by a wretch impressed,
The stamp of whose brutality is printed on my breast.

"Like vilest slave he fettered me, my flesh the irons tore—
Scourged, mocked, and worse than buried me upon a lifeless shore
Where human foot had never trode—upon a barren rock,
Whose caves ne'er echoed to a sound, save billows as they broke.

" 'Twas midnight—but the morning came. I looked upon the sea,
And a melancholy wilderness its waters were to me;
The heavens were black as yonder cloud that rolls beneath our feet,
While neither land nor living thing my eager eyes could meet.

" I naked sat upon the rock;—I trembled—strove to pray;—
Thrice did I see a distant sail, and thrice they bore away.
My brain with hunger maddening, as the steed the battle braves,
Headlong I plunged from the bare rock and buffeted the waves.

" Methought I saw a vessel near, and bitter were my screams;
But they died within me echoless as voices in our dreams;
For the winds were howling round me, and the suffocating gush
Of briny horrors rioted, the cry of death to crush.

" My senses fled. I lifelessly upon the ocean slept;
And when to consciousness I woke, a form before me wept;
Her face was beautiful as light!—but by her side there stood
A group, whose savage glances were more dismal than the flood.

" They stood around exultingly;—they snatched me from the wave—
Stole me from death—to torture me, to sell me as a slave.
She who stood o'er me weeping was a partner of my chains.
We were sold, and separation bled my heart with deeper pains.

" I knew not what her birth had been, but loved her with a love
Which nor our tyrant's cruelty nor mockery could move.
I saw her offered to a Moor—another purchased me—
But, heavens! my arms once fetterless, ere midnight I was free!

" Memory, with eager eye, had marked her master's hated door—
I grasped a sabre—reached the house, and slew th' opposing Moor,
I bore her rapidly away;—a boat was on the beach—
We put to sea—saw morning dawn 'yond our pursuer's reach.

" I gazed upon her silently—I saw her sink to sleep,
As darkness gathered over us upon the cheerless deep;—
I saw her in her slumber start—unconsciously she spoke—
O death!—she called upon *his* name who left me on the rock!

" Then! there was madness in my breast and fury in my brain—
She never heard *that name* from me—yet uttered it again!
I started forth and grasped her hand—" Are we pursued!" she cried—
I trembled in my agony, and speechless o'er her sighed.

" I ventured not to speak of love in such an awful hour,
For hunger glistened in our eyes, and grated to devour
The very rags that covered us!—My pangs I cannot tell,
But in that little hour I felt the eternity of hell!

" For the transport of its tortures did in that hour surround
Two beings on the bosom of a shoreless ocean found;
As we gazed upon each other, with a dismal longing look,
And jealousy, but not from love, our tortured bosoms shook.

"I need but add that we were saved, and by a vessel borne
Again toward our native land, to be asunder torn.
The maiden of my love was rich—was rich—and I was poor—
A soulless menial shut on me her wealthy guardian's door.

"She knew it not, nor would I tell—tell! by the host of heaven,
My tongue became the sepulchre of sound!—my heart was riven.
I fled society and hope; the prison of my mind
A world of inexpressible and guilty thoughts confined.

"She was not wed—my hope returned; ambition fired my soul,
Sweeping round me like a fury; while the beacon and the goal
Of desire ever turbulent and sleepless, was to have
The hand that mine had rescued from the fetters of a slave.

"I was an outcast on the earth, but braved my hapless lot;
And while I groaned impatiently, weak mortals heard it not.
A host of drear, unholy dreams did round my pillow haunt;
While my days spent in loneliness, were darkened o'er with want.

"At length blind fortune favored me—my breast to joy awoke;
And then he who had left me on the isolated rock,
I met within a distant land; nor need I farther tell,
But, that we *met* as equals there, and my antag'nist fell.

"Awhile I brooded on his death; and gloomily it brought
A desolateness round me, stamping guilt on every thought.
I trembling found how bloodily my vengeance was appeased,
At what vile price my bosom was of *jealousy* released.

"For still the breathing of his name by her I lov'd, had rung,
In remembrance, like the latest sound that falleth from the tongue
Of those best loved and cherished, when upon the bed of death
They bequeathe to us their injuries to visit in our wrath.

"But soon these griefs evanished, like a passing summer storm,
And a gush of hope like sunshine flashed around me, to deform
The image of repentance, while the darkness of remorse
Retreated from its presence with a blacker with'ring curse.

"I hurried home in eagerness;—the leaden moments fled;—
My burning tale of love was told—was told, and we were wed.
A tumult of delightfulness had rapt my soul in flame,
But on that day—my wedding day—a mourning letter came.

"Joy died on ev'ry countenance—she, trembling, broke the seal—
Screamed—glanced on me! and lifeless fell, unable to reveal
The horrid tale of death that told her new-made husband's guilt—
"The hand which she that day had wed—her brother's blood had spilt.

"That brother in his mother's right another name did bear—
'Twas him I slew;—all shrank from me in horror and in fear;—
They seized me in my bridal dress—my bride still senseless lay—
I spoke not while they pinioned me and hurried me away.

"They lodged me in a criminal cell, by iron gratings barred,
And there the third day heavily a funeral bell I heard.
A sable crowd my prison passed—they gazed on it with gloom—
It was my bride—my beautiful, they followed to the tomb!

"I was acquitted—but what more had I with life to do?—
I cursed my fate—my heart—the world—and from its creatures flew.
Intruder, thou hast heard my tale of wretchedness and guilt—
Go, mingle with a viler world, and tell it if thou wilt."

THE HEROINE.

After it became known that the wily Sir Robert Carey had hurried away from the deathbed of Queen Elizabeth, to announce to the delighted monarch of Scotland his succession to the crown of England, a great many English noblemen and gentlemen came to Scotland on much the same errand that brings so many of them at this day, viz. to hunt; the game, in the one case, being place and favor, and in the other, blackcock and grouse. Among the rest, there was one Sir Willoughby Somerset, of Somerset-Hall, in Devonshire, a knight of gay and chivalric manners, excellently set off by an exterior on which nature and art had expended their best favors, but exhibiting, at same time, in his total want of true honor and mental acquirements, that tendency to a fair distribution, which nature, in all her departments, delights in displaying—suggesting, as it did to an ancient philosopher, that the *pulchrum* and the *utile* are dealt out in equal portions under a whimsical law against their combination.

Having arrived, with his gay suite of servants and splendid equipage, at the palace of Holyrood, Sir Willoughby was informed that there were no apartments close to the palace which could be given to him for his accommodation, in consequence of the great influx of noble visitors who had come from all parts of Scotland and England to testify their allegiance, and express their satisfaction, whether real or assumed, on the occasion of King James' succession. Sir Willoughby, therefore, took up his abode in a house in the Canongate, which was pulled down more than a hundred years ago—at that time known by the name of the House of Gordon, in consequence, it is supposed, of having at one time been occupied by the ducal family of that name.

The house which Sir Willoughby thus took possession of was situated on the south side of the street, and nearly opposite to the close called Big Loch-end Close, which possessed at that time a very different appearance from what it does at present; for the double row of low Flemish-looking huts which lined the narrow entry, have given place to modern buildings, which do not look half so well as their more humble predecessors.

In one of these little huts, there lived, at that time—unconscious, doubtless, that their names would thus become of historical interest centuries after they were gathered to their fathers—a man called

Adam Hunter, and his wife, Janet, both of some importance in the small sphere of their own little gossiping world; but, if these humble individuals had been all that their lowly mansion had contained, the chronicler would scarcely have stooped to notice either it or its inhabitants. There was a third inmate in that house—an orphan girl, called Margaret Williamson; a young, slender, azure-eyed creature, about seventeen years of age, of startling and bewitching beauty, and of a simplicity, kindness, and meekness of disposition, that endeared her to thousands. Producing that kind of interest and sensation in her own limited circle, which is so often found to be the effect of the mysterious power of beauty, though allied to poverty, which, indeed, sometimes enhances it, Margaret seemed as unconscious of the magic influence of her charms, as she was of the singular fate that awaited her. She had been heard of where she was not seen; and, innocent and harmless as she was, she had not been passed unheeded by the "wise women" of her day, who, in spite of fire and King James' wrath, provided her, according to their love or their spite, with a prison or a palace, as her lot upon earth. As already hinted, Margaret was represented as being an orphan, brought up by the gratuitous kindness of Adam Hunter and his wife—though there were not wanting some who thought that her parentage was not of the equivocal kind that was represented.

Scotland was not, at that time, so far behind in the love and practice of gossiping, as that there should be any want of the usual kind and number of remarks on the new-comers to the house of Gordon; and the family of Adam Hunter were not behind their neighbors in their curiosity.

"He's a braw knight that wha has come to the House o' Gordon," said Janet Hunter, one night when they were setting round the fire.

"Ken ye wha, or what, or whence he is," inquired Adam, "attour the mere title an' form o' his knighthood?"

"I ken naething about him," replied Janet, "save that his name is Sir Willoughby Somerset, and that he has a great number o' servitors, wham he treats like princes. They say he is gallant and weel-favored; and Elspet Craig, the wise woman o' the Watergate, says, in her fashion o' speech, that he is a rock whereon the happiness, and peace o' mind, and honor o' mony a bonny maiden may perish like the silly boats that trust to the smiles o' an autumn day. But, if I'm no cheated, Peggy Williamson can tell mair about the knight than a' the 'wise women' frae the Watergate to St. Mary's."

"An' if she can," said Adam, "it may be waur for her than if she were as deep learned as Elspet Craig in the mysteries o' that art whereby she works sae meikle mischief to her faes, and may, peradventure, bring upon her head the vengeance of the law. I houp better things o' Peggy."

"I ken naething aboot the Knight o' the White Feather," said Margaret, with a deep sigh; "and wherefore should I?—he's far abune my degree."

"But ye ken, at least," rejoined Adam, "that he wears a white feather, my bonny bird—and feathered creatures are flichtie, especially when they are far faae their ain countrie. Even our ain robin, wha condescends to come and eat our crumbs, when the snaw is on the hill, leaves us in summer; and, mair than a' that, he's a bird o' prey, and doesna hesitate, when he has a gude opportunity, to soil his bonny red breast wi' the blood o' his companions."

It was apparent that both Adam Hunter and Janet were suspicious of Margaret's limited knowledge of the knight; and they had good reason to be so; for Janet had been told that, one night, when Margaret had said she was going to meet a person of the name of Simon Frazer—a tradesman who had been making honorable proposals

to her, along with many others who were proud to be called her suitors—she had been seen walking with a gentleman wrapped up in a Spanish cloak, supposed to be Sir Willoughby, in the glen of St. Arthur's Seat, called the Hunter's Bog. On another occasion, she had been followed by Simon Frazer to a trysting place, known by the name of the Hunter's Rest—a large boulder of basalt lying on the side of the bog, and remarkable to geologists by its unaccountable position. On this stone Margaret had sat till the moon had concealed her horns behind the top of St. Arthur's and the glen had gradually become envèloped in the shade of the hill. Simon Frazer took advantage of the gloom, and concealed himself near to the spot where Margaret sat; and, amidst the silence which reigned in this secluded place, he could distinctly hear the sighs of the maiden, as the hope of seeing the person she had come to meet became fainter and fainter.

"Wae's my puir deluded heart!" she said, in a despondiug and tremulous voice; "what is it that drives me, like a charmed bird or a dementit thing, into the power o' this braw knight, in spite o' the warnings o' Elspet Craig, the admonition o' Adam Hunter, and, what's abune a', the fearsome visions o' my ain wild dreams? Can it be that I, wha hae seen, and may still see, sae mony bended knees o' lovers o' my ain country supplicating my favors as if their condition here and in anither warld depended on a blink o' these worthless een, sit here, even noo, at the Hunter's Rest, a mile frae my ain hame, and when naething but spirits are in the glen, to meet a lover frae a strange land, wha speaks a strange language, and maks love in a strange fashion? But it is even sae. My heart is nae langer my ain. He has ta'en it into his ain keeping, and he may, in his ain pleasure, as easily break it as he may crush the bonny blue bells that flower there i' the glen."

At the termination of Margaret's simple soliloquy, the sound of footsteps was heard, and there soon followed the greeting of lovers. Margaret's spirits soon revived, and, having taken Sir Willoughby's arm, she said, playfully, as she looked up into his face—"The faithless moon has been truer this nicht than ye hae been; for she left the tap o' the hill half an hour syne, and ye are only here noo."

"Upbraid me not, my fair Margaret," answered Sir Willoughby; "for I was scared at the Friar's Path by some person who seemed inclined to follow me, and I was obliged to change my road; but thou knowest that love is fed by hindrances, and its course is none of the straightest."

"I didna think," answered the simple maiden, "that true love stood in need o' onything else in this warld, than the company and kindness o' the twa lovers to ane anither"

"By my feather, Margaret, that is a true maiden's speech! But I do not think that St. Arthur, who must surely be the lover's saint, will thank us for an argument, instead of a love token, on such a beautiful night as this. Observe these gleams of Cynthian glory, falling like streaks of silver on the tops of the crags, investing the darkness of this glen with a mystery in which love delights, and thou wilt forget thy argument, in the sweets of our accustomed dalliance."

"That is a licht aith, Sir Willoughby, that ye hae sworn," answered the maiden; "but every land, as the sang says, has its ain laugh, and it may also hae its ain aith; and I may weal forgie ye that, for the bonny words ye hae now spoken. Foreign lands hae finer words than puir Scotland; but dinna think that I canna enjoy the beauty o' these silvery rocks and that mirky glen, because my silly heart can find nae utterance to its feelings, but by its ain unmeaning thrabs."

"And that is nature's best and most beautiful language, my sweet bird," said Sir Willoughby, kissing the yielding maiden; "nor would I give one throb of

thy fair bosom for all the eloquence of poetry."

Holding such conversation, the lovers passed deeper into the shades of the hill, and disappeared; but the death-like silence of the place, discovered, to the disappointment of Simon Frazer, many sighs and protestations which otherwise would have been sacred to the happy pair.

Many such meetings had Sir Willoughby and Margaret. Their walks became more frequent, and of longer duration; and it was often a late hour before Margaret returned to her home. It could not be that such a change in the habits of the girl could escape the keen eye of public curiosity, and far less the suspicious guardianship of Adam Hunter. Wide spread and generally known as was the beauty of the maiden, so, in proportion, was the voice of scandal heard over the town, whispering the strange tidings, that Peggy Williamson had been seduced by the great knight who lived in the House of Gordon.

The circumstance, indeed, very soon became apparent, from the condition of the unhappy girl, who could no longer conceal her pregnancy. She was, in consequence, sorely beset by Adam Hunter, and interrogated whether she had received any promise of marriage, or any pledge whereon she could found any expectation or hope that the knight's intentions towards her were of an honorable nature. On this subject, no satisfaction could be got from Margaret, who persisted in a dogged silence, whenever any question was put to her, tending to implicate, in any way, the man who, to all appearance, had ruined her. But chance brought to light what Margaret had been so anxious to conceal; for one evening, Janet Hunter discovered in Margaret's sleeping apartment a small scented paper, curiously folded up, which she instantly carried to her husband. Adam took the paper to a learned clerk, in Blackfriars' Hospital—(for few persons, at that day, could either write, or read writing)—who read it to him; and he was surprised to find that it contained a promise, on the faith of a knight, that Sir Willoughby Somerset would make, when time and circumstance afforded opportunity, Margaret Williamson his wedded wife. The paper was again returned to the place from which it was taken.

This paper, combined with Margaret's pregnancy, having satisfied Adam Hunter of the truth of the general report and his own suspicions, he lost no time in waiting upon the knight. Being a man of a hasty and even furious temper, he taxed Sir Willoughby in unmeasured terms, with the seduction of his ward, and demanded, with a stern determination, satisfaction to the maiden and to himself. Touched to the quick, and wounded in his pride by the pertinacious manner of Adam Hunter, Sir Willoughby lost in turn his temper, and, seizing a baton which lay near him, he struck the choleric Scot a heavy blow on the head, and, with the aid of his servants, kicked him out of the house. One of Sir Willoughby's servants, who aided in this ejection and outrage, was Richard Forster; the person who, it was supposed, first procured a meeting between his master and Margaret. He was possessed of his master's secrets, in this and many other dishonorable amours; and, though he now, by his master's orders, assisted in the expulsion of Adam Hunter, he hated him in his heart, in consequence of a blow which he had some time before received from him, on which occasion he had threatened to report his master's practices to Sir Robert Carey, who would not have failed to communicate them to King James, whereby Sir Willoughby's status at Court would have been lost, and his ruin accomplished. The knight wished, therefore, to get quit of Richard; but to part with him living was to part with his secrets; and he had accordingly made up his mind to get him disposed of in such a manner as that he could tell no tales. An

opportunity for this occurred sooner than might have been expected.

Stung with an ungovernable rage, Adam Hunter, on passing the threshold of the House of Gordon, threw himself on his knees, and vowed to Almighty God that he would take the first opportunity that fortune afforded him of depriving his enemy of life. This dreadful purpose, thus definitively and impiously settled, calmed Adam Hunter's rage; for he felt, as if by anticipation, that he was revenged. He walked deliberately home, and, without hinting anything of his deadly purpose to his wife, sent for Simon Frazer, Margaret's rejected suitor, communicated to him his intention, and requested his co-operation. Frazer entered into the scheme with all the spirit of his clan, and all the rage of a disappointed lover towards his successful rival. They resolved to fix the manner of accomplishing their purpose that evening, after Janet and Margaret had retired to rest.

In the evening, when Adam Hunter and Simon Frazer met, Margaret had just retired to bed, but not to sleep. Her mind was occupied with the thoughts of her situation. She had now become suspicious of Sir Willoughby's intentions. In her late interviews with him, he had been distant and shy; and he had even refused, on one occasion, to meet her, alleging, as an excuse, that he was engaged to go to an evening entertainment, to which it was ascertained he never went. He had, besides, endeavored to get back from her the letter, which, in an unguarded moment, when intoxicated with love and wine, he had given to her. All these circumstances satisfied the unhappy maiden that she was about to become, or rather had already become, the dupe of a heartless villain. She now considered herself standing on the very verge of ruin; about to become, as Elspet Craig had foreboded, the victim of a passion insidiously introduced into her young heart; and left to the scorn of an unfeeling world, or the unavailing pity of a conceited and unfruitful philanthropy. These reflections were passing through her mind, when she heard Simon Frazer come into the house; for her bed was so situated that she could hear everything that occurred in the adjoining apartment, She soon ascertained the object of this late meeting of the two friends; and, with feelings that shook her whole frame, she heard it fixed that, on the following evening, when Sir Willoughby was expected to go to an evening entertainment at the palace, Adam Hunter should gain the staircase window of Widow Hutchinson, fire upon his enemy, and, upon seeing him fall, make his escape, along with his friend, by a back passage that led to the North Back of the Canongate. This resolved upon, the two friends parted.

The agitation which the knowledge of this fierce and bloody purpose produced in the mind of Margaret, was proportioned to the love which she still bore to her seducer, and to the gentle character of the maiden, who shrank from the very thought of violence. Her nerves had, moreover, been severely affected by the train of sorrowful thoughts which, at the moment when she heard the fatal resolution, were passing through her mind. But a new feeling soon arose. She was now called upon to act, and the urgency of the case requiring the most prompt communication to Sir Willoughby, assuaged, in some degree, her nervous excitement, by forcing her ideas into a train calculated to the contrivance of some method of meeting him in the morning.

At daybreak, Margaret rose from her sleepless pillow, wrapt herself up in her plaid, and went and secreted herself behind a large tree, which stood in the garden at the back of the House of Gordon, from which she could observe the bedroom window of Sir Willoughby. It was a cold raw morning; the rain was pouring in torrents, and bursts of distant thunder shook the heavens. In this situa-

tion, Margaret sat for two hours, wet, wearied, and disconsolate. Her attention was, in some degree, arrested by a new equipage that stood in the court-yard, apparently newly arrived from a distance; and she concluded that Sir Willoughby had visitors—a prediction which she had good reason to verify. Her eye sought continually the casement of the knight's sleeping apartment, which was at last opened, and to her surprise and mortification, she saw standing behind the dressing glass, the form of a gay and fashionable lady, with Sir Willoughby standing behind her—his head leaning on her left shoulder, and his right hand patting, with playful fondness, her cheek, and arranging her ringlets with the sportive gaiety and confidence of a professed libertine.

Overcome by this apparition, which so completely justified Margaret's suspicions of the character of her lover, and wearied and wasted as she was by the scene of the previous night, the fevered vigil which succeeded, and the cold and wet position she had so long occupied on this morning, she became faint; and, being unable longor to stand, leant herself, in a stooping posture, against the stem of the tree under which she stood. Sir Willoughby now entered the garden; he had observed her from the window, and came with marked displeasure in his countenance.

"Why this early visit, young maiden?" he said, with a querulous tone of voice, and without making any effort to assist her to rise.

"I dinna come here this morning, Sir Willoughby Somerset," replied Margaret, with the warmth of offended pride, and standing up, nerved by her feelings, which were roused as far as the gentleness of her nature permitted—"I dinna come here this morning on my ain account, though maybe I hae as meikle reason to do that as the braw leddie wha sits, even noo, in your sleeping chamber, and whose braw hair ye were pleased, in a fashion of merriment, to put in disorder. Oh, that it had pleased heaven that ye had deranged nae mair o' me than my worthless locks, I might this morning hae been the blithe, thochtless, and innocent Peggy Williamson, that I was when my stray wits left me to mysel' at the Hunter's Rest! Na, Sir Willoughby, I dinna come to tell ye o' your broken troth, and my lost love, and the ruin o' a puir lassie, wha wad gladly hae laid down her worthless life to save yours. These things,—though, by our memories, whilk are but as the quick sand to the finger-marks of the drooning sailor, they may ance be forgotten—are recorded, doubtless, whar they shall remain, ay, as the graving on adamant. Yet, though these things, in this world at least, concern only me, wha am, doubtless, o' sma concernment to ony living mortal; and though they may cost me *my* life whilk may be o' sma avail, they are o' less importance to me at this time that what I cam' to tell ye, being naething less than how to save your ain. Adam Hunter has resolved to slay ye this night, as ye gang to Holyrood. Tak' anither road than the Canongate; or, what is better, stay at hame, and save a life that is dearer to Peggy Williamson than her ain.—Fareweel, fareweel!" And before Sir Willoughby could reply, she had left him, waving her hand to him as she went. But, on looking back, as she opened the door of the garden, she saw the same lady—whom she afterwards ascertained to be Lady Arabella Winford, a person of bad repute, with whom Sir Willoughby had resided for some time on the continent—enter the garden, and greet him in a manner very different from the modest custom of Scotland at that day.

After the departure of Margaret, Sir Willoughby, instead of being in any degree affected by gratitude for the preservation of his life, or by compassion for the kind maiden who had been instrumental in doing him that service, projected, from her information, a scheme marked by cowardice and cruelty, whereby he might get rid of his servant, Richard Forster, and put

an end to him and the secrets with which he had entrusted him, at the same moment. He resolved, and true to the character he bore—a combination of cruelty and frivolity—he resolved, amidst the blandishments of meretricious affection, and the imbecile badinage and persiflage of a strumpet's conversation, to send Richard down the Canongate in the evening, wrapped up in his cloak, and wearing his hat and white plume, by which he had become so remarkable. The project was executed as it was planned; and the deed was done with which Edinburgh, and indeed Scotland, rang for many a day. Richard Forster, wearing the cloak and plumed hat of his master, was shot dead in the Canongate, opposite to the house of Widow Hutchison, by the unerring hand of Adam Hunter, who seeing his supposed victim fall, fled in the direction of the Calton Hill leaving the gun, with which he had done the deed, lying in a hedge, which at that time skirted a part of the north back of the Canongate.

A hue and cry was soon raised against Adam Hunter, who, about a week after the crime was committed, was laid hold of by the officers of the law, and lodged in prison. Sufficient evidence having, in the opinion of the crown authorities, been procured for a conviction, the unfortunate man, was in due course of time, brought to trial before the High Court of Justiciary. The court met on the 15th day of November; and Adam Hunter, guarded on each side by members of the City Guard, sat, with the stoical indifference which marked his character, to hear the evidence to be brought forward against him, and, in all probability, to receive sentence of death. The august appearance of the judges, sitting in their black robes, the venerable and even dignified aspect of the unfortunate culprit, and the strange and mysterious crime with which he stood charged, joined with the fate of the well-known Canongate beauty, with which that crime was unaccountably associated, produced a sensation in the Justiciary Court which had not been experienced for many years. The deepest silence prevailed when the indictment was read; and the Lord Justice-Clerk, having put the ordinary question to the pannel of guilty or not guilty, Adam Hunter rose with firmness, and calmly and respectfully answered—"Not guilty, my Lord, of the murder of Richard Forster." The trial proceeded, and the crown advocate spoke:—

"My Lords, and gentlemen of the jury, this is a case of murder, whereto, so far as I can see, no defence or plea of justification, or even palliation, can be set up by the prisoner at the bar, unless it be that which is indeed an aggravation, that he did intend to kill one man against whom he entertained *malice prepense*, and slew another against whom he had no cause of quarrel. On the day preceding the commission of this murder, the prisoner at the bar was, in consequence of his outrageous and brutal conduct in the House of Gordon, occupied at present by Sir Willoughby Somerset kicked by that honorable knight out of doors, whereby being fiercely enraged, he impiously vowed a desperate revenge, the which, though he had taken it instanter and killed his enemy, *percitus rixa*, would still, by the just laws of this land, which make no distinction between forethought, felony, and *chaud mella*, have been murder, and sufficient to subject the prisoner to the penal consequences of that heinous crime. But, my Lords, the prisoner cannot even plead *homicidium in rixa*; for he went home and meditated upon his crime; settled deliberately the *modus trucidandi* in cool blood—or, as we say, *sanguine frigida*; and on the following day, watched, *sanguinem sitiens*, for his victim; and more like a blood-hound, *canis vestigator*, than a human being, deprived him, whom he supposed to be his victim, of life. But revenge is known to be blind, and instead of his enemy, the prisoner murdered, by shooting him through the body, a person who was not

in any degree guilty of having offended him; but who was going about his private affairs, as any of us might have been, unconscious of meriting, standing in no fear of receiving, and knowing no reason for expecting such an awful fate as that which awaited him. This, I say, is an aggravation of the crime of murder, in so far as, while in the ordinary case there may, in man's estimation, be some palliation in consequence of the infliction of an injury—in this there can be none."

The witnesses for the crown were then called. The death of Richard Forster, caused by a shot from a gun, was proved. It was also proved, that the gun found in the hedge was Adam Hunter's. The quarrel with Sir Willoughby Somerset was next established, as also the fact that the deceased wore, on that evening, the dress of his master. The macer of court then called out the name o the next witness, which was that of Margaret Williamson; but before she had time to make her appearance, Adam Hunter rose from his seat and addressed the court in the following terms:—

"My Lords, it doesna appear to me, that in the eye o' God, or even in that o' man, it can abide the twitch o' natural reason that a puir bairn should, in ignorance o' the relation whilk she bears to him against whom she is to swear, be entrapped by cunning men o' the law, to gie evidence against the life o' him wha gave her life. The veins o' Margaret Williamson are filled wi' my bluid, albeit her heart mayna beat in unison wi' the ordinary feelings o' a bairn to a father; for she, puir thing, has nae knowledge that Adam Hunter is her parent, whom she is bound to love and respect, and therefore she may this day, in that unseemly ignorance whilk I and my wife Janet have imposed upon her, say what at some future time she may repent wi' tears o' bitterness, whilk winna recall to her the parent she has slain. I canna think, therefore, my Lords, that ye can consider it unreasonable in a parent—a character whilk maybe some o' yoursels bear, and, if ye do, oh, think, what it is to be doomed by your ain bairn!—that this puir lassie be tauld, before she be examined, that she is bane o' the bane, and flesh o' the flesh, o' him whom she is about to arraign o' murder."

As soon as Adam Hunter had finished his speech, which, delivered with great emphasis, produced a great sensation in all the persons present, who never understood that Margaret Williamson was in any way related to him, the crown counsel stood up and said—

"My Lords, this is an ingenious device, on the part of the prisoner at the bar, to deprive the law of its evidence. This girl, who is about to be brought forward as a witness, has been held out to the world as an orphan—a fact that may be testified by hundreds of persons, and is, indeed, admitted by the culprit himself. The story now fabricated by the prisoner is, indeed, improbable—as what father would deny his child? I cannot, therefore, consent to allow any communication to be made to the witness, whereby the fountain of evidence may be contaminated by prejudice, and truth itself sacrificed to the false feelings and hysterical emotions of a relationship which, in my opinion, has no foundation in fact."

The judges, having disbelieved the statement of Adam Hunter, refused to comply with his request. Margaret Williamson was, accordingly, brought in and placed in the witnesses' box. Upon being examined, she gave, in evidence, the substance of the conversation which took place between Adam Hunter and Simon Frazer on that night when the death of Sir Willoughby Somerset was resolved upon. She was then asked whether she had, between that period and the death of Richard Forster, any communication with Sir Willoughby; but to this question she refused to give any answer, or rather she, by the effect of her simplicity—in this instance, however, made subservient to

something approaching to cunning—so completely baffled the men of law that they were obliged to give up the question in despair.

On the part of Adam Hunter, an attempt was made to prove an alibi; but that having failed, the jury, on the charge of the judge, who considered the crime proved, returned a verdict of guilty, and Adam Hunter received sentence of death.

The speech which Adam Hunter had made on the occasion of his trial, as already said, excited much sensation; and the truth of the fact stated by him was subjected to investigation. It was found to be perfectly true, though no notice is taken of it in the books of adjournal. Margaret Williamson was the illegitimate child of Adam Hunter, by the daughter of Elspet Craig, who died in giving birth to the infant; and it was to gratify the prejudices of Janet Hunter, who refused to bring up the child on any other condition, that the parentage had been so industriously concealed.

The unfortunate Adam Hunter was executed according to his sentence. At the time of his execution, considerable uproar was observed among the populace, who, displaying the usual shrewdness of the lower orders in Scotland, perceived that, although Adam could not be justified, he was only one of the actors in the tragedy; and that, while their unfortunate countryman was expiating his crime by an ignominious death, the English knight, whose enmity toward Richard Forster, and shameful conduct toward Adam's daughter, were now generally known, was allowed to escape.

The rumors thus circulated by the crowd at the execution of Adam Hunter were not unknown to the crown officers, who felt the force of the extraordinary circumstance, that Richard Forster should, on that fatal night, have worn the clothes of his master. That fact was, moreover, in a considerable degree, explained by another, which had been elicited from one of Sir Willoughby's servants, of the name of William Evans, viz., that Sir Willoughby and Richard had had a quarrel, which produced high words between the parties, and some threats on the part of the knight. The crown officers were, besides, moved by the curious circumstance, that Margaret Williamson had so artfully evaded the question put to her on the occasion of the trial of Adam Hunter; while it was almost impossible to believe that she would not have communicated to Sir Willoughby the plot that was laid for his life, notwithstanding the injury she had received by being made the victim of his seduction.

A warrant was accordingly issued for the apprehension of Sir Willoughby Somerset. He was found by the officers in the company of Lady Arabella Winford, torn from her arms, and lodged in jail. The charge against him was the murder of Richard Forster, perpetrated by his having, *sciens et prudens*, sent him where death awaited him. Application was in the meantime, again made by the crown officers to Margaret Williamson, for information as to whether she had had any communication with Sir Willoughby on the day on which Richard Forster was slain. Margaret's answers were still of an evasive character, and her examinators left her, stating that they would visit her again, and use some other means of extorting the truth. Before this threat was put in execution, the knight, having heard that Margaret was in the hands of the examinators, overcome by fear and cowardice, and indulging the mean and despicable hope of being able to persuade his victim to save his life a second time, still without rendering her justice, sent for her to visit him in prison—a request with which she instantly complied.

"My fair Margaret," commenced the knight, "I have sent for thee to know what are still thy feelings towards one who loves thee, and now requires some aid and consolation, such as only thou canst ren-

der him. I flatter myself that, at one time, I was not indifferent to thee; and, if my present peril were past (and thou art the arbiter of my fate), I may find a suitable opportunity of showing thee that I still love thee as fervently as I did when I used to meet thee, by the light of the moon, at the Hunter's Rest. I understand that my persecutors have been with thee, and it is my pleasure to be informed, from thy own fair lips, that it is not thy intention to communicate to them what passed between thee and me in my garden, on the day of the death of my worthless servant."

"I didna think," replied Margaret, with calmness and dignity, "that Sir Willoughby Somerset could hae sae far mistaken the heart of Margaret Williamson as to hae found, in the compass o' his ain, any doubt sufficient to cause him to put that question to her. Aince already hae I saved your life, and I would be laith to throw that awa now which I had before sae meikle pains—though, wae's my heart! sae little thanks or reward—to preserve. Na, na; let the officers of the law tak' their course—mine has been lang fixed; and a' the hand-screws and stocks o' Scotland, and even the black wuddy itsel', winna wrest frae me sae meikle as would injure a single hair o' your head. It may be that I only preserve ye for the love o' anither; but I will at least hae that satisfaction—and it is better to the broken heart than a fause love that has now nae power to bind it—that I hae rendered, as our holy religion inculcates, good for evil."

These sentiments only interested or concerned Sir Willoughby in so far as they told him that the fair maiden would not betray him. He mistook entirely the Scotch character generally; and he had not himself any of those high-minded qualities which could enable him to appreciate Margaret's. Betrayed, by her determination to do justice to her own standard of female duty, into an idea that the sacrifices she had thrown, and was again to throw, on the shrine of that duty which she had, in her fervid imagination deified, were mere indications of a wish to oblige and conciliate him, Sir Willoughby thought he might safely go a step farther, and endeavor to wring out of her the written promise of marriage he had so unguardedly given her. He began by using some more of the bland language by which he had originally beguiled her; but he had scarcely approached the subject on which her mind was fixed, when Margaret with the perspicacity of her sex in these tender points, interrupted him; and, raising herself to the utmost extent of her height, while the fire flashed from her dark blue eye, said—

"If ye can tak' frae me the burden o' shame I hae carried for six moons under my broken heart, and restore to me my lost repute, aince pure as the snaw that the winds o' heaven hae driven o'er muir and mountain, and tear from my puir crazy brain the image I hae made an idol o', and on whose unholy altar I hae sacrificed my maiden virtue—and maybe that eternal life that hasna been promised to the trafficker in sin—then, Sir Willoughby, ye may ask me for that whilk stands to me in the place of ane haly covenant, and is the only solace left to bind up my broken spirit, and be a sign and a token to your bairn whom I hae yet to bear, that its puir mother, though doubtless guilty o' a great sin was the victim o' a knight's broken troth, and maybe entitled to a drap o' mercy in her burning cup. Tell me, Sir, to keep frae the officers of the law the secret that would bring ye to a shamefu' death, and I will part wi' it as sune as I will part wi' the written testimonial of what a merciful God, and the less merciful laws o' my countrie, may, peradventure, deal wi' as ane haly bond o' matrimony."

With these words, Margaret abruptly left the prison, and Sir Willoughby, concerned only for his liberation, denied ac-

cess to his heart to the sentiments which reflected so much honor on the feelings of his victim, from whom he was entitled to expect nothing but revenge.

Margaret was soon again visited by the officers of the law; but she remained firm to her resolution, not to say anything tending to implicate Sir Willoughby. Recourse was therefore had, according to the usages of that period, to the ordinary mode of dealing with an unwilling witness. She was now told, that, as a person refractory and disobedient to the laws of her country, she must go to prison, where the means of extorting her withholden testimony would be more in the power of the crown officials. She was, accordingly, conveyed to the prison in which Sir Willoughby was confined, and intimation was solemnly made to her, that, on the following morning, she would be subjected to the rack of the thumbikins. The threat was fulfilled with fidelity and vigor. On the first application of this cruel instrument, the poor girl screamed with agony; but the unstability of her frame, attenuated and weakened by her previous sufferings, and her pregnancy, loosened, under the effect of the torture, that connexion between agony and resolution, without which all tortured methods of extorting testimony must be unavailing. Every increased pressure produced an agonized scream, succeeded by a state of insensibility, or faint, which these deluded searchers for truth had as much difficulty in bringing her out of, as they had in producing. The torture continued to be applied, at stated intervals, for days, and the screams of the unfortunate maiden could not fail to find their way to the ears, if not to the heart, of the wretch by whom her sufferings had been occasioned. Little impression, however, was produced on Margaret's resolution to die with her secret; and, upon the occasion of one application of the instrument, the syncope produced had so long a period of duration, that the medical man who was present declared that it could not be applied again without danger of producing death.

The officers were now inclined to allow the period of Margaret's pregnancy to pass before they again applied the instrument —a circumstance of rather an anomalous nature in the proceedings of these lovers of truth; for a true medical philalethes would naturally have conceived, that the weaker the habit of the patient, the more certain was the chance of a recovery. In the meantime, however, a circumstance came to the ears of the king's prosecutor, which induced him to relax his energies in the prosecution of Sir Willoughby. Several of his servants now declared (no doubt by the aid of concealed bribery), that Richard Forster was in the habit of attiring himself in his master's garments, and personating him in the prosecution of amours. In addition to this, Janet Hunter, though called upon, could not swear Margaret Williamson had stirred from the house on the day of the murder. Unable to force Margaret to speak, and influenced by the testimony of these witnesses, the public prosecutor came to the resolution of liberating Sir Willoughby, and the knight was accordingly let out of gaol.

Within a few hours after his liberation, he was on his way to England, in company with Lady Arabella. He had devoted the whole period of his imprisonment to writing letters to her, and venting curses against Scotland. Margaret Williamson was forgotten, in the hope of finding in the arms of Lady Arabella a panacea for his wrongs, and a solace of his sufferings—for it is as true as it is remarkable, that the truly wicked are the most querulous of justice, and the most impatient of her retributions.

Nothing was, for a long time, heard of Sir Willoughby; but she whom he had ruined and deserted, remained to the inhabitants of Edinburgh as an object of their pity, and an example to their children. Margaret bore a son, and Janet Hunter soon died of a broken heart, for

the loss of Adam. Margaret was thus left to the charity of a world, which is often moved to pity only through the selfish conceit of a comparison between the alms-giver and the alms-receiver, and begged her bread from the doors of the inhabitants of Edinburgh.

Five years after the transactions now detailed, and when King James had been nearly as long seated on the throne of England, Lionel Apsley, a gentleman in the confidence of the king, arrived in Edinburgh. He was observed to make inquiries after a person of the name of Margaret or Peggy Williamson, who, he was informed, resided in a small ground room in the White Horse Close, in the Cannongate of Edinburgh. A man who was standing at the top of Leith Wynd took him to Margaret's residence. Upon entering the humble abode, he found the object of his search making porridge for the son of the English knight. Lionel entered into conversation with Margaret, and endeavored to draw her into a recital of the story of her life; but she evaded, though in the gentlest manner, his efforts, stating, that her griefs and her secrets were her own, and that the making the one known would not make the other unfelt. She had been much annoyed, she said, by the impertinent interrogations of gossiping people, who often insulted her by withholding their charity when they found their love of gossip ungratified.

Lionel made many visits to Margaret, and, by degrees, succeeded in breaking down her reluctance to speak of herself. He told her, that he had been commissioned to visit her, and had come down to Scotland for the sole purpose of seeing and serving her, and pledged his honor, as a gentleman, that the only use he would make of her information would be in turning it to her advantage. He was evidently already well acquainted with many parts of her story; but the chief object of his inquiry related to the written promise of marriage which, he had been given to understand, she had got from Sir Willoughby. Margaret, at first, would not admit that any such document existed, and appeared to feel acute pain from Lionel's urgent solicitation to see it. Overcome, at last, by his importunity, she went to a little chest, which was secreted in a recess dug into the wall of her apartment, and having drawn it out, and opened it with trembling hands, she took from it the small, but curiously folded piece of paper, still retaining the fragrance with which Sir Willoughby's gallantry had invested it. With convulsive sobs, Margaret looked at the paper, and handed it to the stranger. Lionel read it, and found it to contain the following words, written in a small affected character, which bore evident traces of having been penned by the writer when in a state bordering at least on intoxication. "Sir Willoughby Somerset, of Somerset Hall, knight of the noble order of—(here there was drawn a rude image of George and the dragon)—doth, by these lines, declare that he doth truly intend to wed Margaret Williamson; and this he promises to do on the faith of a knight of the order to which he belongs. Given at the Hunter's Rest, this 26th day of April, in the year of the succession of King James to the throne of England."

This document Lionel copied, and having returned the original to Margaret, he asked her if she would accompany him to London.

"If it be to meet Sir Willoughby Somerset," answered she, "I will sooner walk to the grave o' Sir Patrick Spence and the Scottish lords wha lie between Leith and Aberdour."

"It is not to meet Sir Willoughby, my fair maiden," said Sir Lionel; "and if thou wilt trust to the honor of one who is not a knight, I promise thee thou shalt not have cause to regret thy journey."

After much solicitation, Margaret agreed to go to London, and take her child with her; and Lionel having got her equipped her in a manner so as to escape

observation, they departed for London, where they arrived after ten days' travelling. On their arrival, Margaret and her child were taken to respectable lodgings, where she was requested to remain till Lionel called for her.

After some days, a coach drove up to the door, and a lady carrying a bundle, came out, and asked to be shown to the apartment occupied by the Scotch lady, This was the wife of Lionel, who brought with her a number of specimens of tartan, which she exhibited to Margaret, requesting her to point out the kind she wore when she lived with Adam Hunter. This Margaret did; and the next request made by the lady was, that Margaret should describe to her the shape of the garment, and the manner in which she wore it; all of which Margaret complied with, and the lady departed.

In two days more, the same lady called with the garment made, and requested Margaret to put it on, and, with the child, accompany her to the place where she was going. Margaret complied, and they departed together in the coach. After driving for some little time, the coach stopped at a large house, into which they entered. The lady led Margaret and her child up a great many stairs, and round winding passages, until they came to a room, where she was requested to remain. After waiting about ten minutes, a gentleman of a fair complexion entered, and shook her kindly by the hand, launching, at the same time, and without any explanation, into a quick-spoken and confused speech, which formed a part of his salutation.

"Why, woman, didna ye mak' some legal use o' the bit paper ye got frae your braw lover, Sir Willoughby Somerset? Can it be possible that ye dinna ken, that, by the law o' your country, a promise o' marriage, coupled wi' a—a—hem! hem! —a bairn, is, to a' intents and purposes, as gude a marriage as if it were celebrated wi' a' the solemnities o' haly kirk? By my royal troth, ye hae been a blate and silly lassie, whatever folk may say o' ye, praising ye for the hich and michtie honor ye made sae meikle fashion o', to save the life of a ne'er-do-weel villain, wha ruined ye, and slew his servant, and cheated the wuddy o' my countrie, though made o' gude aik, a mair suitable wife to him, God wot, than the like o' ye. But lat that alane—*tempus reparabit*—ha! ha! ye ye ken naething o' Latin, I fancy, but I meant only by that flicht to tell ye that ye will be revenged."

While in the act of delivering this strange speech, the gentleman began to drag Margaret, somewhat rudely, out of the room where they were, into another; his speech and the dragging operation going on at the same time. She now found herself in a large hall, where she saw an elevated chair, overshadowed by a canopy of crimson velvet, on the top of which was a crown. The gentleman, still in the same confused manner—speaking sometimes to himself, and sometimes to her—shoved her behind a small screen, apparently placed there for the purpose of concealing some one, telling her to remain there until she was called for.

The folding-doors of the apartment now opened, and Margaret heard the voices of heralds, and saw a great number of high-dressed ladies and gentlemen come in, and stand round the elevated chair. Among these, she observed Sir Willoughby Somerset, and a lady (the same she had seen in the garden of the House of Gordon) leaning upon his arm. "Come forth, Margaret Williamson," cried the gentleman who had first spoken to her; and Margaret, with her tartan plaid around her, and her child at her foot, stood before King James. Opposite to her, stood Sir Willoughby Somerset and his lady, dressed in the most gorgeous style, and forming a strange and striking contrast with the plaided stranger.

"I am right glad," said James, "to see my auld subjects o' my native kingdom;

and I greet ye weel, Peggy Williamson, and wish ye and your bairn mony braw days. I also greet ye weel, Sir Willoughby Somerset, Knight, and your braw leddie, wha is, nevertheless, only your wife, in sae meikle as she is nearest your heart, in the fashion o' the connexion whilk exists between our auld Scotch wuddy and the heart o' Mid-Loudon. But awa' wi' this—*Et nunc labores exaltare*—whilk means, to wark, to wark. Ken ye this Scotch lassie, Sir Willoughby Somerset?"

"No, Sire," answered the Knight, in evident confusion, but still retaining a portion of his natural impudence.

"It's fause, Sir," answered the King, whose choler now rose to the boiling point of his royal fervor—"It's fause, Sir; ye ken her as weel as did our royal faither our royal mither, or as Hamman did his wuddy, whilk was made o' sweet-smelling cedar, as is clearly made out by the learned Chrysostom. I canna believe you; for our royal brither Solomon hath said, that if a ruler hearken to lies, all his servants shall be wicked. But, maybe, ye may ken your ain handwriting, better than ye do the lassie. Look at that, man; do ye ken that?"

Sir Willoughby was silent.

"I will take your silence, man, for an ill-favored confession; and now, Sir, let it be understood by ye, that that bit writing and that bit callant—wha doesna ken ye sae weel as ye ken his mither—maks a gude marriage by the law o' Scotland. I dinna mean, Sir, in the presence o' this assembly, to disgrace ye, mair than will serve the purposes o' justice; and I leave ye to reflect, if ye hae sic a thing about ye as reflection, how ye treated this puir lassie, wham ye ruined, and wha, though fire, and famine, and death, and scorpions, are given, as Ecclesiasticus says, for vengeance, sat quietly and sucked, wi' her honied lips (seeking nae mair satisfaction), the poison which your shaft carried to her broken heart; and wha, though exposed to terrible and racking tortures, saved, on twa occasions, your life, regardless o' her ain. Now, Sir, though the lassie can claim ye as her husband, she alone has the power o' severing that connexion, on the ground o' your cohabitation wi' that leddie, wham ye call your wife; whilk power, by my advice, she will doubtless exercise. But, Sir, there maun here be a *solatium*; and I ask you if ye are willing to sign that paper whilk Lionel Apsley is ready to shaw ye?"

Sir Willoughby took the document, which purported to be a conveyance to Margaret Williamson, in liferent, and her son, in fee, of one-half of the domain of Somerset Hall, calculated to amount to £5,000 a-year; and, having read it, he seemed to hesitate to sign it. During his hesitation, James whispered in his ear, the name of Richard Forster. His manner changed, and he signed the deed.

Margaret Williamson received the deed from the King, giving, in return, one of her best curtsies. She came down to Scotland, prosecuted a divorce against Sir Willoughby Somerset, and lived a much honored and respected lady, in Edinburgh, for many years.

JOHNNY BROTHERTON'S FIVE SUNNY DAYS.

I HAVE experienced many days both of sorrow and of sadness, in the course of my life and experience (said old John Brotherton of Peebles); but with me by-past sorrows were always like an auld almanac —a book that I never opened. Yet weel do I remember the five sunniest days of my existence. They were days of brightness and of joy, without a spot to cloud them. They took place, also, at very various periods of my existence. I no doubt have had, independent of them, many pleasant, warm, bonny days—days wherein I was both pleased and happy. But they passed away like any other fine day, and they werena remembered for a week. But very different from the like of these ordinary fine days, were those which I allude to as the five sunny days of my existence. They were days of pure, unadulterated, uncloyed, almost insupportable delight. They were days, the remembered sunshine of which will not set in my breast, until my life set in the grave. But I will give you an account of them.

The first occurred when I was about twenty years of age. It was a delightful evening in the month of September, on the second day of the month, and just about five minutes past six o'clock. I had just dropped work—for I was a souter, or more appropriately a cordwainer—and had thrown off my apron and washed my face, and I was taking a saunter up off the Tweed abit, on the road leading down to Innerleithen. I cannot say that I had any object in view, beyond just the healthful recreation of a walk in the fields, after the labors of the day. The sun seemed to be maybe about a dozen of yards aboon the hill top; but there wasna a cloud in the whole sky, save ae wee bit yellow one, hardly broader than the brim of a Quaker's hat, that was keeking owre the hill, as if to kep the sun. Oh, it was a glorious evening! I daresay it never was equalled at the season of the year. I am sure the leaves, poor things, that were falling here and there from the trees and hedges, if they could have thought, would hae been vexed to fall frae their branches, while a' nature was basking in such sunniness.

I met several shearers, wi' their hooks owre their arms, just as I was gaun out o' the town, and I spoke to them, and they spoke to me; but some o' them nodded and laughed at me, and said—"She's coming, Johnny."

"Wha's coming?" said I.

And they laughed again, and said—"Gang forward and see."

So I went forward, and sure enough, who should I see standing beside a yett, with her hook owre her shouther, and picking the prickles of a day-nettle out of her hand, but bonny Kate Lowrie—not only the comeliest lass in the burgh of Peebles, but in all the wide county. I had long been desperately in love with Katie, but I had never ventured to say as meikle to her; though I was aware that she was conscious of the state of my feelings. We had often walked together on an evening, and I had gien her her fairing, and the like of that, but I never could get the length of talking about love or marriage; and scores of times had her and me walked by the side of each other, for half an hour at a time, without either of us speaking a word, beyond saying—"Eh, but this is a fine night!" half a dozen times owre—so ye may guess that we were a bashfu' couple.

But on the night referred to, as I have said, I saw her standing at a yett, taking a

thorn of some kind out of her hand; and I stepped forward and said to her—"What has got into your hand, Katie?"

"It's a jaggy frae a day-nettle, I think, John," said she.

"Let me try if I can tak it oot," said I.

She blushed, and the setting sun just streamed across her face. I'll declare I never saw a woman look so beautiful in my born days. Ye might have lighted a candle at my heart at the moment, I am certain. But I did get her bonny soft hand in mine; and as I held it, I am certain I would not have exchanged that hand to have held the sceptre of the king that sits upon the throne. I soon got out the prickles—but I was so overjoyed at having her hand in mine that when they were out, I still held it in my left hand; while, whether it was by accident or how, I canna tell, but I slipped my hand round her waist; and in this fashion we sauntered away. But instead of going straight to the town, we daundered away down to Tweedside.

Weel do I remember of pressing her to my breast in more than mortal joy, and of saying to her—"O Katie, Katie, woman, will ye be mine?—will ye marry me, and mak me the happiest man that ever put his foot in a shoe on the face of this habitable globe?"

She hung her head, and, poor thing! her bosom heaved like a frighted bird's. But, oh! what ecstasy it was to feel its heaving! For a good hour did I stand pressing her breast to mine, and saying—"Will ye, Katie? Oh, will ye, woman?"

At last, with a great effort, and her very heart bursting with pure affection, she flung her arms owre my shouthers, and said—"I will, John!"

Oh! of all the words that ever a human being heard, nothing could match the music of those three words to me. It was sweeter than the harp of a fairy soughing owre a moonlight sea, when the winds of heaven are sleeping.

"Oh, bless ye! bless ye!—for ever bless ye!" cried I—"Katie, ye hae made me the happiest man in a' Peebles, an' I trust I shall mak ye the happiest wife."

I absolutely danced wi' joy, and clapped my hands aboon my head. If ever there was a man intoxicated wi' joy, it was me that night; and I am certain that her joy was nothing less than mine, though she did not express it so extravagantly.

Neither the one nor the other of us heard the town clock chap nine. Three hours flew owre our heads as if they hadna been three minutes. I set her to her faither's door, and just as she was putting her hand upon the sneck—"Eh, John!" whispered she, "where can I hae left my hook?"

"That's weel minded," said I; "I remember I took it off yer shouther, an' put it owre the yett, when I was takin' the prickles oot o' yer finger."

Ye may think of what baith of us had been thinking about, when neither of us missed the hook, or remembered leaving it till that moment. We went to seek it, with her arm through mine (and close to my side I pressed it), and there, accordingly, did we find the hook upon the yett where I had placed it.

She was rather feared to gang into the house, on account of her being out so late, for her faither and mother were strict sort o' folk. Therefore, I volunteered to go in wi' her, and explain at once how matters stood. For, bashful as I was before telling my mind to her, I had broken the ice now, and was as bold as brass.

She hesitated for some time; but I urged the thing, and she consented, and into her faither's I went wi' her. I wasna long in making the auld man acquainted wi' the nature of my visit, and frankly asked him, if he had any sort of objection to taking me for a son-in-law.

"I watna," said he, "but I daresay no I dinna see ony reasonable objection that I ought to hae. What do ye say, Tibbie?" added he to his wife,

"Me!" added she; "what would ye

hae me to say? Johnny is a decent lad and a guid tradesman; and if he likes Katie, and Katie likes him, I dinna see that you or I can do onything in the matter, but just leave it to their twa sells."

"Weel, John," said her faither to me, "as Tibbie says, I suppose it will just have to rest between yoursels. If ye are baith agreeable, we are agreeable."

I wonder I didna jump through the roof of the house. Joy almost deprived me of my specific gravity. Never, since I was born, had I experienced such sensations of ecstasy before.

Now, this was what I call my first real sunny day. It was a day of memorable joy—and joy, too, of a particular description, and which a man can feel but once in the course of his existence.

I can say, without vanity, that I had always been a saving lad, and, therefore, in the course of two or three weeks, I took a house, which I furnished very respectably. And my second sunny day, was that on which Katie, and her faither, and her mother, and a lass that was an intimate acquaintance of hers, came a' to my new house together—Katie never to leave it again—for the minister just came in after them. Oh! when I heard the minister pronounce us *one*, and gie us his benediction as man and wife—and, aboon all, when I thought she was now *mine—mine* for ever—that nothing upon earth could separate us—I almost wondered that poor sinful mortals such as we are, should be permitted to enjoy such unspeakable happiness on this side of time. The very tears stood in my eyes wi' perfect ecstasy, and I could not forbear, before the minister and them a', of squeezing her hand, and saying—"My *ain* Katie!"

It was October, but a very mild day, and a very sunny day—indeed it might, in all respects, have passed for a day in August. After dinner, the room became rather warm, and the window was drawn down from the top. There was a lark singing its autumn song right aboon the house, and its loud sweet notes came pouring in by the window.

"Poor thing," thought I, "your joys are ending, and mine are only beginning; but I trust, in the autumn of my days, to sing as blithely as ye do now."

I gied another glance at my ain Katie, and as I contemplated her lovely countenance, I felt as a man that was never to know sorrow; for I didna see how it was possible for sorrow to be where such angel sweetness existed.

That was my second sunny day; and my third followed after in the natural course of time; for the event that rendered it memorable was neither more nor less than the birth of my first-born—my only son. I was walking out in the fields when the tidings were brought to me; and when I found that I had cause to offer thanks for a living mother and a living child, wi' perfect joy the tears ran down my cheeks I silently prayed for my Katie and for "*my bairn.*" When I thought that a man-son was born unto me, and that I was indeed a faither, the pride and the joy of my heart were almost too great for me to bear. I would not have exchanged the natural and honorable title of *faither*, to have been made Emperor of Russia and King of Madagascar.

It was a glorious day in the height of summer, and as I hurried home to see, to kiss, my bairn and its mother, I believe the very flowers by the roadside were conscious that it was a *faither*, a *new-made faither*, that trampled on them, I did it so quickly and so lightly. But great as my joy then was, it was nothing to be compared with what I felt when I saw my Katie and our bairn, and when my lips touched theirs. O man! I then did feel the full, the overflowing ecstasy of a faither's heart. Never shall I forget it. That was the third of my five sunny days.

The fourth was of a different description, but gied me unmingled satisfaction, and perhaps I may say, was in some sort the foundation of the one which succeeded.

Now, I must make you sensible that Katie made a very notable wife. In her household affairs, she set an example that was worthy of imitation by every wife in Peebles. There was naething wasted in her house, and the shadow of onything extravagant was never seen within her door.

One night, about six weeks after our marriage, she and I were sitting at the fireside, by our twa sells (for we never made our house a howff for neighbors and their clashes), when she said to me very seriously—"John, I've often heard it said, that the first hundred pounds is worse to make than the next five hundred. Do ye no think it possible for you and me to save a hundred?"

"I watna, my dear," said I; "though I say it myself, there are none belonging to the craft that can make better wages than I can, and if it is your desire to make the endeavor—wi' all my heart, say I."

So the thing was agreed upon, and we set about it the very next day. I got a strong wooden box made, wi' a hole on the top, just about long enough and broad enough to let in a penny-piece edgeways; and I caused a bit leather, like a tongue, to be nailed owre the inside of the hole, so that whatever was put in, coudna be taken out again till the box was broken open.

For many a day, both her and me wrought hard, both late and early, to accomplish it. We neither allowed the back to gang bare or shabby, nor did we scrimp our coggie, during our endeavors; but we avoided every sixpence, every farthing of unnecessary expense.

At length Katie says to me one day, just after denner-time—"John, I daresay we will have the hundred pounds now. If ye have nae objection we will open the box and see."

It was the very thing which I had been wishing her to propose for months; and up I banged upon the kist, and put my hand on the head of the bed, where the box was kept. It was terrible heavy, and it required both of my hands to lift it down.

I forced up the lid, and having locked the door, I placed the box upon the table. The sun was streaming in at the window sae bright that ye would have said it was aware of the satisfaction of Katie and mysel', as we saw it streaming upon the heap of treasure which our own industry had gathered together. It took us from two in the afternoon until six at night to count it; for it consisted of gold, silver, and copper; and we counted it thrice over, before we made it come twice to the same sum. At last we were satisfied that it amounted to one hundred and fifteen pounds, seven shillings and eightpence half-penny.

When I ascertained that the object of my desire, and of my late and early savings, was accomplished, I was that happy that I almost knocked owre the table where it was all spread out, counted into parcels of twenty shillings. I threw my arms round Katie, wi' as meikle rapture as I did on my first sunny day, when she said—"I will, John;" for the object was of her proposing, and she had the entire merit of the transaction. It was a grand sight to see the sinking sun throwing the shadow of the hundred and odd twenty-shilling towers across the table, and to the far side of the floor. Folk talk of the beauty of rainbows; but there never was a rainbow to be compared wi' the appearance of our floor that evening, wi' a' the shadows of the piles of siller running across it. That was my fourth sunny day.

Finding that I was now a man of capital, I took a shop in the front street, and commenced business as a maister boot and shoe-maker. Katie was remarkably civil in the shop, and I always tried to put good stuff into the hands of customers, so that in a very short time I carried on a very prosperous concern. I also rose very high in the opinion of my fellow-craftsmen; and, wonderful to relate! I heard that it was their determination to elect me to the

high and honorable office of deacon of the corporation of our ancient and respectable trade, in the ancient burgh of Peebles.

This was a height to which my ambition never could have aspired, and when I heard of the intention of the brethren, it really made me that I couldna sleep. It made me not only dream that I was a deacon, but a king, a prince, a bashaw—a dear kens what—but anything but plain John Brotherton. I thought it was a hoax that some of the craft were wishing to play off on me; therefore, I spoke of the subject with great caution. But when it was put into my head, there was nothing on the earth that I so much desired. I thought what an honor it would be, when I was dead and gone, for my son to be able to say—"My father was deacon of the ancient company of cordwainers in Peebles!"

"What a sound that will have!" thought I. On the morning of the election I awoke fearing, believing, hoping, trembling. I could hardly put on my clothes. However, the choosing of office-bearers began, and I was declared duly elected deacon of the company of cordwainers. It was with difficulty that I refrained from clapping my hands in the court, and I am positive I would not have been able to do it, had it not been that the brethren came crowding round me to shake hands wi' me.

I went home in very high glee, as ye may well suppose, and Katie met me wi' great joy in her looks. When the supper was set upon the table—"Katie, my dear," said I, "send out for a bottle of strong ale."

"A bottle of strong ale, John!" quoth she, in surprise; "remember that though ye hae been appointed deacon o' the shoemakers ye are but a mortal man! Remember, John, that, it was by drinking wholesome water, wi' pickles of oatmeal in it, that enabled you to save a hundred pounds, and so to become deacon of the trade. But had ye sent for bottles of strong ale to your supper, ye would neither have saved the one, nor been made the other. Na, na, John, think nae mair about ale."

"Weel, weel," said I, "ye are right, Katie—I canna deny it."

That was what I call my fifth sunny day—a remarkable day in my existence, standing out from amongst the rest, and crowned wi' happiness.

THE RESTORED SON.

On the banks of the Esk, in the county of Dumfries, stood, some years since, a handsome, substantial-looking mansion, bearing all the marks of plenty and comfort; while the neat and elegant arrangement of the grounds around, bore evidence to the refined and chaste taste of its proprietor, Gavin Douglas. He was a gentleman by birth, and, "if merit gave titles, he might be a Lord," for a more kind-hearted, amiable Christian never existed. He had succeeded to his father's property, nearly thirty years before the time of which we write, and had constantly resided upon it ever since, growing daily in the love and respect of all who knew him. His appearance and address were particularly prepossessing; he was tall and upright in his person; his manners were bland and gentleman-like; and his fine expanded forehead and mild expressive eye told of a warm and benevolent heart.

He was a widower; and his family were at a distance—the sons in the pursuit of their respective professions, and the daughters all happily and comfortably married, with the exception of the eldest, who resided under his roof with her three fatherless children. His eldest son, Edward, had been for some years settled in a mercantile house in Calcutta, where he had lately married, and had been admitted as one of the partners of the firm. Gavin Douglas well supplied the place of a father to his little grandchildren; his whole aim seemed to be, to study *their* happiness, and to soothe the sorrow of their bereaved parent.

One summer evening, the family party at Eskhall were seated in their comfortable drawing-room, engaged in that cheerful, affectionate conversation which forms the peculiar charm of a well-educated, well-regulated family circle. The day had been one of the most sultry and oppressive of the season; but the clouds, which gathered round the setting sun in dark and gloomy masses, seemed as if waiting in sullen silence for his disappearance, to pour their fury upon the scenes to which his rays had given beauty. Nor did they threaten in vain; all the wrathful energies of nature seemed to have awakened at the very hour when man and beast were about to seek repose. The rain descended in torrents, and poured forth, more like a continued stream than a collection of single drops. The vivid, forked lightning, appeared, in its ragged and eccentric course, to tear asunder the veil of darkness, only to render it doubly visible, while, glancing ten thousand reflections from the falling rain-drops, it flashed across the eyes of the family party, startling and dazzling them with its sudden and excessive brilliancy. The children clung to their grandfather in mute and breathless awe, and the whole party sat in silence, uninterrupted, save by involuntary ejaculations, which escaped them at each successive flash. Not a breath of wind was stirring, not a sound was to be heard, but the dull, monotonous, incessant pattering of the rain, and the loud, clear, crackling burst of the thunder, as it rolled, peal after peal, over their heads, and apparently in dangerous proximity. At length, the rain began to relax in its violence, the flashes of lightning became less and less vivid, and the thunder died away in faint and distant murmurings.

"Grandfather!" said little Gavin, leaving his stronghold between Douglas' knees, "was not that an awful storm?"

"Yes, my boy," replied the old man; "awful, indeed! and thankful ought we to be to the good Providence which has blessed us with a roof to shelter us, while many an uncovered head has been exposed to its violence. Such a night as this, ought to awaken in us a spirit of gratitude for the blessings we ourselves enjoy, and of charity towards the wants and sorrows of others."

"Did you hear that strange noise during the storm, grandfather?" said little Emma; "it sounded like the bleating of a lamb close by; but I was so much frightened by the lightning at the time, that I did not mention it to you, and—— there it is again!"

A low, wailing, stifled kind of cry was heard, which almost immediately ceased, and the whole party started up, with looks of surprise and alarm, and gazed at each other, as if mutely inquiring from whence the strange sound could proceed. Again the cry was heard; and Mr. Douglas, seizing one of the candles, rushed to the front door, to ascertain the cause of their alarm. Great was his surprise to find, under the porch, a small wicker basket, covered with a coarse ragged shawl, on removing which, he started to behold the little chubby features of an infant, which stretched out his little arms, and crowed with delight at the sight of the candle Mr. Douglas' first impulse was to hurry into the parlor, where our little hero was safely deposited on a sofa, and exposed to

the curious and inquiring gaze of the assembled party.

"O grandpapa!" shouted little Gavin, clapping his hands, and dancing round the baby, "I have often heard you say, 'It is an ill wind that blows nobody good'—and now see what a nice little brother the thunder storm has blown us."

"Inhuman wretches!" exclaimed Douglas, "to expose such a sweet infant, in a night like this! But they cannot be far off!" And, ringing the bell violently, he went out with some of the servants in pursuit of the supposed fugitives; but vain was their search; every nook and corner of the grounds were examined, but no traces of any such could be discovered; and Douglas returned, fatigued and disappointed, to the parlor. On examining the basket in which the child had been laid, a crumpled and dirty piece of paper was discovered, on which was written, in a trembling and almost illegible hand, "Be kind to the boy!—he comes of a good family. His name is Philip F. May heaven prosper you, as you behave to him!" There was likewise a signet ring, with a few Persian characters engraved upon it. The clothes in which the infant was dressed, were formed of the best materials, neatly and plainly made, but bore evident tokens of neglect and dirt.

"Poor boy!" muttered Gavin; "since your own unnatural father has deserted you, I will be a father to you. Here, Jane, my love," addressing his daughter, "I commit this stray lamb to your charge for the present; see that he is comfortably settled in the little crib in your room."

Years passed on; the little foundling had become a tall, handsome stripling of thirteen, as much beloved for his kind and amiable disposition as he was admired for his handsome form and bold and manly spirit, when Gavin Douglas received a letter from his son Edward, in Calcutta, informing him that by the next ship he intended to send his eldest daughter, who was now seven years old, home to his care. The ship by which this letter had been forwarded, having met with a succession of light and baffling winds, had made so long a passage that the little stranger whose approach it announced might be now daily expected. At length the newspapers gave notice of the arrival off the Start of the ship Cornwallis; and Gavin Douglas prepared to hasten up to town to receive his granddaughter. Philip, who was at home for his school holidays, and who was now as dear to Douglas as if he had been his own flesh and blood, entreated and obtained permission to accompany him. Owing to a long continuance of easterly winds, the Cornwallis made a tedious passage up the Channel, and our travellers were detained for some days at Gravesend, awaiting her arrival. To Philip this delay was most welcome; the bustling scenes around him seemed to arouse the latent energies of his nature. Accustomed to the quiet and peaceful monotony of a country life, he felt as if a new sphere of existence was opened to him; and everything he beheld, bore, in his eyes, the stamp of novelty and excitement. His great delight was to loiter for hours at the stairs (Gravesend did not then boast of the handsome jetty which now adorns it), and to gaze at the numerous craft floating on the bosom of the majestic Thames; some lying at anchor, and others taking advantage of the tide to hasten towards their various destinations. Frank and open in his manner, eager and anxious in his thirst for information, the watermen, who were always lounging in numbers about the stairs, felt a pleasure in gratifying his curiosity, and in initiating him into all the mysteries of river seamanship; and he soon learned to distinguish the different "riggs" of the passing vessels, from the lowly "peterboat" to the majestic ship. One morning there was a dead calm; the river was gliding past unruffled by the slightest air; the cheerful "yo, heave, oh!" of the sailors, and the loud clanking of the windlass "pauls," were heard distinctly from

some of the distant colliers, shortening in cable preparatory to making a start; while the rattling clattering sounds of the chains were heard from others, which were just "bringing up"—for it was high water, and the upward-bound vessels were obliged to come to anchor. Philip had been at his usual post for some time, when his attention was attracted by the heavy sluggish cloud of smoke which hung in the wake of two steamers, whose low painted chimneys were seen over the land, which they flitted past with great rapidity, while the tall, naked spars of a large ship towered far above them. At length their hulls became distinctly visible.

"Hand here the glass, Jem," said a waterman, who was anxiously observing them, to his comrade; "let me have a squint at her. Ah! I'd swear to her among a thousand! That's the old Cornwallis! Jump into the boat, Jem, and let's push out into the stream."

Away flew our friend Philip to the inn, to tell his father, as he called him, the welcome news. The old gentleman hurried down to the stairs, and the Cornwallis had hardly let go her anchor in Gravesend Reach, before he and Philip were on her quarterdeck, inquiring for Catherine Douglas. Captain M'Dougal of the Cornwallis received them with the greatest politeness, and, upon Gavin Douglas informing him of the cause of his visit, he was immediately ushered into one of the round-house cabins, where a little dark-eyed girl was playing with her ayah.

"Catherine, my dear," said Captain M'Dougall, "here is your grandpapa come to visit you."

Little Catherine, as we said before, was seven years old, and, like most Indian children, quick and clever beyond her years. She was a brunette in complexion—so much so indeed, that she might have been mistaken for a descendant from parentage of the climate in which she had been reared. Her eyes were dark, lively, and brilliant, and a profusion of rich black hair fell in clusters upon her shoulders. The moment she heard Captain M'Dougall's announcement, she dropped the toy with which she was playing, and ran eagerly up to Douglas:—

"Are you really Grandpapa Gavin?"

"Yes, my love," said the old gentleman, almost smothering her with kisses.

"Are you quite sure?" said she: "then," looking smilingly up in his face, "I think I love you very much, Grandpapa."

Philip was now introduced, and, in five minutes time, the two young people were sworn friends. Catherine had shown Philip all her rich store of toys, and had answered all his eager questions about the voyage, the ship, the uses of various things in the cabin, &c. Be not impatient, gentle reader, at the details of this childish meeting; the happiness or misery of life often depends upon trifles light as air, and our friend Philip's future destiny took its hue from the consequences of that intimacy of which we have just been describing the commencement. In the course of a fortnight, the travellers with their young charge returned to Eskhall, where the little stranger met with the most affectionate welcome. The banks of the Esk were beautiful as ever; but, to Philip's eyes, they had lost great part of their attraction; he had had a glimpse of the scenes of active life, and he was eager to engage in them. The country sports in which he used to take such delight, began to lose their relish; and his principal amusement now was to wander in the green fields with little Catherine, and to listen to the tales she told of her recollections of the distant lands she had left. His curiosity was excited, and he burned with impatience to visit them, and to judge for himself; and he expressed to Gavin Douglas his predilection for a sailor's life, and his eager wish to commence his career as soon as circumstances would allow. Gavin's heart yearned towards the handsome and spirited boy, whose eye sparkled, and whose

tongue became eloquent as he urged his suit; and he felt that the time was come, which he had long looked forward to with pain, when this young and ardent spirit must leave his guardian care, and be intrusted to its own impulses. He talked seriously and affectionately to the boy, on the subject of his wishes; told him, what had hitherto been kept a secret from him —the history of his first appearance at Eskhall; assured him that he always would be, as he hitherto had been, in the place of a father to him; and concluded with saying—"Reflect seriously upon what I have pointed out to you, my dear boy; I have laid before you, as far as my experience goes, all the advantages and disadvantages of the profession which you wish to adopt; weigh the matter carefully in your thoughts; and if, at the end of a week, you continue in the same mind, I will do all in my power to promote your wishes."

Poor Philip's astonishment and distress were unbounded, when Gavin informed him of the mystery that hung over his birth. He had always hitherto been known by the name of Douglas, and had been accustomed to consider himself as Gavin's grandson; and the truth burst upon with the astounding effect of a thunderbolt. Pale as ashes, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, he exclaimed—

"Not your grandson, sir? Then who am I? Good heavens! have I been living from my earliest years a poor dependant upon your bounty? O my generous benefactor! my more than father! how can I ever prove my gratitude to you for your unvaried affection and kindness?"

"You have already proved it Philip, by repaying affection with affection; by your steady obedience, and constant attention to my slightest wish. I have a father's love for you, Philip; and, poor, and unknown, and alien as you are, you have made yourself as dear to me as if you were my own flesh and blood. I feared that this disclosure would fall like a blight upon your young spirit; but, painful as it is, it was necessary that it should be made. Cheer up, my boy! brighter days will come. I feel a conviction that the secret of your birth will be one day discovered, and that you will have no reason to blush for your parentage."

"Heaven grant it may be so, sir! but I dare not hope. If I had not been a cause of shame to my parents, would they have deserted me?"

Douglas shook his head, and said—

"Time will show. At all events, my dear Philip, look upon me as your father until you find a better."

"That can never be, my dear, dear gr——benefactor."

The week of reflection passed away; but not so Philip's resolution, which was now confirmed and strengthened by his eager desire to relieve Mr. Douglas from the burden of his support, and by the hope that he might by some fortunate chance be guided to the discovery of his true parents. On his making known his decision, Gavin Douglas immediately wrote to a friend in town, through whose interest he obtained for him an appointment as midshipman on board an Indiaman which was on the point of sailing for Bengal and China, and which it was necessary for him to "join" immediately. Before he left Eskhall, Gavin delivered into his hands the ring and other articles that had been found in the basket in which he was exposed when an infant, that he might have some clue whereby to endeavor to trace out his parents. Delighted as Philip was at the prospect of entering upon his new profession, he felt the greatest sorrow at parting from his kind and liberal benefactor, and from those whom he had been so long accustomed to look upon as near and dear relations; but still more deeply was he affected at leaving his beloved little playmate, Catherine. *Her* grief on the occasion was excessive. Philip had been her constant companion in all her little rambles, and her resource and comfort in

all her childish difficulties and sorrows. He had scarcely ever left her side; and now she was to part with him—perhaps for ever! Poor Philip himself was obliged to exert all the pride of precocious manhood, to resist the contagious example of her tears; but he did all in his power to comfort the little mourner, and at last partially succeeded, by reminding her that in a few months the voyage would be over.

"And *then*, dear Phil, will you come back again?"

"That I will."

"Oh! how glad I shall be to see you again! And she jumped about, clapping her little hands for joy, till the recollection of the long separation that must intervene called forth a fresh torrent of tears.

At length the parting scene was over; and, freighted with the blessings and good wishes of all who knew him, Philip was fairly launched into the rough ocean of life, to be exposed to all its storms and quicksands, from which he had been hitherto safely sheltered in the calm haven of domestic peace. The first voyage passed safely and happily; and some years flew by in the same routine of leave-takings and glad meetings. Philip loved his profession enthusiastically; but, at every successive parting, he felt more and more unwilling to tear himself from Eskhall and its beloved inmates. Catherine was now a lovely, elegant girl of eighteen; her childish perference for Philip had been gradually and imperceptibly gaining strength, till it had become the ruling passion of her heart. *He* loved *her* fondly and tenderly; but his fears were excited by her constantly increasing reserve towards him; there was such apparent inconsistency between the attentive kindness of her actions, and the distance and almost coldness of her manner, that he was puzzled, as well as surprised. But the eyes of Gavin Douglas' experience were open; and he had for some time read—in the changing complexion of Catherine, whenever Philip approached her, in the embarrassment of her manner whenever she addressed him, and in the suppressed eagerness of her interest in whatever concerned him—that secret which she shrunk from confessing even to her own heart. Though he dreaded the consequence of an attachment which he thought might be productive of only misery and disappointment, yet he had too much confidence in Philip's honor and discretion to fear any clandestine avowal of love on his part. He wrote to his son Edward in Calcutta, informing him of his suspicions and fears as to the state of Catherine's affections—telling him all the particulars of Philip's history, and leaving it to his own judgment to act as he thought circumstances required.

"In the meantime," wrote he, "I cannot openly interfere, lest, by striving to remedy, I should only increase the evil; but I will endeavor, quietly and unobtrusively, to keep the young people apart until I hear your decision. My opinion is, that a final separation will be the only means of weaning them from each other. Catherine has a father's home to receive her—when poor *Philip* leaves *me* he leaves his only earthly protector; and, even for my granddaughter's sake, I cannot part with one whose amiable and affectionate dispositions have rendered him dear to me as a son."

The result of this communication was a letter to Catherine, from her father, telling her that he was obliged to visit England for a few months, on business, and begging her to hold herself in readiness to accompany him on his return to Calcutta. Philip had just arrived from abroad when he received this news; and, as is often the case, it was not till he feared he was going to part with Catherine for ever, that he felt how deeply and fondly he loved her. He became restless and unhappy; and wandered away, day after day, alone, under pretence of seeking amusement in rural sports, but in reality for the sake of indulging the sorrow that was preying

upon his mind. He shunned all society, even that of her whose image was ever present to him, and absented himself as much as he possibly could, from the family meetings at meals. His dejection began to have an evident effect upon his health, and the kind-hearted Gavin grieved to see his young favorite pining under the influence of his hidden sorrow.

"Philip, my son," said he to him one day, "why have you not confided in me, your oldest and dearest friend? I have penetrated your secret, Philip, and I honor you for endeavoring to confine it to your own bosom; but you must rouse all your energies to shake off the tyranny of a passion, which your high sense of principle must tell you cannot safely be indulged in, and is only likely to be productive of sorrow and disappointment." He then proceeded to remind him delicately of the cloud that hung over his birth, of his want of means to maintain the woman of his choice in comfort, and of the absolute necessity for his strenuous exertions to rise in his profession, as the only chance of bettering his condition in life; "for though," added the generous man, "it is my intention to make some provision for you in my will, yet there are so many claims of relationship upon me, that your proportion will, I fear, be but small."

Philip's heart swelled, and his eye glistened, as he pressed the old man's hand, in mute acknowledgment of his kindness; and some moments elapsed ere he could sufficiently command his feelings, to give expression to them in words. At length, in broken and hurried accents, he expressed his heartfelt gratitude; he confessed that he had long loved Catherine, but said that he had never "told his love," hoping that his prospects might brighten, and that he might then be enabled to prove himself worthy of the happiness he sought. He acknowledged the justice and propriety of all Mr. Douglas had said; and expressed his conviction that it was his duty, however painful it might be to his feelings, to tear himself from the society of one whose presence was so dangerous to his peace, and to endeavor, however vain that endeavor might be, for *her* sake as well as for his own, to conceal, though he could not stifle, the passion which reigned in his heart. It was agreed upon, between the two friends, that Philip should employ his time while on shore in travelling, till his ship was again ready for sea, and that he should then join her, without taking leave a second time of his friends, except by letter. Poor Philip could hardly command his feelings, when taking what he considered to be his final farewell of Catherine. He knew that when he next returned home, Eskhall would have lost its principal charm in his eyes—that *she* would no longer be there, and that, in all human probability, they might never meet again. Catherine only felt, or appeared to feel, the uneasiness attending a temporary parting; but her voice trembled slightly as, with a pale but steady countenance, she bade him adieu; and leaving the room with a calm though melancholy manner, she hurried to her chamber, and, securing the door, gave way to the sorrow which in his presence she had successfully endeavored to restrain. Time passed slowly and heavily with Philip during a rambling tour which he made through different parts of England and Wales. He fought manfully against the sorrow that oppressed him, and endeavored, by rapidity of motion, and constant variation of scene, to turn his thoughts into another channel; but in vain—the arrow was fixed too deeply in his heart. He hurried from place to place, and from change to change; but he could not fly from himself. In vain did Nature present varied beauties to his eyes; he gazed listlessly and vacantly upon all he beheld—he looked as though he saw not, for his heart was elsewhere, and he felt that for him the charm of existence was over. In the meantime, Catherine's father had arrived at Eskhall, and had been informed

by Gavin Douglas of Philip's noble struggle with his unfortunately placed passion, and of the anguish of mind which his resolution had cost him

"Generous young man!" exclaimed Edward Douglas; "he deserves a happier fate. Would that I could favor his suit; but, poor, unknown, and perhaps basely born as he is, it is my duty as a father to oppose it."

Shortly before Philip's ship *came afloat*, Edward Douglas was obliged to go to London on business; and there he found out, and introduced himsef to our young friend. Few young men of his age possessed greater powers of pleasing than Philip; there was a frank ingenuousness in his manner and address, which, seconded by his remarkable beauty of features, immediately made a favorable impression upon a stranger—an impression which a further intimacy seldom failed to strengthen into affection and esteem. Such was the effect of his introduction to Edward Douglas. They were mutually pleased with each other, and every hour that Philip could spare from professional duties, was devoted to his new friends, rendered doubly dear to him by his near connexion with her whose name he dared not to mention, though ever in his thoughts.

"My dear fellow," said Douglas to him one day, "I am aware of the sacrifice you have made of feeling to principle, and I honor and esteem you for it. Would to heaven your circumstances and my own were different! Situated as you are, without the means of supporting even *yourself*, I think I know you too well already to imagine that you would willingly expose her you love, to poverty and humiliation. Were my circumstances such as to enable me to enrich my daughter, and to follow the inclinations of my own heart, I know no one for whom I would more willingly use a father's influence than yourself."

Philip's heart was too full for words; yet, though he felt the hardship, he acknowledged the justice, of Edward Douglas' objections, and felt greatly affected by his kind expressions of friendly feeling toward him. They parted with mutual regret; Edward to return to Eskhall, and Philip to join his ship at Gravesend.

"Ah!" said Gavin Douglas, one morning, about a fortnight after the above parting, as the family were seated round the breakfast-table, "there is the post-bag! Bring it here, James"—(to the servant.) "It looks too thin to contain anything, I am afraid. Yes! here is a letter from dear Phil."

"When is he to return, grandfather?" asked Emma, now a full-grown woman. Catherine was seized with a sudden curiosity to look at a pamphlet which lay upon the table, and which she held very close to her eyes.

"Return, my love!" said Gavin; "when his voyage is over, I hope; this letter was sent on shore by the pilot, and is dated 'Off Scilly.' But, mercy upon us! what is the matter with Catherine?"

The pamphlet had fallen from her hand; the cheek which had flushed to crimson at the mention of Philip's name, was now of death-like paleness; and she was leaning back in her chair, with her eyes closed, and panting for breath.

"Thoughtless blockhead that I was!" muttered Gavin Douglas. And he then set himself to repair the mischief he had done, by bustling about to procure the necessary remedies, which at last succeeded in restoring Catherine to consciousness.

"It was a sudden spasm," said she; "I shall soon recover from it."

"Poor girl!" thought Gavin, "I fear not; the evil is more deeply rooted than I imagined."

From this period, Catherine became quite an altered character. A settled melancholy seemed to weigh upon her heart; she was mild, gentle, and affectionate as ever, but the buoyancy of her spirit was gone, and the smile which now but seldom brightened her countenance, was

evidently but grief in disguise. Her friends, with delicate consideration, avoided all allusion to the cause of her sorrow, which was but too well known to them all; and her fond and grieving father hoped that time, and absence, and the novel scenes she was about to enter into, might work, imperceptibly to herself, a gradual cure.

Nearly nine months had elapsed since Philip's departure; Catherine, half broken-hearted, had accompanied her father on shipboard, and was far on her way to the East; and the Recovery, Philip's ship, was on her homeward voyage. One fine night in March, the Recovery was running along the Lagullas Bank, taking the advantage of the current which sweeps round the Cape of Good Hope to the eastward. The wind was light, but steady from the S.E., and the night cloudy, when the look-out man on the forecastle called out—"A light on the larboard bow, sir!" A small glimmering light was seen on the horizon to windward, which gradually enlarged to a broad flame, wavering and flickering in the breeze; and, almost immediately, the dull sound of a gun came faintly moaning over the waters, and a long train of arrowy light went rushing up into the sky, where it hung for a moment, and then burst into separate flashes, which gradually died away, as they descended. The officer of the deck ran to the captain immediately—"I am afraid, sir, there is a ship on fire to the windward. There is a strong light on our weather beam, and I heard the report of a gun, and saw the flash of a rocket."

"Indeed! Tell the gunner to clear away one of the guns. Call the hands out. I will be out in a minute."

The light in the meantime, was gradually increasing in size, and it was evident, from the wavering outline which it presented, that the first conjecture respecting its origin was a correct one; and gun after gun confirmed it. The captain speedily made his appearance on deck, and, after a moment's glance to windward, called to the chief mate. "Run the stunsails in, Mr. Waring! Brace sharp up, and bring the ship to the wind! Are you all ready with that gun, Mr. Wad?"

"All ready, sir!"

"Then, fire! Bear a hand, clear away another gun!"

The Recovery was now hauled close to the wind, and was slipping rapidly through the water in the direction of the light; all hands were on deck, and, after the bustle of taking in and stowing the studdingsails had subsided, the eyes of all were directed with the greatest anxiety towards the horizon on the weather bow, where the flame was now distinctly seen, sometimes barely visible above the water, and then bursting upward in broad and vivid jets, waving fitfully in the breeze. All at once it disappeared, and half suppressed murmurs and ejaculations burst from the excited crew of the Recovery.

"I fear we are too late, sir!" said Waring, the mate; "the light has disappeared."

"Very strange!" replied the captain, straining his eyes through the night-glass. "I hope not! Oh, no! I see how it is: don't you observe that the red fiery haze still hangs round the spot?—and hark! there is another gun! She is on fire abaft, and is running down before the wind. She has heard our signals. Fire another gun!"

The vessel to windward still continued firing minute guns, by the louder report of which it was evident she was rapidly approaching; and, in a short time, the dark mass of her canvass was distinctly visible, standing out in bold relief from its fiery back-ground.

"Have the quarter cutters clear for lowering, Mr. Waring," said the captain. "Away aloft there, topmen; send down whips for the yard tackles, and have the large cutter all clear for tossing out."

These orders were instantly and actively obeyed; the crew seemed to vie with each

other in their exertions, and strained every nerve in their eager emulation. They could now clearly discern the dark hull of the ship, the sails forward hiding the body of the flame, broad masses of which were seen, with every roll she took, flaring out from each side, alternately, of the dark screen of canvass.

"Man the gear of the courses!—up courses!—in royals and topgallantsails!—back the mainyard!"—were the orders which now rapidly succeeded each other; and, in a few moments, the Recovery lay as motionless as a log on the water.

"Call the hands—out boats!"

The large cutter was quickly hoisted out, the quarter-boats were lowered and manned, and kept alongside, in readiness to push off at a moment's warning. The burning ship was rapidly approaching, and was now within two miles of the Recovery.

"Fire a gun to windward, and burn a blue light," exclaimed the Captain; "she is quite near enough."

The stranger now came slowly and gradually up to the wind, and hove-to, with her maintopsail to the mast, about a mile a-head, and to windward of the Recovery. An involuntary shout of horror and admiration burst from the crew of that ship, when the changed position of the stranger revealed to them the terrific extent of her danger—of horror for the imminent peril of her crew, and of irrepressible admiration of the splendid scene so suddenly unveiled to them. Broad masses of flame were bursting apparently from her gun-room, and waving over her quarter; while thick clouds of smoke, glittering with sparks, shot upwards, and were borne far off to leeward by the breeze. Every rope in the ship was as distinctly traceable by the glare of the flame, as if it had been broad daylight. Her mainsail was hauled close up; and her crew, seeming to have been aware that their only chance of rescue was in flight, had been actively employed in keeping her headsails wet with streams of water from the fire-engine, for it was very evident that no earthly power could check the progress of the flames abaft.

The dark forms of the crew were seen hurrying about her decks, apparently employed in clearing away the boats, one of which soon pushed off from her, loaded till her gunnels were within a few inches of the water, and pulled slowly towards them.

"Shove off in the boats," shouted the captain of the Recovery, "and give way, my hearties, with a will."

There was not a moment to lose: a spark caught the maintopsail; the canvass, as dry as tinder with the excessive heat, was in a blaze in a moment; and, with lightning-like rapidity, sail after sail on the mainmast caught fire, and, blazing for a moment with a broad and brilliant glare, shrivelled up, and flew in burning tatters to leeward. It was an awful sight, that pyramid of flame, rising as it were from the bosom of the deep. Not a sound was to be heard, but that of the rapidly-moving oars, and the rushing, moaning, and crackling sound of the flame. The men tugged at their oars in the silence of desperate energy; life and death depended upon their exertions, and their voices seemed to be hushed by the extremity of the danger. In the meantime, sail was made upon the Recovery, and the breeze having partially died away, she crawled slowly up on the weather-quarter of the stranger, and again hove-to. Boat after boat soon joined her, and, having deposited their freight, hastened back to the scene of danger for more. The greater part of the crew of the burning ship were soon safely bestowed on board of the Recovery, when Philip, who had already made two trips to the stranger with the boat under his command, pulled towards her again, to bring off the remainder of her men. He was fast approaching her when he was hailed by the officer of one of the other boats, who told him that he had taken off the last of the crew. He was just on the

point of returning to his ship, when he heard sounds of remonstrance and entreaty from another boat which was slowly approaching, the crew seeming undecided whether to proceed or return; and, at the same time, he observed by the light of the fire the officer of the boat struggling with a man in the stern-sheets, who was apparently endeavoring to jump overboard.

"It would be madness, downright madness to return," exclaimed the officer; "I will not risk the lives of my men—she will blow up immediately."

"Let me go!" shouted the stranger; "if I cannot save her, let me die with her." At this moment the stranger's eye caught sight of Philip, who was standing up in the boat, and, with a loud and startling cry, he shouted, "Philip, Philip, save her! Save Catharine!" It was Edward Douglas! At the same time a shrill scream came over the water, and a female form was seen at the gangway, waving her hands over her head, and wringing them in all the anguish of despair. For a moment Philip was paralyzed; it was but for a moment.

"We will save her or perish!" shouted he; "what say you, my lads?" The men answered him with a cheer as the boat sprung through the water under the impulse of their bending oars; and a few vigorous strokes brought them alongside the blazing ship. It was but the work of a moment, for Philip and one of the boat's crew to spring up the ship's side, and to lower the fainting Catherine into the arms of the men below. With careful haste she was laid down in the stern-sheets, and the water foamed beneath the bows of the boat as her gallant crew bent desperately to their oars. A handful of water sprinkled on Catharine's face revived her for a moment; she opened her eyes upon her deliverer, and, murmuring "Philip!" closed them again with a shudder, and relapsed into unconsciousness. The moment the boat reached the Recovery, the ship's mainyard was filled, the lower tacks were hauled on board, the small sails set, and she stood to windward, to widen her distance. The precaution, however, was scarcely necessary, as the blazing wreck was drifting fast to leeward. Almost immediately after the boat had left her, she had paid off before the wind, the sails on the foremast caught fire, and in a very short time the blazing wreck of spars fell forward over the bows. All eyes were now eagerly directed towards her, to watch the finale of the catastrophe. They were not kept long in suspense: a dense cloud of smoke burst from the fore-hatchway, followed by a rush of bright flame, and a loud and deafening explosion, and then all was darkness—the hull had disappeared, and not a vestige of the unfortunate vessel remained, except the fragments of the wreck, which fell far and wide, pattering and hissing in the water.

It was with a feeling of breathless awe and silent thanksgiving that the rescued crew gazed upon the scene; and many a cheek among them was blanched with shuddering horror at the thought of the miserable fate they had so providentially and narrowly escaped. The most daring and reckless among them were sobered for a time, and many a half-suppressed expression of thankfulness to an overruling Providence, burst from lips to which oaths and curses had been but too familiar. As soon as all was over, sail was made on the Recovery, the watch was called out, and arrangements were made for the accommodation of the unexpected addition to her crew. The name of the unfortunate ship was the Victory—a fine vessel of six hundred tons. The fire had been occasioned by the negligence of the steward, who, while unpacking a case of wine, had left a light burning in the after orlop, which had set fire to the loose straw, from whence the flame was soon communicated to the spirit-room.

"All that men *could* do, we did," said the captain, when telling the story; "but, from the first, I had no hope of saving the

ship, and slight was our chance of escape in the boats. When the sound of your gun reached us, it was as a messenger of hope—a promise of rescue; and three cheers burst from our crew, as we put our helm up, and stood away to join you. My men behaved nobly; with death staring them in the face, they never for a moment failed in their duty, or flinched from the danger, and exerted themselves to the utmost to keep the fire under, and to prevent its communicating to the sails.—Thanks to a merciful Providence, and to you, its gallant agents, we have been rescued from a dreadful doom!"

In the meantime, our friend Philip had hastened to the cabin which had been appropriated to Edward Douglas, and, knocking at the door, was immediately admitted.

"Philip!" exclaimed Edward, grasping his hand, while the tears stood in his eyes, and his voice trembled with emotion; "my dear, my gallant deliverer!—what an awful fate have you saved us from! If I had lost my child, how valueless would have been my own preservation! To you, under Heaven, I owe both: how can I express my gratitude?"

"Oh, speak not thus to me, dear sir;—I but did my duty, and am I not already more than repaid? But how is Miss Douglas?"

"Miss Douglas!" said Edward; "cold and formal indeed! Why not Catherine?—your Catherine? Have you not earned a right to call her yours?"

Philip trembled, and turned pale; and then, when the warm blood, rushing to his cheeks again, flushed them with emotion, he exclaimed—

"Oh, Mr. Douglas! My whole efforts, since we parted, have been to smother feelings and wishes which your words have again called into life."

"And long may they live, my dear Philip!—my dear son I hope soon to call you. I will no longer strive against fate. You have saved Catherine's life; and, if you still retain her love, you have a grateful father's full and free permission to avail yourself of it. For the rest, we will trust to Providence, and to the exertions of your own active and energetic spirit."

"Mr. Douglas," said Philip, "your kindness overpowers me. I would risk a thousand lives, if I had them, for such a recompense; but I must not take advantage of your excited feelings to obtain a boon, however dear to me, which your prudence would deny. The same obstacles remain which at first existed. I am still poor and friendless; the obscurity of my birth has not been cleared up; and, circumstanced as I am at present, ought I to avail myself of an accidental advantage, and of your too generous appreciation of it, to fetter the free choice of your daughter, who probably may now see those obstacles with far different eyes than in her early days?"

"Better times may come, Philip; and, in the meanwhile, my daughter's dowry will be sufficient to afford you both all the comforts, though not the luxuries of life; your own energy and industry must do the rest. But you must consult Catherine on the subject—gain her consent; mine you have, without further condition, already."

After a consultation with his officers, the captain of the Recovery deemed it expedient to put into the Cape; and the ship's course was accordingly altered. The wind continuing fair and steady, on the evening of the fourth day from the disaster she was close in with the coast; and the breeze dying away, and a thick fog coming on, she was hove to for the night. The next morning the fog still continued—nothing was to be seen of the land, though every eye was strained to penetrate the gloom, till at last the glad cry was heard from the mast-head—"High land ahead, sir! Close aboard of us!" All eyes were now turned upwards; and there, frowning above the bank of fog, appeared the dark outline of the Table-land. The fog soon cleared off; and, in

an hour or two, the ship rounded Green Point, and came to an anchor in Table Bay. After Edward Douglas and the rest of the passengers were landed at Cape Town, Philip, being second officer and *idler*, obtained leave of absence for a couple of days, and went on shore to join his friends. The boarding-houses were all crowded; for there were several ships in the roads, one of which, full of passengers from Bengal, had arrived the day after the Recovery; but Edward Douglas had contrived to secure accommodation for Philip in the same house with himself. Several passengers by the newly arrived ship, had taken up their quarters there; and, among them, a fine-looking, elderly man, a General Fortescue of the Bengal army. This gentleman happened, on his first arrival, to be shown into the room where Philip and Edward Douglas were conversing together. They both rose at his entrance, and he returned the salutation of the latter with the free and unembarrassed air of a man of the world; but, when he turned to Philip, he started, and gazed at him, for some moments, with a look so fixed and earnest as to call the color into his cheek.

"Excuse me, sir," said he, at length—"excuse my involuntary rudeness. Your features awakened recollections of other times, and of long-lost and dearly-loved friends; and, for the moment, my thoughts wandered into forgetfulness of the courtesy due to a stranger."

"I hope, at least, sir, that the recollections I recalled were not unpleasing ones?"

"When you have lived to my age, young sir, bitter experience will have taught you that the 'thread of life is woven of mingled yarn;' and that shades of sorrow and disappointment may darken the brightest pictures in memory's retrospect. Few, very few, can look back to the past years of life with unmingled pleasure, or forward to the future with unmixed hope."

Both Edward Douglas and Philip became greatly interested in this new acquaintance, especially the latter who in turn seemed to be the object of the General's almost exclusive attention. He seemed to watch Philip's every movement with eager interest, often cast upon him earnest and inquiring looks, and would then, with a heavy sigh, withdraw his gaze, as if his features had recalled some faint and shadowy image of the past, which his memory was in vain endeavoring to realize. A party was formed to visit the far-famed farm of Constantia, on which the well-known choice wine of that name is manufactured; and the three friends set off together on horseback, after breakfast, next morning. General Fortescue, notwithstanding the habitual shade of melancholy which clouded his countenance, proved himself to be an animated and most agreeable companion. His mind was stored with varied knowledge, and his conversation was enlivened with anecdotes of events and characters which had come under the personal observation of a keen and penetrating mind.

"I know not how it is, Mr. Douglas," said he, "but I have not felt for years such a springiness of spirit as I experience to-day. I suppose it is because this beauful country recalls to my recollection our own dear England. Suppose we dismount, and ramble for a while among the trees; with our feet upon the soft grass, and under the cooling shade, our recollections of our distant home, and reminiscences of past years, will return with greater warmth and freshness."

This proposal was gladly acceded to by his companions; and, having given their horses to the care of their attendant, they wandered about for some time, and at last finding a grassy spot sheltered from the rays of the sun, they seated themselves, and entered into an animated and cheerful conversation.

"Pray, Mr. Douglas," said General Fortescue, addressing himself to Philip,

"is your father a Scotchman? I should think so from the name."

Philip colored painfully; and the General, perceiving his confusion, added, "Excuse the liberty I have taken in asking the question—it did not arise from idle curiosity. The dearest friend of my early days was a Douglas, and the name is connected in my remembrance with scenes in which I spent many of my happiest days, when hope gilded my visions of the future, alas! only to deceive me. Yes, if Gavin Douglas still survives, I must find him out."

"Gavin Douglas!" said Edward, in surprise; "was he a Douglas of Eskhall?"

"The same," replied he.

"My father!" said Edward.

"Is it possible! And are you really the son of my dearest and earliest friend? Wonderful are the mysterious sympathies of nature! How strangely was I attracted towards you both, but more especially towards your friend, whom I presume to be your younger brother?"

"No, he is not even a connexion, though I hope he soon will be one."

"Then whose son is he?"

Philip, with cheeks glowing, and eyes flashing with vainly resisted emotion, answered, in rapid and passionate accents—

"The son of one who was ashamed to own him; who deserted him in his infancy, and cast him shelterless upon the casual bounty of strangers; the nameless son of a nameless father; perhaps"—and his eye fell, and his voice trembled—"the offspring of shame, as of misfortune."

"Never, Philip!" said Edward; "the pure stream rises from the pure spring. Whoever your father may be, were he the highest in the land, did he know his son, he would be proud, not ashamed, to own him as such. But, as we have excited the General's curiosity, have you any objection to my gratifying it by reciting the history of your life?"

Philip made a movement of assent; and Edward proceeded to give a rapid sketch of the events which we have already narrated, from the time of Philip's desertion down to his gallant conduct on board the Recovery.

The General had listened to his narrative with breathless interest; and, when it was concluded, asked, in a hurried and agitated manner—

"Was there no clue by which to trace his parentage? No writing, or other notice of his birth?"

"Yes—a paper, stating his name to be Philip, and that he was born of good family; and a ring."

"Here it is," said Philip, producing it.

The moment the General's eyes glanced upon it, his cheek turned deadly pale, he leaned for a moment backward against a tree, and then, with an eager and trembling hand, he touched a spring at the back of the seal, and the shield flying open, the initials "P. & M. F." appeared engraved behind.

"My son!" exclaimed the General, embracing Philip, while the tears poured down his cheeks—"my long-lost Philip! Merciful heaven! I thank thee! How blind I was, not to trace before, the resemblance to your sainted mother! The very eyes and forehead of my beloved Mary! My son, my son! This hour repays me for years saddened by the misery of uncertainty!"

Philip, with tears of grateful joy, warmly returned the embraces of his newly-found parent, and, even in that moment of agitation, his thoughts gladly reverted to the removal of that which had been the principal obstacle to Catherine, the mystery of his birth. Edward Douglas, much affected by the unexpected recognition, had retired to some little distance, to leave the father and son to the free expression of their mutual feelings; but he was soon recalled to his former station by the General, who, shaking him heartily by the hand said—

"Son of my dearest friend, I owe it to myself and to my boy to narrate to you the history of my past life, and to account to you both, for what must appear my culpable and unpardonable neglect of him whose uncertain fate has caused me so many bitter moments."

The tale which followed we give in our own words, as our space will not allow us to be so diffuse as was the excited narrator.

The father of General Fortescue was a man of high family and extensive landed property in Ireland; proud of his only son, but prouder still of the ancient name and large possessions which he fondly hoped that son was destined to inherit. His mother had died in his early childhood, and his education was prosecuted under the superintendence of a worthy and excellent tutor, a Scotchman of the name of Campbell. The elder Fortescue, who had himself been brought up at Eton, and who had a strong prejudice in favor of public education, sent his boy, when he was sufficiently old, to finish his education at that college. There it was his good fortune to be associated with Gavin Douglas, who was two years his senior, and immeasurably his superior in talent and character. Mild and gentle in demeanor, but firm and uncompromising in principle, Gavin was generally respected and beloved; his society was courted by all his fellow-students—but he distinguished young Fortescue with his particular friendship; and to the influence of that friendship, the latter was indebted for all the better traits that adorned his character. Philip, in his letters, had often written in the most glowing terms of youthful enthusiasm, of his talented and estimable friend; and his father, ever anxious to administer to his gratification, invited Gavin, whose parents were at the time on the Continent, to spend his vacation at Mount Fortescue, where he spent some weeks, delighted with his hospitable reception, but surprised at the luxury and profusion that surrounded him. But the scene was soon to change. Fortescue had been for years living in a style of splendid and careless hospitality, which had from time to time called forth ineffectual remonstrances from his faithful steward, and at last, affairs were brought to a crisis by the villany of one for whom he had become security to a very considerable amount. To meet the demands of his creditors, his estates were sold; and, with about ten thousand pounds saved from their wreck, he retired to a small town on the shores of the Frith of Clyde, and, having procured a cadetship for his boy, sent him out to Bengal. This was a severe trial to old Fortescue. The loss of his estates he could have borne with comparative firmness, as far as his own comforts were concerned; but his pride as well as his affection was wounded, when he thought that his son would be obliged to seek in a *foreign* land that fortune, which, but for his careless negligence and profusion, he would have inherited in his *own*. Philip, full of the energy of youthful hope, was but little affected by the change in his father's circumstances, for the future was to him bright of promise; but he was greatly grieved at parting with his father, whose many excellent qualities had endeared him to his son's affection, and whose chief weakness was his high aristocratic pride. After ten years' residence in India, young Fortescue returned home on furlough, with the rank of Captain, and found his father much altered in person, but equally unchanged in affection towards him, and in that pride of birth which had ever been his besetting sin—one of the fruits of which was, frequent invectives against ill-assorted marriages between those whose rank in life was unequal. After staying with his father for a short time, Captain Fortescue hastened to pay a long promised visit to his friend Gavin Douglas, whose wife had lately died, and who was now living with his family at Eskhall. On his return, Gavin accompanied him, and remained for several weeks at

Mr. Fortescue's. During one of their rambles in the neighborhood, they discovered, accidentally, that a daughter of Mr. Campbell, Fortescue's former tutor, was living near them, under the protection of a maternal aunt. The young men soon sought and obtained an introduction to these ladies, by whom they were most cordially received, as friends of the departed Campbell. Mary Campbell was a beautiful, highly-accomplished girl of eighteen, perfectly natural and unaffected, and unconscious of the power of her charms. Not so young Fortescue. In vain did his more quick-sighted and prudent friend, Douglas, warn him of his danger; in vain did he remind him of the obstacle which his father's pride would offer to the prosperous indulgence of his growing passion: he renewed his visits day after day; and, though he had not spoken of love, his heart was no longer his own. She who was ever present to his thoughts, became naturally the frequent theme of his conversation, until his father remarked it, and scornfully and bitterly taunted him with his love for one so much his inferior in rank.

"Think no more of her, Philip," said he; "for with my consent, you shall never degrade yourself by marrying one so much beneath you."

It was easier, however, for the father to command than for the son to obey; love prevailed over duty, and the young people were privately married; the only persons in the secret being the minister who officiated, and Mrs. Morgan, Mary's maternal aunt. When the time of Mary's confinement approached, she removed with her aunt to an obscure village in a distant part of the country, where she died in giving birth to the hero of our tale. Her husband was inconsolable, and it was some time before he could bear to look upon the innocent cause of his bereavement. After performing the last duties to his wife, and witnessing the baptism of the infant, Philip, whom he left under the care of his grand-aunt, Captain Fortescue went over to the continent, hoping by travel to dissipate his grief. For a few months he heard regularly of his boy's welfare from Mrs. Morgan; but soon her correspondence ceased: and, alarmed by her long-continued silence, he hastened home, to ascertain the cause. On his arrival in Scotland, he heard of the sudden and dangerous illness of his father. He just reached home in time to attend his death-bed; and, by his unexpected return and filial affections, cheered his last moments, and received his dying blessing. But another trial awaited him. He set off as soon as possible to the village where Mrs. Morgan resided, little dreaming of the sad intelligence that awaited him. She had died about six weeks before, bequeathing all her small property to little Philip, who had always been considered as her adopted son, and the orphan child of a distant relation. The morning after her decease, it was discovered that the nurse and child were missing, and that an escritoire, which was known to have contained a large sum of money, had been broken open and ransacked. Active search had been immediately made after them at first; but was discontinued when a woman's bonnet, known to have belonged to the nurse, and part of a child's dress, were found on the banks of a neighboring swollen stream. Poor Fortescue was in despair; but at length a gleam of hope broke upon him. The *bodies* had not been found; and his child might still be in existence. Advertisements were inserted in all the papers, offering a large reward for the discovery of the infant; but in vain. The heart-broken father lost all hope; and, settling his affairs, hastened again to the East. As is too often the case, Fortune smiled upon one who had ceased to value her favors; and he rose steadily and gradually to the highest grades of his profession. The object of envy to others, he was miserable in himself. His thoughts brooded over the past; and, at last, after

nearly a thirty years' residence abroad, his heart yearned to revisit before his death the scene of his past joys and sorrows; and he was thus far on his voyage when Providence threw in his way his long-lost son.

When the General had finished his narrative, the day was too far advanced, and the feelings of the party were too much interested otherwise, to allow them to prosecute their intended visit to Constantia; they therefore returned to Cape Town, where Catherine was anxiously expecting their return.

"Catherine, my love," said her father, "I expect a friend to visit me almost immediately. He is a young man of wealth and rank; and I beg you will give him a cordial welcome, as you must look upon him as your future husband, and think no more of Philip Douglas."

"Sir!" said she, with the color fading in her cheek; "forget Philip! Never!"

At this moment the door opened, and a servant announced, "Mr Fortescue." Great was Catherine's surprise, when she raised her eyes, and beheld Philip.

"Philip!" exclaimed she; then, looking timidly and inquiringly around, she added—"But where is Mr. Fortescue?"

"Here he stands, my dear Catherine; no longer the foundling Philip Douglas, but Philip Fortescue, the son of one whom he is proud to call father. Next to the joy of discovering *him*, is that of finding that you have bestowed your love on one whose birth will cast no discredit upon yours."

"The heart acknowledges no distinctions of rank or fortune," replied she, blushing; "whether Douglas or Fortescue, you would still be my own dear Philip—the friend of my childhood—the preserver of my life."

"Nobly spoken, my fair young friend," said General Fortescue, who had entered unperceived. "Although I am not yet your father, allow me to claim a father's privilege." And he fondly kissed the blushing Catherine.

But we must hasten to the conclusion of our voyage, and of our tale. The following announcement appeared two months afterwards in the papers—"Married, at Eskhall, in Dumfriesshire, on the 13th inst., Philip, eldest son of General Fortescue of the Bengal army, to Catherine, daughter of Edward Douglas, Esq., of Calcutta."

THE FLOSHEND INN.

About the middle of last century, and previous to it, the truly national trade of carrying the pack was, as doubtless many of our readers know, both much more general and respectable than it now is. It did not then, by any means, occupy the low place in the scale of traffic to which modern pride, and perhaps modern improvement, have reduced it. At the period to which we allude, those engaged in this trade were, for the most part, men of good substance and of unimpeachable character; trustworthy, and, in their humble sphere, highly respectable—circumstances which, doubtless, imparted to their calling the consideration which it then enjoyed. The reason lies on the surface; the trade was then both a more extensive and a more important one than it is now, and required a much greater capital; for there being

then none of those rapid and commodious conveyances for transporting merchandize from place to place which are now everywhere to be met with, the greater part of this business was then done by the packmen, who combined the two characters of merchants and carriers; and in this double capacity supplied many of the shops of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and other large towns, with English manufactures. Those therefore, who would conceive of the packman of old, an indifferently-clad and equivocal-looking fellow, with a wooden box on his back, and containing his whole stock, would form a very erroneous idea of the peripatetic merchant. Their conception would not, in truth, represent the man at all. The packman of yore kept two or three horses, and these he loaded with his merchandize, to the value often of several thousand pounds; and thus he perambulated the country, passing between Scotland and England, conveying the goods of the one to the other; and thus maintaining the commercial intercourse of the two kingdoms.

About the year 1746, this trade had arrived at so great a height, that the high road to England by Gretna Green was thronged with those engaged in it, going to and returning from the sister kingdom with their loaded ponies; and a merry and bustling time of it they kept at the Floshend Inn. This hostelry, now extinct, was long a favorite resort of these packmen, or pack-carriers, as they were more generally or more properly called. It was situated on the Scotch side of the Borders, near to Gretna Green, and was kept by a very civil and obliging person, of the luminous name of John Gas—a little, fat, good-humored, landlord-looking body, with a countenance strongly expressive of his comfortable condition—having a capital business, and being very much at his ease, both in mind and body. His house was a favorite resort of the pack-carriers—and for good reasons. It was the last inn of any note on the Scotch side, and was, of consequence, the first they came to on re-entering their native country from their expeditions into England. The quarters, besides, were in themselves excellent; the accommodations were good; and the fare abundant, reasonable, and of the first quality—especially the liquor, that great *sine qua non* of good cheer. In addition to all this, John Gas himself was the very pink of landlords; humorous, kind, attentive, and obliging; possessing that valuable quality of being able to stand almost any given quantity of drink, which enabled him to distribute his presence and his company over any number of successive guests. Fresh as a bedewed daisy, and steady as a wave-beaten rock, he was always forthcoming, whatever might have been the amount of previous duty he had performed; and what might remain yet to do he always overtook, and executed with credit to himself, and satisfaction to his customers—no instance having been known of his having been placed *hors de combat*, either by ale-cup or brandy-bottle. With such claims on public patronage, it was no wonder that his house secured so large a share of the custom of the itinerant merchants of the time; who, so much did they appreciate the comforts of the Floshend Inn, and so much were they alive to the merits of its host, that they would not rest, foul or fair, dark or light, anywhere within ten miles of it. A dozen of them were thus frequently assembled together at the same time under the hospitable roof; and, being all known to each other, they formed, on such occasions, a merry corps—spending freely, and sitting down all together at the same table. A more amusing or more entertaining company could, perhaps, nowhere be found; for they were all shrewd, intelligent men—their profession and their wandering lives putting them in possession of a vast store of curious adventure and anecdote, and throwing many sights in their way which escape the local fixtures of the human race. Naturally of a gos-

sipping turn, a propensity made particularly evident when they chanced to meet together in such a way as we have described, they were in the habit of amusing each other with narratives of what they had seen and heard that was strange, and enlivening the evening by merry tale and jest.

It was somewhere about the month of March in the year 1750, that a knot of these worthies, consisting of seven or eight, was assembled in the cheerful kitchen of the Floshend Inn—an apartment they preferred for its superior comfort, its blazing fire, and its freedom from all restraint. Some of the guests present on this occasion were on their way to England; others had just returned from it, with packs of Manchester goods and large bales of Kendal leather. These last, and all other descriptions of merchandize which his pack-carrier customers brought, were stowed in a large room in the inn, which the landlord had very judiciously and very properly appropriated for this purpose; while the horses that bore them were comfortably quartered in the commodious and well-ordered stables. They were seated on either side of the fire, with a small round table between them; on which stood a circle of glasses; in the centre a smoking jug, whose contents may be readily guessed; and close by the table was the landlord doing the honors of the occasion — that is, making the brandy-toddy, and filling the glasses of his guests. The master of ceremonies was in great glee, being precisely in his element, the situation of all others in which he most delighted—a bowl of good liquor before him, a set of merry good friends around him, and the prospect of a neat, snug reckoning in perspective. The conversation amongst the guests was general; but it might have been observed that one of the party had got the ear of the landlord, and was telling him, in an under-tone, some curious story; for the latter, with head inclined towards the facetious narrator, was chuckling and smirking at every turn of the humorous tale. At length a sudden roar of laughter at once announced its consummation, and attracted towards himself the general attention of the company.

"What's that, mine host?" was an inquiry put by three or four at once. "Something guid, I warrant; for that was a hearty ane." The speaker meant Mr. Gas's laugh. "What was't?"

"It's a story," replied he—the tears still standing in his eyes—"that Andrew, here, has been telling me, aboot the minister o' Kirkfodden and his servant lass—and a very guid ane it is. Andrew, will I tell it?" he added, turning round to the person who had told him the story.

"Surely, surely," replied Andrew; "let it gang to the general guid."

"Aweel, friends," said mine host, now confronting his auditors, "the minister o' Kirkfodden, ye maun ken, is, though a clergyman, a droll sort o' body, and very fond o' a curious story, and still fonder o' a guid joke—and no a whit the waur is he o' that; for he is a guid, worthy man, as I mysel ken. The minister had a servant lass they ca'ed Jenny Waterstone—a young, guid-lookin, decent, active quean; and she had a sweetheart o' the name o' David Widrow—a neighboring ploughman lad, a very decent cheild in his way—wha used to come skulkin aboot the manse at nights, to get a sicht and a word o' Jenny withoot ony objection on the pairt o' the minister, wha believed it to be, as it really was, an honorable courtship on baith sides. Ae nicht, being later in his garden than usual—indeed, until it got pretty dark—the minister's attention was suddenly attracted by a loud whisperin on the ither side o' the garden wa,' just opposite to where he stood. He listened a moment, an' soon discovered that the whisperers were David Widrow an' his servant, an' overheard, as the nicht was uncommonly lown, the following conversation between the lovin pair:—

'I fear, Jenny,' said David, 'that the

minister winna be owre weel pleased to see me comin sae often aboot the hoose.'

'I dinna think he'll be ill pleased,' replied Jenny. 'He's no ane o' that kind.'

'Still,' said David, 'I had better let the nicht fa,' noo an' then, before I come; and then he'll no see me mair than four times a-week or sae. He canna count that bein very troublesome.'

'Just as ye like, David,' said she.

'But hoo am I to let ye ken I'm here?' inquired the lover.

'Ye can just gie a rap at the kitchen windo, an' I'll come oot to ye,' replied the girl.

'Very weel,' said David; 'I'll come and rap at the back window the morn's nicht.'

'Do sae,' replied she; 'an', if I canna get oot to ye at the moment, just step into the barn till I come. I'll leave the door open for ye.'

This matter arranged, the lovers parted, little suspecting who had overheard them; and the minister went into the house. On the following evening, a little after dark, the doctor, closely wrapped up in a plaid belonging to his serving man, slipped oot, an,' stealin up behind the hoose till he cam to the kitchen window, gave the preconcerted signal, by gently tapping on it with his fingers. Jenny, who was employed at the moment in bottlin off a sma' cask o' choice strong ale for his ain particular use, immediately answered the ca,' raised the window, an' put oot her head.

'Is that you, David?' said she.

'Yes,' said the minister, in a whisper so gentle as to prevent her recognizing his voice.

'I canna get to ye at present,' said Jenny; 'for I'm engaged bottlin some ale, an' maun put it a' past before I gang oot; the minister's waitin till I take it up the stair; but love maks clever hands, as they say, an' I'll gie ye something to keep ye frae wearyin, in the meantime, till I come.' Sayin this, she handed him oot a bottle o' the ale, an' a basket, containin some cakes an' cheese. 'Now,' said she, 'tak thae awa to the barn wi' ye, David, an' tak a bite an' a soup till I come.' And she drew down the window and resumed her work. The minister, without saying a word, retired wi' his booty, and placed it in a dark corner at a little distance. In a short time he again returned to the window, an' again rapped. The window was promptly thrown up, an' Jenny's head thrust oot.

'Can ye gie's anither bottle, Jenny?' said the minister, speaking as low as before, and disguising his voice as well as he could.

'Anither bottle, David!' exclaimed Jenny, in surprise. 'Gude save us frae a' evil! hae ye finished a hail bottle already? My troth, that's clever wark! But I canna gie ye anither the nicht, David. It's a' put past. Besides, ye hae aneuch for ae nicht.'

"Weel, weel,' said the minister; 'come oot as sune as ye can, Jenny.' And he again slippit awa.

Thinkin, noo, that he couldna carry the joke farther wi' safety, as there was great risk o' the real David appearin, the minister slippit into the house, threw off his plaid, and went to a little back window that was immediately over the kitchen one, from which he could, by a little cautious management, both see and overhear, unobserved, all that should pass between Jenny and her lover, when *he* came on the stage. Nor had he to wait long for this. In a few minutes after he had taken his station, he saw David come round the corner of the house, and steal, with cautious steps, towards the kitchen window. He rapped. The window was raised; but evidently wi' some impatience.

'Gude bless me, Davie! are ye there again already?' said Jenny, somewhat testily. 'Dear, me, man, can ye no hae patience a bit? I'll come to ye imme-

diately.' And, without waiting for any answer, she again banged down the window.

David was confounded at this treatment; but, as Jenny had gien him nae time to mak ony remark for her edification, he made one or two for his ain.

'Here *again!*' he said, muttering to himself—'here *already!* Can I no hae patience!' Then after a pause—'What does the woman mean? What *can* she mean?'

This was a question, however, which Jenny herself only could explain, and for this explanation David had to wait with what patience he could conveniently spare. But he certainly hadna to tarry lang; for, in twa or three minutes after, a soft, low voice was heard saying—

'Whar are ye, David?'

'Here,' quoth David, in the same cautious voice.

'Dear me, man,' said Jenny, 'what was a' yer hurry? I'm sure ae rap at the window was as guid as twenty. Ye micht hae been sure I wad come to ye as sune as I could.'

'Hurry, Jenny! What do ye mean? I was only ance at the window,' replied David. 'Ye surely canna ca' that impatience.'

'Ye're fou, Davie—that's plain,' said Jenny. 'The bottle o' ale has gane to yer head, and ye've forgotten. Nae wonder; it wasna sma beer, I warrant ye, but real double stoot. Catch the minister drinkin onything else! Thae black-coats ken what's guid for them.' And, without waitin for ony answer, she proceeded:—'But whar hae ye left the basket, Davie? Is't in the barn?'

'Jenny,' said David—now perfectly bewildered by all this, to him, wholly incomprehensible raving—'ye say I'm fou; but if I'm no greatly mistaen, ye're the fouest o' the twa.' And he peered into her face, to see how far appearances would confirm his conjectures.

'Awa wi' ye, ye stupid gowk!' said Jenny, pushing him good-naturedly from her. 'Ye're just as fou's the Baltic—that's plain. But tell me, man, whar ye put the basket; for it may be missed. I houp ye haena forgotten that too?'

'Jenny,' replied David, now somewhat mair sincerely, 'will ye tell me at ance what ye mean? What bottles o' ale and baskets are ye speakin aboot?'

'Ha! ha! Like as ye dinna ken!' said Jenny, looking archly, and giving her lover another push. 'That's a guid ane! To drink my ale, and eat my bread and cheese, and then deny it!'

I leave you, guid freends (said the narrator here), to conjecture what were David's feelings, and to conceive what were his looks, while Jenny was thus charging him with ingratitude. I'll no attempt a description o' them. A' this time the minister was lookin owre his window, richt abune the lovers, and heard every word o' what they said; but he keepit quiet till the argument should come to a crisis. In the meantime the conversation between the lovers proceeded.

'Jenny,' said David, in reply to her last remark, 'ye're either daft or fou—and that's the end o't. Sae let us speak aboot something else if ye can.'

'Do ye mean to say, David,' replied Jenny—now getting somewhat serious too, and a little surprised in her turn, at seeing the perfect composure of her lover, and the utter unconsciousness expressed on his countenance—'do ye mean to say that I didna gie ye a bottle o' ale and a basket o' bread and cheese oot o' the window there, aboot a quarter o' an hour syne?'

'Never saw them, nor heard o' them,' replied David, with great coolness.

'Ta! nonsense, man!' said Jenny, with impatient credulity. 'And did ye no come and seek anither? and did ye no come three or four times to the window?'

'Naething o' the kind,' replied David, briefly, but with the same calmness and composure as before. 'I never got a bottle o' ale an' a basket o' bread frae ye oot

o' that window; I never sought anither frae ye; and I hae been only ance at that window this blessed nicht.'

There was nae resisting belief to a disclaimer sae coolly, sae calmly, and sae pointedly made; and Jenny acknowledged this by immediately exclaiming, in the utmost dismay and alarm—

'Lord preserve me, then! wha was't that got them, and whar are they?'

Her queries were instantly answered.

'It was *me* that got them, Jenny; and they're owre in yon corner yonder,' said the minister, in a loud whisper, and now thrusting his head oot o' the window.

Jenny looked up for an instant in horror, uttered a loud scream, and fled. David looked up, too, for a second, and then set after her as fast as he could birr; leavin the facetious, but worthy minister in convulsions o' laughter.

And that, my freends (here said the merry landlord), is the story o' the minister o' Kirkfodden and his servant lass as tauld to me by my guid freen, Andrew, here"—laying his hand kindly on the shoulder of the person he alluded to. The narrator was rewarded for his story, or rather for his manner of telling it—for in this art he excelled—by a continued roar of laughter from his auditory. When this had subsided—

"Come now," he said, "put in yer glasses. The best story's no the waur o' a weetin. It looks as weel again through a glass o' toddy."

The invitation thus humorously given was at once obeyed. In a twinkling a circle of empty glasses, like a *garde du corps*, surrounded the bowl, and were soon replenished, with a dexterity and skill which long practice alone could have given the artist. His well practised hand and arm skimmed the ponderous vessel as lightly over the glasses as if it had been a cream-pot; filling each of the latter as it went along to exactly the same height—not a drop in or over—with a precision that was truly beautiful to behold.

The glasses, which had been thus scientifically filled, having been again emptied, the landlord suddenly fixed his look on another of his guests, who was sitting up in one of the furthest corners, by the fireside, and to whom his attention had been directed by observing him musing and smiling at intervals, as if tickled by the suggestions of his imagination. He rightly took them for symptoms of a story, and acted upon this impression.

"James," he said, addressing the person alluded to, who was at the moment gazing abstractedly on the fire, "if I'm no mistaen, ye hae something to tell that micht amuse us. Ye're lookin like it, at ony rate, if that smirk at the corner o' yer mouth has ony intelligence in't"

James turned round, and, with a smile that was gradually acquiring breadth, said that he was "thinkin aboot Tam Brodie and the kirn."

"I was sure o't," exclaimed the landlord, triumphantly. "What aboot Tam and the kirn, James?"

"There's little in't," replied the other; "but I'll tell it for the guid o' the company." And he immediately went on. "I dare say the maist o' ye here ken Tam Brodie o' the Broomhouse; and them that dinna may noo learn that he's a sma' farmer, as weel as unco sma' man, in a certain part o' Annandale. He is in but very indifferent circumstances, and has, on the whole, a sair struggle wi' the world; but this is no to hinder him, as hoo should it, frae hacin a maist extraordinar fondness for cream; but it ought to hinder him frae takin every opportunity, which he does, o' his wife's bein oot o' the way, to steal frae his ain kirn, to the serious detriment o' his ain interest. His wife entertains the same opinion; for she's obliged to watch him like a cat; and when she does catch him at the forbidden vessel, or discovers that he has been there—which she often does, by the ring about his mouth, when she has come so suddenly on him as no to gie him time to remove the evidence—she

does pepper him sweetly wi' the first thing that comes to her haun; for she's a trimmer, though a weel-behaved, hard-working woman. A' her watchfu'ness, however, and a' the wappins she could gie her husband, could neither cure him o' his propensity, nor prevent him indulging it whenever he thought he could do it withoot bein detected.

It happened ae day, that Mrs. Brodie had some errand to a neighboring farmhouse, which she behoved to execute personally. Having dressed herself a little better than ordinary for this purpose, she cam to her husband, who was at the moment delvin in the kailyard behind the house, told him where she was gaun, and desired him to look after the weans till her return. This task, Tam, of course, readily undertook, and continued to delve awa as composedly as if his wife's proposed absence had suggested no other idea to him. He, in short, looked as innocent of a sinister purpose as a man could do; although at that very moment the cunnin little rascal's mind was fu' o' the idea o' makin a dive at the kirn, the moment his wife's back was turned. And he soon made these evil intentions manifest enough. While his wife was speakin to him, leavin the bairns in his charge, Tam never raised his head, but continued delvin awa wi' great assiduity. He was, in fact, afraid to lift his head, for fear that his wife should discover his joy on his countenance, and tak some means o' bafflin his designs. Although, however, he didna raise his head while she was speakin to him, he did it the instant she left him. While continuin bent as if in the act o' workin, he looked after her till she disappeared down a brae, at the distance o' aboot a hundred yards, when he stood erect, stuck his spade in the ground, and went wi' deliberate step into the hoose. This deliberation, however, did not proceed so much from a consciousness of security, as to prevent exciting the suspicion o' his ain weans, whom he did not wish to trust with the secret o' his intended depredations on the kirn, for fear they should tell their mother, as, had they known it, they certainly would—perhaps not deliberately, but they would blab it. This risk, therefore, he resolved not to run. On entering the kitchen whar the weans war, to the number o' three or four—

'What keeps ye a' in the hoose sic a nice bonny day as this?' said he; 'awa and play yersels in the yard for a wee; and, as I'm wearied and gaun to rest mysel, ye can come and tell me whan ye see yer mither comin. Ye can see her, ye ken, frae the tap o' the yard a lang way aff. Noo,' he said, addressin the last o' the urchins, as they scampered oot, in obedience to their father's commands, 'noo, mind and let me ken *the moment* your mother comes in sight.' The boy promised, and rushed out after his brothers and sisters. The coast was now clear; Tam's progress thus far was triumphant. He had never had before sae fair a field for operations, and he felt all the satisfaction that his happy situation was capable of affording.

Havin got the weans oot, he advanced to the door, shut it, and, to prevent any unseasonable intrusion, locked it—at least he thocht he had done so, but the bolt had missed. Unaware of this circumstance, he proceeded to his operations with a feeling of perfect security. Having gone into the room where the kirn was, he lifted the large stone by which the lid was kept down and placed it on the floor. This done, he lifted the lid itself, and next the clean white cloth which is usually thrown first on the mouth of the vessel. These all removed, the glorious substance appeared—thick, rich, and yellow. The glutton gazed on it a moment with a rapturous eye; but there was no time to be lost. He had provided himself with a small tin jug. This he now dipped into the delicious semi-fluid mass, raised it to his lips, and quaffed it off as fast as its consistency would admit. Again he dip-

ped and again he swilled; and, to make everything as comfortable as possible, he next drew a chair to the kirn, sat down on it, stretched out his legs, and in this luxurious and deliberate attitude proceeded with his debauch. While in the act of pouring down his throat the fifth or sixth jug, with his head thrown back, his eye—though half closed, from an overpowering sense of enjoyment—caught a glimpse of a castle o' cakes and a plate filled wi' rolls o' fresh butter, that stood on the upper shelf of a cupboard fastened high upon the wa' in ane o' the corners o' the apartment. The sight was tempting; for he felt at that moment somewhat hungry, and he thocht, besides, the cakes and butter would eat delightfully wi' the cream—and there is little doot they would. Filled wi' this new idea, he rose frae his chair, and approached the cupboard wi' the intention o' sackin it; but it was owre high for him. (He was a very little man). This, however, he was perfectly aware o'. So he took a stool in his hand, placed it, and mounted; but was still several inches from the mark. Finding this, he descended, put another stool on the top o' the first, and, on again mounting, found himself just barely within reach o' the prize. By seizing, however, a fast hold o' ane o' the shelves o' the cupboard by one hand, he found he could raise himsel up sufficiently high to accomplish the purposed robbery wi' the ither. Discovering this, he grasped the shelf, and was just in the act o' raisin himsel up by its means, when the stool on which he was standin (he had stood owre near the end o't) suddenly canted up and left him suspended to the cupboard shelf; for he held on like grim death, kickin and spurrin awa in a vain attempt to recover his footin. This was a state o' things that couldna continue long; either he must come doon himsel, or the cupboard must come doon alang wi' him—and the latter was the upshot. Down came the cupboard; wi' everything that was in it—and it was filled wi' cheeny and crystal—smash on the floor wi' a dreadfu crash, and Tam below it. There wasna a hail glass, cup, or plate left; and the rows o' butter were rollin in a' directions through the floor. Here was a pretty business; and the puir culprit knew it. Cantin away the cupboard frae aboon him, he slowly rose (for he was not at all much hurt) to his feet, infinitely mair distressed wi' fear for his wife's vengeance than wi' regret for his ain loss. At this instant—that is, just as he had gained his feet and was lookin ruefully down on the wreck he had occasioned—ane o' his bairns cam runnin to the door, and bawled out the delightful intelligence—

'Faither, my mother's comin!'

The horrible announcement roused him from his reverie and instantly put him on the alert. He had presence o' mind eneuch left to recollect that the cupboard wasna a' he had to answer for. There was the kirn, which, in its present denuded state, told an ugly tale. He flew to remedy this. He snatched up the towel, spread it over the mouth o't, lifted the huge stone with which all had been secured, dashed it down—on what? on the lid? No, in his hurry and confusion he forgot the lid. On the towel—and down went towel and stone into the kirn, and the latter with such force as fairly knocked out the bottom, and sent the whole contents streamin owre the floor. At this particularly felicitous moment, his wife entered the outer door, when the first thing she met was the colly dog wi' a row o' the fresh butter in his mouth. In ordinary circumstances, this wad hae been a provokin aneuch sicht to her, but a glimpse at the same instant o' the dreadfu ruin within made it appear but a sma' matter indeed. On enterin on the scene o' devastation she fand the culprit standing almost senseless and speechless wi' terror and horror, and every other stupifyin feeling that can be named, in the middle o' the ruins he had created, and up to the shoe-mouth in cream.

'An awfu business this, Maggy,' he said, in a sepulchral voice. It was a' he got leave to say; for, in the next moment, he was felled wi' the stroke o' a besom; and when he resumed his feet, which he did almost instantly, he took to his heels, and didna venture hame again till wife and weans were a' lang in their beds. Tam neer touched the kirn after this.

"And here," said the narrator, "ends my story o' Tam Brodie and the kirn."

"An' a very guid ane it is," rejoined the landlord, taking off a cold half glass of punch that stood before him. 'I ken Tam o' the Broomhouse as weel as I ken ony ane here, and it's just as like him as can be. William," added mine host, now turning and addressing another member of the company—a quiet, mild-looking man, whom one could not *a priori*, have suspected of being a joker—"that's nearly as guid a ane as the Blue Bonnet. Do ye mind that story?" William shook his head and smiled.

"I mind it weel aneuch," he replied; but it was rather a serious affair—at least it micht hae been sae, and I'm no fond o' recollectin't.

"Nonsense, man; nae harm cam o't," said the other; "and it was harmlessly meant."

"But it micht hae been a bad business," said William.

"But it *wasna*," said mine host; "and, as I dinna believe there's ane here that ever heard the story, I wish ye wad let me tell it."

"It's no worth tellin," said the other.

"I'll tak my chance o' that," replied the landlord; "if it's counted worthless, I'll tak the wyte o't. Do ye give me leave?"

"A wilfu man maun hae his ain way—do as you like," rejoined William Brydon, affecting a chariness he did not altogether feel.

Thus regularly licensed, the narrator began:—

"About twa or three years syne, there used to come about this house o' mine a wee bit whupper-snapper body o' an English bagman. An impudent, upsettin brat he was, although no muckle higher than that table. The favorite theme o' this wee ill-tongued rascal—for he had a vile ane—was abusin Scotland, an' a' that war in't, for a parcel o' sneakin, hungry, beggarly loons. This was his constant talk wherever he was, and whaever he might be amang. I didna mind him mysel; for the cratur wasna a bad customer, and he was, besides, such a wretched-lookin body—I mean as to size and figure, for he was aye weel aneuch put on—that puttin a haun to him was oot o' the question. Ye couldna hae blawn upon him, but ye wad hae been in for murder, or culpable homicide at the very least. But, although I keepit a calm sough wi' him, and didna mind his abusive jabberin, it wasna sae wi' everybody; and there was nane bore it waur than oor freend William Brydon here, wha aften forgethered wi' him in this hoose. William couldna endure the cratur, and mony a sair wrangle they had wi' the tongue; but the Englishman's was by far the glibbest, though William's was the weightier. It chanced that William and the little gabby Englishman met here, both on their way to England, ae day sune after the execution o' the rebels in Carlisle—a time whan the Scots, as ye a' dootless ken, war in unco bad odor throughoot a' England, and especially in Carlisle, whar the feelin ran sae high that no person wearin ony piece o' dress which smelt in the least o' Scotland was safe in the streets. And wha was sae vindictive against the rascally rebels, as he ca'ed them, as oor wee bagman? 'Headin and hangin's owre guid for the villains,' he wad say. 'They should be roasted before a slow fire, like sae mony shouthers o' mutton.' Oh, he had a bitter spite at them! It was aboot this time, as I said, that he and oor freend here met in my hoose—and, as usual, they had a tremendous yokin; but it was, on this occasion,

a' aboot the rebels; for this was the thing uppermost in the wee bagman's mind at the time. It was a grand catch for him, and he made the maist o't. In short, a' his abuse now took this particular direction.

Notwithstanding William and the bagman's constant quarrelin, and their mutual dislike o' each ither, they aye drank thegither whan they met, and whiles took guid scours o't, and lang sederunts; but it wasna for love, ye'll readily believe, they sat thegither: na, na, it was for the purpose o' gettin a guid worryin at ane anither; so that they may be said to hae sought each ither's company oot o' a kind o' lovin hatred to ane anither. In the afternoon o' which I'm speakin, the twa as usual drank and quarreled; but I was surprised to find, towards the end o' their sederunt, that oor freend here, instead o' gettin angrier, as he used to do, as the contest drew towards a close, grew aye the calmer; and what astonished me still mair suddenly showed a strong disposition to curry favor with his antagonist, and actually so far succeeded, by dint o' soothin words, as to induce the bagman to extend the hand o' friendship and good fellowship to him—swearing that William was, after all, a devilish good fellow, for a Scotchman. The bagman, however, was by this time, pretty weel on by the head; and this micht hae had some share in producing this new-born kindness for the Scotchman. However this may be, being both anxious to get on to Carlisle that night, they agreed—such good freends had they thus suddenly become—to travel together. This settled, their horses were brought to the door. William's packs had been sent on before, and he had hired ane o' my horses to carry him into Carlisle. Just as they were gaun oot the passage there, to the door to mount, William hings back a bit, lettin the bagman gang on before him, and whispers into my ear—

'I'll play that pockpuddin a pliskie yet. Hae ye such a thing as an auld broad bonnet aboot ye, that ye could lend me?' Little dreamin what he was gaun to do with it, I replied I had; and runnin into the kitchen here, I took down frae a nail ane that I used to wear when gaun aboot the garden, and gave it to him. William took it, rowed it up, and thrust it in his pocket, without sayin a word, and, in three minutes after, the twa war aff.

On arrivin within aboot a mile o' Carlisle, Willie proposed to the bagman that they should go into a public-house that was on the road-side, and hae something before they entered the toon, as they required to part a wee on this side o't—William having, he said, some sma' business to do aff the road. To this proposal the Englishman readily agreed, and in they gaed, leavin their horses at the door. Here William plied the bagman—nothing loth, for he was a drucken wee rascal—wi' brandy till he began to wink, and no to be perfectly certain which end o' him was uppermost. Having reduced him to this condition, his friend proposed that they should be moving, when they both got up for that purpose.

'Where's my *'at*?' said the bagman, turnin round to look for the article he named.

'Here it's, man,' said William, coming behind him and clapping the bonnet on his head.

'Thank you, friend!' replied the bagman, generously believin that, as he felt *something* put upon his head, it must be his hat; and, thus theekit, he walked to the door and mounted his horse, as grave and composed as if a' was right, and rode off wi' William along side o' him. They hadna ridden far, however, when his friend, for obvious reasons, desirous of being quit o' his companion, said he was sorry that they maun now part, he requiring as he told him before, to turn off the road a bit. On this they shook hands and parted. The bagman hadna proceeded far wi' the notorious badge o' Scotland—the broad blue bonnet—on his head, till he found himself, he could not conceive how, an object of

marked attention to a' the passers by. At length, as he approached the town, this attention became gradually more and more alarming, and began at the same time to be accompanied by such symptoms as plainly evinced that it was not of a pleasant character

Popular notice, the bagman very weel saw, he had attained by some means or other; but he also saw as weel that this by no means meant popular admiration; for in every face that was turned towards him there was an angry scowl. Amazed and confounded at being thus so strangely and disagreeably marked, the poor little Englishman looked first at his legs and then at his horse, leaning forward for this purpose, and then examined his own outer man all over, to see if he could discern anything wrong with either, that might account for his sudden elevation in the public mind; but he found nothing—all was right, and the little bagman was more perplexed than ever. He rode on, however—as what else could he do?—and at length entered the town. Here the general attention became still more strikingly marked: people stood on the streets and stared broadly at him; and, when he had passed, looked after him, and shook their heads. At length matters came to a crisis. This approached by occasional cries of 'Doon wi' the rebel!' 'Doon wi' the Scotch cut-throat!' 'Hang the robber!' 'Head him! Head him!' If confounded before, the little bagman was now ten times more so. These terms could never apply to him, and yet they were most palpably directed to him. What on earth could it mean? To be taken, too, for a character which of all others he most abhorred. It was unaccountable—most extraordinary. In the meantime, both the cries and the crowd increased till the latter at length fairly surrounded the little bagman and his horse, and peremptorily arrested his progress, still shouting, but with greater ferocity, 'Down with the rebel!'

'Good people,' said the perplexed and terrified cratur, 'what do you mean? Hear me for a moment. I'm no rebel. I detest them as much as you can do. I am an Englishman—a born Englishman.'

'Yes, when it suits your purpose, ye cowardly Scotch dog!' exclaimed one of the crowd, advancing towards him, and seizing him by a leg.

'We know you too well by your head-mark,' said a second, bustling forward to have a share in forcibly dismounting the wee bagman; a measure which was now evidently contemplated, if not determined on, by the crowd.

'Yes, yes!' shouted a third—'he has the mark of the beast on him. Down with him! down with him! He can't deny the blue bonnet. Down with it and the head that's in it!' Seeing all eyes at this moment directed to that part of his person where a hat should have been, the wee bagman instinctively clapped his hand on his head. It felt strange! There was no superstructure—all was bare and flat. He pulled off the mysterious covering, and beheld with horror and amazement a large, broad, Scotch, blue bonnet, the size of a cart wheel, with a red knob, like an overgrown cherry, in the centre o't.

'Ay, where got ye that? where got ye that?' exclaimed some one frae the crowd. But, though the question was put, no answer was permitted to the questioned. In the next instant he was on his back on the street, kicking and struggling amongst the feet of his assailants, who applied the latter to all parts o' his person wi' a rapidity and vigor o' execution that threatened, and certainly would hae extinguished the wee life o' him, if he hadna been rescued a trifle on this o't by a guard o' sodgers, whom the alarm had brought to the spot.

Battered, bruised, speechless, and his face streaming wi' blood, the unfortunate bit bagman was now conveyed to the guard-house, and from thence, after he had somewhat recovered, to prison, under the same suspicion which had procured him such rough treatment from the mob. So that

to appearance, as they werena very nice in thae times, he was saved frae a violent death only to be subjected to anither; frae bein kicked into the other world to be hanged: and o' this opinion the wee bagman was himsel for some time, for the authorities o' Carlisle war at that time excessively loyal, and wadna cared muckle to hae hanged him on chance. As it was however, he was kept in jail for a week, when his innocence having been so clearly established that the most loyal of his judges couldna deny it, he was set at liberty—though wi' a grudge for they wad still fain hae hanged him—wi' a caution never to wear a blue bonnet in Carlisle again.

"The wee bagman," added the landlord, "has never come this way since, and I fancy now never will. Come, freends," continued he, "shute in your glasses—the drink's gettin cauld; and," he said, edging the mouth of the bowl slopingly towards him, so as to afford him a view of its contents, "there's a gay drap in't yet." Then, with that forethought which was a very remarkable and praiseworthy trait in his character—"Betty," he cried out to a servant girl, "keep the kettle boilin."

His call for the glasses of his friends being promptly obeyed, they were as promptly refilled, and it is but doing justice to the honest men assembled on this occasion to state, were as speedily emptied again. This done—

"Mr. Gas," said Walter Gibson, one of the most extensive traders and most respectable men in the company—"Mr. Gas," he said—for they all addressed him as their chairman—"these are a' queer aneuch stories in their way that hae been tell't the nicht; but I'm no sure if there's ony o' them better than the story o' Sandy M'Gill and his mither." The landlord cocked his ears.

"And what story's that, Watty?" he said. "I never heard it."

"It's no the waur o' that, however," said Watty drily.

"No a grain," replied the other, with one of his good-natured laughs; "but let us judge for oursels."

"I'll do that," quoth Walter; and he immediately began:—"Twa or three years ago, as ye a' ken, Lord Drumlanrig, son o' the Duke o' Queensberry, raised a regiment for what was ca'ed the Holland service. His Lordship's headquarters, during the recruitin for the corps, was Dumfries, where he used to beat up on the market days. Amongst those who were enlisted on ane o' thae occasions, was a young lad o' the name o' Sandy M'Gill—a joiner to trade. Sandy was a handsome, good-looking young man—very smart and clever and possessed of a good education; that is, he wrote and figured weel.

On the regiment being completed, it was embodied at Dunse, and then drilled for some time. It was then marched to Leith, Sandy M'Gill an' a', where it was to be embarked for Amsterdam. Two days after the regiment had left Dunse, Lord Drumlanrig, mounted on horseback, and attended by a servant, also mounted, set out from Dumfries to join his regiment at Leith, whence he meant to sail with it for Holland. On approachin the Nether Mill, his Lordship was recognized, while yet at some distance, by an auld blacksmith o' the name o' William Thamson.

'There,' said he, to a bit lively, hardy-looking auld wifie—it was Widow M'Gill—'there's Lord Drumlanrig comin forrit.'

'Is that him?' quoth the old wifie; 'feth an' I maun speak to him then! He's ta'en awa my puir Sandy for a sodger.'

And she ran into the middle o' the road, and, ere Lord Drumlanrig was aware, she had his horse by the bridle, exclaimin—

'Please yer Lordship, ye maun stop and speak to me a wee. I hae something to say to ye.'

'What is it, my good woman?' said his Lordship, smiling good-naturedly; 'but I'm in a great hurry, and you must not detain me a moment.'

'What I want to speak to yer Lordship aboot,' replied Widow M'Gill, taking nae notice o' his Lordship's impatience, 'is this: ye hae taen awa my puir son, Sandy, for a sodger, an' I'm like to break my heart aboot him.'

'There's nae guid reason for that in the world, my honest woman,' said his Lordship; 'as he'll be better wi' me than lyin at hame here, scartin the porridge pots.'

'I'm no sure o' that, my Lord, unless ye look weel to him and tak him under yer special care. Ye'll fin' him weel wordy o't; for, although I say it that sudena say it, he's a clever, weel-inclined lad.'

'I've nae doot o't, honest woman, nae doot o't,' said his Lordship, now endeavoring to move on; 'and, you may depend on't, I'll see that he gets every justice.' And he made another attempt to get on.

'Na, na, my Lord,' said the widow, perceiving his efforts to get quit of her, 'I wunna let ye gang that way—I hae something mair to say to ye yet; but as I see a' the neebors glowrin at us, ye'll just come doon and step into the hoose wi' me a minute, and I'll tell ye there a' I hae to say.'

'Really, really, my good woman,' said his Lordship, in great alarm at this threat o' further detention, 'it is impossible—I cannot on any account—I am indeed in a great hurry, and exceedingly anxious to get forrit.'

'Deil-ma-care, my Lord!—the deil a fit o' ye'll stir till ye come in wi' me a bit—on that I'm determined.' And she took a still firmer haud o' the bridle.

'Some ither time, my guid woman,' said his Lordship despairingly.

'Na, na, nae time like the present, my Lord,' replied the widow.

Seein now that, unless he had recourse to some violence—which it was neither his nature nor desire to have—it was useless to contend wi' the resolute auld wife, his Lordship dismounted, though, ye may believe, wi' a very bad grace, gave his horse to his servant to haud, and went in wi' Widow M'Gill to her little cot. On enterin the hoose, his Lordship made anither desperate effort to prevail on the widow to shorten his detention.

'Now, my guid woman,' he said, 'let me beg o' you to say quickly what ye hae to say, for I really will not be detained.'

'No twa minnits, no twa minnits, my Lord,' said the widow, dustin, wi' great activity, wi' her apron, a chair for his Lordship to sit doun upon.

'No, no; I really will not sit down,' said his Lordship determinedly. 'I'll hear what you hae to say standin.'

'But ye *maun* sit, my Lord,' replied the widow, wi' equal resolution. 'A bonny thing it wad be, you to come into my hoose, an' gang oot again without sittin doun. Na, na, that maunna be said. Doun, my Lord, ye maun sit.' And, seein that he would only increase his ain delay by resistance, doun, to be sure, his Lordship did sit. 'Noo, my Lord,' says the widow, 'I'm sure the deil a morsel o' breakfast ye hae gotten the day yet—for it's no aboon seven o'clock; sae ye'll just tak a mouthfu' wi' me.'

At this horrid proposal his Lordship sprang frae his chair—for he was noo fairly driven at bay—and made for the door; but the widow was as clever in the heels as he was. She sprang after him, an', before he could gain the door, had him fast by the tails o' the coat, exclaimin, as she pu'ed him back—

'Deil a fit o' ye, my Lord's gaun oot o' this hoose till ye taste my bread an' cheese. I'se haud ye fast, I warrant.'

Regardless o' her threats, his Lordship still pressed for the door; but the stieve auld wifie held on wi' a determined an' nae feckless grip, an' he couldna mak it oot, withoot efforts that might do her an injury. Seein this, an' seein, at the same time, the ludicrousness o' the struggle, his Lordship at length gied in, an' returned to his seat. In a twinklin the active auld wifie had a table before him, covered

wi' bread, butter, and cheese, and a large jug o' sweet milk.

'Noo, my Lord, see an' tak a mouthfu'. It's but hamely fare to put before a Lord; but it's gien wi' hearty guid will, an' that maun mak amends.'

His Lordship good-naturedly took a little of what was put before him. While doin this, the auld wifie kept up a runnin fire o' sma' talk.

'Noo, my Lord, ye'll be guid to my son. He's an honest man's bairn, but his faither's dead an' gane mony a year syne; an' mony a lonely seat an' sair heart has fa'en to my share sin syne; but I aye looked forward to findin a comforter an' supporter in my only son, in my auld age; but noo he's taen frae me too, an' a' is desolation an' darkness around me.'

Here the puir widow, whose maternal feelings, thus excited by the picture she had drawn o' her ain loneliness, had suddenly and totally changed her character, or rather had brocht oot its real qualities, which were, after a', those o' a kind an' feelin heart, raised the corner o' her apron to her eyes an' wiped awa an involuntary tear. His Lordship, notwithstandin o' the provokin predicament in which he was, feelin much affected by the widow's lamentations, thus simply expressed, took oot a memorandum-book frae his pocket, an' havin inquired her son's name, and the name o' the place o' her residence, wrote them doun. He next asked if she knew in whose company he was.

'Captain Dooglas,' replied the widow —'Captain Dooglas they ca' him.' Then becomin querist in turn—'Do ye ken what sort o' a man he is, my Lord?'

'Oh, an excellent man, my guid woman,' said his Lordship. 'Your son could not be under a better fellow.' And his Lordship noted doun this circumstance also, wi' the name o' Sandy's captain.

Havin dune this, he replaced his memorandum-book in his pocket, an' rose frae his seat, the widow noo offerin nae farther resistance; an' havin placed, unperceived as he thought, a couple o' guineas on the table, was aboot to leave the hoose, after shakin his hostess kindly by the hand—for his Lordship was noo rather tickled with the adventure a'thegither—an' promisin to see to the interests o' her son, when the widow, gettin her ee on the coin, snatched it up, an' was forcin it back on its original possessor, exclaimin—

'Na, na, my Lord—I'll tak nae siller for kindness. A' that I want is that ye wad be guid to my puir Sandy, whan he's far awa frae his hame an' his freends. Be kind till him, my Lord, an' tak the widow's blessin in return.' An' she was pressin the money back on his Lordship, when he ran frae her, got oot o' the hoose, an' was aboot to mount his horse, when, to his unutterable horror, he heard the widow exclaimin—'Gude guide me! I hae a' this time forgotten your servant, my Lord—an' he'll be hungry aneuch, too, puir fellow! I hae nae doot.' An' she ran an' seized *his* horse next by the bridle. 'Come doun, lad, an' come in by a bit, an' tak a mouthfu'. His Lordship, I'm sure, 'll wait twa or three minnits on ye without grudgin't; for the puir maun be fed as weel as the rich, the man as weel as his maister.'

'No, no, no. For God's sake, my guid woman, let us be gone,' exclaimed his Lordship, in an implorin voice, and noo beginning to think he wad never get oot o' the auld wife's hands.

'Na, troth, my Lord, I'll no let him go. The lad *maun* hae a mouthfu' o' meat.'

'Then, in heaven's name,' said his Lordship, 'if ye will hae him tak something, bring't oot till him here, and dinna tak him aff his horse.'

Complyin wi' this request, the very first she had complied wi', the auld wifie ran in to the house—his Lordship, while she was there, tellin his servant to put at ance into his pocket whatever she brought—and brought oot a quantity o' bread and

cheese, which the man disposed of as his master had desired him.

The coast being now clear, his Lordship, after again shakin hands wi' the auld wife, and promisin to keep an ee on her son, put spurs to his horse, and darted aff at full speed, as delighted wi' his liberty as if he had escaped frae a highwayman; but, fast as he gaed, it was some seconds before he got oot o' hearin o' the auld wife's voice, bawlin after him—'Noo, my Lord, dinna forget Sandy, dinna forget Sandy M'Gill."

On gaining some distance, both master and man drew bridle and laughed heartily at the adventure wi' the auld wife o' the Nether Mill.

Aweel, shortly after, his Lordship embarked for Holland with a part of his regiment—the remainder, amongst which was Sandy M'Gill, proceeding in another vessel—and arrived there, as did the whole corps, in due time, and without any accident.

Some days after the landin, Lord Drumlanrig, at parade one forenoon, after speakin and laughin for a few minutes wi' Captain Douglas in front o' the line, went up to a certain guid-lookin young sodger in that officer's company, and, callin him out frae his comrades, asked him his name.

'Sandy M'Gill, my Lord,' replied the young man, touchin his hat, and somewhat surprised at bein singled out in this way.

'Exactly,' said his Lordship. 'Well, Sandy, I breakfasted in your mother's house on my way frae Dumfries to Edinburgh, just before I left Scotland; and a kind, hearty old woman she is, I assure you.'

'I wonder, my Lord,' said Sandy, blushing, 'that my mother could hae had the impudence to tak your Lordship into her puir sooty house.'

'It was no impudence at all, Sandy—nae such thing. It was oot o' kindness to me and affection for you. The breakfast, however, was an excellent one, and gien wi' a hearty welcome and richt guid wull. But I promised yer mother, Sandy,' continued his Lordship, 'to look after ye, and I mean to do sae. Can you write any?'

Sandy said he could.

'Can you figure?'

Another reply in the affirmative.

'Can ye show me your handwriting? Have ye any specimens upon you?'

Sandy pulled out of his pocket some scraps o' paper that exhibited his fist. His Lordship looked at them, and said the writing was very guid—that it wad do very weel. 'Now, then, Sandy,' he added, 'I'll tell ye what I mean to do for you, to begin wi'; there's anither sergeant wanted for your company, and I hae desired Captain Douglas to appoint you. You will get a suit o' claes frae the store, and there's five guineas to you to purchase necessaries, and I hae nae doot ye'll turn oot a guid and brave sodger.'

Sandy endeavored to express his gratitude for the sudden and unexpected fortune; but he couldna. Nor, though he had been able, did his Lordship gie him an opportunity; for, anticipating the lad's embarrassment, he walked awa the moment he had dune speakin.

Next day, Sandy appeared in the uniform o' a non-commissioned officer; and, being now on the road to promotion, returned, at the conclusion o' the war, to his native place, a captain; attributin a' his guid fortune to the breakfast which his mother gae to Lord Drumlanrig at the Nether Mill."

"Aweel, it is really curious hoo things turn oot sometimes," said lang Jamie Turner, on the conclusion o' the foregoing story—very curious. Did ye ever hear, Mr. Gas," continued Jamie, now addressing his landlord, "hoo Jock Tinwald, a son o' Andrew Tinwald's o' Shaw Hill, recovered forty guineas he once lost at the Candlemas Fair o' Dumfries?"

"No," said Mr. Gas, looking with

interest at the speaker. "I never heard that ane."

"It was a gay clever ane," said Jamie Turner, and, without further preface, he proceeded to relate the following adventure :—

"On a certain Candlemas Fair, some twa or three years back, auld Tinwald o' Shaw Hill, sent his son, Jock, to Dumfries, wi' forty guineas in a net purse in his pocket, to purchase a couple of good draught horses. Jock wasna lang in the fair until he fell in wi' twa horses that appeared to be o' precisely the description he wanted. He inquired their price, found it wasna far beyond the mark, and, finally, after some chaffering, struck a bargain with the seller. This done, the young farmer put his hand into his pocket, to bring out the net purse with the forty guineas. He started and looked pale. It was not in the pocket in which he thought—nay, in which he was certain he had put it. He searched another, and another, and another, with distraction in his looks. It was in none of them—it was lost, gone! He had been robbed. Of this there was no doubt. Poor Jock was in despair, but it was an evil without a remedy; for he had not the smallest notion when, where, or by whom he had been plundered. There was, therefore, no help for it; and, feeling this, Jock repaired to a public house, drowned the recollection of his loss in brandy, and went home at night penniless, horseless, and drunk.

Six months after this, the Rude Fair of Dumfries came round; an', in the thick an' the thrang o' this fair, micht hae been seen the braid shouthers an' the round, healthfu', guidnatured face o' Jock Tinwald. But surely he'll tak care this time how he mingles wi' the crood, or at least keep a sharp ee on his neebors. Not he. There he is, pushin an' jostlin awa in the heart o' the very densest mass, wi' an apparent regardlessness o' consequences which is most amazing, considerin the loss he sustained on a former occasion. Nay, not only is he doin this, but he is ostentatiously displayin a purse apparently as well filled as the last one. This does, indeed, seem the extreme of folly. But it only *seems* so. It is not without a reason. Jock is not so unguarded as he appears. The truth is, he is just now practising a ruse which he is not without hope may help him to the recovery o' his forty guineas.

The purse which Jock is so openly sporting is filled not with gold, but with copper. It contains, in short, instead of guineas, a quantity of farthings, and is thus ostentatiously displayed in the hope of attracting the notice of the light-fingered gentleman who had relieved him on the former occasion—and with what promise of success may be guessed frae the following incident.

On Tinwald's first entering the scene o' the fair, he was marked by two persons of very equivocal appearance who were hovering about.

'That,' said ane o' them, nudging his neebor wi' his elbow, and inclinin his head towards Tinwald—'that's the flat I *did* at the last Candlemas Fair. The easiest handled guse I ever cam across.'

'What wad ye think o' our tryin him again?' said the speaker's neebor.

'Wi' a' my heart,' replied the other. 'He's but a saft ane; but I fear he'll no hae onything on him this time.'

At this instant the fears of the pair of pickpockets on this score were relieved by a sight of Jock's purse. It caught their eyes in a moment, and they viewed it with a delight which gentlemen of their profession alone can know. They felt as sure of it as if it were already in their pockets. Dropping all other speculation, therefore, they now commenced dogging Jock, who was fishing away with his purse through the crowd, like an angler with his fly, for the thief of his guineas or some of his gang, whom he had a pretty shrewd notion would not be far off. Jock, how-

ever, took care to keep the exhibition of his purse within bounds. He took care not to make an over frequent or suspicious display of it, only occasionally, and then returning it to a certain side pocket of easy access. There was nothing, therefore, which Tinwald was at this moment so anxious for as to feel a hand in the said pocket; and this was a gratification which he was not long denied. A hand was introduced, he felt it, and, turning quickly round, he seized the person to whom it belonged.

'I ken ye, freen,' said Jock to his prisoner, in a low whisper—'I ken ye perfectly weel. It was you that robbed me o' forty guineas in a green net purse at the last Candlemas Fair.' (All this was said by Jock at a venture, but by chance was true.) 'Now, I say, let me hae the money back quietly and I'll tak nae mair notice o' the matter; but, an' ye dinna, I'll immediately gie the alarm an' hae ye apprehended. Sae tak yer choice, freen. But, mind, there's a rope round your neck: it's hanging at the very least.'

'Let me go, then, and follow me,' replied the depredator, briefly, and in the same low tone that he had been addressed.

Jock loosed his grasp, and keeping close behind his man, who immediately began threadin his way oot o' the crood, followed him till they had cleared it; when, dreadin a sudden bolt, he cam up close beside him; an' thus the two held on their way, till they cam to a retired part o' the market place, when the thief suddenly stopped, an', plungin his hand into his bosom, drew oot a leathern bag, from which he counted into the astonished young farmer's hand forty golden guineas.

Jock, confounded at his own success, could scarcely believe his eyes when he looked at the precious deposit in his hand; and, in the fulness o' his joy, insisted on gien the thief half-a-mutchkin o' brandy on the head o't. This, however, the latter declined, and, in an instant after, disappeared in the crowd; an' Jock never saw mair o' him. An' sae ends my story, freens," added lang Jamie Turner.

"An', by my feth, a richt guid ane—a real clever ane," said the landlord, as he filled glasses round, and, rising on his little, short legs, drank to each and all of the company "a soun sleep an' a blyth waukenin." In two or three minutes more, the kitchen of the Floshend Inn was cleared of its tenants, and, for that night at any rate, no more was heard in it the sounds of revelry, nor the accompanying glee of the gibe, or jest, or merry tale.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

To us there are few things that appear more melancholy or more affecting than the ruins of a deserted dwelling-house, which the hand of time has unroofed and laid prostrate. There is, we think, something impressive, sadly impressive, in its cold, desolate apartments, now exposed to the rain and the winds of heaven, its eyeless windows, and dilapidated doorway—nay, there is an interest excited even by the traces of the fastenings of the cupboard on the wall, and of the fire in the chill, gaping, and ruinous chimney. All, all speak forcibly of decay, and tell of the transitoriness of the things of this ephemeral world.

In contemplating such scenes as this—and hence, perhaps, the feelings we have alluded to—the imagination sets to work, and paints the happy groups that once assembled around the then cheerful, but now cold and desolate hearth, or recalls the joyous laugh of the deserted mansion's young inmates, with all the hilarious din and bustle of a numerous and happy family; or, mayhap, it may dwell on the hopes and fears of their elders, now both terminated for ever. And the reverie is wound up by the sad inquiry—"Where are they all *now*?" And the query is answered by a gust of wind rushing, with melancholy sound, through the deserted apartments, and waving, in its progress, the long grass and nettles with which they are overgrown.

Nor are we sure that these feelings and associations are confined to the ruins of houses of note alone, to the deserted mansions of the great or the wealthy. In our own case, at any rate, we are certain they are not; for we have felt them all, and with equal force, when contemplating the ruins of a cottage; and on no occasion were we more under their influence, than when viewing the remains of such an humble domicile as that we have alluded to, in the course of an excursion, last summer, through the wilds of Nithsdale. But, then, we must confess, there was a story, an affecting one, connected with the lonely dwelling, which might, nay, which must have added to the interest with which we contemplated its ruins. These ruins, consisting of one gable, and a small portion of the side walls, together with the remains of a low, loose stone dyke, that once formed the boundary of the little garden, or *kail-yard*, which was attached to the house, are situated in a remote and sequestered spot in the district above named.

At the period of the story we are now about to relate to our readers, the little cottage of which we have spoken, was inhabited by a widow woman of the name of Riddel, and an only child, a son, of about thirteen years of age.

Mrs. Riddel's husband, who was now dead several years, was a poor but most industrious and pious man, who wrought at such country work as the neighborhood afforded. His gains were, it will readily be believed, but moderate; yet a frugal, abstemious, and exceedingly temperate life, enabled him to purchase the cottage he inhabited, with the garden attached to it; and, in time, to add to these possessions a cow. But, beyond this, the poor but worthy man was not permitted to increase his store. Death cut short his days, and left the widow and her son to reap the benefit of his prudence and industry; and no small matter was this found, when there was none other to assist them. The cow, the cottage, and the garden, were to them great riches. And thankful to her God was the widow, for the mercies He had bestowed on her; not the least of which was the happiness she found in her boy, who was, to her, all that she could wish. James was, indeed, such a son as a mother might well be proud of. He was mild, dutiful, yet bold and active, and gave promise of being more than usually handsome. He loved his mother with the most sincere and devoted affection, and though only in his thirteenth year, earned nearly the wages of a full-grown man; and, if any one had seen the delight and exultation expressed in his eye, as he poured his weekly wages into his mother's lap, they would have felt assured that these were the happiest moments of his life.

Thus, what with the little property she possessed, and the earnings of her son, Widow Riddel's lonely cottage presented as pleasing a picture of comfort, in an humble way, as might anywhere be seen; nor could two happier beings be found within the county—we might extend it to the kingdom—than the worthy widow and her son. But inscrutable are the ways of Providence—dark and inscrutable, in-

deed, since they permitted all this humble happiness to be blighted in an instant, and ruin and desolation to overtake its unoffending possessors

It was on a fine summer afternoon, in the year 1746, about two months after the battle of Culloden, that Widow Riddel, as she sat knitting stockings on the little rustic seat in the garden, which her son had made for her accommodation, and while the former was busily employed beside her in putting some seeds into the ground, happening to look down into the little strath or valley that lay almost immediately before the cottage, saw what was to her a very unusual and alarming sight. This was a party of dragoons. She had heard much of the cruelties and atrocities that had been perpetrated by the government troops, on the persons and properties of the insurgents, whose hopes had been laid prostrate at Culloden; and she was not ignorant of the military despotism which generally prevailed over the kingdom in consequence of that victory. But she had yet to learn, and the lesson was now to be taught her by fearful experience, how indiscriminating was the vengeance of the ruthless and sanguinary ruffians, to whom the power of inflicting chastisement had been intrusted.

On observing the soldiers, Widow Riddel immediately called her son's attention to them, and wondered where they could be going to. This was soon made plain enough. In a moment after she herself exclaimed—

"Mercy on us, Jamie! they're comin here. What in a' the earth can they be wantin?"

Next minute, the dragoons were in front of the cottage; when one of them dismounted, and advancing towards the widow, inquired if there were any rebels skulking thereabouts.

"Oh, no, sir, no," replied the terrified woman.; "there's naebody o' that kind in this quarter, I assure you."

"Well, well, so much the better, good woman, for both you and them; but, I say, we're starving of hunger, old girl; can ye let's have something to eat?"

"Blithely, sir, blithely," rejoined poor Mrs. Riddel, delighted to find matters taking so amicable a turn. "I haena muckle, sirs, but ye're welcome to what I hae." And she bustled into the cottage, and, with the assistance of her son, brought out a quantity of oaten cakes, cheese, and sweet milk, on which the soldiers made a hearty meal.

Now, after this kindness of the widow's, or even without it, into whose head or heart, but that of an incarnate fiend, or monster in human shape, could it have entered to do her a mischief? Yet such a wretch was amongst the troopers who now surrounded her humble dwelling, and had partaken of her hospitality. Just before the party started, the ruffian who first addressed Mrs. Riddel, asked her, with an affected air of kindness, how she lived.

"Indeed, sir," replied the unsuspecting widow, "the bit cow there," pointing to the animal which was grazing at a little distance, "an' the bit garden, wi' what the laddie can earn, is a' that I hae to depend upon; but, wi' God's blessing, it's eneuch, an' we are sincerely thankfu'."

To this affecting detail of her humble resources, the villain made no reply; but drew a pistol from his holster, and, riding up to the poor woman's cow, discharged it through her head, when the animal instantly fell down dead. Not satisfied with this heartless atrocity, the ruffian leaped the little garden wall, with his horse, and deliberately trode down every growing thing it contained; and those that the feet of his charger could not reach, he destroyed with his sabre.

Having completed this unnameable villany, the monster rejoined his comrades, laughing and shouting out as he went, in exultation at the deed.

"There, you old devil," he exclaimed —"that will put it out of your power to

harbor any rascally rebels, or, if you do, they and you must starve."

In an instant afterwards, the party rode off, laughing heartily at the mischief done by their comrade, of which they all seemed to approve.

It would be a vain task to attempt to depict the distress and misery of the bereaved widow, when she found herself thus suddenly deprived of her all. This scene is better left to the imagination of the reader. Wringing her hands in bitter agony, she rushed into the house, and flung herself on her bed, where she gave way to the sorrow that overwhelmed her. From that bed she never again arose. A violent illness, the consequence of dreadfully excited and agitated feelings, seized her, and in a few days, terminated her existence.

During her illness, her poor boy never left her bedside. There he remained night and day, endeavoring to cheer the spirits of his dying parent, and to make her look lightly on the misfortunes that had befallen them.

"Dinna, mother—dinna tak it sae much to heart. Never mind it, mother," he would say; "I am strong, and able to work for you, and you shall never want sae lang as I can earn a penny; and I'll put the garden into as guid order as ever it was. It's no near sae much harmed as ye think, mother; and what's to hinder me to buy ye a cow by and by, as weel as my father did. I'll sune hae as much wages as he had, and I'm sure I'll guide it as weel, for your sake." And, on one occasion, the poor boy, thinking to increase the effects of the consolation he was administering, added—"And wha kens, mother, but I may yet meet the villain somewhere, and be revenged o' him for what he has dune to us!"

At these words, the dying woman, on whose ear all the rest seemed to have fallen unheard, suddenly raised herself on her elbow, and, looking her son affectionately but earnestly in the face, said—

"My son, speak not of revenge! It is unbecoming a Christian; and I'm sure such a spirit was never encouraged in you either by yer worthy faither or by me. Leave vengeance in the hands of God, Jamie. He will deal with the destroyer in His ain way and in His ain guid time. Perhaps, my son, the misguided man even now repents o' what he has dune; and if he does, you surely would not seek to increase his punishment, which maun be, in such a case, a full atonement for a' that he has dune; for what pain, Jamie, can equal that of an awakened conscience?"

The boy was silenced by this reproof; but we can hardly say cleansed of the spirit of revenge which had been kindled in his youthful bosom against the author of their ruin.

On the following day the widow expired; and, on the 4th thereafter, her son followed her remains to the grave. But he returned not again. At the conclusion of the ceremony he suddenly disappeared, and no one knew whither he had gone. Days, weeks, months, and years, passed away; but no intelligence ever reached the neighborhood of what destiny had befallen the orphan boy.

Thirteen years after this, the famous battle of Minden was fought by Prince Ferdinand against the French. True; but what has that to do with the story of the widow and her son?

Patience, good reader, and you shall hear. Associated with the army of Prince Ferdinand, there was a large body of British horse under Lord George Sackville; and these shared in the dangers and glory of the victory. On the evening of the day on which the battle was fought, a party of these dragoons were assembled in a tavern, where they were boasting loudly, in their cups, of the feats they had performed, when one of them, striking the table fiercely with his clenched fist, swore, that, when he was in Scotland, he had done a more meritorious thing than any of them.

"What was that, Tom—what was that?" shouted out his companions at once.

"Why, starving an old witch in Nithsdale, to be sure," replied the fellow. "We first, you see—for there was a party of us—ate up all she had, and then I paid the reckoning by shooting her cow, and riding down her greens."

"And don't you repent it?" exclaimed a young soldier, suddenly rising from his seat at the upper end of the apartment, and approaching the speaker, as he put the question. "Don't you repent it?"

"Repent what?" said the ruffian, fiercely. "Repent such a matter as that! No, I glory in it."

"Then, villain!" said the youth, unsheathing his sword—"know that that woman was my mother; and since you do not repent the deed, you shall die for it. Draw and defend yourself."

The dragoon sprang to his feet—a combat ensued; and, after two or three passes, the latter was stretched lifeless on the floor.

"Had you repented," said the youth, looking towards the corpse as he sheathed his sword, "I would have left you in the hands of your God; but since you did not, I have made myself the instrument of His vengeance."

Young Riddel afterwards rose to the rank of Captain in the British service, and greatly distinguished himself in the German wars.

THE SCHEMER;

OR, THE CHEVIOT LAIRD OUTWITTED.

The triumphs of pure cunning, exercised for the gratification of purposes of selfishness, are greatly fewer and less important than is generally imagined. It has even attained the form of a proverb, that a cunning man is never more deceived than when he attempts to deceive others. The truth seems to be, that nature, which supplies antidotes to her evils, has put almost every one of her sons on guard against the secret selfishness of his neighbors. What displeases a person most at the sneaking designs of the man of cunning, is not the loss which is attempted to be caused to him by an unjust appropriation, or some wicked circumvention, but the thought that he is considered by the schemer to be less able than himself. This is the true antidote, resolving indeed into self-love, which has been so generally provided against this most abominable of all traits in the character of a man. Every one is on his guard against an attempt to depreciate his understanding; and the quick-sightedness thus produced, enabling him to discover the character of those who wish to circumvent him, exposes, in the long run, the man of wiles, and defeats his purposes.

In consequence of this liability to discovery, and of the intense disgust which such discovery uniformly produces, the man of wiles would require to be a man of courage; though, generally speaking, it may be safely assumed that he is always a coward. Continually exciting disgust, he could not indeed live, where he courageous; for the insults he is continually receiving, would render it necessary for him to go about with a pistol in his hand

His preservation, therefore, lies in his cowardice, which, joined to his character of being cunning, places him below the contempt of mankind. He is allowed to crawl about like a reptile; and it is only when he becomes troublesome, that he is shaken off. To kill him, would generally be too much trouble: yet, such is the offensiveness of the creature, that the foot is often placed upon him before one is aware that he is bringing himself within the arm of authority, for no other reason than the gratification of a little spleen.

We make these remarks, because we wish that the moral of a story we intend to lay before our readers, should be understood as it is progressively read; and we are hopeful that its effect may be felt and appreciated by all good and straightforward men.

The property of Corbetfield, on the confines of the Cheviots, was, some two hundred years ago, possessed by a person of the name of William Dryhope. He inherited the property from his father, and was reputed wealthy, as the estate was considerable, and his expenditure limited by his habits of penuriousness. He was emphatically what is called a cunning man. No project was ever pleasant to him, which did not admit of some subtlety in its accomplishment; and even plain and common acts of every-day life were not allowed to be performed in a plain and straightforward way, but were invested with a portion of that secrecy and underhand dealing which nature and practice had made pleasant and familiar to him. Plain dealing had something in it offensive to his crooked mind. It seemed as if he felt the same dissatisfaction at the tame and uninteresting progress of a fair bargain, that other people do at the tardy, winding manœuvres of the man of cunning.

His appearance quadrated with this character. He had the bent body, the sly, twinkling, lurking eye, the pawky smile, the wheedling manner, the lying tongue, and the ready giggling laugh of his tribe. He paid no great attention to his external appearance. His mind was too much occupied by the formation and working out of schemes, to leave him either time or inclination to perform decently the duties of his personal economy. His continued contriving and brooding, rendered him thin and emaciated; and his timid slouched walk, and side looks, gave him the appearance of a weasel searching for an aperture in an old turf-dike to escape from the eyes of men.

That extraordinary peculiarity of cunning men—the pride of being thought cunning—attached to him, as to all the rest of his kind. At the very time he was scheming against his friend, he would boast to him slily of his slyness—concealing, of course, with great, though often ineffectual care, the details of the operations he was at the time carrying on. This pride of circumvention, which is found in all cunning men, is surely an extraordinary gift of nature—justifying the ways of Providence, by counteracting what would otherwise be one of the greatest evils of man. The schemer is the destroyer of his own schemes, by putting every man upon his guard, and telling, before he stabs, that he intends to slay.

By the effects of this evil propensity, or rather by the greed which accompanies it—for cunning does comparatively little evil after it is known, and it cannot be concealed—Dryhope scraped together a considerable fortune, independently of Corbetfield. His wife had died some years after his marriage, leaving him a son and daughter, Hector and Maria, who were often ashamed of the ways of their father, though filial duty constrained them to conceal them; at least, to construe them in such a way as to take from them their more disgusting and obnoxious features.

Having made the most of every opportunity which chance had thrown in his way, and turned all things to account, as far as his ability would, under the opposi-

tion produced by the knowledge of his character, permit—he, after his son and daughter had arrived at a marriageable condition, began to contrive how he could best turn them to advantage. This was a notable object for the exertion of his abilities and he was determined to make them exhibit their highest mettle. He had expended a great deal of money (in his estimation) upon the two youngsters; and it would run hard with him if he had not skill sufficient to draw out of their marriages a proper reimbursement. How otherwise could he be paid? For their affections he cared nothing—their duty was of no avail to him—they were his debtors for their maintenance and education; and, as they could not liquidate the claims themselves, it must be his policy to get some persons to do that for them. These were high aims, and undoubtedly worthy of the elevated genius of a man of cunning, who conceived that no person in the county possessed equal powers of outwitting his neighbors.

In regard to his daughter, Maria, who was a very superior girl, he expected to drive a bargain with a young proprietor, not far distant, of the name of Walter Tait, whose property of Oldbattle, would, if settled upon her and her children, form a very handsome acquisition to his family. He wished this marriage for several reasons:—The first was, that Tait being a dissolute youth, would, in all probability, soon die, and leave Maria mistress of the property for herself and her children. The second was, that, if he lived, he would become, from his ductility, a very good subject for the operations of Dryhope's schemes, whereby he would be enabled to take a great part of his property from him, and attach it to his own estate of Corbetfield.

There was another reason which operated upon him, in endeavoring to get this match accelerated. He held a bond from the father of Hugh Templeton of Templeton, another neighbor, for 10,000 merks—an immense sum in those days—but which he had long considered to be little better than a bad debt. The lands of Templeton had been burdened, previous to Dryhope's security, by the schemes of a writer, who thought it all fair to fight Dryhope with his own weapons. The sum had, it seems, never been all advanced to old Templeton; but he, in the necessities produced by youthful indiscretions, had, to induce Dryhope to lend him 6,000 merks, promised to give him security over his lands for a sum of 10,000 merks. Templeton's attorney, knowing the usurious nature of the bargain, borrowed for his client 4,000 merks from the father of Walter Tait, giving him a bond for the same; and thus Dryhope, keen to get his transaction finished, and overlooking a proper investigation, was only a second creditor over the property.

This bond to Dryhope young Templeton could not discharge, and the lands were not of sufficient value to pay it. But, as Walter Tait was entirely ignorant of the bad credit and reduced circumstances of Templeton, Dryhope flattered himself that he would get his intended son-in-law to take the 10,000 merk bond as the dowry of his daughter Maria; and in this way he would accomplish two great points; first, he would get, for a false dowry, a large jointure to his daughter; and, secondly, he would accomplish his ardent wish, in the event of Tait dying, of getting the envied lands of Templeton into his family.

As Dryhope was upon the eve of making this offer to Tait, who was enamored of Maria, a circumstance occurred which made him pause. Templeton was, it seems, making love to a daughter of Edward Whitten of Eccleshall; and he was, at same time, intimate with a daughter of James Harvey of Moorfield—both neighboring lairds. This fact was communicated to Dryhope, who immediately saw how it would affect his interests. If Templeton married a wife with money, he

would then be able to pay Dryhope his 10,000 merks, a most important circumstance, which would afford to him ample means for making a bargain with Walter Tait. But it was necessary to ascertain which of the two damsels would likely bring Templeton the most money.

To ascertain this, Dryhope set about inquiring into the circumstances of Whitten and Harvey. This was immediately accomplished, and in such a way as a man of stratagem would, according to the bent of his nature, adopt. After a great deal of trouble, many threadings of narrow channels, and crooked and dishonorable means, he ascertained that Whitten was not in such circumstances as would afford any dowry to his daughter at all; but Harvey was reputed very wealthy, and had been heard to say that he would portion his daughter with 15,000 merks, if he got for her a husband to his satisfaction.

Having got this most important information, Dryhope set his wits to work, with a view to turn it to the best advantage. He was slightly acquainted with Eccleshall, and resolved to call on him. This he accordingly did. Selfishness produces boldness, if not impudence; and Dryhope, as he rang the bell of the stately mansion, muttered to himself that he must trust to chance and his own invention for a successful interview, as well as for the means of accounting for a visit, the first he had made to the family.

"Hoo is my muckle-honored neebor, Ecclesha'?" he cried out, as he advanced to shake the laird by the hand. "They're a sad plague thae turnpikes. Ye ken the auld loan that rins doon frae the green burn to the auld kist, as they ca' the big stane at the back o' the birk wood—they're threatenin to mak that a turnpike; an', as it bounds your property an' mine, we maun concock some plan for settlin the marches for dootless they'll be for makin the road broader, an' either takin frae you or frae me."

"I have heard nothing of this, Mr. Dryhope," answered Eccleshall; "and I rather think you are wrong, for my understanding is, that the road is to be made through the property of Templeton, to the westward."

"I'm glad to hear't," said Dryhope, who knew the fact as well as Eccleshall, "for I'm just as ill able to bear a loss o' that kind as Templeton."

"It would not affect either of you much, I presume," said Eccleshall. "He has a fine property, and you are known to be rich."

"It's no my business, Ecclesha'," said Dryhope, "to interfere wi' the affairs o' my neebors. There's nae doot that Templeton has a fine property, an' they say he wadna care to sell it—but it's an auld sayin', 'He wha buys has need o' a hundred een—he wha sells has enough if he has ane.'"

"I do not understand you, Mr. Dryhope," said Eccleshall; "I never heard Mr. Templeton say he intended to sell his estate; but, if he did, I suppose he would get a good price for it. I am, however, somewhat interested in this gentleman's affairs, and beg you to explain manfully your meaning."

"It's no my wish, and Heaven kens it's no my practice, to deal in secrecy," said Dryhope. "Words wound aften mair than swords; but I maun do mysel' the justice to think that, when I do speak, I ken what to say. When a blind man leads anither blind man, they baith fa' into the ditch. Dryhope can see as far as ither men (with a wink), and if I thought ye were muckle interested in the affairs o' Templeton, I could maybe gie ye a hint—for there's naebody kens better the heat o' the fire than he wha has been burnt."

"That is still all a mystery to me, my good friend," said Eccleshall. "I have told you that I am interested in Templeton's affairs. He is courting my daughter; and I should like to know, since you have roused my suspicions, whether his property is free and unburdened, and, generally, the state of his finances."

"The looker-on sees mair than the player," answered Dryhope, winking cunningly. "I heard as muckle as what ye say. Ye couldna hae applied to a better man than me; for it is guid, they say, to learn at anither man's cost, an' true service hangs mair by the time than the mode. Between you an' me, Templeton awes me as muckle as wad buy his property twice owre; an' he has mony other debts on his land, besides personal debts to a maist enormous amount. He has tried to conceal a' this—but grey cats see i' the dark; an' I am glad I can, in this affair, do ye a service. Ye may hae something i' yer power as regards mé—ae hand washes anither, ye ken, winking again.

The servant here came in, and said that Mr. Walter Tait was in waiting.

"Tell him I shall be with him presently," said Eccleshall. Turning to Dryhope—"Walter has few debts, I should imagine; but he is in bad health, poor fellow."

"Wha lives weel, lives lang," said Dryhope, anxious to create some suspicion also, against Tait, whom he himself wished to catch for Maria. "There's an auld sayin', very common, I am tauld, in Germany—'Gluttony and drunkenness hae killed mair men than the sword.' I am very sorry for Walter, puir lad, and wad be the last man to injure him; but ye hae gien me some o' yer confidence the day, and I'm bound to reward ye wi' mine. Truth may be blamed, but never can be shamed. I hae gien ye a hint aboot Wattie, puir lad, that may be o' service to ye. He wha has wisdom is twice blessed."

Eccleshall—who was one of those men who, being honest himself, believes all others to be so—was much affected by the character he had heard of his friend and neighbor, Mr. Tait. He believed it, and thanked Dryhope for his kind intentions.

"This is quite new to me," said he. "I have always understood that Walter's bad health prevented him from exceeding, or even indulging to any extent, in the pleasures, far less the luxuries of life."

"Bad health may be the effect o' intemperance," answered Dryhope. "Sobriety secures us against distempers, and sweetens life; the harvest o' diseases is reaped frae the seeds o' intemperance. Watty's faither died owre sune. We ken hoo to tak care o' *our* bairns"—another wink.

"You will teach me to take care of mine, at all events," said Eccleshall; "and I am certainly obliged to you for the open, frank, and gentleman-like way in which you have warned me of the rocks of poverty and dissipation. I shall not soon forget it."

"I'm no greedy o' thanks, Ecclesha'," said Dryhope; "for I aye think the reward o' a guid conscience is the best remuneration for a guid office. I can safely say, mine is a guid ane; for I aye carry aboot wi' me the proverb—'that the debauchin o' the conscience is the source o' a' our errors and crimes.' Ill as puir Watty is, some ca' him even waur than I hae said; for his auld butler said to me, ae day, wi' a wink—'A debauched conscience is waur than a debauched stamach.' But I never like a statement that has a wink ahint it. The cooard looks ahint him, the brave man afore him; but a leiar shuts ane o' his een. Yet auld George is an honest chiel, too."

Eccleshall was not so blind as not to see that Dryhope was himself a great winker; but this did not open his eyes. He again thanked Dryhope for his attention, and the latter took his leave. As he went out, he saw Walter Tait standing on the landing-place, having preferred enjoying the air to being shut up in an antechamber. He flew and shook hands with him.

"I'm glad to see ye lookin sae weel, Mr. Walter. Maria was just inquirin' about ye, yesterday. Hoo dinna ye come doon an' see us? Wha's sae welcome as you? I hae just been speakin to Ecclesha'

about the new turnpike. I am glad to think it's no comin' aff his land; for I understand little compensation will be gien; and (taking his friend by the button, and talking low) ye ken he's no very weel able to bear even a sma loss like that. I was tellin him, in that jocular easy way I can tak wi' him, that he should get aff his dochter to some sillered chap, wha micht assist him wi' a few hunder merks. My heart bluids to see a guid man in diffiqualties; an' I gae him that advice, contained in the auld proverb—'They wha dinna ken hoo to ask, dinna ken hoo to gie.' Ye ken what I mean, eh?"

Tait, who knew Dryhope's cunning, did not give any decided tokens of acquiescence in the truth of this speech; and knowing that Eccleshall was waiting for him, he promised, in a few words, to call and see Maria, and went into the house.

Dryhope conceived that he had managed this interview with the greatest adroitness; and, as he went down the avenue, felicitated himself upon his powers of manœuvring, ejaculating, at intervals, while he rubbed his hands—"Thae twa lads are peppered." So much was he occupied with the exultation of having, as he thought, outwitted three men, and blasted the prospects of two, that he did not even see the people on the road, who stood and stared as they saw a man running and rubbing his hands, and saying to himself, "Thae twa lads are peppered." Cunning has indeed only one eye, although it thinks itself possessed of the hundred which belonged, heretofore, to Argus, the watchman of Io. The delightful music of Mercury closed up the whole hundred; selfishness may well close up one.

The next step to be taken by Dryhope, was to pay a visit to Mr. Harvey; whose daughter was, as he had heard, also in the eye of Templeton. He made no scruple to call there; and, being afraid of losing time, he directed his steps to Moorfield, where he found the proprietor occupied in his garden. In this interview, Dryhope had to encounter one who knew his true character, though the wily laird himself thought he was altogether unknown to anybody; another weakness of the engrossing quality of selfish cunning.

"I hope Moorfield is in guid health," began Dryhope; "I hae like to see my friends weel; for health gaes afore riches, an' naebody kens better what is guid than he wha has endured evil. I mysel' ken what disease is. The garden is better for recreation than the drawin' room. So the turnpike is to gae through Templeton's property, after a', is it?"

"I believe it is," answered Moorfield, waiting to see the next turn.

"Weel, better he than anither," said Dryhope. "Puir Ecclesha' couldna hae borne it sae weel."

"Do you think so!" said Moorfield, with curiosity—knowing that Templeton's property was burdened with the two bonds, which, however, did not affect his estimate of the character of his friend. "Is Templeton not in debt? I'm very glad to hear it. Somebody said he was owing you money; but I presume it is false, like all the rest of these flying statements."

"No a penny, Moorfield—no a penny!" said Dryhope, quickly. "Sae far as I ken, the property is, as regards the young man's acts, as free as the blue firmament when there's nae clouds i' the air. I was just sayin' to Ecclesha', he wud mak a fine match for his dochter; an', atween you an' me (one of his winks), it wad be a guid thing for baith o' them. Dinna ye think sae yersel'?"

As Dryhope put this question to Moorfield, he directed upon him that peculiar look with which a cunning man watches the effect of a well-framed interrogatory. Moorfield read the twinkle with the greatest ease.

"An excellent thing," replied Moorfield; "and I'll tell you another, nearly as good—What do you think of my Gertrude and your Hector?"

This did not suit Dryhope, who had a

lady in his eye for his son; and he was discomfited by the nonchalance with which his trying question was received.

"Ye'll no be thinkin' o' Templeton for Gertrude?" he again asked.

"That depends upon circumstances," replied Moorfield. "If I could hear that he was entirely free of debt, I would have no objections to him for a son-in-law. He is a very fine young man; but it would be hard to pay 15,000 merks to his creditors."

"Sae it wad, sae it wad," said Dryhope, in anxiety; "but he has nae debt—no a penny o' debt—I hae it upon guid authority. Ye may rely upon it. But ye're richt to be sure. Mony a ane gaes oot to seek wool, an' comes hame shorn. I hae a kind o' regard for Templeton, as weel as for yersel; an' if I could satisfy ye wi' regard to yer scruples, I wad, for the sake o' his faither, exercise my puir faculties to that effect."

"I will be much obliged to you, then, my good friend," said Moorfield, fighting him with his own weapons, "if you will make all the inquiry in your power, and inform me whether you can learn of any debts due by young Templeton. If I am perfectly satisfied of his solvency, I may indulge his suit with my Gertrude."

"I will—I will," replied Dryhope, eagerly; and, after some general conversation, he retired.

Dryhope, as he went home, thought he had also duped Moorfield. He had said that Templeton was not his debtor. There was no danger, he conceived, in that, because, in the first place, it was old Templeton who granted him the bond; and, though the young man was no doubt liable to him, yet he could scarcely be said to be his debtor in the bond. This wretched subtlety pleased him beyond measure. And, secondly, anything he could say to Moorfield, would not affect his claim, constituted by a written bond, against Templeton. This was, he thought, ingenious reasoning; and, if he was safe, he did not care how far he went in the manufacture and issuing of lies.

Moorfield, with no cunning, had more judgment. Next morning, he despatched the following letter to Dryhope:—

"Dear Sir—I thank you for the extreme kindness you evinced towards me and my daughter, when you called here yesterday. I have been curious to know upon what authority you stated that Hugh Templeton was free from debt; and, in particular, I am anxious to know whether or not Templeton granted you a bond for 10,000 merks. I have heard such a thing stated, and wish to satisfy myself of the truth or falsehood of it. If your answer to me is satisfactory, and I am certiorated of the fact that Templeton owes you nothing, I will give him 15,000 merks with my daughter as her tocher.

"I am, dear sir, yours sincerely,

"James Harvey."

This letter was written by Moorfield, with the view of getting Dryhope committed to paper. He could not answer for its being attended with any success; but he knew that Dryhope wanted payment of his money, and might go a great deal farther than prudence warranted, in order to fulfil that object.

The moment Dryhope got this letter, he began to consider of what he was about. He was too quick-sighted not to see that he was upon dangerous ground. Conversation, where there were no witnesses, was one thing—writing was another. Besides, he verified the characteristic of his own disposition, by suspecting there was some attempt at trick on the part of Moorfield. He accordingly called for his horse, and rode away to town with a view to consult his agent. Like all cunning diplomatists, however, he would not, indeed he could not, tell his attorney, who happened to be an honest man, his whole case; but, like many fools who consult doctors and lawyers, and think they can work by the powers of their own minds, on answers to particular questions and special interroga-

tories, put a number of hypothetical cases, on which he asked opinions. The principal of these was—whether a person, who had a bond from another man's father, could safely, and without endangering his debt, say to another person, an acquaintance of the son's, that he, the son, was not a debtor specified in the bond. The attorney's answer was quick and sound. "No," he replied; "there is no law for any such thing; neither will the statement be against the truth, for the young man's name is not mentioned in the bond, and, therefore, he is not the specified debtor in the bond."

With this answer, Dryhope came away, delighted with the scheme which he was now forming of circumventing Moorfield, and catching him in his own snare—the very highest triumph of cunning; for no cunning man can bear the idea that there is any person in the world more sly than himself. In riding home, the scheme was partly formed. His deep study was only at times interrupted by a stumble of his horse. On reaching home, he retired to his study, and sat with his hand on his brow for more than an hour. His object was to write such a letter to Moorfield as would save his right to his bond, and yet, at the same time, secure payment of his debt. The object was grand—the means lay in his wonderful mind. What was too difficult for his subtlety? Had he not humbugged one half of the world already? and who had humbugged him? None. Why then have any timidity, while the proverb maintained its force, that "a faint heart never gained a fair lady." To succeed in this enterprise, would stamp his character for ever as a man of parts. It would do more—it would make a bad debt good, and overturn the scheme of one who had the boldness to try him with his own weapons. These reflections produced a kind of enthusiasm, or, at least, some emotion as nearly analogous to that as the mind of a cunning man, with its cold calculating views, is capable of feeling; and, seizing the pen, he wrote the first draft of an answer to Moorfield. Having finished the rough sketch, he wished to allow it to lie until his fancy cooled—a common practice with him when engaged in a wily scheme. He dined, and came back to his important work again. He read his draft. It was too unguarded, and required the application of greater caution. Another copy was written, and many more. At last, he thought the following sufficient to realise his scheme:—

"Dear Sir,—I beg to say that I received your letter; and, in answer thereto, I now inform you that Hugh Templeton, Esq., presently of Templeton, never signed any bond to me for 10,000 merks, or any other sum. I, therefore, conceive you are perfectly safe, and will warrant you to dower Miss Gertrude Harvey, your daughter, with the sum you have stated. I have particularly to request, that, as this answer is given in confidence, no intimation thereof shall be made to Hugh Templeton.

"I am yours, sincerely,

"W. Dryhope."

This letter was dispatched, and Dryhope thought he had executed a most notable scheme of clever circumvention.

Unfortunately, he had hitherto been too successful. Templeton, having been doubtful of the intentions of Moorfield in regard to him, had been visiting Miss Whitten with the intention of exciting the jealousy of Gertrude Harvey, and thus working on the father, through the pain and anxiety of the daughter. He had been, however, heard to say that he could fancy Miss Whitten; and, in the event of not getting Miss Harvey, he would pay his serious addresses to her. The visit of Dryhope, however, put an end to Templeton's hopes in the family of Eccleshall; and it was equally efficacious in expelling from that house, Walter Tait; for Eccleshall, seeing no motive, on the part of Dryhope, for making the statements he had done regarding these two gentlemen, unfortunately considered them

to be true; and his manner at their next visit having partaken of his feelings, soon exhibited to his visitors that their company was not desired. They accordingly gave up visiting Eccleshall; but they were left entirely ignorant of the cause of that coldness on the part of their host, which had rendered it imperative on them to cease their visits to his house.

Driven from that resource, Tait called more frequently at Corbetfield, where he was received by Dryhope with the greatest attention, and treated with the most sycophantish adulation. The efforts of the father, however, would have had little effect on the visitor, if the smiles of the daughter had not reached the heart of the lover. Tait loved Maria, and his love was requited. He hated old Dryhope for his low cunning and duplicity; and he loved his daughter for her beauty and simplicity. Dryhope saw the courtship advancing with singular pleasure; for he flattered himself that he was the match-maker, and that Tait was merely acting upon the springs which moved his various puppets. He hugged himself in the idea, that, if he had not poisoned the ear of Eccleshall against him, he would have married Miss Whitten; thus enhancing the merit of his work, by contemplating what might have happened, if he had not brought his genius to play in that particular direction.

To add to his joy, it was announced in the newspapers, that Hugh Templeton had led to the altar, Gertrude Harvey; and the floating breath of public gossip embellished the statement with the fact, that the bridegroom had got paid down to him 15,000 merks, as the tocher of the damsel. This completed the *coup de main* of the ambidextrous Dryhope. All he had now to do, was to get payment of his bond; but, before having recourse to any measures in that quarter, he wished to get the marriage completed between Tait and his own daughter, Maria. Tait was quite agreeable that it should be solemnized immediately; and Maria had no objections to urge. Dryhope conceived that, after what had passed between him and Moorfield, it might save his faith, if he assigned away his bond to some third party; and a better opportunity for effecting this purpose could not be found than in the marriage of his daughter with Tait.

He took, accordingly, the first opportunity of having a conversation with his expected son-in-law, on the subject of the contract.

"Ye ken, Walter," began the ambidexter, "that I hae but little lyin money, and canna, therefore, gie ye ony great portion wi' Maria; but I can maybe do better than gie ye cash, o' which ye stand in nae great need. Ye ken I hae a bond for 10,000 merks frae Templeton, wha is just noo married to Gertrude Harvey, the heiress o' Moorfield, wha has brought him 15,000 merks, and wha, when her father dies, will hae a right to his property, ane o' the best in these parts. Noo, I ken that ye hae lang had an ee on Templeton, owre which ye hauld a bond for 4,000 merks. The property lies weel into ye, and, nae doubt, would mak a bonny addition to yer ain. Ye canna get it, however, wi' the mere pith o' yer ain security; but, wi' the assistance o' mine, ye may hae some chance o' prevailin on Templeton, to resign it to ye upon a fair bargain, payin ye, at the same time, the difference atween its price and the amount o' the twa bonds. Noo, I'll gie ye my bond if ye will pay me 4,000 merks, and provide the half o' the rents o' yer property as a jointure to Maria."

This statement appeared to Tait to be fair enough; for he would much rather take the bond than the money, for the very reasons stated by Dryhope, who had indeed fathomed the wishes of his son-in-law, and laid his schemes to suit them in the way stated. Tait told him that he had no objection to the terms he proposed, and, in a short time, the marriage contract was drawn out and signed, and the

marriage solemnized. Dryhope took care to receive his 4,000 merks, leaving to Tait the recovery of the money from Templeton in the best way he could, recommending to him, however, to pursue Templeton, while he was, as he said, flush; and especially, and by all means, to seize him, when under the dementing influence of the honeymoon, when he would rather pay than pine in prison.

In the meantime, Hector Dryhope was taken by his father, and introduced to a rich lady of color, who lived in the neighboring town, with a view to his courting her, and securing her fortune with her cream-colored person. Hector went to please his father; but he had no intention of complying with his request. He had a choice of his own, which he did not intend to renounce; at least he could see nothing in the West Indian to make him forget his own fair country-woman. His choice came out sooner than was expected.

His father, while one day walking at a little distance from Corbetfield, met Hector and Miss Whitten walking together. The young couple seemed to be caught; and truly they were, for the old man went abruptly up to them, and asked his son, in the presence of the mistress of his affections, who the lady was with whom he presumed to walk, after he had introduced him to his future wife. Stung to the quick by this remark, made in the presence of a lady to whom he had made honorable proposals, the young man forgot his filial duties, and turning suddenly on his father, with fiery eyes, and a countenance flushed with anger, told him that this lady, taking her by the hand, was the mistress of his heart, and would be the sharer of his fortunes. Dryhope immediately answered, that he would cut him off with a shilling, if he presumed to marry that lady, or any other lady, against his advice and approbation.

For a long time the son and father would not speak. Dryhope was here caught in his own snare; for, by turning Tait and Templeton from Mr. Whitten's house, he had kept his daughter free for the addresses of his own son. There was no money to be had with Miss Whitten; and, if Hector married her, one of his schemes would be frustrated. In the heat of his anger he flew to Eccleshall, and found the laird in his study.

"I am come, Eccleshall," said Dryhope, bowing, "to put ye on yer guard against the evil intentions o' my neer-do-weel son, Hector, wha I understand, is courting your daughter. I think it proper to gie you premonition o' the fack, which I proved by the testimony o' my ain senses some days syne, in the birk wood, at the foot o' the priest's mound. A son wha disobeys his ain faither winna be dutiful to the faither o' his wife; and a bad son canna mak a guid husband. Hector is a spendthrift, as the holes in my exchequer may weel testify; and I wad be sorry to think that, after having robbed a parent, he should extend his practices to the strong boxes o' my neighbors. Deny him yer dochter's hand, and ye will benefit yersel, yer dochter, my son, and me!"

"Pray, Mr. Dryhope," said Eccleshall, "can you tell me whether I am to place confidence in a man's words, or in his actions? If Walter Tait was too debauched for my daughter, why was he pure enough for yours? If Hugh Templeton was unfit for my daughter, why was he by you considered proper for Gertrude Harvey? These are questions to which I require an answer, before I pay any attention to the character you have now given your son."

It had never occurred to Dryhope, in his anger, that Eccleshall had this good answer to make him. He was taken by surprise, and all his attempts at a proper justification resolved into mutterings and exclamations, and a mass of unmeaning jargon. Eccleshall did not deign to answer him. Having rung the bell, he ordered his servant to see Dryhope to the door—an order very speedily obeyed.

As he went down the same avenue where he had formerly indulged in such vehement expressions of joy in the supposed success of his schemes, he now exhibited a very different appearance. He bit his lips and clenched his hands, muttering imprecations loud and deep, exclaiming that he would rather have seen both Tait and Templeton married to Eccleshall's daughter, if the laws would have permitted it, than his son should, by marrying a proud beggar, sacrifice the prospects held out to him in the match which he had taken so much pains to settle and mature. On arriving at home, his frenzy knew no bounds. He even struck his son, who, well disposed and even kind to his parent, received, with sorrow, the outpourings of his indignation.

Next day, and while yet his anger was burning with nearly unabated fury, he got a call from Moorfield's agent, who informed him that, if Walter Tait, his son-in-law, endeavored to make good the bond for 10,000 merks against Templeton, he, Moorfield, would sue Dryhope for damages, under his letter of guarantee written by him, on the occasion of Templeton's marriage with Gertrude Hervey. At the intimation of this intention, Dryhope stared at the man, speechless, as if he had been struck with a sudden attack of palsy. Having, in some degree, recovered from the effects of the shock, he denied that he had ever written Moorfield any letter of guarantee, and told the agent to carry to his client his mortal defiance.

This was, however, the mere bravado of a terrified man. Dryhope began to think of the terms of his letter. Every word of it was impressed on his memory, and every word was again scanned with the eye of cunning and apprehension. As his investigation proceeded, his fears were allayed. The critical interpretation of the letter admitted of no such construction as that attempted to be put upon it by Moorfield or his agent. He had merely written, that *young* Templeton had not signed any bond to him. Was not this true? And if so, why should a man suffer for the truth? No doubt he gave also an opinion that Moorfield might safely dower his daughter to Templeton. Was not that a mere opinion? May not every man, whose opinion is asked about the propriety, or safety, or danger, of a marriage, be equally liable to be called upon to make up to the father the tocher of his daughter. The whole matter appeared, to him, to be rank nonsense, and ought not to have the effect of deranging the slightest feeling or idea of the mind of any man of common sense.

This reasoning did not, however, prevent Dryhope from getting a summons from Moorfield, to make good to him 10,000 merks—part of the 15,000, paid by him to his son-in-law, on Dryhope's authority. The appearance of a summons produces always a curious effect upon a man who relies upon his own thoughts for a conviction that he is not liable to satisfy a claim, or pay a debt. It is something like the doctor's apparatus to the man who will not believe that he carries in his body a stone. Dryhope saw the matter had now a serious aspect; and, relying no further upon the advice of his country attorney, went to Edinburgh, to consult Counsellor Shillinglaw, a famous advocate in those days, taking with him his documents, and the number of guineas necessary to make the oracle speak.

He found Shillinglaw sitting in his library, dictating a paper to his clerk, who, though apparently sleeping, was making the pen skip over the sparse pages with a celerity equal to the motion of the counsellor's tongue.

"Be seated, sir," said the man of law to Dryhope. "In what manner can I assist you, sir."

"I'm no sure if ye can assist me ava, Mr. Shillinglaw," said Dryhope, "if a' that this very impolite paper has tauld me be true;" holding out the summons.

"Oh! a summons on a letter of guaran-

tee," said the advocate, glancing over the paper. "Where are the letters? I see they are copied in the libel. Are they correctly copied?"

"I believe there's nae great error there," said Dryhope. "I fear, if a' our hope rests on the discrepancy o' a word or twa between the letters and the copies o' them in the summons, we hae nae great case; an' I may gie up, for my hope will, in that event, be, as my name implies, dry enough."

The counsellor kept reading the paper; and, after taking down some large folios, and looking slightly into them, asked Dryhope some questions, eliciting the facts which have been already detailed; and without giving him any reply, resumed again his search for authorities to clear up some doubt that hung about his mind. "Ay, ay," thought Dryhope, "is there sae meikle doot o' my case, as to require the touchstane o' thae ponderous law bibles? In a law plea, doot is defeat; for the expense o' unravelling it is aften mair than the plea is worth."

"These letters which passed between you and Moorfield, you say, are correctly copied," began the lawyer. "You also tell me that old Templeton was due you 10,000 merks, by a bond executed by him. Young Templeton was his heir, and so liable to pay that bond. He was, in truth, your only debtor. You had no other. It would seem capable of proof, too, that you called on Moorfield, and stated to him that Templeton was not in debt; at least, you have not contradicted this part of Mr. Harvey's letter. But, adhering more to the documents, it seems quite imperative on judge or jury, to view Mr. Harvey's letter as a fair legitimate inquiry at you, as the supposed creditor of Templeton, whether he owed you the ten thousand merks. His letter, notwithstanding that he asks you whether young Templeton signed to you a bond, and thus in one part of it limited his inquiry, requires this fair and honest construction. Now, what does your letter say? In the first place, you take no notice of the part of his letter regarding your previous communing; and in law, in certain circumstances, silence is an admission. You then give a categorical answer to the question put to you; and your answer is true, for young Templeton never signed the bond, though he was your only debtor in it. Then—which is the most extraordinary part of your letter—you assure Mr. Harvey that he is safe to dower his daughter with 15,000 merks to Templeton—meaning, of course, that the safety consisted in his intended son-in-law being free from debt; and you warrant this. The plain and common-sense import, therefore, of your letter, taken in connexion with Mr. Harvey's, is, that you led him to believe that Mr. Templeton was not burdened with the debt of 10,000 merks in his father's bond; and you did this in answer to a letter stating that your answer would decide whether Mr. Harvey would or would not pay down with his daughter the 15,000 merks, or indeed give his daughter to Templeton at all. Then, by your own admission, it appears, that you assigned your bond to your son-in-law, who has forced, or is forcing Templeton to pay the amount of it out of the very dower which you said Mr. Harvey was safe in giving to his son-in-law. The next inquiry is, *cui bono*, what was your object in this proceeding. That is perfectly clear. You wanted payment of your bond, and you thought you could not get it unless your debtor got a large dowry with his wife. On putting all these things together, I am quite clear that a court of law would at once find that you have practised a deception; (excuse my freedom, but lawyers' tongues are like surgeons' knives); and it is a principle of our law, as it is of that of nature, that no man shall enrich himself at the expense of his neighbor."

As the lawyer had taken care to use no fact in his argument, but what was furnished by Dryhope himself, the astounded

ambidexter had nothing to say for himself. There was no shame in his constitution to prevent him replying; but there was discomfiture and disappointment so intense that he wished for nothing more ardently than to get out of the house, and vent his curses in the open air. Muttering a few words to the lawyer about his obligations to him for his opinion, he took up his papers, and hurried out. Before he fully recovered from the shock produced by the opinion, he had wandered considerably out of his way. In the midst of his anger, he resolved on consulting another authority, and accordingly proceeded to the house of Mr. Crosbie. He received, however, no encouragement. The deception practised by him, was the foundation of the opinions that were given against him; and all his critical subtleties about constructions and readings of the letters, went for nothing.

Still, however, he would not pay. A discomfiture to a cunning man, when produced by the sharpness of his own weapons turned against himself, contains all the elements of the most unmitigated misery. The mere loss of anything, by a slight carelessness, annoys, beyond the usual effects of an equal loss produced by means beyond one's power; but to lose in the pride of an expected unjust gain—to have it proved that one has robbed his own purse and fooled his own judgment at the same time—and to be doomed to bear at once disappointment, remorse, shame, and loss, rising in a united array against one—is, perhaps, the greatest refinement of mere mental agony that a selfish, cold-blooded man, is capable of experiencing in this world. Dryhope could not stand this, and resolved to try the question in court.

The case was accordingly tried. Many other facts came out in the investigation. His manœuvres with Eccleshall, Walter Tait, and Mr. Harvey, were all proved, and a clear case of deception completely established. The case went against him, and he was obliged to pay Moorfield the whole sum.

The exposure of Dryhope, in this nefarious business, produced no effect upon him in the way of amendment; but it was peculiarly felt by his daughter Maria. She was so much affected, that she could not be prevailed upon to visit at any of the neighboring houses. Shame preyed upon her spirits, and produced a delicate state of health. The consequences might not have been felt in an ordinary condition of body, but they told heavily against her on the occasion of her bearing her first child. She relapsed—and, in a very short time, died; and her child, being sent to a strange nurse, experienced the fate of the mother. Dryhope's expectations in that quarter were thus disappointed, partly by his own proceedings; for it was only after the exposure of her father that Mrs. Tait betrayed any symptoms of bad health.

Upon the death of his daughter, Dryhope endeavored to prevail upon Walter Tait to repay him the 6,000 merks he got with his daughter. The marriage having proved unavailing, he ought, said Dryhope, to place matters on their former footing, and pay him back the tocher. Walter Tait saw neither law nor justice in this appeal, and refused to comply with the old miser's request. But Dryhope had two objects. If he could not get the tocher, he might get Walter Tait still to marry Miss Whitten, and take her from his son.

"This is hard, Walter," said Dryhope; "I wadna hae used you in the same manner, if I had been placed in your situation. But maybe ye want the 6,000 marks to stand in place o' the portion o' Eccleshа's daughter. I'm tauld she's vera partial to ye; an' her faither said to me, nae farther gane than yesterday, that he is vera sorry that ye took offence at something in his conversation and manner athegither unkenned to himsel, and ceased visitin his house as weel as speakin to his dochter. I wish the family every blessin, and ye ken my feelings towards yersel. If I

thocht ye wad resume yer auld love, and benefit that worthy family by pittin in the place o' my Maria, Ecclesha's dochter, I wad vera freely wish ye every joy o' the tocher ye got wi' mine."

"I do not intend to wed again," said Tait, who saw the drift of Dryhope; "but there's one thing I have made up my mind to, and that is, to assist your excellent son Hector in getting a good wife. I understand he is on the point of marriage with Eccleshall's daughter, who I know to be a very accomplished and kind-hearted girl. They will make an excellent couple; and as I understand you are averse to the marriage, and intend to cut off Hector with a shilling, while Eccleshall has very little to give his daughter, I have made up my mind to make a present to Hector of his sister's dower. It will stand in place of a portion with his wife, and screen them against the effects of your anger and parsimony. I do not wish any remarks made on my conduct, and therefore we shall change this subject, and, if you please, speak upon something else."

Dryhope, however, could speak on nothing else. His efforts at restraining his passion were unavailing. He broke out in a torrent of abuse upon Tait, who was latterly obliged to call up his servant and show his worthy father-in-law to the door.

Tait was as good as his word. Eccleshall had agreed to give his daughter to Hector Dryhope; and upon their marriage, which took place as soon after Maria's death as custom and decency would permit, Tait paid to Hector the 6,000 merks which—being a large sum of money in those times—when joined to 4,000 more which an uncle of the young lady agreed to pay down, formed a very handsome fortune to the couple, who were, besides, blessed in possessing the pure affections of each other.

These repeated disappointments soured the temper of old Dryhope. The neighboring lairds shunned his society. Books had no charms for him, and his children were dead or estranged from him. There was nothing left to him but the counting of his gold, an operation which grew so delightful to him, that he could not feel in his heart to make a will, destining it to a remote heir or to a charitable institution, even though he ardently wished to cut off his son. There was a something in the giving away, by the mere operation of writing, to take effect after his death, of so much money, which had occupied so much time in collecting, and which yielded so much pleasure in counting, that he could not, though he repeatedly sent for his attorney for the purpose, bring his mind to perform the act. He put it off from day to day, his procrastination being, by every move, strengthened by the weakness of his mind, and the increase of his sordid affections.

Having followed this course for many years, still keeping up his enmity towards his son, he gradually declined into dotage, and became unable, from the decay of his faculties, to dispose of his property. The only idea that remained on his mind with any life or vividness, was that of his wealth. So long as he could move, he visited his coffers; and even when he was confined to bed, he gratified his sole remaining feeling by getting his green charter-chest into his bed, where he amused himself with turning over, and endeavoring to read, the dry monuments of his riches. As his long bony fingers fumbled through the cracking parchment, and his dry lips muttered the sums, and debts, and lands he possessed, he realized an image which the pencil of the painter and the pen of the poet, successful as these have been, have not been able hitherto to portray. It was now in vain to think of making a settlement. The attorney declared that the time was past, and no power on earth could now prevent Hector Dryhope from enjoying the property of his ancestors.

In a short time the old man died; and his son, with his amiable wife, took pos-

session of the house and property. The faults of his father were tower-lights to the son, which he did not lose the advantage of. It used to be a proverb of the father, that "It is guid to learn frae the misfortunes o' oor neebors." Hector recollected it; but he sighed to think that the word "father" should occupy the place of the corresponding word in the adage.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

It is said that there is honor amongst thieves; and, for the credit of the corps, we would willingly believe it; but the following story, we think, will show that instances of bad faith have been sometimes known to occur even amongst them, to great scandal of the profession generally.

At the period when the lucrative trade of thieving was in its high and palmy state on the Borders, there flourished a certain pair of gentlemen of the road, called Walter Laidlaw, or Watty o' the Dykes, and Richard Armstrong, or Halting Dick—a soubriquet, this, which he derived from a slight lameness in one of his legs. These two worthies were sworn brothers; yet neither of them would trust the other the length of a stirrup leather. They knew each other too well for that; but, as this was a mutual understanding, it was no cause of quarrel; and they got on remarkably well, in defiance of political economists, without the smallest particle of confidence being between them. The business they did in the way hinted at—for we feel a delicacy in employing broader terms in speaking of Walter and his friend Dick—was rather of a small kind; somewhere about fourth or fifth-rate, perhaps; although they certainly did sometimes make hits that would have done credit to the proudest chieftain on the Borders. What trade, however, they did carry on, whether great or small, was, as often as possible, done jointly; that is, their depredations—we find we must use these ugly terms after all—were committed in partnership; but the proceeds were regularly divided, and appropriated by each separately; and, as they acted on all occasion with perfect unanimity, were extremely active and industrious, and rarely called in any of the other brethren to assist in their operations, their gains were considerable. Over and above all this, so loving were this worthy couple, that whenever the one heard of a promising thing, or had hit upon a good idea, he always gave notice of it to the other; and the two generally set out together to see what could be made of it.

On one occasion, however, it happened that Walter found it inconvenient to accompany Dick on a certain predatory expedition of high promise, of which the latter had given him the hint; and Dick was therefore under the necessity of going alone. This he did; and the result, after all, was most satisfactory. He secured a score of excellent well-conditioned sheep. These, Dick drove homewards during the night, from a distance of a good many miles; but, notwithstanding all the expedition he could use, morning threatened to break upon him before he could reach his own house; and in this dilemma he determined, though not without much reluctance, to quarter them with his friend Walter, whose domicile lay in the way, until the following evening.

It was with great reluctance, as we have said, that Dick came to this resolution; for he had sore misgivings with regard to their safety in Walter's possession—in other words, he by no means felt sure that he would ever get them out of his hands again, as he had the highest opinion of his friend's ingenuity in appropriating other people's goods, and of his tenacity in holding them when once in his grasp, whether they belonged to friend or foe. But, on this occasion, there was no other course left him; so he deposited the sheep with Walter, who congratulated him on his success, and promised to keep them snug and safe for him till he came for them on the following night.

On the following night, Dick came and demanded his sheep.

"Sheep!" exclaimed Walter, with well-affected astonishment. "What sheep, Dicky, my man, do ye mean?"

"What sheep, Watty, do I mean?" said Dick, in real amasement. "The sheep I left wi' ye last night, to be sure."

"Sheep ye left wi' me, Dicky!" replied Walter. "The deil a cloot o' sheep o' yours ever I saw. The man's gite!"

"Are ye in jest or earnest, Watty?" inquired Dick, with increased amasement.

"Never was mair in earnest in my life," said Watty, coolly.

"Do you mean to deny that I left a score o' sheep wi' ye last night, and that ye promised to keep them safe for me till I cam for them? Do ye mean to deny that?" said Dick, emphatically.

"Most stoutly," replied Watty, with the utmost composure. "I canna confess to what's no true. My conscience forbids me to do that. I haena now, nor ever had a tail belangin to ye Dick."

"And ye mean to stan' by that, through thick and thin?" said Dick, with one of blankest looks imaginable; for he saw that his sheep were gone gear.

"That I do," replied the other. "Tak my word for that. The deil a sheep yese get frae me on ony sic silly pretence as that ye hae mentioned."

By this time, Dick had recovered a little; and, moreover, by this time, also, a bright idea had struck him.

"Vera weel, Watty—vera weel," he said, with a sudden cheerfulness of manner, that not a little surprised Watty himself; "you and I'll no quarrel about twa or three sheep. Keep them, in gude's name, and muckle guid may they do ye!" And during the short time that the friends remained together, subsequently, Dick made no further allusion to the sheep, but spoke on indifferent matters, as if nothing whatever had happened.

For some weeks after this, matters went on with the two friends precisely as before. They went on several expeditions together, and were, to all appearance, on as friendly terms as ever; neither of them making the slightest allusion to the small matter of the sheep that was between them. About the end of this period, however, Dick again appeared one morning early, at Walter's door, with another score of sheep, and besought a similar favor with that he had asked on the former occasion—namely, that Walter would quarter them till the following night. With this request, the latter readily complied. But, on this occasion, Dick was accompanied by two or three assistants of the same kidney with himself, who counted over the sheep in Walter's presence, and saw them delivered to him.

On the following evening, Dick called for, and at once obtained his sheep, for there had been witnesses to the delivery; and Watty, aware of this, did not attempt a denial, as he had done before, as he felt such a proceeding would endanger his reputation with the craft.

Having got possession of his sheep, Dick bade his friend good night, and went rejoicing on his way.

Next night, however, Dick again called on his friend, Watty, and carefully con-

cealing all expression of consciousness of having been there on the preceding evening, demanded his sheep over again.

"Your sheep, Dick!" said Watty, in amazement. "Did ye no get them a', every tail, last night?"

"What tails, Walter, my man, do ye mean?" said Dick, gravely.

"What tails should I mean?" replied Walter, now, in his turn, amazed at Dick's effrontery; "but the tails o' the sheep I delivered to ye last night."

"Sheep ye delivered to me, Watty!" said Dick, with imperturbable gravity. "Deil a cloot ye gae me, last night. The man's gite."

"Come, now, ye're jokin, Dicky," exclaimed Walter, with a most rueful expression of countenance.

"Never was mair in earnest in my life," replied Dick.

"What! do ye mean to deny that I gied ye a score o' sheep, last night?"

"Most stoutly," answered his persevering, immovable, and determined assailant. "I canna confess to what's no true. It would gang against my conscience. War's yer witnesses that I got the sheep? Ye've nane; while I can prove that I put a score under yer charge, last night, and ye canna show that they've been returned to me. Thae sheep, therefore, Watty, I still claim; and if ye refuse them, I'll expose ye, and ye'll lose a' credit wi' the craft. Sae, freen, just gie me up another score without mair ado, and then you and I'll be quits, and no a bit waur freens than ever we war."

Wat o' the Dykes saw at once that he was in a dilemma—that Dick's ingenuity had fairly reversed their relative positions, and that he must refund.. On this fact becoming evident to him, he thought for a moment, then burst out a laughing in his friend's face, and confessed that he was "clean done for." This admission he followed up by restoring Dick's sheep to him, and it was never understood that this little breach of confidence had the slightest injurious effect on the sincere friendship which subsisted between the two worthies.

THE SCOTTISH HUNTERS OF HUDSON'S BAY.

The gloom of a boisterous winter evening was settling over one of the wild, inhospitable tracts which lie to the north of the St. Lawrence. The earth, far as the eye could reach, was covered, to the depth of many feet, by a continuous sheet of frozen snow; over which the bellying clouds, heavily charged with the materials of a fresh storm, hung in terrible array, fold beyond fold, as they descended on every side to mingle with the distant horizon. On the one hand, a frozen lake, deeply buried, like all the rest of the landscape, stretched its flat, unvaried surface for leagues along the waste; on the other, a winding shore, covered with stunted trees and bushes, alternately advanced into the level, in the form of low, long promontories, or retired into little hollow bays, edged with rock, and overhung by thickets of pine. All was sublimely wild and desolate. The piercing north wind went whistling in sudden gusts along the frozen surface of the lake, dashing against each other the stiff, brittle branches of the underwood, and shaking off their icicles, or whirling the lighter snow into huge columns, that ever and anon went stalking

along the waste like giants, and seemed at times to thrust their foreheads into the very clouds. Not a single human habitation—not so much as the wigwam of an Indian, or aught that could give evidence of even the occasional visits of man—could be seen in the whole frozen circle, from the centre to the horizon. All seemed alike uninhabitable and uninhabited—a dreary unpeopled desert, the undisputed domain of solitude and winter.

And yet, on this dismal evening, the landscape was enlivened by two human figures. They were mounted on a rude sledge, drawn by four large dogs, that now, as the evening began to darken, were urging their way at full speed across one of the wider bays of the lake. The keen, penetrating wind blew right a-head, so intensely chill that it felt to the naked hand like a stream of ice; and the travellers, who were seated, with their backs to the blast, on the front part of the car, and who from time to time half turned their heads to direct the course of the dogs, drew closer and closer together as they felt their limbs stiffening, and a drowsy torpor stealing over all their faculties, under the deadening influence of the cold. They were dressed from head to foot in the skins of wild animals, with hoods, like those worn by the Esquimaux, projecting over their faces, and long strips of some thick, coarse fur wrapped in a spiral fashion round their limbs. One of them—a robust, dark-complexioned young man, rather above the middle size—had an Indian blanket bound round his shoulders; the other—who, though tall and well-made, was of a rather slighter form, and much less deeply bronzed by the climate—was closely enveloped in the thick folds of a Scotch plaid.

"I am afraid, Sandy, it's all over with us," said Innes Cameron, the fairer and handsomer of the two; "I have been dead asleep for the last ten minutes—ah, me! and dreaming of Scotland too, and of one I shall never, never see more. Do you think there can be any chance of our yet reaching the log-house?"

"I have been more than half asleep too," said Sandy Munro, the more robust traveller, "and my feet are ice to the ankles; but, if we can hold out for barely one quarter of an hour longer, we are safe. Pine Creek Point is quite at hand—see how it stretches black across the snow yonder, not four hundred yards away; and, hearken! you may hear the wind whistling through the branches. There is a little bay beyond it, and the log-house is at the bottom of the bay. Just strive and keep up for a few minutes longer, Innes, and we shall get over this night with all the rest."

The sledge reached the promontory, and entered the wood. It was thick and dark; and there was a rustling and crackling on every side, as the dogs went bounding among the underwood—their ears and tails erected, and opening from time to time in quick, sharp barkings, sure indications that they deemed themselves near the close of their journey. The trees began to open; and, descending an abrupt ice declivity, the travellers found themselves on the edge of a narrow creek, that went winding into the interior, between steep banks laden with huge piles of snow, which, hollowed by the blast into a thousand fantastic forms, hung bellying over the level. A log-house, buried halfway to the eaves in front, and overtopped by an immense wreath behind—resembling some hapless vessel in the act of foundering—occupied an inflection of the bank opposite the promontory; and, in a few minutes, the travellers had crossed the creek, and stood fronting the door.

"Ah, no kindly smoke comes frae the lum, Innes," said Sandy, leaping out of the car; "all dark, too, as midnight at Yule; but we maun just bestir ourselves and get up a blaze. Do exert yourself, my bonny man, or we shall perish yet. Unfasten the dogs, an' be sure you hang up the harness out of their reach, or the

puir hungry wratches will eat it up, every snap, afore morning. Unfasten the door, too, and get out our driest skins an' driest tinder; and I, meanwhile, shall provide you with brushwood enough to keep up a bonfire till morning."

He seized an axe, and began to ply lustily among the underwood; while his neighbor unharnessed the dogs, and, clearing the door, entered the log-house, which soon began to throw up a thick steam through the snow. We shall take the liberty of following him. The apartment was about ten feet square; the walls formed of undressed logs, and the roof of shingles. The snow peeped in a hundred different places through the interstices; and a multitude of huge icicles, the effects of a late partial thaw, hung half way down from the ceiling to the floor, and now, glistened in the light as the flames rose gaily on the hearth. The dogs were whining and pawing in a corner, impatient for their evening repast. In a few minutes Sandy had half filled the apartment with brush-wood, and then set himself to assist his companion, who seemed but indifferently skilled in the culinary art, in preparing supper, which consisted mostly of frozen fish and biscuit, relished by a dram of excellent rum. It was soon smoking on the floor, and, with the assistance of the dogs, soon discussed; and the two fur-gatherers sat indulging in the genial heat, with the long dark evening before them, and neither of them in the least disposed to retire to the bed of brushwood and skins which they had formed on the floor, immediately behind them.

"We are strange, changeable creatures," said Sandy—"the bairn sticks to us a' life lang; an' if we dinna laugh an' cry just in the ae breath, it's no that the feelings dinna vary, but that the pride o' consistency winna always let us show what we feel. Little mair nor an hour ago we were baith perishing in the bitter cauld, half resigned to die that we might escape frae our misery, and noo here we are as happy as if there were no such things as death or hardship i' the warld. Man, what a bonny fire! I could maist forget that I was a puir Hudson's-Bay fur-gatherer, an' that kindly Scotland was four thousand miles awa."

"What," said his companion, "could have induced a steady, sensible fellow like you, Sandy, to indonture with the Company? 'Tis easy to divine what brought most of our comrades here—they resemble David's associates in the cave of Adullum; but you, who could have been neither in debt nor distress, and who are always so much the reverse of discontented—I could never guess what brought you. Come, now, let us have your story; the night is long and tedious, and I know not how we could pass it to better purpose."

"But I do," replied Sandy. "My story is nae story ava. I am but a rude man amang rude men like mysel; but you, Innes, what could hae brought you here? You are a gentleman an' a scholar, though ye hae but sma' skill, maybe, in niffering brandy an' glass beads for the skins o' foumarts; an' your story, no a vera gay one I fear, will hae a' the interest o' an auld ballad. It's but fair, however, that ye should hae mine, such as it is, first. But draw just a wee bittie out o' the draught; for there's a cauld, bitter win' soughin ben frae the door—an' only hear how the storm rages arout!"

"There's a curious prejudice," continued Sandy, "among our country folks, an', I suppose, among the folks o' every other country besides, against some particular handicrafts. It's foolish in maist cases. The souters o' Selkirk were gallant fellows; an', had a' our Scottish knights fought half as weel at Flodden, our country would hae lost a battle less; an' yet you canna but ken how our auld poets, o' the time—Dunbar, an' Kennedy, an' Davie Lindsay—ridicule the puir souters. They say that, once on a time, the vera deil himsel wadna keep company wi' ane o' them till he had first got the puir

man to wash himsel. Noo, the prejudice against tailors is hardly less strong in our ain days; an' yet a tailor may be a stalwart fallow, an' bear a manly heart. I'm no sure, had it no been for this prejudice, that I would noo hae been a fur-gatherer on the shores o' Hudson's Bay."

"Would to Heaven," exclaimed his companion, interrupting him, "that I had been bred a tailor! I'm mistaken if any such prejudice would have sent me across the Atlantic."

"We can be a' wise enough on our neebor's weaknesses, Innes," said Sandy; "but to the story."

"I come frae a sea-port town in the north o' Scotland, no twenty miles frae Inverness, your ain bonny half Hieland, half Lowland home. My father, who had married late in life, was an old grey-headed man from the time I first remember him. He had a sma' family; an', in his anxiety to see us a' doing for oursels, I was apprenticed to a tailor in my tenth year. Weel do I mind wi' what a disconsolate feeling I left the twa cows I used to herd on a bonny brae-side speckled wi' gowans an' butter-cups, to be crumpled down on the corner o' a board hardly bigger than an apron, amang shreds an' patches o' a' the colors o' the rainbow, wi' an outlook through a dusty window on the side wa's o' an' auld warehouse. An' then my comrades were such queer fallows, fu o' a droll, little, wee sort o' conceit that could ride on the neck o' a new button, an' a warld o' fashious bits o' tricks, naething sae guid as the tricks o' a jackanapes, but every grain as wicked; an' aften hae they played them aff on the puir simple laddie. There are nane o' oor craftsfolks, Innes, but hae some peculiarity to mark them that grows up oot o' their profession, an' there's nae class mair marked than the class I belong to."

"I have read Lamb on the melancholy of tailors," said Innes, "and remember laughing heartily at the quaint humor of some of his remarks; but I never wasted a thought on the subject after laying him down."

"Ah, Lamb, wi' a' his bonny, bairn-like humor an' simplicity," said Sandy, "is but a Cockney feelosopher after a', an' kent naething o' the matter. Melancholy o' tailors, forsooth! Why, man, a Hieland tailor is aye the heartiest cock, an' has aye the maist auld stories in the parish. But I maun gie you the feelosophy o' the thing at some ither time.—I got on but ill wi' my companions," continued Sandy; "an' the royitous laddies outside used to jibe me wi' no being a man sax years afore I ceased being a boy. Is it no hard that tailors should lose the reputation o' manhood through a stupid misconception o' the sense o' an auld-warld author? He tells us the tailor can na make a man, just in the spirit that Burns tells us a king canna mak an honest man. An' instead o' the pith o' the remark being brought to bear on the beau an' the coxcomb, wha never separate the human creature frae his dress, it's brought, oot o' sheer misapprehension, to bear against the puir artisan."

"I see, Sandy," said Innes, with a smile, "you are still influenced by *l'esprit de corps*. If you once get back to Scotland, you will take to your old trade, and die a master tailor."

"I wish to goodness I were there to try!" replied Sandy. "But the story lags wofully. I got on as I best could—longing sadly, i' the lang bonny days o' simmer, to be oot amang the rocks o' the Sutors or on the sea, an' in winter, thinking o' the Bay o' Udoll, wi' its wild ducks an' its swans, an' o' the gran fun I could hae amang them wi' my auld pistol—whan my master employed an auld ae-legged sodger to work wi' him as a journeyman. He was a real fine fellow, save that he liked the drap drink a wee owre weel, maybee; an' he had wandered owre half the warld. He had been in Egypt wi' Abercromby, an' at Corunna wi' Moore, an' o'er a' Spain an' at Waterloo wi' Wel-

lington, an' in mony a land an' in mony a fight besides; and noo he had come hame wi' a snug pension, an' a budget o' first-rate fine stories, that made the ears tingle an' the heart beat higher, to live an' die amang his freends. Oh, the delight I have taen in that man's company! Why, Innes, at pension time, though I never cared muckle for drink for its ain sake, I have listened to his stories i' the public-house till I have felt my head spinning round like a tap, an' my feet hae barely mired to carry me hame. I have charged Bonaparty's Invincibles wi' him, fifty an' fifty times, an' helped him to carry off Moore frae beside the thorn bush where he fell, an' scaled wi' him the breach at St. Sebastian; an', in short, sae filled was I wi' the spirit o' the sodger, that, had the wars no been owre, I would hae broken my indentures, an' gane awa to break heads an' see foreign countries. As it was, however, I learned to like my employment ten times waur nor ever, an' to break a head, noo an' then, amang the town prentices. Spite o' my close, indoor employment, I had grown stalwart an' strong; an' I mind, on ae occasion, beating twa young fallows who had twitted me on being but a *ninth*. Weel, the term o' my apprenticeship cam till an end at last; an', flinging awa my thimble wi' a jerk, and sending my needle after it like an arrow, I determined on seeing the warld. My crony, the auld veteran, advised me to enter the army. I was formed baith in mind an' body, he said, for a sodger; an' if I took but care—a thing he never could do himsel—I micht dee a sergeant. But whatever love I micht hae for a guid fecht, I had nane for the parade, an' my through dread and detestation o' the halberds o'er-mastered ony little ambition I micht hae indulged in when I dreamt o' a battle. I thoct o' a voyage to Greenland—o' ganging a-sodgering wi' Lord Byron to Greece—o' emigrating to New South Wales or the Cape—o' turning a farmer in the back-woods—o' indenturing for a Jamaica overseer—o' going oot to Mexica for a miner—ay, an' o' fifty ither plans besides—whan an adverteesment o' the Hudson's-Bay Company caught my notice an' determined me at once. I needna tell ye what the Directors promised to active young men: a paradise o' a country to live in—the fun o' hunting and fishing frae Monday to Saturday nicht for our only wark, an' pocketfu's o' money for our pay. I blessed my stars, an' closed wi' the agent at ance. An' noo, here I am, Innes, in the seventh year o' my service—no that meikle disposed to contemn my auld profession, an' mair nor half tired o' hunting, fishing, and seeing the warld. But just twa months mair, my boy, an' I am free. An' noo, may I no expect your story in turn?"

The wind, which had been rising since nightfall, now began to howl around the log-house and through the neighboring woods, like the roar of the sea in a storm. There was an incessant creaking among the beams of the roof, and the very floor at times seemed to rise and fall under the foot, like the deck of a vessel, which, after having lain stranded on the beach, has just begun to float. The storm which had been so long impending burst out in all its fury, and for some time the two fur-gatherers, impressed by a feeling of natural awe, sat listening to it in silence. The sounds rose and fell by intervals—at times sinking into a deep, sullen roar, when all was comparatively still around; at times swelling into thunder. In a pause of the blast, Sandy rose and flung open the door. Day had sunk more than two hours before, and there was no moon, but there was a strong flare of greenish-colored light on the snow that served to discover the extreme dreariness of the scene; and through a *bore* in the far north, resembling, as Sandy said, the opening of a dark lantern, he could see that, beyond the cloud, the heavens were all a flame with the aurora borealis. Earth and sky seemed mingled · the

snow, loose and fluctuating, and tossing its immense wreaths to the hurricane, resembled the sea in a storm, when the waves run highest; the ice, though so deeply covered before, lay in some places dark and bare, while in others, beneath the precipices, the drift had accumulated over it to the depth of many fathoms. Again the blast came roaring onwards with the fury of a tornado, and Sandy shut and bolted the door.

"Ane o' the maist frighfu nights, Innes," he said, "I ever saw in America. It will be weel if we're no baith buried a hunder feet deep afore morning, wi' the log house for our coffin. The like happened, aboot twenty years syne, at Badger Hollow, where twa puir cheilds were covered up till their skulls had grown white aneath their bannets. But, though alane an' in the desert, we're no oot o' the reach o' Providence yet."

"Ah, no, my poor friend," said Innes, "I do not feel in these days that life is highly desirable; but nature shrinks from dissolution, and I am still fain to live on. A poet, Sandy, would view our situation at present with something like complacency; but I am afraid he would deem your story, amusing as it is, little in keeping with the scene around us, and a night so terrible as this. I can scarcely ask a tailor if he remembers the little bit in 'Thalaba,' where the cave of the Lapland sorceress is described? The long night of half a year has closed, and wastes of eternal snow are stretching around; while in the midst, beside her feeble light that seems lost in the gloom of the cavern, the sorceress is seated, ever drawing out and out from the revolving distaff the golden thread of destiny.

"I mind better," replied Sandy, "Jamie Hogg's wild story o' my brother craftsman, Allan Gordon, an' hoo he wintered at the Pole in the cabin o' a whomilt Greenlandman, wi' Nannie an' a rum cask for his companions. Dear me, hoo the roarings o' the bears outside used to amaze the puir cheild every time he was foolish enough to let himsel grow sober! But, Gudesake, Innes, what's that?"

There was something sufficiently frightful in the interruption. A fearfully prolonged howl was heard outside, mingling with the hurricane, and, in a moment after, the snorting and pawing of some animal at the door. Sandy snatched up his musket, hastily examined the pan, to ascertain that his powder had escaped the damp, and setting it on full cock, pointed it to the place whence the noises proceeded. Innes armed himself with a hunting spear. The sounds were repeated, but in a less frightful tone: they were occasioned evidently by a dog whining for admittance. "Some puir brute," said Sandy, "who has lost his master." And, opening the door, a large Newfoundland dog came rushing into the hut. With more than brute sagacity, he flung himself at the feet of the fur-gatherers, as if imploring protection and assistance; and then, springing up and laying hold of the skirts of Sandy's blanket, he began to tug him violently towards the door.

"Let us follow the animal," said Innes; "it may be the means of rescuing a fellow-creature from destruction; his master I am convinced, is perishing in the snow."

"I shall not fail you, Innes," exclaimed Sandy; and, hastily wrapping their plaids around them, and snatching up the one a loaded musket, the other a bottle of spirits, the fur-gatherers plunged fearlessly into the storm and the darkness.

A greenish-colored light still glimmered faintly from the north, through the thick drift and the falling snow, too faint indeed to enable them to catch the outlines of surrounding objects, but sufficient to show them the dog moving over the ice a few yards before them, like a little black cloud. They followed hard in his track towards the bottom of the creek. The steep banks on either hand contracted as they advanced, till at length they could see their shagged summits high above them in the darkness,

and could hear the storm raging in the pines, though it had become comparatively calm in the shelter below. The creek at length terminated in a semicircular recess, surrounded by a steep wall of precipices. The dog bounded forward to a fissure in the rock—and there, at the edge of a huge wreath of snop, which half shut up the entrance, lay what seemed, in the uncertain light, the dead body of a man. The dog howled piteously over it, breathed hard in the face, and then looked up imploringly to the fur-gatherers. Innes leaped over the wreath followed by Sandy, and, on raising up the body found, though the extremities were stiff and cold as the ice on which it lay, that life was not yet extinct.

"Some unlucky huntsman," said Sandy; "we maun carry him, Innes, to the log-house; life is sweet even among the deserts o' Hudson's Bay." The perishing hunter muttered a few syllables, like a man in the confusion of a dream.

"It grows dark, Catherine," he said, "and I am sick at heart and cold."

"Puir, puir fellow!" exclaimed Sandy —"he's thinking o' his wife or sweetheart; but he'll no perish this time, Innes, if we can help it. Pity, man, for the car an' dogs; but minutes are precious, an' we maun just lug him wi' us as we best may." Rolling their plaids around the almost lifeless stranger, the fur-gatherers bore him away over the ice, the dog leaping and barking with very joy before them; and in less than half an hour they had all reached the log-house.

The means of restoring suspended animation with which the casualties of so many Hudson's-Bay winters had made Sandy well acquainted, were resorted to on this occasion with complete success; and the stranger gradually recovered. He proved to be one of the most trusted and influential of the Company's managers—a native of Scotland, and much loved and respected among the inferior retainers of the settlement, for an obliging disposition and great rectitude of principle. He was a keen sportsman, and had left his place of residence in the morning, on a solitary hunting excursion, accompanied only by his dog. But, trusting to his youth, and strength, the enthusiasm of the hunter had drawn him mile after mile from home; and, on the breaking out of the storm, he had lost his way among the interminable bays and creeks of the lake. On his recovery, he was profuse in his expressions of gratitude, and meant all that he said. He was, perhaps, not much afraid to die, he remarked, but then he had many inducements to live, and there were more than himself who had a stake in his life, and who would feel grateful to his preservers.

"Compose yourself," said Innes; "you have been strangely tried to-night, and your spirits are still much flurried. Set yourself to sleep, for never had man more need; and my companion and I shall watch beside you during the night. Remember you are our patient, and entirely under our control." The manager good-humoredly acquiesced in the prescription, and in a few minutes after was fast asleep.

"Noo, Innes," said Sandy, "as there's to be no bed for us to-night, you maunna forget that you're pledged to me for your story. Remember, my bonny man, our bargain when ye got mine."

"I do remember," replied Innes; "but I well know you will be both tired and sleepy ere I have done."

"I have long had a liking for you, Sandy," continued Innes—"I knew you from the first to be a man of a different cast from any of our fellows; and, ever since I saw you take part with the poor Indian, whom the two drunken Irishmen attempted to rob of his rum and his wife, I have wished for your friendship. It is not good for men to be alone, and I have been by much too solitary since I entered with the Company. You were, when in Scotland, the victim of a silly prejudice against an humble, but honest calling, but you could have lived in it notwithstanding, had not a love for

wandering drawn you abroad. I, on the contrary—though, like the hare with many friends, I was a favorite with every one—was literally starved out of it. My father was a gentleman farmer, not thirty miles from Inverness, whom the high war prices of cattle and grain had raised from comparative poverty to sudden, though short-lived affluence. No man could be more sanguine in his hopes for his children. He had three boys, and all of us were educated for the liberal professions, in the full belief that we were all destined to rise in the world, and become eminent. Alas! my brother, the divine, died of a broken heart, a poor overtoiled usher in an English academy; my brother, the doctor, perished in Greenland, where he had gone as the surgeon of a whaler, after waiting on for years in the hope of some better appointment; and here am I, a lawyer—prepared to practise, as soon as we get courts established among the red men of Hudson's Bay. But I anticipate. I am not sure nature ever intended that I should stand high as a scholar; but I was no trifler, and so passed through the classes with tolerable *eclat*. I am not at all convinced, either, that I possess the capabilities of a first-rate lawyer; but I am certain I have seen men rise in the world with not more knowledge, and with, perhaps, even less judgment to direct it. What I chiefly wanted, I suspect, was a genius for the knavish parts of the profession. Will you believe me when I say I have known as much actual crime committed in the office of a pettifogging country lawyer, as I ever saw tried in a Sheriff Court. Oh, what finished rascality have I not seen skulking under shelter of the statute-book!—what remorseless blackening of character, for the sake of a paltry fee!—what endless breaches of promise!—what shameless betrayals of trust!—what reckless waste of property! Sandy Munro, I am a poor Hudson's Bay furgatherer, and can indulge in no other hope than that I shall one day lay my bones at the side of some nameless creek or jungle; but rather that, a thousand, thousand times, than affluence, and influence, and respectability—ay, respectability—through the wretched means by which I have seen all these secured!"

"You are an honest cheild, Innes," said Sandy, grasping him by the hand. "I have had a regard for you ever since I first saw you; an' the mair I ken o' you the mair my respect rises."

"My father," continued Innes, "was respectably connected; I had a turn for dress, a tolerably genteel figure, and was fond of female society; and, during the four years I served with the lawyer in Inverness, I found myself a welcome guest in all the more respectable circles of the place. Scarcely a tea-drinking or dancing party was got up among the *elite* of the burgh, but I was sure of an invitation. I danced, played on the flute, handed round the tea and the sweetmeats—all *par excellence*—and was quite an adept in the art of speaking a great deal without saying anything. In short, I became a most accomplished trifler—an effect, perhaps, of my very imperfect love of my profession. The men who rise to eminence, you know, rarely begin their course as fine fellows; and, were it not for a circumstance to which I owe more of my happiness and more of my misery than to any other, I would have had to attribute my failure in life less to an untoward destiny than to the dissipation of this period. But I was taught diligence by the very means through which most young people are *untaught* it. I fell in love. There was a pretty, simple lassie, the daughter of one of the bailies of the place, whom I used frequently to meet with in our evening parties, and with whose appearance I was mightily taken from the moment I first saw her. She united, in a rare degree, all the elegance of the young lady with all the simplicity of the child; and, with better sense than falls to the share of nineteen twentieths of her sex, was more devoid than any one I

ever knew of their characteristic cunning. You have heard, I dare say, that young ladies are anxious about getting husbands; but, trust me, it is all a mistake. The anxiety is too natural a one to be experienced by so artificial a personage as the mere young lady. It is not persons but things she longs after—settlements, not sweethearts. I have had a hundred young-lady friends who liked my youth and gentility, and who used to dance, and romp, and chat with me, with all the good will possible, but who thought as little of me as a sweetheart as if I were one of themselves. Thoughts of that tender class were to be reserved for some rich Indian, with a complexion the color of a drum-head, and a liver like a plum-pudding. This bonnie lassie, however, was born—poor thing!—with natural feelings. We met, and learned to like one another—we sang and laughed together—talked of scenery and the *belles lettres*—and, in short, lost our hearts to one another ere we so much as dreamed that we had hearts to lose. You must be in love, Sandy, ere all I could tell you could give your adequate notions of the happiness I have enjoyed with that bonny, kind-hearted lassie. Love, I have said, taught me diligence. I applied to my profession anew, determined to be a lawyer, and the husband of Catherine. I waded through whole tomes of black-letter statutes, studied my way over forty folios of decisions, and did what I suppose no one ever did before—read Grigor on the game-laws. Not half-a-dozen practitioners in the country could draw out a deed of settlement with equal adroitness—not one succeeded in putting fewer double meanings into a will. My master used to consult me on conveyancing; and, when, at the expiry of my term, I left his office and set up for myself, you will not wonder it was with the hope that my at least average acquirements would secure for me an average portion of success. You will see how that hope was realised. "The father of my sweetheart was, as I have said, an Inverness bailie; he was extensively engaged in trade, and all deemed him a rising man; but the case was otherwise. An unlucky speculation, and the unexpected failure of a friend, involved him in ruin; and I saw his office shut up not three weeks after I had opened my own. A week after brought me the intelligence of my father's death. He had been sinking in the world for years before; getting, much against his will, into arrears with every one; and now, immediately on his death, all his effects were seized by the laird. He was an easy-tempered, obliging man—credulous and confiding—and hence, perhaps, his misfortunes. You will deem me cold and selfish, Sandy, to speak in this way of my father; and yet, believe me, I felt as a son ought to feel; but repeated blows have a stupifying effect, and I can now tell you, with scarcely a twinge, of hopes blighted and friends lost. All my hopes of rising by my profession soon failed me. No one entered my office. Though not without some confidence in my acquirements, as you may see, I have ever had a sort of shamefaced bashfulness about me, that has done me infinite harm. People were afraid to trust their cases with one who seemed to mistrust himself—the forward, the impudent, and the unprincipled carried off all the employment, and I was left to starve."

"Honest, unlucky cheild!" ejaculated Sandy, with a profound yawn. "One might guess, by the way ye bargain wi' the Indians, that ye hae a vast deal owre little brass for makin a fortune by the law. But what came o' your puir simple lassie, Innes, when her father broke?"

"Ah, dear, good girl," replies Innes, "with all her simplicity, she was, by much, better fitted for making her way through the world than her lover. She was highly accomplished, drew beautifully, read Chateaubriand in the original, and had a pretty taste for music. Through the recommendation of a friend, she was

engaged as governess in the family of a Highland proprietor, in which, when I left Scotland, she continued to be employed—well, I trust, for her own happiness—usefully, I am sure, for others. I shall forget many things, Sandy, ere I forget the day I passed with her on the green top of *Tomnahurich*, ere we parted, as it proved, for ever. You know that beautiful hill—the queen of all our Highland *Tomhans*—with the long winding canal on the one side, and the brattling Ness on the other, and surrounded by an assemblage of the loveliest hills that ever dressed in purple and blue. It was a beautiful day in early spring, and the sun shone cheerily on a hundred white cottages at our feet, each looking out from its own little thicket of birch and laburnum, and on the distant town, with its smoke-wreath resting over it, and its two old steeples rising through. The world was busy all around us: we could see the ploughman following his team, and the mariner warping onward his vessel; the hum of eager occupation came swelling with the breeze from the far-off streets—and yet there was I, a poor supernumerary among the millions of my countrymen, parting almost broken-hearted from her whom I loved better than myself, just because there was no employment for me. Oh, the agony of that parting! But 'tis past, Sandy, and 'tis but folly thus to recall it. No one, as I have already told you, ever thought of entering my office—no one, save my landlord and the old woman with whom I lived; and you may believe there was little of comfort in their visits. I was in arrears to the one for rent, and to the other for lodging. So far was I reduced, that, in passing through the old woman's room, I have been fain to take a potato from off her platter, and that single potato has formed my meal for the time. On one occasion I was for two days together without food."

"Goodness! gracious!" exclaimed Sandy—"what came o' a' the grand freends that used to gie ye the teas and suppers? Had they nae bowels ava?"

"I would sooner have starved, Sandy, than have made my wants known to the best of them. But there was one on whom I had a nearer claim, to whom I applied in vain; a brother of my father—a close old hunks, who, though he had realized thousands as a ship-broker in London, had not heart enough to part with a shilling for the benefit of his poor nephew. But I believe the wretched man was well-nigh as unkind to himself as he was to me, and, in the midst of his wealth, fared nearly as ill. You are getting sleepy, Sandy, and I daresay 'tis little wonder you should; but I find a melancholy satisfaction in thus retracing the untoward events of the past, which I am certain I could not feel, did conscience whisper that my misfortunes were in any great degree owing to myself. Well, but to conclude. I became squalid and shabby; all the ladies sent me to Coventry, and all the gentlemen spurned me as a fellow of no spirit. I had mistaken my profession, it was said; and blockheads, who had been guiltless of a single new idea all their lives long, used to repeat from one another that my father, in making a wretched lawyer of me, had spoilt a good ploughman. I could bear no longer. The Hudson's-Bay Company had an agent, you know, at Inverness. I called on him one evening after a day of fasting and miserable low spirits—and now here I am in the second year of my service with the Company."

"But hoo, Innes, man," inquired Sandy, "could ye hae found heart to leave Scotland, without seeing the puir lassie, your sweetheart? Do ye ken aught o' her noo?"

"Know of her!" exclaimed Innes; "alas! I too surely know I have lost her. The last thing but one that I did ere I sailed from Stromness, was to write her, to say how I had fallen from all my hopes regarding her, and to bid her forget me; the very last thing I did was to cry over a

kind, cheerful letter, which had followed me all the way from Inverness, and in which she urged me to keep up my heart, for that all would yet be well with us. Little did she know, when writing it, that I was on the eve of becoming—a poor vagabond fur-gatherer on the wild shores of Hudson's Bay. Dear, generous girl! I trust she is happy."

"May I ask," said the manager, who, unknown to the two fur-gatherers, had lain awake for some time, listening to the narrative, "may I ask if you are not Innes Cameron, late of Inverness, only surviving son of Colin Cameron of Glendocharthy, and nephew of the lately deceased Malachi Cameron, of Upper Thames-st., London?"

"I am that Innes Cameron," said the fur-gatherer; "and so my poor old uncle is dead?"

"And having died intestate," continued the manager, "you, as heir-at-law, succeed to his entire estate, personal and real, consisting of a property of a few hundred acres in the vicinity of Inverness, and twenty thousand pounds vested in the three per cents. A considerable remittance from London has been waiting you for the last month, at the Hawk River Settlement, and, what you will deem very handsome in the circumstances, a free discharge from the Company for your five remaining years' servitude. I am acting manager at the River, and to my care the whole has been committed."

Innes seemed astounded by the intelligence; his gayer companion leaped up and performed a summerset on the floor.

"Innes, Innes, Innes!" he exclaimed—"why are ye no dancing?—why are ye no dancing? Did I no ken ye were born to be a gentleman? I maun hae a double glass to drink luck to ye; and I'm sure the manager winna say no. Goodness, man, it's the best news I have heard in America yet!"

Morning at length broke—a calm, clear morning, for the clouds had passed away with the storm, and the travellers, after sharing in an ample, though not very delicate repast, prepared to set out on their journey. The dogs were harnessed, and the car laden. The manager, who, from the fatigue and exhaustion of the previous night, still felt indisposed, was mounted in front; the two fur-gatherers were lacing on their snow-shoes to follow on foot. At length the sun rose far to the south, through a deep frosty haze, that seemed to swaddle the horizon with a broad belt of russet, and the travellers set out in the direction of a distant promontory of the lake. The snow all around, the woods that rose thick over the level, the overhanging banks of the lake, the hills in the far distance, were all bathed in one rich glow of crimson, that more than emulated the blush of a summer's evening at sunset; the shadows of the travellers, as they stretched for many fathoms across the lake, had each a moonlight halo round the head, like the glory in an old painting; and the very air, laden with frost rhime, sparkled to the sun, like the gold water of the chemist. The scene was altogether strangely, I had almost said unnaturally beautiful; it was one of those which, once seen, are never forgotten.

"You have been silent, Innes," said Sandy, "for the last half hour, an' look as wae an' anxious as if some terrible mischanter had befallen ye. I'll wad the best quid in my spleuchan, ye hae been thinking about Catharine Roberts, an' o' your chance o' finding her single. I'd advise ye, man, just for fear o' a disappointment, to marry the manager's sister: she's ane o' the best, bonny lassies I ever saw, an' plays strathspeys an' pibrochs like an angel. Oh, had ye but heard her at 'Lochaber no more,' an' the 'Flowers o' the Forest,' ye wad hae grat like a bairn, as I did. Dear me, but she's a fine lassie! Had I as many thousands as ye hae, Innes, I wad marry her mysel'."

"How came you to hear her music?" asked Innes, in a tone that showed he took but little interest in the query.

"Ah, there's a story belongs to that question," replied Sandy. "It's about a month or twa mair nor a twelvemonth noo, sin Tam M'Intyre an' I set out frae Racoon Settlement, on ane o' the weariest an' maist desperate journeys I have yet taen in America. About Christmas, a huntsman, in passing the settlement, tauld us there was to be a gran' ball on New Year's Day at the Hawk River, an' that there were to be four Scotch lassies at it, who had come owre the simmer afore, forby a bonny young leddie, the manager's sister. The river, ye ken, is no mickle aboon twa hundred miles frae Racoon Settlement, an' Tam M'Intyre an' I, who for five years hadna seen a living creature liker a woman than an Indian squaw, resolved on going to the ball, to see the lassies. We yoked our sledges on a snell frosty morning, set out across the great lake, an' reached the log-house, at Bear's Point, about dark. We got up a rousing fire, an' drunk maybe a glass or twa extra owre our cracks about Scotland an' the lassies; but I'll tak my aith on't there was neither o' us meikle the waur. But, however it happened, about midnight we baith awakened mair nor half scomfisht, an' there was the roof in a bright lowe aboon our heads. M'Intyre singed a' his whiskers an' eebrees in getting out; I was luckier, an' escaped wi' the loss only o' my blanket an' our twa days' provisions. But we just couldna help it; an' yokin our dogs by the light o' the burnin, off we set, weel aware that we wad baith miss our breakfasts ere we reached the Hawk River. We travelled a' that day an' a' the next night, the dogs hearty an' strong, puir brutes, for we had been lucky enough to get the hinder half o' a black fox in a trap —the other half had been eaten by the wolves; but oursels, Innes, were like to famish. When morning came, we were within thirty miles o' the Hawk River. There was little wind, but the frost burned like het iron. I dinna remember a sneller morning. M'Intyre had to thaw his nose three times, an' my chin an' ears had twice got as hard as bits o' stockfish. We had rubbed off a' the skin in trying to mak the blood circulate, an' baith our faces had so swelled out o' the size, an' shape, an' color o' humanity, that, when we reached the settlement, we were fain to steal into an outside hut, just that the lassies mightna see us. Man, but it was a sair begeck! The ball night came, an' we were still uglier than ever, an' I thought I would hae gane daft wi' vexation. We could hear the noise o' the fiddles, an' the dancin —an' that was just a'. M'Intyre had some thoughts o' hanging himsel oot o' spite. Just when we were at the warst, however, a genteel tap comes to the door; an' there was a smart bonny lassie wi' a message to us frae her mistress, the manager's sister. We were asked down, she said; her mistress, hearing o' our misluck, and that we had baith come frae the north country, had got up a snug little supper for us, where there would be none to ferlie at us, an' was noo waiting our coming. Was this no kind, Innes? I made a veil o' my plaid as I best could, M'Intyre muffled himself up in a napkin, an aff we went to the manager's. But, O man! sic kindness frae sae sweet a leddy! She sang an' played till us—an' weel did it set her to do baith; an' mixed up our toddy for us—for we were gey blate, as ye may think; an', on taking our leave, she shook han's wi' us, as gin we had been her equals. I've never been fule eneugh to be in love, Innes—begging your pardon for saying sae—but I feel I could lay down my life for that bonny lassie ony day. Weel, but kindliness is a kindly thing!"

"What is the young lady's name?" inquired Innes, with some eagerness, as a sudden thought came across him. "Her brother, I think, calls her Catharine."

"Ah, no your Catharine, though," said Sandy; "the manager's name is Pringle, ye ken, an' that's no Roberts."

"I am a fool," replied Innes, with a sigh; "and you see it, Sandy."

The track pursued by the party, which had hitherto lain along the edge of the lake, now ascended the steep wooded bank which hung over it, and, after winding for several miles through a series of shaggy thickets, with here and there an intervening swamp, opened into an extensive plain. A few straggling clumps of copsewood served to enliven the otherwise unvaried surface, and, in the far distance, there was a range of snowy hills that seemed to rise directly over a deep narrow valley in which the plain terminated. There was no wind, and a column of smoke, which issued from the centre of a distant wood, arose majestically in the clear sunshine, till reaching a lighter stratum of air, it spread out equally on every side, like the foliage of a stately tree.

"Some Indian settlement," said the manager. "There is much of beauty in this wild scene, Mr. Cameron—beauty merging into the sublime; and the poor red men, its sole inhabitants, form exactly the sort of figures one would choose to introduce into such a landscape. I am now much more a lover of such scenes than before my sister joined me."

"A taste for the wild and savage seems to be an acquired one," remarked Innes; "a taste for the beautiful is natural. Certainly the first comes later in life to the individual, and it is scarcely ever found among the uneducated. One of the finest wild scenes in Ross-shire—a deep, rocky ravine, overhung with wood, and with a turbulent Highland stream roaring through it—is known by all the country-folks in neighborhood by the name of the Ugly Burn."

"The remark chimes in with my experience," said the manager. "I ever admired the beautiful; but it was Catharine who first taught me to admire the sublime. There is a savagely wild scene before us, where I can now spend whole hours in the fine summer evenings, but which I used to regard, only a few years ago, as positively a disagreeable one. But such scenes make ever the deepest impression, whether the mind be cultivated or no."

"Ay, Mr. Pringle," remarked Sandy; "an' frae that I draw my main consolation for having spent sae mony o' my best years in gathering skins for a wheen London merchants."

"How?" inquired the manager.

"Why, I just find that I am to bring hame wi' me recollections and impressions enough to ser' me a' my life after; recollections o' mony a desert prairie, an' mony a fearful storm—o' encounters wi' wild beasts, and wild men—o' a' that we deem hardship noo, but which we will find it pleasure to dwell on afterwards."

"Thank you for the remark, Sandy!" said Innes; "I find I am to bring home with me something of that kind, too."

Towards the close of the day, the course of the travellers had lain along the banks of the river; the waters were bound, from side to side, with a broad belt of ice, but, at the rapids, they could hear them growling beneath, like a wild beast in its den; and, just as the evening was beginning to darken, they descended into a deep hollow, surrounded by immense precipices and overhung by trees, into the upper part of which the stream precipitated itself in one unbroken sheet of foam, which had resisted the extremest influence of the frost. Innes thought he had never before seen a scene of wilder or more savage grandeur. There was a lofty amphitheatre of rock all around; the centre was occupied by a dark mossy basin, in which the waters boiled and bubbled as in a huge caldron; a broad, level strip, edged with trees and bushes, lay immediately under the precipices; and, directly beneath the cataract, there was a fantastic assemblage of tall riven peaks, laden with icicles, that seemed in the gloom a conclave of giants. A deep, gloomy cavern, whose echoes answered incessantly to the roar of the torrent, opened behind and under it; while, immediately in front, there rose a large circular mound, roughened with a multitude

of lesser hillocks, and now wrapt up, like all the rest of the landscape, in a deep covering of snow."

"'Tis an Indian burying-place," said the manager, pointing to the mound; "wild and savage, you see, as the people who have chosen it for their final resting-place. These hillocks are sepulchral cairns. My sister spends most of her summer evenings here—for we are now little more than a mile from the settlement; and she has taught me to be well nigh as fond of it as herself. Should she die in this country, I am pledged to lay her among the poor Indians. There are strange stories among them of yonder cave and cataract—the one is a place of purification, they say; the other, a way to the land of spirits. I am certain you will feel much interest, Mr. Cameron, in discussing with Catharine what she terms the beginnings of mythology, as illustrated by this place. She had naturally an original and highly vigorous mind, and her father (by the way, she is but a half-sister of mine) spared no pains in cultivating it. But now that we have gained the ridge, yonder is the settlement: see—that higher light comes from Catharine's window. Trust me, you may calculate on her warmest gratitude for what her brother owes you."

Hawk-River Settlement is situated in the middle of a valley, surrounded by low, swelling hills, with a river in front, and a deep pine-wood behind. It forms a small straggling village, composed mostly of log-houses, with a range of stone and lime buildings—the store-places of the Company—rising in the centre. On reaching the manager's house—a handsome erection of two stories—Innes and his companion were shown into a small, but very neat parlor. There were books, musical instruments, and drawings. The very arrangement of the furniture showed the delicate and nicely-regulated taste of an accomplished female. The shutters were fast barred, there were candles burning on a neat mahogany table, and the cheerful wood-fire glowed through the bars of a grate, and threw up a broad powerful flame that, in the intense frost, roared in the chimney.

"Ah," said Innes to the manager, "your neat, Scotch-looking parlor brings Scotland to my mind, and my old evening parties; it reminds me, too, that a dress of skins is not quite the fittest for meeting a young lady in. Can you not indulge me with a change of dress?"

"Ah! how stupid I am, replied the manager, "not to have thought of that! Attribute it all to my eagerness to introduce you to Catharine. There is a whole chestful of clothes from London waiting you below. Come this way. We shall join you, Sandy, in less than twenty minutes, when Mr. Cameron has made his toilet; and Catharine, meanwhile, will find what amusement for you she can." On their return, Catharine and the fur-gatherer were engaged in conversation.

She was a lady of about two and twenty; paler of cheek and sparer of form than she had been once: for there was an indescribable something in her expression that served to tell of sufferings long endured, and exertions painfully protracted; but she was still eminently beautiful, and there was an air of mingled spirit and good-nature in the light of her fine black eyes, and the smile that seemed lurking about her mouth, that might well be termed fascinating. Sandy had evidently felt its influence ere his companion entered the room.

"And what," eagerly inquired the lady, as the manager opened the door, "is the name of your companion—the man to whom, with you, my brave, warm-hearted countryman, I owe the life of my brother?"

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated Innes, springing forward, "can it be possible?—Catharine Roberts! the best, truest, dearest of all my friends!"

"Innes Cameron!" exclaimed Catha-

rine. And in one moment of intense, life-invigorating joy, whole years of suffering were forgotten. But why lengthen a story rapidly hastening to its conclusion, in the vain attempt to describe what, from its very nature, must always elude description? Never was there a happier evening passed on the shores of Hudson's Bay.

It has long since become a truism that, when fortune ceases to persecute a man, his story ceases to interest. It was certainly so with Innes Cameron and his story. Few men could be happier than he for the two months he remained at Hawk-River Settlement. When, however, the ice broke up, and vessels began to arrive from Europe, he had become happier still; and when, about the middle of summer, he sailed for Stromness in the good ship Falcon, accompained by Miss Roberts and his old comrade, Sandy, there was yet a further accession to his happiness. An old file of Inverness newspapers, from which I manage to extract a good deal of amusement in the long winter evenings—for no one writes more pleasingly than Carruthers—shows me that his enjoyments were not wholly full, until after his arrival in Scotland, when he was married, says the paper, "at Belville Cottage, by the Rev. Dr Rose, to the beautiful and highly accomplished Miss Catharine Roberts." I find, in a more recent number of the same newspaper, a very neat description of a masonic procession in one of our northern towns. "There is, to a native of Scotland," says the editor, "something very pleasing in the contemplation of a goodly assemblage of Scotchmen, powerful in muscle and sinew—suited either to repulse or invade—to preserve the fame of their country or to extend it; and this feeling was of general experience among the people of Sutorcreek on Friday last. After the brethren had paraded the streets, they returned to their lodge, where dinner was prepared for them, and where, after choosing Mr. Alexander Munro, late of Hudson's Bay, as their master for the ensuing year, they spent the evening in meet cordiality." And here my story ends. The lives of a country gentleman, of superior talent and worth, and a shrewd, honest mechanic—varied only by those migrations which the Vicar of Wakefield describes—migrations from the blue room to the brown, or from the workshop to the street—however redolent of happiness and comfort to themselves, furnish the writer with but little scope for either narrative or description.

THE WEDDING.

On a certain vacation day of August—of which I have still a vivid recollection—I fished in Darr Water; and with so much success that night had gathered over me ere I was aware. I was at this moment fully fifteen miles from home, in a locality unmarked by one single feature of civilization; for here neither plough, nor sickle, nor spade had ever made an impression. For anything I knew to the contrary, there was not a human habitation nearer than ten miles. I was loaded down to the very earth with fish, and not a little fatigued by the forenoon's travel and sport. It behoved me, however, at all events and risks, to set my face homewards; and, although

I might have followed the Darr till it united with the Clyde, and thus made my way with a certainty home at last, yet I preferred retracing my steps, and saving at least a dozen of miles of mountain travel. But the mist was close and crawly, lying before me in damp, danky obscurity; and the wind, which during the day had amounted to a breeze, was now wrapt up, and put to rest in a wet blanket. All was still, except the voice of the plover, myre-snipe, and peese-weep. The moss or moor, or something partaking of the nature of both, and rightly neither, was lone, uniform, and unmarked; it was like sailing without star or compass over the Pacific. Meanwhile, day—which seemed to be desirous of accelerating its departure—disappeared, and I was left alone in my wilderness. I could not even lie down to rest; for the spongy earth gave up its moisture in jets and squirts. I hurried on, however, following my breath, which smoked like a furnace amidst the mountain mist; and trailing my fish, in a large *bag*, after me. I had killed somewhere about sixteen dozen. At last I gained a small stream, and as I have an instinctive liking for all manner of streams, I was led by the ear along its course, till I found myself in a close ravine or dell, surrounded on each hand by steep, grassy ascents, scars, and rocks. I kept by the voice of the water, which now fell more contractedly over gullet and precipice, till at last, to my infinite delight, I heard, or thought I heard, the bark of a dog; and, in a few seconds, one of these faithful animals occupied the steep above me, giving audible intimation of my unlooked-for presence. The shepherd's voice followed hard behind; and I never was happier in my life than on the recognition of a fellow-creature. My tale was soon told, and as readily understood and believed. To travel home on such a night was out of the question, so I was conducted to the shepherd's sheiling—to that covert in the wilderness in which there is more downright shelter, comfort, and happiness than in town palaces; for comfort and happiness are inmates of the bosom rather than of the home.

My entrance was welcomed by the shepherd's wife and an only daughter. There was likewise a young lad, of about twelve years, who was the younger of two sons, the elder being dead. Servants there were none; for, where all serve themselves, there is no need of what the Americans call "helps." Nothing could exceed the kind hospitalities of this family—the very dogs, with a couple of young puppies, gathered round me. They licked the wet from my legs and clothes, and seemed sufficiently satisfied even with a *look* of approbation. My supper was the uncelebrated, but unequalled Dumfriesshire feast, champit potatoes. I slept soundly till morning; and, after a breakfast of porridge—"Scotland's halesome food"—and learning that the young and beautiful woman, the shepherd's daughter, was to be married on Saturday eight days—I bent my way homewards, to hear and bear merited reproof for the anxiety which my absence (which was, however, luckily attributed to a stolen visit to an aunt) had occasioned.

Saturday eight days dawned, and by this time I had induced my fishing preceptor and companion, *Willie Herdeman*, to accompany me to the mountains, thinking to decoy him, as it were, to the neighborhood of the wedding, and there to treat him with a view of the happy party and blooming bride. I kept my own secret—and we were within a mile of the sheiling ere I disclosed it. It was then about two o'clock, and, so far as we could guess, precisely the marriage dinner hour. Willie, who was an old soldier, had no objection to join in the merriment, nor to drink a glass to the future happiness of the young folks. So on we trudged, our lines rolled up, and our fishing wallet (for baskets we had none) properly adjusted. We soon caught the descending stream—and, at a pretty sharp turning, came, all at once,

within view of the hospitable cottage; but to our surprise, there was neither noise nor cavalcade—all was desolation and silence around. The very dogs rather seemed to challenge than to invite our advance, and neither smoke nor bustle indicated any preparation. At first I thought that I had mistaken my way, and was upon the point of entering to ascertain the fact, when the shepherd presented himself in the door-way. I then could hear the voice of mourning—"Rachel weeping" within, and the boy lying across a half-demolished hay-rick, crying and sobbing as if his heart would burst. The face of the shepherd was blank and awful—it was as if by a sudden concussion of the brain he had lost all recollection of the past. He stood leaning against both lintels of the door, and neither advanced nor retreated. At last, hearing the voice of lamentation wax louder and louder behind him, he turned suddenly round and disappeared. Impressed with the belief that something terrible had happened, but not knowing the nature or extent of it, I advanced to the boy, with whom, as a fellow-fisher in the mountain streams, I had made up an acquaintance at the former meeting, and, taking him firmly by the shoulder, endeavored to turn his face towards me; but he kept it concealed in the hay, and refused either commiseration or comfort. The very dogs seemed aware of the calamity, and one of them howled mournfully from the corner of a peat-stack adjoining. At last a woman, with whom I was totally unacquainted, emerged from the door-way and informed us of the cause of all this lamentation. She had been sent for as a relation from a distance, and had only arrived a few hours before. The particulars were as follows:—Two days previous to the day set apart for the marriage, the young, light-hearted and blooming bride had been employed in building a rick or stack of bog-hay, for winter-fodder to the cow. She was in the act of completing the erection, and standing on the contracted apex, when her foot slipped and she fell head foremost, and at once dislocated her neck. Had there been immediate medical assistance (as had been injudiciously communicated to the family) the fatal accident might have been remedied; but alas! there was not, and, long ere surgical aid could be procured, the ill-fated bride had ceased to breathe!

The first thought of the household had been directed towards the bridegroom, who had, ever since the fatal tidings, lost his reason and become apparently fatuous, ever and anon insisting that the wedding should take place "for a' that!"

We did not deem it proper, nor would it have been so, to inflict our presence upon such a household. And for months after, I never slept without dreaming of this incident, and of the distressed family—of whose future fortunes I know nothing further.

THE HEIRESS OF INSANITY.

Amidst the many evils incident to humanity, it may well be questioned whether there is any calamity entitled to the denomination of fortuitous, so appalling in its magnitude and effects as hereditary madness. All language breaks down and becomes feeble in the effort to give any description of it, which, however, aided by figures of thought or speech, can convey a truer or stronger idea of its horrors than can be produced from the bare contemplation of the subject, as it is present-

ed to ordinary minds. It is not, however, after the disease has laid hold of its victim, and reason is hurled from her throne, that the form of the calamity, however it may harrow the feelings of beholders, presents its strongest claims upon the sympathies of mankind. There is reason to suppose, though we know little of the *true* feelings of insane persons, that the *heir expectant* is a much more miserable creature than the *heir in possession*. The tendency of the human mind to apprehend evil—even where it is distant, and entirely out of the view of all moral calculation—is well known, and cannot be better exemplified than by the effect produced in the minds of healthy individuals, by a continued perusal of medical books. In the case of heirs of insanity, if we were to calculate the intensity of misery produced by the apprehension of their natural hereditary enemy—by the increase of *risk* over the ordinary chance of any disease capable of producing fear of its onset—we would arrive at an amount of pain under which human nature would sink and expire. Fortunately for these children of misfortune, the proportion does not hold equally in both cases; but, after making all the allowances that may be required, a sum of misery remains to him who sees his brothers and sisters cut down before him by the sword, which, when suspended, is hung like that of Damocles, over his head, sufficient to make us wonder at the ways of Providence, which tempers the blast to the shorn lamb. Our wonder is increased, when we know that these unfortunates derive from their very calamity a susceptibility which often shrinks from the first breath of misfortune. Doubtless the amount of pain and apprehension experienced is dreadful, as the case I am about to describe sufficiently shows; but the question is difficult to be solved, how nature works in the production of a result so strange as that such a misfortune can at all be borne.

For many years I attended, as medical adviser, the family of Mr. Warden, who, having renounced business as a merchant in which he had amassed a large fortune, retired to a country seat about two miles from town, where he intended to pass the remainder of his life. He had other reasons for this retirement besides the ordinary love of ease in advanced age; for a misfortune of an extraordinary nature had befallen his family, which, though absolutely beyond the powers of mitigation possessed by the art of man, might at least be rendered less insupportable, by being removed from the reach of the officious sympathy of a gazing world. This misfortune was no other than the appearance in his family of a most inveterate and unsparing hereditary insanity—an evil which seems to stand in solemn mockery of triumph over all the other extraordinary visitations of heaven. He had married his wife in ignorance of a circumstance which, however, might not, although he had been aware of it, have overcome his affection or determination to wed—the insanity of her mother and grandfather, besides that of several collaterals. The disease had not appeared in her till she had arrived at an advanced age; but, at the period of Mr. Warden's retirement, she was confined in a private asylum, where there were also two of her daughters, Elizabeth and Mary, young women who could at one time boast of very considerable personal attractions and mental accomplishments. I had witnessed the first outbreakings of the disease in the youngest daughter, Mary; and having been thence led to make inquiry into the history of their mother's relations, soon saw the danger (immediately afterwards realized) which impended over the whole members of the family. Elizabeth, who was about nineteen years of age, was seized after her sister; and then the mother shared the fate she had unconsciously been the means of producing to her daughters.

It was with considerable difficulty that

I could prevail upon Mr. Warden to consent to the removal of his wife, from the house she had rendered to him a sanctuary of peace and happiness; but the violent type of her disease reconciled him to a step which, when it was first proposed to him, appeared to be beyond the powers of his resolution and will. I consulted the good of the unfortunate individuals themselves in suggesting the place of their confinement; but there were others whose peculiar situation demanded imperatively the absence of the living monuments of that fate which impended, with threatening aspect, like the stone of Tantalus, over their own devoted heads; and the very spectacle of which, embodied in the madness of dear friends, might be the means of stimulating the hereditary poison which lurked in their bosoms. Two other daughters remained in the house with their father after the removal of their mother and sisters; one of them, named Martha, of a saturnine temperament, and very liable to share the fate of her sisters; and the other, Isabella, the most beautiful and accomplished of the family, and one of the most extraordinary young ladies I have ever met with. I received from the unfortunate father—whose solicitude for the health of his two remaining daughters was proportioned to the grief he had experienced in the loss of the others—the most anxious instructions to do all that could be done for their safety and preservation from the hereditary evil, which, like an insidious serpent, lay coiled up in their vitals, ready to start into living action on the application of any extraordinary cause of disturbance. The one, Martha, I had, from the beginning, little hope of being able to save from the fate of her sisters, who, previous to their seizure, exhibited fewer of the signs of hereditary insanity than could by the most unobservant person have been detected in her dull eye, which seemed to prefer resting on insanity to obeying intelligent impulses, or in her fits of melancholy and abstraction, into which, even in the midst of conversation, she was continually in the habit of falling. My anticipations were too soon realized: about two years after the removal of the mother, the fourth victim was added to this implacable power, and Isabella, the remaining daughter, was all that was left to the father of one of the finest families in that part of the country.

A calamity like that which I have here plainly stated, produces a feeling of surprise greater than might be expected from what in this country is by no means an unfrequent occurrence. Every effort is taken, and naturally resorted to, for the purpose of concealing the ravages made by our national scourge, scrofula, on the minds and bodies of the inhabitants of this kingdom, where the demon seems to hold his high court. I am satisfied that I am much within the mark when I say, that not one victim out of ten is ever known to the public as being under the dominion of this fell power. Parents who have large families, have, besides their natural wish, a deep interest in the concealment of a fact which, in addition to rendering their daughters unmarriageable, often makes them objects of pity. In my experience, I have known instances where sons and daughters, upon being consigned to a madhouse, have been represented as sent to foreign parts; and, where the fact of the disease will not otherwise conceal, some scheme is generally devised for giving it a false name, so that the credit of the family may remain unaffected by the disparaging and destructive influence of this *fama malissima* which attaches to it. I say nothing of the effects produced by this system of concealment on the fortunes and happiness of the individuals who, in ignorance, are united to the relatives of the unfortunate beings. That is a question of social polity. I mean merely to give a reason why the extraordinary fate of the family of Mr. Warden may excite a feeling of surprise, which would

not interfere with the province of pity, if the frequency of such an effect, from a cause in daily operation, were better known.

The remaining daughter of Mr. Warden was, as I have said, a very extraordinary young woman. I am not confident of my powers of presenting an adequate description of her; for, independently of her peculiar natural attributes, the unusual, if not fearful situation in which she was placed, reared up in her emotions and feelings of a factitious nature, which modified her original disposition, and produced a kind of being apart from ordinary mortals, and very difficult to be described or understood. She inherited from her mother a very tall, commanding person, remarkably handsome and well formed. The saturnine constitution which prevailed, more or less, throughout the family, had fallen also, though not to an equal extent with her sisters, to her lot; but, in place of producing the dark melancholy aspect which I had observed in the rest of the family, it imparted to her merely a paleness which contrasted remarkably with an eye in which the enthusiasm of the inspiration of genius seemed to be continually burning. Her face was a regular oval; and every feature, from the eyebrows to the lips, seemed to have received the last touch of the fastidious hand which had resolved upon producing the most perfect effort of the chisel. In endeavoring to give some idea of the beauty of this young woman, I am only afraid of appearing to depart from the sober reason which should regulate the burin employed to delineate the every-day truth of life. I cannot be going too far, however, when I say that I never saw what appeared to me a more perfect model of the female countenance—comprehending, as I do by that phrase, the physical lineaments, and that continual and inexpressible modification of them produced by a highly intellectual and sentimental mind, moulding them into forms suited to its own inherent sense of beauty. The chance of the occurrence of so perfect a co-ordination and agreement between the highest conditions of the moral and physical attributes of human nature must be small indeed, when I am constrained to admit that I never, before or since, saw any individual in which I could say I had found them in such absolute perfection.

The enthusiasm of this young lady, which imparted to her thoughts and feelings a high tone and an impassioned character was, however, nearly allied to the excitement which, taking another form, had produced the insanity of her family. The thin partition which separates genius from madness has been often noticed, and, in this instance, it seemed as if the one might be seen passing into the other. She had exhibited an early taste for poetry of that kind which accorded with the bold and intellectual caste of her mind; and I often remarked, as I conversed with her, that her ordinary speech, when it embraced an exalted subject, presented many of the features of the expression of genius. She was in the habit, as she confessed to me, of sending fugitive pieces to the public prints; and I have seen some of her effusions on which great praise was bestowed by those who were entirely ignorant of the writer, and which appeared to myself to be beautiful in a very eminent degree. Her imagination was remarkably vivid and strong, and the excitability of her feelings so tender and acute, that she was continually suffering the greatest pain from the slightest occurrences, at the very time that she was exposed to misfortunes, nearly unparalleled in point of extent, as well as the peculiarity of their kind.

I witnessed successively the effects produced upon the mind of one so peculiarly constituted, by the calamities which befell her mother and sisters, all of whom she loved with even greater enthusiasm than she displayed in the expression of the most cherished of her feelings. The

hereditary poison carried in the veins of her mother, had been very industriously concealed from the daughters; and when Mary first exhibited the undoubted symptoms of the disease, Isabella looked upon the circumstance, in the midst of her grief, as altogether unconnected with any taint of the blood. When Elizabeth experienced the fate of Mary, her mind, quick and keen in the search of causes of extraordinary events, began to work, and she soon saw the extent of the awful truth, which, in a short time after, was confirmed by the madness of her mother and of her remaining sister, Martha. It seemed to me to be extraordinary that one so constituted could have withstood, as she did, the fearful onset of these repeated misfortunes; but, though they did not cause that madness they exemplified, they produced a state of mind perhaps not less painful, either to the victim herself or those who were forced to witness the workings of a settled conviction, accompanied with a continual apprehension, of following the fate of the other members of her family.

At Mr. Warden's request, I regularly visited, twice a-week, this interesting and unfortunate creature. The effect produced on her by the fate of the other members of the family, was not attempted by her to be concealed. She spoke openly to her father and to me of the probability, nay, certainty, of becoming a victim to the same relentless power, which she said she felt, though in a dormant state, within the *penetralia* of her own constitution. I myself was conscious that she spoke the truth; but, if I had been called upon to say why I was of that opinion, I am not certain if I could have given any other reason for my belief, than simply that the enthusiasm of her mind, though not greater than that of individuals of genius, came unfortunately in aid of the presumption against her, arising from the hereditary taint. Mr. Warden was secretly of the same opinion; but the thought of seeing a creature so highly, indeed wonderfully gifted with personal and mental beauties and accomplishments, changed, as her sisters had been, into the raving maniac or drivelling idiot (for in both these types the disease had shown itself in the others), transcended apparently all his remaining powers of endurance, and he confessed to me, with tears in his eyes, that, if Isabella followed the fate of her sisters, he was afraid he would be driven to the extremity of attempting his own life. His entreaties to me were incessant, that I should devote as great a portion of my time as was in my power towards endeavoring so to regulate the personal and mental functions of his daughter, as to ward from him and her the calamities they respectively dreaded. I felt too much anxiety and interest for the interesting object herself—whose conversation delighted me, while her elevated sentiments and manners dignified human nature itself—to require entreaties to quicken my professional energies in her behalf; but I knew too well how little was in my power, and I could plainly see that the penetrating mind of the young lady herself placed no great reliance on human powers, to rescue her from the perilous situation in which she was placed.

Her greatest danger lay in that perturbation of mind under which she labored, from the excited state of her feelings. I have known instances of violent grief having the effect of stimulating a dormant mania. In the present instance, the grief Miss Warden experienced on the access of her family calamity, was of the peculiar character of the remaining victim who sees before his eyes the process of the immolation of his colleagues, at the moment he is listening to hear the knell of his own condemnation to a similar fate. Terror being generally a more powerful disturbing cause than grief, is often able to expel, for a time, the latter feeling from the mind, and I have always found it a stronger agent in the excitement of this hereditary disease. So

long, therefore, as the apprehension of a similar fate occupied the mind of my patient, I had reason to tremble every day for an attack; and my first efforts were naturally directed towards producing a conviction that, so long as the ordinary state of the body and mind could be kept up—the one free from any derangement of its economy, and the other tranquil and natural—every hope might be reasonably indulged of being able to perpetuate an exemption from the calamity she feared. I produced to her many instances, occurring in my own practice, and collected from medical books, of several members of a family being saved out of the most inveterate cases of confirmed hereditary insanity; and, indeed, in the very worst and most aggravated visitations, I had often remarked the curious fact, that there is generally an exemption to some extent, if it should be limited even to one solitary individual. I added, that I had been often led to meditate on this striking example of the providence of Fate in the midst of the sternest of its vindications; and, though I could not pretend to account for it, on any principle that would be received as satisfactory by professional men, I could rely upon it with sufficient confidence, to enable me to impress my opinions with the seal of undoubted sincerity, when I led her to believe, that she had every reason to expect the desired exemption, if she followed my precepts in keeping up an equanimity of mind, and ordinary health of the body.

"I fear," she replied, shaking her head, "when you ask from me the condition of keeping this mind tranquil, you desire what these illuminated eyes declare never can be conceded, by that which, alas! has not the gift to bestow. The ardent enthusiasm of my mind, and my morbid excitability, are, I much fear, only the symptoms of the presence within me of the same spirit that, once roused, dethroned the reason of my poor sisters and mother, and consigned them to the dismal cells where they now lie, weeping and tearing their hair, and yet unconscious of the extent of their calamity. I do not doubt your word when you tell me that you have often seen members of a family spared from the most inveterate visitations of this disease; but I cannot place much faith on what I do not understand, even were I further to admit that there may be some reason for supposing the existence of a law against the occurrence of that 'fell swoop' which clears root and branch, the entire stock, and leaves not a leaf to tell where the tree grew. Faith in a good Providence rather prompts the question, Why should I be saved, to transmit misery to my descendants? But my heart, with an impatient pulse, decides the question of my fate. I *feel* that I must obey the power that exerts its fearful dominion over our house. The illumination of my fancy, when it is fired with the enthusiasm of a burning spirit, appears to me often as the first flash of the scorching light, thrown forward by the Fiend, to blind reason and make her a more easy prey. I know you are my friend; and I claim the privilege of asking you to tell me frankly when my enemy comes, rather than deceive me by assurances that he who is sent by a higher power will never come. Oh! who knows what it is to have reason to doubt his reason!"

The eloquence she thus displayed in her conversation had generally the effect of silencing, for a time, my prosaic arguments; but I persevered in my humane endeavors; and even the conversations in which I engaged with her blunted, in some degree, the edge of her fears, by making the subject familiar to her, and thus reduced the perturbation which a silent brooding over apprehended ill might have increased. I plainly saw that my efforts to draw her from the subject which occupied her mind were unavailing, and might even be productive of bad effects, and therefore never shrank from the task of fairly meeting her impassioned arguments with an open and unrestrained explication of my thoughts in opposition to her views.

The natural enthusiasm and activity of her mind sometimes carried her away to her favorite subjects of poetry and painting, and afforded her some relief from the apprehension that haunted her so unremittingly; but the dominant feeling was sure again to resume its authority as soon as the fit of enthusiasm had ended on the performance which had exhausted her new-born energies.

In common with all individuals of enthusiastic temperaments, I found her often in alternate extremes of high feeling and deep despondency—two states of the mind which, I am inclined to think, exist almost always as counterparts of equal though antagonist powers, and are seldom if ever found (at least as habits) separate and unconnected. One day, a supernatural yet delightful buoyancy, adding an additional charm to beauties of the first order, would have triumphed over her apprehensions, and forced her to give egress to her high-toned feelings in some exquisite lines of poetry, or in the flights of a spirited and sparkling conversation, which charmed and enchained the ear of the individual who was fortunate enough to be her companion at that auspicious time. In the evening, again, of the same day, the genius would have been found fled, and her sombre spirit brooding over the prevailing feeling of apprehension, which seemed, while this state of her mind lasted, to have the power of marshalling all her thoughts and feelings, and imparting to them the atrabilious hue of its own darkness.

One evening when I called, her father informed me that she had, during the forepart of the day, exhibited, to some individuals who delighted in her company, great powers of sprightly fascinating conversation; and some of them had confessed to him that they did not conceive that it was even in the power of inspiration to paint, with the endless colors of fancy—varying the tints and blending the delicate hues into one beautiful whole—the various subjects introduced and spoken on, in the matchless manner she had that day exhibited. The tear of pity followed close on the look of pride, as the unfortunate father added, that I would find her altogether changed. I went into the room where she was sitting, and saw at once that she was in one of her deepest fits of dejection, with her accustomed relentless apprehension exercising over her its usual influence. Her brow was leant upon her left hand, and before her lay a sheet of paper containing some writing, over which she was passing occasionally the fingers of her right hand, on which some brilliant gems shone brightly, as they presented, by the motions, different angles to the light. She started as I entered, but welcomed me kindly when she discovered who it was that had thus disturbed her reverie. I asked her what she was studying so intensely.

"This forenoon," she replied, "after the departure of some visitors, I took advantage of an inspiration which my conversation with them had produced, and sat down and composed a piece which I intended for ———'s Magazine. After it was finished, my thoughts took a sudden turn, and became entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the condition of my mother and sisters, sitting listless and miserable in their places of confinement. I have thought of this melancholy subject day and night for a long period; but I do not recollect of ever having presented to me with the same startling and terrific interest the question—Why am I, one out of five, alone exempted from this hereditary fate? I cannot describe to you the feeling which accompanied this self-put interrogation. So strong was the conviction upon me that I must submit, if I am not already subjected to the grasp of the same power, that I even applied to myself the term 'fool' and laughed a hideous laugh at the weak and imbecile confidence I sometimes place in the hope of escaping my destiny. The frightful train of thought has continued to this hour. I am doubtful of myself, and

have been trying to discover in this paper some traces of a wandering mind. Will you read it, and tell me honestly, if you find in any part of the composition a change in the sentiment, or the want of a link in the chain of thought. I know I can trust you as a friend, and the *reasons* for my fears are too strong to justify any suspicion that I am hypochondriac or morbidly fanciful."

I examined her eye as she continued her speech; but saw nothing to create any alarm. I received from her hands the paper, and found her composition to be a very beautiful impassioned description of the various sympathies that exist throughout nature, ranged according to their powers, and ending in an ascending scale with *love*. The subject was delicately and beautifully handled; and the only thing which I could discover as being peculiar in the composition, viewed as coming from her, whose pieces I had often read with delight, was that it embraced a subject she had generally shown a wish to avoid. I took no notice of this peculiarity, and confined my remarks to the manner in which the piece was handled. I had no difficulty in assuring her that the spirit of the composition was continued uniformly throughout, without lapse or failing, and that, whatever turn her feelings might have taken during the time occupied in the work, no trace could be discovered in the piece itself of any falling off of the spirit and sentiment which dictated the first noble line of it. With a view to change the current of her thoughts, I enlarged on the many beauties which the performance undoubtedly exhibited, and assured her that the power she so much dreaded would have no easy task to perform, in breaking up a mind in which the elements of strength were as well marked as those of taste and beauty.

"You know I held your promise," she said, with an air of sombre satisfaction, "that you would watch the changes of my mind, and inform me honestly of those turns of which we are often entirely unconscious, though they exhibit the first struggles of the frightened intellect, as it shrinks from the aspect of the dreadful enemy of reason. I am assured, by what you say, that *he* is not yet come; though I fear the visit is only delayed. When will this cease? What I am for ever feeling, all the powers of inspiration could but faintly delineate. What I have suffered within this hour, I defy the most pregnant fancy to shadow forth, even doubtfully. Need I say more than that I was under the conviction that I was as my sisters and mother are? My terrors produced the confusion they feared. I scanned that paper till the words reeled before my eyes, and sense, reason, and intelligence were lost in the whirlpool of a fancied madness. I held out my hands and looked around me for aid; but my fevered imagination could discover nothing but the tenanted cells of that place of confinement where those nearest and dearest to me lie in agony and tears, and whither I fancied myself dragged, helpless, and powerless, from the binding ropes by which my arms were confined. Now I feel a modified relief again—and thus am I doomed to an endless succession of periods of enthusiasm, and fits of melancholy and terror."

I was not in any degree surprised at this eloquent description of her feelings; for I have seen instances of individuals of sober habits of thought, who, under the fear of hereditary insanity to which they were exposed, fancied, on certain occasions, that they were truly under the power of their enemy. But I do not think I ever had a patient who possessed so many claims on my feelings as this child of genius and misfortune exhibited with such unconscious power. An adverse fate had furnished a *reason* for her apprehension which a stoic philosopher, in the midst of all his triumph over the feelings of human nature, could not have disregarded; while her susceptibility, the very offspring of her dangerous constitution, and itself the parent of so

many of the exquisite beauties of her character, kept her continually either on the stretch of an enthusiastic excitement, which made near approaches to the state she dreaded, or on the rack of a false conviction that she was deranged, or about to lose her reason. I felt acutely the misery of her situation; and, as she sat silently before me, after having poured forth, with the volubility of her genius, the speech I have here copied, I felt myself restrained, by some powerful feeling I could not describe, from arraying the cold arguments of reason against the impulses of a feeling lying, perhaps, deeper in human nature than the boasted results of our coolest judgments. I could not, however, allow this opportunity to escape of impressing her with a proper sense of the fallacy of those indications which she had mistaken for the beginnings of the disease she so much feared, and of satisfying her of a circumstance she was entirely ignorant of —viz., that madness carried with it no conviction of its presence; but rather, on the contrary, a scepticism of the actual condition of the patient, and a false confidence of the possession of reason. This latter circumstance, which she received at once upon my authority opened up to her mind some new views of her condition. She saw at once, the impossibility of her being able to judge of the change she anticipated; and trembled to think that she might go mad and not know that she was in the same melancholy situation as her sisters and mother. I replied to her statements on this subject, that she might rather consider it an amelioration of her condition to be ignorant of the nature of her calamity—a proposition to which she yielded a qualified assent; while the fearful doubt which it threw over all the workings of her consciousness seemed to add to the misery of her feelings.

The new views of her situation which she drew from the information thus procured, changed materially the aspect of her mind. She seemed to give up that continual watch over the rise and progress of her thoughts she had persisted in for a long period of time; but the fear of becoming mad did not abate in any perceptible degree. I noticed, however, some time afterwards, that, in place of showing an anxiety to speak upon the subject which occupied her mind, and produced in her so much alarm, she shrank from the slightest allusion to it. She gave up entirely all mention of her mother and sisters, and did not even ask me how they were. It appeared as if she wished the melancholy catastrophe concealed, and all mention of it suspended or renounced. I was much at a loss to account for this change; but I thought she now saw the propriety of banishing from her mind all thoughts of the fearful subject which had so long occupied it—a circumstance of the utmost importance to her ultimate safety; and I was hopeful that, if she kept herself actively occupied by her mental pursuits, she might escape the fate which impended over her. I mentioned the subject of this favorable aspect of his daughter's situation to Mr. Warden, but was informed by him that, while he was also well pleased with the change that had passed over her, he was inclined to attribute it to a different cause. I now ascertained that an Engligh gentleman, of considerable fortune, had some time before been introduced to the house, and having been struck (as indeed every individual was who saw her) with her transcendant beauty and accomplishments, had paid her great homage. I had met the individual at the house; and, on casting my mind backwards on some circumstances that had occurred in my presence, I became satisfied that Mr. Gordon had been for some time enamoured of her; and also that she had regarded him with tokens of greater favor than she had awarded to many visitors who seemed to vie with each other in their claims on the attention of one so highly gifted with the powers of communicating delight to all around her. I did not forget in my reminiscences the

subject of the literary composition which I had so much admired, and which had been to herself the cause of so much mental disquietude. It occurred to me that the occasion on which that piece was composed had been the first impulse of her affection—a change from her prior state of mind, sufficiently great to produce the illusion of a supposed madness under which she labored.

On the occasion of my next interview with her, I enjoyed the advantage of possessing this key to her feelings. I found her engaged in copying a miniature, which she excused herself for not exhibiting to me. I could now trace with considerable certainty the operations of her mind. She had clearly contracted an affection for Mr. Gordon, against her own solemn resolutions. In her prior conversations with me, she did not hesitate to avow her determination never to enter into the state of marriage—reprehending warmly the impolicy and cruelty of entailing upon a husband and a family all the effects of a hereditary calamity, which ought to be terminated in one generation. These were the dictates of a wise judgment; but her extreme susceptibility had not been consulted when she formed these sentiments and resolutions. The appearance of Mr. Gordon, a gentleman well calculated to call forth the affections of one who had so much love to bestow, had produced an effect which subverted all her principles of conduct, and even overcame, at least for a time, her dreadful terror of becoming a victim to her relentless family disease. I now saw plainly the reason why she avoided the subject which used to form the topic of our conversation. While her mind was unoccupied with a stronger feeling, the former terror reigned supreme and all-powerful; but, after the heart had taken up the cause of nature and instinct, against the factitious fears of a too susceptible mind, the right of domination was transferred to another and a gentler tyrant, whose sway was necessarily exclusive of any other power. Her spirits now seemed to be in the highest altitudes of her extremest enthusiasm; and, while I experienced all that delight I had so often felt in the conversation of one so peculiarly gifted, I wished from my heart that this new cause of excitement might not be changed into an evil, the effects of which might reach far beyond my worst anticipations.

Some time afterwards she sent for me. I called, and found her confined to her room. She was in one of her gloomy moods, appeared pale and spiritless, and was clearly again under her relentless apprehension. She beckoned me to sit near her.

"There is in our sex," she said, in a slow and tremulous voice, "a delicacy which covers up and conceals—as the pigeon does by its wing, its wounded side—that feeling which is the most natural affection of the heart. A woman will not confess her love, till it be either gratified or overcome. A week ago I was in the situation of others of my sex, who have felt this peculiarity of female affection. You found me on your last visit copying a miniature; but no power on earth could have dragged from me then the admission that my heart had anticipated my pencil, and treasured up the lineaments of that face. Since that day a change has come over my mind. When was it that a woman was destined to tremble at her own love? When were the workings of conscience directed against the purest passion of human nature? When did a woman drag from her heart, in opposition to the antagonist energies of her nature, that most sacred of all secrets, for the very purpose of destroying it by that poison it shrinks from, and fears most as its natural enemy—the breath of popular opinion? You may well conceive the state of a woman's mind when she thus confesses an affection, which, in its still youthful vigor, clings to the heart and will not quit it. You have seen Mr. Gordon, and may

have perceived that he was worthy of the love of the fairest and best of our sex; but his powers over the heart of woman may be best known from the fact, that he overturned for a time the resolution of years, and banished from my mind all those feelings and sentiments which have arisen from the circumstances of my extraordinary situation, and been cherished and nourished by my enthusiasm as well as by reason. The new impulse staggered me by the sweet intoxication of its instinctive power. Like a criminal, I secreted the gift of nature as a thing stolen from man. My conscience rebelled against the authority of my heart; and my health has suffered from the struggle."

She paused, apparently with the view of recovering strength to proceed with her extraordinary communication. I conceived that I now possessed an opportunity of declaring my opinion, that marriage, in place of stimulating the lurking mania, has rather a tendency to subdue it. I have always found celibates more exposed to an attack of hereditary madness than married individuals—a fact which may not be considered consistent with the beneficence of Providence, in so far as it tempts to a perpetuation of this fearful entail; but we have little authority to speak of final causes, while we remain so ignorant as we are of the true secret of the most common of the acts of nature. I, therefore, conscientiously assured her, that, by entering into a state of marriage with a man, and under circumstances, calculated to make her happy (which, however, I did not recommend), she had many additional chances of avoiding the fate of her sisters. My opinion did not seem to have much weight with her.

"Then," said she, "I would at least have but a chance or two more added to a case nearly desperate. I cannot listen to an argument whose conclusion is so impotent. The original fact is insuperable. I cannot conceal from myself, that I carry in the same veins that throb with this unfortunate love, the subtle living principle of mania, ready and eager to seize the opportunity of the first cerebral disturbance (and marriage itself might produce that) to unseat reason and drive the economy of the mind into anarchy, rebellion, and ruin. Mr. Gordon has had the art to make me love him; but I am betrothed to a fate which may assert its prior right, and drag me from his arms, a maniac. The very love which I have felt and still feel for this generous stranger, rebels against the cruel purpose of allying him to a calamity of such a fearful magnitude; and is it not enough that I carry the demon coiled up in my own brain, but I must send down through my blood to descendants, for generations, its hereditary poison, to madden innocent, unconscious beings, and quicken their tongues to vain cursings of their cruel, selfish ancestress? I have expressed these sentiments to you before; and, O God! how was it that, in the intoxication of a new feeling, I, for a time, forgot them! But they rose upon me in my first calm moment; and the greatest power that ever inspired the pen which has often delineated to your declared satisfaction my enthusiastic emotions, would quail at the task of conveying a shadow of the agony I endured in the struggle between my feelings and my reason. My altered looks have more eloquence than my speech, and the madness I have so long feared may tell with its Babel tongue what reason renounces in despair."

I asked her whether Mr. Gordon had declared himself to her, and whether he knew of the peculiar position of her family.

"Great delicacy," she replied, "has prevented him hitherto, heaven be praised! from declaring to me in words the state of his heart. He asked me (doubtless the device of a delicate lover), to copy his miniature for him. Every trace of my pencil was reflected by my heart. I rose from my work to tremble at the change which had come over me; I saw the danger into which I was rushing, dragging with

me an unconscious victim to the shrine of our family Moloch, and called up fortitude enough to request my father to convey to him the original and the copy. He is, comparatively, a stranger in these parts, and may be, as I think he is, ignorant of the misfortune that haunts our unhappy house. This idea stung me reproachfully. I looked upon myself as a deceiver, occupied in throwing the toils round the body of a generous unsuspecting victim. I was conscious of being incapable of proceeding to any serious extent without informing him of the danger that awaited him; but I shuddered as I thought that his heart might already be committed in ignorance of what should have been communicated on the very threshold of his affection; but, oh! how fervently have I returned thanks to heaven for the timeous interference, for his safety and mine, of the powers of my better judgment! Now at least the paramount evil shall be eschewed, whatever may become of this heart; and, oh! better that it should break with the grief of my own stifled passion, than with the agony of a husband looking with eyes that know not the relief of tears on the insane heirs of a mad mother."

There was, generally, in all the conversations of this young woman, such a mixing up of strong feelings and rational arguments, that I was always at a loss to answer her in such a way as to yield satisfaction either to myself or her. No reason appeared of much importance to her, unless, like her own thoughts, it was accompanied with the necessary garnish of feeling or sentiment. In the present instance, I was in greater difficulty than I had ever felt in her presence. Her own arguments against marriage were, besides being deeply rooted in her mind, too well founded in reason to admit of my conscientiously endeavoring to refute them; and, besides, I had no right to implicate, by my interference, the rights and happiness of a third individual, Mr. Gordon, who had perhaps a greater interest in the affair than the lady herself. On the other hand, I too plainly perceived that her heart was affected by a strong passion; and, from what I knew of her mental constitution, I was satisfied that the greatest danger, both to her mind and body, must inevitably result from an affection of so peculiar a nature remaining ungratified; or rather being attempted, by the struggles of an opposing reason, to be stifled in the heart itself. The excitement produced by such a conflict, or the depression consequent upon the death of the passion, was sufficient to realize the anticipated danger of her hereditary disease. There was thus great reason for the apprehension of evil on either side; and I felt that all that I could safely do in her behalf was to endeavor to keep her mind as calm as possible, and wait the issues of time, either in affording her new lights, or in carrying off the deep impression apparently made on her heart by one whose avocations might require his absence from that part of the country. I endeavored, accordingly, to impress her with the expediency of keeping her mind occupied; and recommended to her several subjects for the employment of her pen, in executing which she would find relief from the morbid thoughts that occupied her mind.

On calling two days afterwards, I understood from her father that Mr. Gordon had construed the return of his miniature and the copy through the hands of her parent as an indication that she did not regard him favorably, and had accordingly returned on the previous day to England. This fact had been communicated to her by her father. I was unable to form any probable guess of the effect this would produce on a mind so peculiarly constituted. Her father seemed to be rather well pleased at the circumstance, and was resolved not to allow his daughter to be again exposed to the action of feelings which seemed to threaten the overthrow of her reason. I was inclined to be of

opinion that the absence of Mr. Gordon might prove beneficial; but I was doubtful of the mode of his withdrawal, which, being imputed to a rejection by one whose heart was altogether occupied by a strong passion for him, might produce a feeling of having acted cruelly and ungratefully—a state of the female mind too favorable to the increase of an affection.

Upon my entering the apartment, my fears were partially realized. She was confined to bed. She was ill: a high pulse, flushed face, and restless eyes betokened an excitement of the system of the greatest danger to one so peculiarly situated.

"My father has informed me," she said, almost immediately on recognizing me, "that Mr. Gordon is gone to England. This has produced in me a mixed feeling of satisfaction and regret. I am pleased I have escaped the danger I so much dreaded, of visiting on the heads of others and perpetuating a calamity that ought to end in one generation; but I am grieved to think that my motives should have been misconstrued by one I cannot but love and admire. He has imputed, doubtless, to a feeling of unworthy pride and disdain what ought to have been attributed to affection and generosity; but he is innocent of any wish to misconstrue my conduct or depreciate my motives; and he is now, perhaps, suffering the pangs of a rejected and despised affection, at the very moment when I am tortured by the thought of being considered ungrateful and cruel to the object on whom my heart still dotes. Was ever mortal exposed to such ingeniously-contrived misery? Is there no mode by which this can be remedied? Is it not possible yet to convey to him the true cause of my rejection of his proffered suit—that it was affection itself that rose in arms against the cruelty I meditated against a noble, generous-minded man? Were he satisfied of this, my mind would be relieved; and the burning fever that threatens to stimulate the poison of my hereditary disease, may be quenched before reason is precipitated from her throne. You are my friend, you are also my doctor; in both capacities, I ask you, I implore you, to devise some means of taking from my brain this burden which threatens to crush it to ruins as bleak and terrible as the fragments of that melancholy wreck which has overtaken the minds of my mother and sisters. Know you the part of England to which he has gone? His father's seat is near the Borders. He may be there. What can I suggest? I cannot ask my father to write to him—I cannot write myself. Relieve me of the thought of devising a remedy for this pressing evil. There are many things which the kindness of friends can supply, when no powers are left to us to help ourselves; and I rely on your friendship, which I have ever found sincere and unchangeable."

I told her that I would consider of some means of relieving her mind from the burden which lay upon it. She seized my hand as I replied, and pressed it fervently, as if she meant, by that mode of expression of her feelings, to impress me with the deep importance of the commission with which she had intrusted me. I was somewhat at a loss for a proper construction of her conduct. I was aware of the effect which a sense of ingratitude would produce upon a mind so generous as hers, and so fraught with the nicest delicacies of the most elevated of her sex; and yet I secretly imagined, that there was present, as an additional cause of unhappiness, the regret of the lover at the loss of the object of her affections—a thought that bore in upon me, in spite of all the faith I had in the sincerity of her views regarding marriage, and in the generosity of those sentiments that dictated the wish to avoid implicating another in the calamity to which she was exposed. I went and consulted with her father whether her extraordinary wish should be complied with. He was not partial to an exposure

of the misfortunes of his family, and asked me whether I thought any danger might result to his daughter from a refusal of her request. I answered that I thought every reasonable measure should be taken to allay the excitement of her mind; and, seeing that the circumstance of their family calamity was already well known, and probably even in the knowledge of Mr. Gordon himself, no great evil could accrue from this divulgement; while, if I were enabled to declare to her upon my sincerity that her wish had been fulfilled, great hopes might be entertained of the sedative effects of time restoring her to her wonted condition of mind and body. My answer was satisfactory; but he suggested that the communication should not be made in writing, but at a personal interview with Mr. Gordon, who would come from his father's, in Cumberland, upon a short notice that his presence was requested in this quarter. I concurred in this suggestion, and undertook to make the necessary explanations.

I accordingly wrote to Mr. Gordon, requesting him to take the trouble of visiting me within as shorr a period as his avocations would permit, and, in the meantime, I called again upon my patient. She was still very feverish, and her excitement had not in any degree abated. She asked me, the moment I entered, whether I had taken any measure for the relief of her mind. I answered that I had written for Mr. Gordon to visit me, and expected him in a few days, when I would make the necessary communication to him personally.

"I am beholden to you," she cried, "in a life of thanks and blessings, for this exhibition of your friendship. Why should your profession limit its range to the use of physical medicaments? You have done more for the return of my health by this application of a moral remedy, than if you had prescribed for me all the secrets of your dispensary. My conscience shall be relieved, and I can, as I have hitherto done, reflect with pleasure on that nobility of sentiment which it is my pride to retain sacred and uninjured amidst all the perils of a bad world, and which, if it ever perish, I could wish to fall in the ruins of the mind itself. But what if he wish to see me, and cast over me again the charm which has produced all this misery? Counsel me freely. Can I trust myself in his presence, even with the guard of that frightful knowledge he is soon to receive? Why should I tremble at the intercourse of liberal sentiment with the man I still admire, when it shall be understood that we cannot be united? Is not this a weakness unworthy of me, which I should endeavor to overcome, as an enemy to the happiness I might experience in the society of so noble a man? Yet I know best the powers of my own mind and heart. Hitherto I have relied upon the dictates of my own judgment, which has never failed me even in the emergency of love. "Will you tell me" (looking anxiously in my face) "whether Mr. Gordon wishes again to see Isabella Warden?"

I informed her that I would comply with her request. I was now rather confirmed in my former idea, that love still held an ascendency over her judgment, however she might flatter herself that she had conquered the insidious power. On returning home, I found a letter from Mr. Gordon, saying he would visit me within two days. He came accordingly, apparently with better will than I had to ask him. He suspected that the object I had in view was in some degree connected with the family of Mr. Warden; and Love had lent him the use of his wings. After being seated, I opened to him, by a preliminary statement, the subject of my communication, and, as I proceeded with my interesting recital—recounting the calamity which had befallen Mr. Warden's family, the beauty and noble-mind-

edness of Isabella, her reason for rejecting his suit, and her request that he should be made aware of that reason—I watched carefully the effect produced on him. I perceived nothing but satisfaction on his countenance as I approached the delicate part of my narrative, and was surprised to hear him state, in answer, that he was all along well aware of the calamity under which Mr. Warden's family labored; but that such was the effect produced on his mind by the transcendent beauty, great mental parts, delightful manners, and nobility of mind of Miss Warden, that he had resolved, in the event of his suit being accepted, to run all the hazards, and marry this incomparable woman. It was scarcely necessary for me to ascertain, by a question, whether he wished to see her. His affection for her, he declared, was stronger than ever.

Within a few hours after, I called on Isabella. I communicated to her the import of the conversation I had had with Mr. Gordon. My statement produced in her mind a great conflict of feelings; and I never had greater reason to fear the effects of her excitement than I had on that occasion.

"How is this heart to be resolved?" she said, with great anxiety of countenance, and an agitation that shook her delicate frame. "The reasons and arguments of years of meditation, seem to lose in my mind their accumulated force, and I tremble at a change over which I have no control. My mental efforts are palsied by the sense of what I owe to the man who has said he will dare all the evils that accompany my fate, and, for my worthless sake, risk the mighty stake of his happiness for life. His love for me was nothing to this declared resolution. What shall aid my judgment in resisting the force of one generous heart on another? You know, sir, my sentiments on marriage. Shall I depute you to request him *not* to ask to see me?—say, my friend, shall I supplicate his return instantly to Cumberland? Yet, O God! what a reward would that be for such unparalleled generosity of soul!—I must, I feel I must, *thank* him. Surely so poor a boon as thanks cannot make me bankrupt in my prudential resolves. But I can deliver to you no message. You have heard me—I have scarcely heard myself. Oh, my poor heart!—break—break, or be resolved!"

As she concluded this speech, which seemed to be merely the outspoken workings of her mind, in its efforts to come to some conclusion, she reclined backwards, much exhausted. I could easily perceive the bent of her inclinations. I gazed upon the beautiful victim of a state of mental constitution and feelings in all respects so extraordinary. I saw plainly that she loved ardently, and that her love had all but conquered those determinations against marriage that had resulted as well from her morbid fancies as from her legitimate conclusions of prudence and high-mindedness. I never saw one, and may never again see one, in the same position. She looked upon me as if I were the arbiter of her fate; her beautiful countenance exhibited all the traces of mental agony; and the piteous and supplicatory glances of her black eyes, as she occasionally withdrew them from my face, fixed them on the ground, and lifted them again to beseech, with their mute eloquence of prayer, my assistance in resolving her extraordinary doubt—went to my very soul I was now, however, better prepared for answering her, because I now saw that there was less danger in restraining an affection so strong as hers, than in gratifying it by a union with the man of her affections.

"Your heart, Isabella," said I, taking up her last words, "shall not break. It shall be bound up with the cords of a pure affection—a sanctified love.. You must give Mr. Gordon something else than thanks for coming from Cumberland to renew a suit that you had rejected without

a word of explanation. He is, indeed, a noble individual, and calculated to make you happy."

"You fill me with shuddering apprehensions," she cried, hysterically. "What is this? Are all the resolutions of a life crumbling down in the view of a trembling, inane, palsied consciousness? Is love stronger than the convictions of the last victim of five wedded to our family Genius of Evil? But does he know that I am the last of five? Are you sure that that generous man knows the dreadful truth? Speak, my friend—assure me of that—there is in it some secret medicinal balm whose virtues I feel stealing about this aching heart."

"He knows all, Isabella," replied I, "and will venture all for the great love he bears to her he conceives to be the noblest of her sex. Excuse me—I use his words. Flattery belongs not to my profession."

As I said these words, her excitement seemed to abate, and she reclined gently on the couch on which she sat, with her eyes fixed on the wall of the apartment, and her face exhibiting the traces of a soft pensiveness, mixed with an expression of a pleasant resignation to some power she had resisted and could no longer resist. She remained in this position for some time, and I waited the issue of the workings of her peculiar mind. At last she turned and fixed her eyes upon my countenance. A clear tear had collected, and stood glistening, like a pearl on a ball of jet. She held out her hand and placed it in mine.

"Shall it be?" she said, in a voice that sounded in my ear like soft music; and the tear fell with the words.

I paused in my reply, not from any doubt of what I ought to say, but because I felt the extraordinary power over the future fortunes of so beautiful a creature, placed in my hands, as a responsibility entirely new to me, and, therefore, more serious than that to which we are accustomed in our position as medical advisers. She appeared to drink up my very looks—she wished and feared, anticipated and trembled—the blood came and went, and the tear started and dried up, as the two antagonist emotions alternated their energies over her heart.

"Isabella," said I, holding her hand, "you attempted what was beyond the power of even a cold-hearted, calculating woman, and far more beyond the power of one so gifted as you are with the finer sensibilities and susceptibilities of the female heart. You were made for love, and you might as well try to live without the nourishment of nature, as to choke the natural passion which glows in your heart with the appliance of a cold result of judgment. Sorely, Isabella, have you miscalculated the powers of female affection."

"Alas! it is true!" she muttered, with a deep-drawn sigh, and reclining her head again upon the couch pillow. "In this hour do I feel the vanity of all my accumulated resolutions of many years. I thought I was fighting for the cause of humanity, for the well-being of generations to come, for the diminution of physical evil, for God's goodness and man's benefit. Where—where are all my high aspirations now? Alas! how nearly allied are the greatest virtue and the greatest weakness! I had thought my cause an affair of the heart; but, ah! there was a power there before the one I placed in it as sovereign ruler—and now I feel its paramount strength."

She sighed deeply as she told the issue of all her high and noble purposes. Turning her eyes again upon me—

"When is he to call?" she asked, with a blush that spread up over her temples.

"When I give him notice," replied I.

"And when will that be?" she added, with a naiveté that forced a smile from me, which she instantly observed, and then tried to correct herself.

"I mean—I mean," she continued, with a broken voice, and a renewal of her

blush—" when do you think I should see him—if—if—it is your opinion that I *should*—that it is *proper* for me to see him ?"

And her breast heaved with convulsive energy as she again threw a doubt over the fulfilment of her destiny. At that moment Mr. Gordon entered along with her father. I was not prepared for this; but Mr. Gordon's passion had mastered his judgment, and he could not wait the issue of my interview. Rushing forward, he fell on his knees before the couch. Isabella lifted her head. It fell on the bosom of her lover. Distinct sobs burst from her bosom. The triumph of nature was complete—their tears mixed, and heaving respirations told eloquently the workings of their hearts. Taking Mr. Warden suddenly by the arm, I hurried him out of the room.

In the afternoon, I called again, and dined with the family. An entire change had come over the mind of Isabella. The struggle over, and nature having triumphed, she was like one relieved from bondage and captivity, and brought out to luxuriate in the rays of the sun and the sweets of natural liberty. Her brilliant fancy, bursting from behind the cloud which had shaded its splendor, exhibited all the gay and shining lights of her extraordinary genius. One by one, every subject started was taken up and rolled in the stream of effulgence that poured from her imagination, and made to reflect the varied hues, like precious stones turned in the sunbeams, so as to bring all the angles into luminous and never-ceasing changes of reflection. Capturing with ease the minds of all, she led us where she pleased—into academic groves, poetic gardens, and Elysian bowers; and, infusing into us the spirit by which she was herself animated, transformed us for a time into new beings, gifted with new powers and new susceptibilities of enjoyment. Such are the effects of genius. I gazed upon the lovely enchantress with admiration. Mr. Gordon's eye was illuminated with delight; and her father's countenance, though occasionally shaded with doubts as to the true import or effect of such elevation of spirits and powers of fancy, exhibited the pleasure and satisfaction of a fond parent. Why do I dwell on this scene? Some time afterwards, Mr. Gordon led Miss Warden to the altar. They lived at the house of Mr. Warden, I continued to be their family surgeon, and often witnessed the happiness of their union, which was never disturbed by any attack of the disease, which had produced so much terror to the heiress of insanity. They never had any children—a circumstance which reconciled her more and more to the marriage condition, and did not diminish the happiness of her husband.

MAY DARLING, THE VILLAGE PRIDE.

"Lay her i' the earth;
And from her pure and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring!" HAMLET.

It is a lively spot, Grassyvale—"beautiful exceedingly." But its beauty is of a quiet, unimposing description; the characteristic feature of the landscape which would strike the eye of a spectator who surveyed it from the highest neighboring eminence, is simply—repose. There are no mountains, properly so called, within a circuit of many miles—none of those natural pyramids which, in various parts of our beloved land of mountain and of flood, of battle and of song, rise in majestic grandeur, like columns of adamant to support the vault of heaven. The nearest are situated at such a distance that they appear like clouds, and might readily be mistaken for such, but for their death-like stillness, and the everlasting monotony of their outline. No waterfalls hurl their bolts of liquid crystal into dark, frowning, wave-worn chasms, which had echoed to the thunder of their fall since the birth of time. There is no far-spreading forest—no yawning ravine, with "ebon shades and low-browed rocks"—no beetling cliff or precipice, "shagged" with brushwood, as Milton hath it. There is nothing of the grand, the sublime, the terrible, or the magnificent—there is only quiet; or, if the terms do not sound dissonant to "ears polite," modest, unassuming beauty, such as a rainbow, were it perpetually present in the zenith, might form a characteristic and appropriate symbol of. Nature has not here wrought her miracles of beauty on a Titanic scale. What, then, is so attractive about Grassyvale? it will be asked. We are not sure but we may be as much stultified with this question, as was the child in Wordsworth's sweet little poem, "We are seven" (which the reader may turn up at leisure, when the propriety of the comparison will be seen), and may be forced, after an unsuccessful attempt to justify ourselves for holding such an opinion, to maintain, with the same dogmatic obstinacy—it is beautiful. But the length of our story compels us to exclude a description of the landscape, which we had prepared.

* * * *

The village of Grassyvale, which is situated on the margin of a small stream, consists of about one hundred scattered cottages, all neatly whitewashed, and most of them adorned in front with some flowering shrub—wild brier, honeysuckle, or the like—whilst a "kail-yard" in the rear constitutes no inappropriate appendage. There is one of those dwellings conspicuous from the rest by its standing apart from them, and by an additional air of comfort and neatness which it wears, and which seems to hallow it like a radiant atmosphere. It is literally covered with a net-work of ivy, honey-suckle, and jasmine, the deep green of whose unvarnished leaf renders more conspicuous "the bright profusion of its scattered stars." The windows are literally darkened by a multitude of roses, which seem clustering and crowding together to gain an entrance, and scatter their "perfumed sweets" around the apartment. Near the cottage, there is also a holly planted—that evergreen tree which seems providentially designed by nature to cheer the dreariness of winter, and, when all is withered and desolate around, to remain a perpetual promise of spring. But we have more to

do with this beautiful little dwelling than merely to describe its exterior.

Behind Grassyvale, the ground begins to swell, undulating into elevations of mild acclivity, on the highest of which stands the parish church, like the ark resting on Ararat—faith's triumph, and mercy's symbol. Numerous grassy hillocks scattered around indicate the cemetery where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." Amongst those memorials which are designed to perpetuate the recollection of virtue for a few generations—and which, with their appropriate emblems and inscriptions, preach so eloquently to the heart, and realize to the letter Shakspeare's memorable words, "sermons in stones"—there is one which always attracts attention. It is not a "storied urn, an animated bust"—one of those profusely decorated marble hatchments with which worldly grandeur mourns, in pompous but vain magnificence, over departed pride. No; it is only a small unadorned slab, of rather dingy-colored freestone; and the inscription is simply—"To the memory of May Darling, who was removed from this world to a better, at the early age of nineteen. She was an affectionate daughter, a loving sister, and a sincere Christian.

"Weep not for her whose mortal race is o'er;
She is not lost, but only gone before."

Ah! there are few, few indeed, for many miles round, who would pass that humble grave without heaving a sigh or shedding a tear for her who sleeps beneath—her who was so beloved, so admired by every one, as well as being the idol and pride of her own family, and whose romantic and untimely fate (cut off "i' the morn and liquid dew of youth") was the village talk for many a day.

John Darling, the father of our heroine, was, what is no great phenomenon among the peasantry of Scotland, a sober, industrious, honest man. In early life, he espoused the daughter of an opulent farmer, whose marriage portion enabled him to commence life under very favorable auspices. But, in spite of obedience to the natural laws, the mildew of misfortune will blight our dearest hopes, however wisely our plans for the future may be laid, and however assiduously and judiciously they may be pursued. Untoward circumstances, which it would unnecessarily protract our narrative to relate, had reduced him, at the period to which our tale refers, to the condition of a field laborer. Death had, likewise, been busy singling out victims from amongst those who surrounded his humble, but cheerful fireside; and, of a large family, there only remained three, and he was a widower besides. May was the oldest; and, accordingly, the superintendence of the household devolved upon her. The deceased parent was of a somewhat haughty and reserved turn of mind, for the recollection of former affluence never forsook her; and this circumstance kept her much aloof from the less polished and sophisticated matrons of the village, and also rendered her a strict family disciplinarian. She concentrated her mind almost entirely upon the affairs of her own household; and her children were accordingly watched with a more vigilant eye, and brought up with more scrupulous care than was usual with those around her. It was her pride, and "let it be her praise," to see them arrayed in more showy habiliments than those worn by their associates; and, to accomplish this darling object, what serious transmutation did her finery of former days undergo, as the mutilated robes descended from child to child, turned upside down, inside out, and otherwise suffering a metamorphosis at every remove! The dress of May, in particular—her first-born bud of bliss, the doted on of her bosom—was always attended to with special care; nor was the cultivation of her mind in any way overlooked. She very early inspired her with a love of reading, which increased with the development of her faculties, and

many a day survived her by whom the passion had been awakened.

In person, May was slender; but her light, airy, sylph-like form, was eminently handsome. Hair and eyes of intense depth of black contrasted admirably with a countenance which may be designated as transparent—it was nearly colorless; and only on occasions of unusual bodily exertion, or when some mental emotion suffused the cheek with a damask blush, would a tint of rosy red fluctuate over her pure skin. It can scarcely be called pale, however—it had nothing about it of that death-in-life hue which indicates the presence of disease.

"Oh, call it *fair*, not pale!"

The expression was at once amiable and intellectual—mellowed or blended, however, with a pensiveness which is usually, but most erroneously called melancholy. Melancholy had nothing to do with a "mind at peace with all below—a heart, whose love was innocent." The countenance, in general, affords an index of the mental character—it takes its "form and pressure," as it were, from the predominant workings of that inward principle which is the source of thought and feeling. It is there that thought and feeling, those subtle essences, are made visible to the eye—it is there that mind may be seen. The most casual observer could not fail to perceive that the soul which spoke eloquently in the eye, "and sweetly lightened o'er the face" of May Darling, was a worshipper of nature, of poetry, and of virtue; for they are often combined—they have a natural relation to one another; and, when they exist simultaneously in one individual, a mind so constituted has a capacity for enjoying the most exalted pleasure of which humanity is susceptible. May Darling was indeed imaginative and sanguine in a very high degree; and books of a romantic or dramatic character were mines of "untold wealth" to her.

"Many are poets who have never penned
Their inspirations."

And, although the name of this rural beauty, this humble village-maiden, will be looked for in vain in the rolls of fame, she enjoyed hours of intense poetical inspiration. In short, both in her mental character, and in the style of her personal attractions, she rose far above her companions of the village. Need it be told that often, of a fine evening, she would steal away from her gay, romping, laughing associates, and, with a favorite author in her hand, and wrapt in a vision of "*sweet* coming fancies," follow the course of the stream which intersected her native vale, flowing along, pure and noiseless, like the current of her own existence?

The favorite haunt in which she loved to spend her leisure hours, was a beautiful dell, distant about half a mile from the village. It was a place so lonely, so lovely, so undisturbed, that there—(but then all these fine old rural deities, those idols shrined for ages in Nature's own hallowed Pantheon, have been expelled their temples, or broken by science—why should this be?)—there, if anywhere, the genius of solitude might be supposed to have fixed his abode. It was a broken piece of ground, intersected by several irregular banks, here projecting in hoar and sterile grandeur (not on an Alpine scale, however), and there, clothed with tufts of the feathery willow or old gnarled thorn. The earth was carpeted with its usual covering of emerald turf; and interwoven with it, in beautiful irregularity, were numerous wild flowers—the arum, with its speckled leaves and lilac blossoms; the hyacinth, whose enameled blue looks so charmingly in the light of the setting sun; and oxlips, cowslips, and the like—throwing up their variegated tufts, like nosegays presented by nature for some gentle creature, like May Darling, to gather up and lay upon her bosom. The air, of course, was permanently impregnated with the perfume which they breathed out—the everlasting incense of the flowers rising from the altars of Nature to her God.

Such was the sanctuary in which May gleaned from books the golden thoughts of others, or held communion with her own; and well was it adapted for nursing a romantic taste, and giving a tenderer tone to every tender feeling.

The personal attractions of this sweet and lovely creature increased with her years, and she became the reigning belle of Grassyvale and all the country round. It followed, as a matter of course, that her admirers outnumbered her years; and that the possession of her affections was, with many a rustic Adonis, a subject which troubled the little kingdom of the soul, like the Babylonish garment. At every village fete—a wedding, a harvest home, or other rural festival—hers was the step most buoyant in the dance, hers the hand most frequently solicited, hers the form and face that riveted all eyes, and thrilled the heart of the ardent admirer "too much adoring." Amongst the other accomplishments of our heroine, skill in music was not the least prominent. Not that she excelled in those intricate gráces which are often had recourse to by vocalists to conceal a bad voice, and atone for want of feeling and expression; but her "wood-note wild" was eminently characterized by the latter qualities of singing; and the effect which she produced, was, accordingly, calculated to be lasting.

It must not be supposed, however, that the flattering unction of adulation, at best like the love of Kaled to Lara, "but half-concealed," had any pernicious influence over her mind. She was neither puffed up with vain conceit, nor display of haughty reserve and distance towards those who numbered fewer worshippers than herself; still humility of heart, which was "native there and to the manner born," characterized her deportment—nor was there any relaxation in the discharge of the household duties which devolved upon her; and the comfort of her father, and the proper care and culture of the younger branches of the family, were as faithfully attended to as if her deformity, instead of her beauty, had been proverbial. She folded the little flutterers under her wing, like a mother bird; and, if there was one thing more than another that she took delight in, it was the training of their young minds to the love and practice of virtue and religion, the only fountains whence happiness, pure and uncontaminated, can be drawn in this life.

> "So passed their life—a clear united stream,
> By care unruffled; till, in evil hour"——

But we anticipate.

It was on a fine summer morning that May, with one of her little sisters, set out to visit the annual fair of the county town. Such an event naturally excites considerable interest over all the country round; and old and young, blind and cripple, male and female, pour along the public ways—not in "weary," but in light-hearted "droves"—full of eagerness and expectation, like the Jews to the pool of Bethesda, when the angel was expected to make his annual descent, and impart a healing virtue to its waters; for there, there is to be found variety of amusement for every mind—from the Katerfelto wonderer, "wondering for his bread," down to the more humble establishment of a half-penny showman, with his "glorious victory of Waterloo," his "golden beetle," or "ashes from the burning mountains." But, on the occasion to which we refer, there was an exhibition in the shape of a theatrical booth, which presented extraordinary attractions for May Darling; and, accordingly, after deliberately balancing the gratification which she anticipated, with the expense which it would cost (her exchequer was of course not very rich), she at length found herself comfortably seated near the front of the stage. The tragedy of "George Barnwell" was going off with prodigious *eclat;* and the performers had arrived at that scene where the hero is about to assassinate his uncle, when the insecure props that supported the gallery began to indicate a disposition

to disencumber themselves of their burden, and, at last, finally gave way. The confusion which now ensued, not to mention the shrieks and other vocal notes of terror and dismay, it is needless to describe—these have nothing to do with our tale. Barnwell, instead of imbruing his hands in innocent blood, even "in jest," became the most active agent in rescuing his hapless audience from their perilous situation. He was a tall, handsome young man, of a very prepossessing exterior, and appeared to great advantage in his showy stage habiliments. The general rush was towards the door, the most likely avenue of escape which presented itself to the astonished rustics; but a few, amongst whom was our heroine, with more collected judgment and presence of mind, found a place of security on the stage. May was slightly bruised in her endeavors to shelter her young charge; and, although not much injured, her forlorn yet interesting appearance drew the attention of the histrionic Samaritan, and he kindly conducted her into the back settlements of the theatre. The affair was not of such a serious nature as might have been anticipated. A few dilapidated seats, and a score or two of trifling contusions, made up the sum total of the damage. A hat or two might have changed owners in the confusion; but these are things beneath the dignity of a tragedian to look after; and, as soon as matters were adjusted on the grand theatre of commotion, he returned to the object of his first solicitude. She was seated on a stool, in what was dignified with the sounding appellation of a green-room—looking paler, and lovelier, and more loveable than ever. He quieted her apprehensions with respect to the catastrophe; for he was an adept in the art of imitation, and politely requested the honor of conducting her to her place of residence. It is not difficult to conceive what was the first impression which the request made upon the mind of May Darling; but the scruples of modest, virgin innocence, yielded at last to the importunities of the actor, and they left the scene of mirth and confusion together.

On their journey homewards, the conversation naturally turned upon the drama; and many a fine passage, which May admired, was recited to her with all the eloquence and stage artifice which the actor was master of. And he would speak feelingly of "the gentle lady married to the Moor;" her love—the love of Desdemona—pure, exalted, all-enduring—such as death alone could quench; her wo and her fate, so replete with all that can agonize the human soul, and awaken its profoundest sympathies;—of Ophelia—"the fair Ophelia," the young, the beautiful, and the gentle—her devoted, child-like affection, her mournful distraction, and her untimely doom;—of Miranda, the island bride—the being of enchantment—half earthly, half heavenly—around whom the spirits of the air hovered, and ministered unto as vassals;—of Imogen, the fair and faithful—the patient, long-suffering, and finally fortunate Imogen;—of Cordelia—she of the seraph-spirit, pure and peaceful—whose love for a father surpassed that of the Roman daughter;—of Perdita—"the prettiest low-born lass that ever ran on the greensward"—the shepherdess and the princess;—of Juliet—the martyr of passion—she who drew poison from earth's sweetest flower—love—and died thereby; by love's own flame, "kindled she was and blasted." These, and many other creations of fancy, which omnipotent genius has rendered almost real historical personages—not shadow but substance—were the topics of discourse which were handled by our hero of the buskin, until the cottage of John Darling was reached. From the description which has been given of May's character, it need be no matter of surprise that the impression made upon her gentle bosom was profound; and, on taking leave of her, a request, on the part of Mr. Henry Wilkinson (such was the tragedian's

name), to be permitted to visit her on some future occasion, made under cover of a pretext to inquire after the state of her health, was acceded to. Again and again Mr. Wilkinson visited the cottage, and poured into the ear of the humble, unsuspecting, and happy inmate, many a story of love, and hope, and joy—such as his knowledge of the drama, which was great, supplied him with.

> "These things to hear
> Would Desdemona seriously incline;
> But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
> Which ever as she could with haste dispatch
> She'd come again, and, with a greedy ear,
> Devour up his discourse."

Substitute the name of May Darling for that of Desdemona, and the description becomes perfect of our heroine's situation, whilst the result was similar: in a short time, the happiness of our village maiden was entirely at the disposal of Mr. Wilkinson. Hitherto her heart had slept, like some untroubled lake, reflecting only heaven, and nature grand and beautiful around; but now its waters were darkened and disturbed by one single image—and that was her lover's. Her ears were no longer open to the murmurs of her native stream, or the gush of song from the fairy-winged and fairy-plumaged birds, whom she almost knew one from another: she only heard the music of her lover's voice. Her secluded dell was no longer visited alone; her walks were no longer solitary, or if they were, it was only to meet him whom her heart loved, and to see if his speed "kept pace with her expectancy." Everything was beheld through one all-hallowing atmosphere—and that was love. It lay upon her soul like the shadow on the sundial, and time was measured by it. How, it will be asked, was all this looked upon by her father? With no favorable eye—nay, with many suspicious forebodings and prophetic fears.

It was about three months after the catastrophe which took place in the provincial theatre, that Mr. Wilkinson made proposals of a union to May, which, being accepted, the consent of her parent was next applied for. The advances of the actor were for a time checked by an uncompromising refusal; but May's father gradually became less peremptory, until there remained only one objection, but that was insurmountable—namely, the profession of Mr. Wilkinson—one, in general, very obnoxious to a Scottish peasant. It was, however, finally obviated, by the actor's promising to abandon it, and become a teacher of elocution in the town of H——. The father's consent was obtained at last, though with reluctance, and the day of their nuptials was fixed.

It was a beautiful evening, that which preceded the day when May Darling was to give her hand to the man for whom her heart cherished a love as deep, intense, and concentrated, as ever was awakened and nursed in woman's gentle bosom. The sun—just sinking through those vast masses of clouds which usually attend his exit, and assume, as he descends, various wild and fantastical shapes, and catch every hue, from the intense purple to the scarcely perceptible yellow—showered on the face of nature a stream of rich but mellowed radiance, which softened without obliterating, the outlines of objects, and produced that "clear obscure, so softly dark, so darkly pure," which is so favorable to indulgence in tender emotions.

> "Sweet hour that wakes the wish and melts the heart!"—

sweet hour, when reflection is deepest and feeling most profound—when the mind, abroad all day, busied with the concerns of this work-a-day world, comes home to itself, and broods, and sleeps, and dreams golden dreams—sunny, hope-illumined dreams!—sweet hour, when the ties of social being which the day had severed are reunited, and around the household hearth, the "old familiar faces" are assembled!—sweet hour, when the shades of evening, gradually deepening, are suffi-

cient to conceal the blush which might mantle beauty's cheek, too warmly, fondly pressed, as, in a voice half sighs, half whispers, she confesses the secret of her love; and when in the arms which gently enfold her yielding form, she seems, in the fine language of Rogers, to become less and less earthly,

"And fades at last into a spirit from heaven!"

'Twas at this enchanting hour that Wilkinson and his betrothed set out on one of those charming walks during which they had so often exchanged vows of mutual and eternal love. The road which they at first took, was sufficiently retired to admit of their conversing aloud with unreserved confidence; but, continuing their journey, unconscious where they were going, they found themselves at last in the vicinity of the high road which leads to the town of H——. Turning to strike down a narrow hedge-row path, a moving spectacle presented itself to their observation. Upon a grassy knoll lay a female fast asleep, with a child at her breast, vainly attempting to force its little fingers within the folds of the handkerchief which concealed the bosom of its mother. May uttered a faint exclamation, somewhat between pity and fear; for she was taken by surprise. But her lover's astonishment was still greater than hers; for, after he had contemplated the care-worn features of the wayfarer, he started, and, had not the increasing gloom of evening prevented any change of countenance from being perceptible, May might have seen his face turn ashy pale; but she felt the arm in which hers was fondly locked, to tremble distinctly.

"This touches your feelings, Henry," said May; "but can we not, love, do something to alleviate the sufferings of this, no doubt, unfortunate female? Had I not better awake her, and conduct her to my father's where refreshment and rest can be procured?"

"Nay, dearest love," said Wilkinson —"sleep is to the wretched the greatest boon that can be bestowed: let us leave her alone, nor deprive her of the only comfort which, possibly, she is capable of enjoying."

So saying, he hastily retired, bearing May, somewhat reluctantly, homewards; for her sympathy was much excited, and she would fain have carried her generous purpose into effect; but gave way to the entreaties of her lover, who had some miles to walk ere he could reach his place of residence. After seeing May safely beneath the domestic roof, Wilkinson bade farewell for the night to his betrothed bride, and took his departure, with the intention, he said, of immediately returning to H——. He did not proceed directly home, however; but, making a retrograde movement, he fell back upon the place where the fatigued traveller had been seen. She was gone when he arrived; and whether the circumstance gave him pleasure or the reverse, we have never been able to ascertain; but, at all events, he now set out in good earnest for H——. What should have interested Wilkinson so much in this apparently wandering mendicant?—*Pacienza.*

On the evening which we have described, let the reader picture to himself two aged crones, comfortably seated upon a rough slab of wood, elevated two feet or so above the ground, by a massive block of granite which supported either end. This together with the cottage wall against which their backs reclined, might, even with individuals more fastidious than its present occupants, have appeared a luxury little inferior to a sofa, especially in that bland and beautiful hour when daylight dies along the hills, and our feelings, partaking of the softness of the scene and hour dispose us to be pleased, we ask not why and care not wherefore. On either hand was situated a door, over which hung suspended a very homely signboard. From one of these, the wayfarer might learn that good entertainment for man

and beast could be supplied within, by Janet Baird, who, it appeared, was, by special permission of government, permitted to retail spirits, porter, ale, and other items. Lest any mistake should occur as to the nature of the invitation (or, perhaps, it was a *ruse* to provoke the alimentary faculties), there was a painting of the interior, representing a table, which seemed to groan under the weight of bottles, glasses, porter and ale cans, bread, cheese, and what not; whilst two jolly companions, with rubicund faces, where an infinity of good nature predominated, sat round it, each with a cup in hand, and both evidently sublimed by their potations far above this "dirty planet, the earth." At the entrance to the apartment was seen the landlady, who, with one hand, pushed open the door; whilst the other, projecting forwards, supported a huge tankard, charged with the favorite beverage, which mantled or effloresced at the top, like a cauliflower. The neighboring sign had fewer attractions for the weary traveller or the droughty villager, throwing out merely hints as to the condition of the reader's linen, by intimating that clothes might here undergo purification, and be mangled by the hour or *peace* (such was the orthography) by Nelly Gray.

The two neighbors lived on terms of the utmost harmony; for there was no rivalry of interests. Their callings were antipodes to each other—one being devoted to the decoration and comfortable appearance of the human exterior, whilst the other took special cognizance of the internal condition of the animal economy. They, of course, carried on a mutual traffic; but it was on the primitive principle of barter—the weekly account for washing and dressing which Janet owed, being duly balanced by her accommodating Nelly with a certain potent nostrum, which we shall not name, but merely describe as a sovereign remedy for aching bones and pains, and other complaints of the stomach, to which this petticoat Diogenes (for she likewise practised in a tub) was very subject, especially after washing a whole day, or impelling her crazy creaking machine for the same space of time. It was their invariable practice to spend an hour or two every evening in what is termed in the vernacular a "twa-handed crack," either seated out doors, or snugly immured in Janet's back parlor—a small dark room, encumbered with sundry articles of retail. The subject of their conversation, on the present occasion, will immediately become apparent.

"They say he's gaun to learn folk ellykeashun," said Janet, in reference to May's lover.

"An' what's that, Janet?" asked the other.

"Ne'er a bit o' me kens very weel," rejoined Janet, "but, I'm thinkin it's the way the gentry speak, eghin an' owin, and sichin and sabbin, an' makin yer voice gang up an doun, like daft Jock playin on the fife."

"Hech, sirs, that's an idle kind o' way o' making ane's bread," sighed Janet.

"It's naething else than begging. He'd better pit a napping hammer in his hand, an' tak the road-side for an honest livelihood."

"'Deed, Nelly, it's my opinion he's been on the road before, following anither trade," said Janet. "I'm sair mistaen if he's no a hempie; an' we'll maybe hear mair aboot him yet than some folks wad like to ken o'. I never liked your landloupers an' spoutin gentry a' my days. They're nae better than tinklers, that carry off whatever they lay their han's on, nae matter whether it's beast or body. It cowes the gowan hoo sae sensible a man as John Darling wad e'er hae looten his dochter tak up wi' sic like clamjamfrey. But he was aye owre easy wi' his family, an' gied them owre muckle o' their ain wull frae the first. But the mother was sair to blame in pittin sic daft-like notions intil a bairn's head as to read playactorin'

books an' novels. Wae am I to say sae, noo that she's whar the Lord wull."

"Is't true, Janet, that they're to be coupled i' the kirk?" asked Nelly. "They say the minister's taen an unco likin to the lad; an', to mak things look as genteel as possible, he's offered the use o' the kirk for marrying them in; an's to gie them a ploy forbye, after it's a' owre."

"Guid faith, it's a true saying—'The fat sow gets a' the draff,'" rejoined Janet. "It wad be lang or he did a turn like that for ony puir body like oorsels. The birkie doesna stand in need o' cash; for he gies saxpence to this ane, an' a shilling to the tither ane for ganging errans. He micht hae provided something for the waddin folks doun at Michael Crummie's, whase tred's no sae brisk noo, sin' that kick-up wi' him an' the Mason Lodge folk, wha swore he gied them up ill whusky—an' that was, maybe, nae lee. He ne'er, since ever I mind, keepit the real stuff, like that o' mine. But see, Nelly, whatna puir waebegone looking creature's that coming alang the road, scarcely able to trail ae leg after anither?—an' a bairn, too, help us a'!"

The object which drew the attention of the honest ale-wife, was, as the reader may have already sagaciously conjectured, the same forlorn being whom May Darling and her lover had accidentally encountered. With a slow and faltering step, she approached the village dames, and inquired of them how far it was from the town of H——.

"Five miles guid," said Janet Baird, and continued—"but ye'll no think o' gaun there the nicht; it's gettin dark, an' ye've mair need o' a while's rest; an', maybe, ye wadna be the waur o' something to support nature; for, wae's me! ye do look thin an' hungert like! Tak her in by, Nelly, an' I'll fetch her some cordial, as weel as a morsel to eat."

So saying, she proceeded to her shop, for the purpose of making good her word, whilst Nelly followed up that part of the duty of relieving the stranger which devolved upon her, and conducted the "wearied one" into the interior of her humble domicile.

"Ye'll hae travelled a gey bit the day, na, I sudna wonder?" said Nelly.

"Yes," said the stranger, whom we shall now designate as Mrs. B. "Since morning, I have prosecuted my journey with all the speed which want and weariness would permit of. But these were nothing, did I only know how it was to terminate."

Meantime, Janet had returned, bearing in her apron an ample stock of provisions; and, having heard the latter part of Mrs. B.'s reply to Nelly, her curiosity was not a little excited to know something of her history. This she set about with the characteristic *pawkiness* (there is no purely English word sufficiently expressive) of the Scotch—that style of speaking which is half asking, half answering a question; and she was successful in her endeavors.

"It'll be the guidman that ye're gaun to meet at H——?" said Janet. "He'll be in the manufacturing line, nae doot; for there's little else dune there; an', indeed, that itsel has faun sair aff sin' that dirt o' machinery was brought in to tak the bread out o' the puir man's mouth."

"Yes—no; he is not in that line, nor do I know, indeed, if he is to be found there at all; but—but—excuse me, kind friend, for showing a little reserve touching one who"——

Here, however, her feelings overcame her; and, turning round to gaze on the helpless being that clung to her bosom, tears from her suffused eyes began to find a ready passage down her pale emaciated cheek—a channel with which they appeared to be familiar.

"He never saw thee, my little Henry, my sweet boy! Methinks, that cherub smile of innocence which lies upon thy countenance, would be powerful enough to

melt the icy feelings of his soul, and recall ——. Pardon me, kind friends," she continued; "but the name of husband is associated in my mind with all that human nature can suffer, of unmitigated, hopeless wretchedness. You see before you the victim of——. But you shall hear all."

She then commenced her history, recounting every circumstance of a tale of misery but too common. As it is, in some measure, connected with that of May Darling, we shall give a few of its leading facts.

She was the daughter of a respectable farmer in the north of England, and, being an only child, received an accomplished education; and, from her engaging manners, personal attractions, and skill in music, she was much courted, even by those who moved in the higher circles. At the house of a neighboring clergyman, Mr. G——, she was a very frequent visitor; and her charms captivated the heart of Dr. G——, a young medical gentleman, and the nephew of the clergyman. On her part, however, there was no attachment, although the ardor with which Dr. G—— pressed his suit might have captivated a bosom less stubborn than hers. But another idol was shrined and secretly worshipped there. This was a Mr. Henry Bolton, a fellow-student of Dr. G——'s —who, in calling at the house of Mr. G——, to see his friend the Doctor, was induced to spend a few days with him. His stay was protracted to weeks, months —in short till the farmer's daughter and he, having come to an understanding with respect to the all-important matter of love, agreed to join hands for better for worse. The marriage took place at a neighboring town, where the couple remained for several months, living in a state of great privacy, for no one was in the secret of their union, not even the lady's father. The finances of Mr. Bolton became exhausted; and a letter from his father having shut out all hope of succor from that quarter, he was thrown into a state of extreme dejection. His temper soured, and harshness towards his wife soon followed; for an application on her part to her father, to whom she was compelled by necessity to reveal her situation, met with a reception similar to the other. One day, he dressed himself with more than usual care, packed up in a small parcel the principal part of his body clothes, and having told his wife that he meant to go as far as ——, naming a considerable town, which was situated at some miles distance, parted from her, like Ajut in "The Rambler," never to return. The sun arose and set, and arose again and again, and week after week, but still he came not; nor was she ever able to obtain the faintest trace of him. Her health began to droop, and, in the depth of her humiliation and misery, like the prodigal of old, she was compelled to seek for shelter under the paternal roof. Her father received her even with kindness; for time, the softener of affliction, the soother of wrath, had not passed over his head without exercising its due influence upon his feelings. Here she gave birth to a child, the baby which now lay at her breast. Time passed away, and still no intelligence of her runaway husband reached her, till, "About a week back," she said, "communication was made me by letter, that, if I would repair to the town of H——, I would hear something of my lost husband. Without the knowledge of my father, I have undertaken the journey; and God alone knows whether the information, so mysteriously conveyed to me, be true or false—whether my hopes will be disappointed or realized. A few hours, however, will be sufficient to set my mind at rest. I have wearied you, I fear; but my present wretched appearance required some explanation on my part—for, oh, it is difficult to lie under the suspicion of being a vagrant or vagabond, as heaven knows I am neither." And, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes, she remained

for a few minutes in that reverential but death-like attitude which is assumed when a human soul prays in agony.

Her painful narrative had its due influence upon the minds of those to whom it was addressed; and, although both admitted the propriety of proceeding to the town of H——, yet they earnestly exhorted her to remain with them for a night; and to this proposal she acceded. After breakfast next morning, Mrs. B—— (who must now be looked upon as one of the principal of our *dramatis personæ*) set out for the town of H——. What the nature of her reflections were, as she drew near the termination of her journey, may be readily conceived; but of their intensity no idea can be formed by any one except by the broken-hearted female who has passed through the same fiery ordeal of desertion and despair. She had arrived within a short distance of the town, when a chaise, driving rapidly down the principal entrance to it, attracted her attention. It approached, and from the favors which profusely adorned the driver, his team, and his vehicle, it was evident that some happy pair were destined soon to become its occupants. The blinds were all drawn up; but, as the chaise passed her, one of them was partially let down, and she heard some one from within instruct the driver to proceed to the manse by a road more retired than that usually taken. There was something in the tone of the voice (though indistinctly heard from the rattling of the wheels) which startled Mrs. B—— from a reverie in which she had been indulging, and made every fibre of her body to thrill, as if an electric discharge had shot through it. In mute astonishment, not unmingled with thick coming fancies, horrible forebodings, which, without assuming any definite form, were prophetic of wo, she fixed her eyes upon the retiring vehicle, and, rooted to the spot where she stood, motionless as a Niobe of stone, gazed and gazed till her eyeballs ached. "Can it be?" she at last exclaimed, with wild emotion—"can it be? —No—no—'tis but fancy; yet the place! —gracious powers!" Her eyes continued to follow the retiring wheels, fixed upon them she knew not by what mysterious power; and long she might have remained in this position, had not some person from behind softly addressed her. She turned round, and her eyes fell upon her former suitor, Dr. G——. Let her astonishment be imagined—we will not attempt to give words to her feelings.

"It is to you, then," she said, after recovering from her surprise—"it is to you, Dr. G——, that I am indebted for information regarding my lost husband."

"It is," he replied; "but not a moment is to be lost. Things are in a worse condition than they were when I dispatched my letter to you. But let us proceed instantly to Grassyvale. On the way I will inform you of all that has come to my knowledge regarding that monster—it were a profanation of language to call him husband." So saying, they commenced their journey, which we shall leave them to prosecute whilst we bring up some parts of our narrative which have been necessarily left in the rear.

We need hardly say that the morning of her marriage was an anxious and a busy one to May Darling. It is true that she had plenty of assistance afforded her by the village matrons, and by a few youthful associates, whom she had singled out as especial favorites, from amongst many who were regarded by her with affection. But still a fastidiousness of taste always seizes people on those occasions when they are desirous of appearing to the best advantage. Besides, when there are a number of lady's maids, all busily engaged in decorating a single individual, a difference of opinion relative to the various items of dress always takes place, and occasions much delay. One of them is clear that such and such a color of ribbon will best suit the complexion of the wearer; another holds out strongly for

an opposite hue, and a third silences them both by asserting that neither answer the color of the bonnet. What sort of flowers would most fittingly ornament the hair, was also a subject of protracted debate; and half an hour was wasted in determining whether the ribbon which was to circle her waist like a zone, should hang down or not. Matters, however, were at last adjusted—the bride was arrayed, the hour of twelve was struck by a small wooden clock which ticked behind the door; and with the hour there arrived at the cottage a sort of rude palanquin, fashioned of birch-tree boughs, which intertwisted with each other, and were interwoven with branches of flowering shrubs; and upon this some of the kindest and blithest-hearted of the villagers had agreed to bear May to the kirk. Some modest scruples required to be overcome, before she could be induced to avail herself of this mode of conveyance; and, after being seated, with the bridesmaid walking on one side, and John Darling on the other, the cavalcade began to move. Many hearty good wishes for the happiness of the bride from the elder people, and many joyous shouts from the younger part of the villagers, greeted the ears of the marriage party; whilst a pretty long train, which drew itself out in the rear, sent up its rejoicings on the wind from a distance. But one step must bring us to the altar of Hymen. Side by side stood the bridegroom and the bride; and a more interesting, handsome, and apparently well-matched pair, never were seen in the same situation, as we are informed by the clergyman who officiated on the occasion. The ceremony proceeded with due formality—one moment more would have joined their hands, when a person who had just entered the church called to the clergyman to stay the nuptials; and, at the same moment, a shriek from a female, who had entered along with him, rose so wild, thrilling and distracted, that every bosom shook beneath its glittering attire.

"Base, inhuman miscreant!" shouted Dr. G——, addressing himself to Wilkinson (which name must now be supplanted by his real one, Bolton), at the same time rushing forward to seize the bridegroom.

He, however, had, ere this, dropped the hand of May Darling—that hand which, till now, like Desdemona's, had "felt no age, nor known no sorrow"—and, unsheathing a dagger which was concealed about his person (doubtless one of his theatrical weapons), he threatened to make a ghost of any one who disputed his retreat from the church. His menacing attitude and wild gesticulations threatened every beholder, and even Dr. G—— gave way, allowing him unmolested to quit the sacred place which he was about to profane, and possibly might have stained with blood. Only one attempted to arrest him, and, for a short time, succeeded. It was his wife—she who the night previously had kindled up in his soul the fires of conscience, as she lay asleep, unsheltered save by heaven's blue canopy, and apparently an abandoned outcast.

"Henry," she said, holding up her child, and stretching forth her arms—"Henry, look on this dear pledge of our affection, the child of love, though born in bitterness and tears, the offspring of your choice—look on him, Henry, and let the voice of conscience in your breast, which must be heard now or hereafter, plead in his behalf. The helpless darling innocent—of what crime has he been guilty, that his natural protector should cast him forth to meet the buffetings of fate, without a shield—that he should be launched upon the sea of life without an oar? If not for my sake, at least for the sake of little Henry—for he bears your name—restore us both to honor and society, by returning to the path of duty. The arms that have so often embraced you, will again encircle the neck to which they have clung so often and so fondly. O Henry, Henry! reflect for an instant on my destitute outcast condition—without you, I am a weed cast from the rock, to be driven

whithersoever the storm sets wildest. Think what my sufferings have been and must be!—God alone can estimate them. Henry, hear me. Stay but one instant—Henry, Henry!" And, taking her child in one arm, she stretched out the other to detain him; but the heartless villain shook her rudely from him, and darted from the church.

What were May Darling's feelings during this heart-rending scene? She was not a spectator of it. The moment that the dreadful truth flashed upon her mind, she sank into the arms of her father, dead to consciousness and time. By the same conveyance which had brought her in triumph to the church, covered with the ensignia of happiness, and palpitating with rapture almost too intense for the human soul to enjoy for any length of time without experiencing pain and a revolution of feeling—by that same conveyance, not an hour after, she was borne to her father's cottage, a wretched but a gentle maniac.

Days, weeks, months, passed away, and she remained the same listless, mild, and inoffensive creature—a baby-woman, a human being ripe in years, and an infant in thought, feeling, and everything mental. 'Tis painful to contemplate the situation of an individual overwhelmed by such a calamity under any circumstances; but under the present, how terrible indeed! To be struck down at the altar, arrayed in bridal robes, and with all her hopes blooming around her—how does it humble human pride, set at nought all calculations of human happiness, and assign narrow limits to human hope! And yet there was mercy in the dispensation. Better unconscious almost of existence itself, than alive to all the horrors of a doom like that of May Darling. Better the vacant stare, and the look of silent indifference on all beneath the sun, than the wild gesticulations of violent grief, the shriek of wo, or the agony of despair, for the alleviation of which "hope never comes that comes to all."

Every means were had recourse to for rousing her from the dismal trance into which she had fallen; to dispel from her thoughts the gloomy, the dead images by which they were haunted; but in vain. Sometimes she would sit amongst her gay companions; and, whilst they laughed, chatted, and sung, as in former happy days, a faint smile would re-kindle about her lips, so rosy once, so wan and withered now, and for a moment playing like a mental coruscation, would suddenly expire, and then she would droop again into the gloom of moody madness, and weep amidst all the gaiety that surrounded her—weep even like a child. If spoken to, she made no reply; but, lifting up her dark streaming eyes, sparkling through the humid medium in which they were suffused, like a star in motionless water, she would sing snatches of old songs about disappointed love, blighted hopes, and broken hearts. And the melancholy tones of her voice would sadden all around her, as if some powerful spell had suddenly passed over their minds like a cold wind, and frozen up the fount of joyous feeling; and they would weep, too—weep along with her; for she was so beloved, so good, so beautiful, so happy once, and so wo-begone and wretched now. Then would the gentle maniac start up on a sudden, as if some one had hastily summoned her, and, rushing towards home, would mutter, in a quick tone of voice—"I am coming—I am coming! I knew we would be in time!—I knew we would be in time! He is there!—he—he!——Who?" She was silent now. Many an eye was filled with tears as she passed through the straggling village of Grassyvale.

Winter had passed away—the vernal eruption of spring had been matured into the bloom, and the promise which spring gives of autumn, when May Darling, one evening, wandered forth from her father's cottage, attended only by a little sister. Striking into that beautiful and unfrequented path where she had last walked with

him who, on the following day, was to have become her husband, she had arrived at the very spot where lay asleep, on the grassy bank, by the hedge-side, the wife of Bolton. A train of thought seemed suddenly to rush through her mind; for she sat, or rather dropped gently down. 'Twas the recollection of former events which had begun to be reanimated within her; and, though faint, it was sufficient to cause a temporary suspension of muscular energy: her sight became dim, only vague images being presented to the eye; and she might probably have fallen backwards, had not a person sprung through the hedge, and putting his arms around her slender form, maintained her in an erect position. The individual who had thus so opportunely come to her assistance was closely wrapped up in a great-coat, although the warmth of the weather rendered such a covering scarcely necessary. The upper part of his countenance was concealed by a slouched hat drawn pretty far down; but from what of it was visible, it was plain that care, remorse, and dissipation had gone far to modify its natural expression.

May gradually revived from her partial swoon; and the stranger, uncovering his head, and fixing his eyes upon the languid features which began to assume the hue of life and the expression of conscious being, he said, in a low, trembling voice—

"May Darling, hear me—do not curse me—I am miserable enough without the malison of her whom"——But his feelings, for a moment, choked his utterance. "Through a thousand dangers and difficulties have I sought this interview, only that I might obtain your forgiveness, and acceptance of this small gift." Here he flung a purse down by her side. "Say you forgive me, May—breathe but the word, and, in a few days, an ocean shall roll between us."

But he spoke to ears which heard not. The moment that May recognised Bolton, reason was restored, but animation fled, and she sank dead for a time in his arms. He was about to take measures for her restoration, when the rapid trampling of horses' hoofs drew his attention in another direction; and looking over the hedge-row, he perceived two horsemen, at a very little distance, advancing towards the village. He seemed to be aware of their errand and the cause of their speed; for, no sooner had he cast his eye on them, than his head instinctively sunk down behind the hedge. But his precaution was too late. He had been seen; and, that night, he was led, a fettered man, to the gaol of H——, charged with highway robbery. We may as well conclude his history, as well as that of the other individuals who have been interwoven with our tale, before returning to May Darling.

Mr. Henry Bolton was found guilty of the crime with which he was charged, and condemned to perish on the scaffold, although it was only his first offence; and, to do him justice, he had commited the crime for the purpose of having it in his power, in some measure, to requite May Darling for the injury which she had received at his hands. How wonderful are the ways of Providence in punishing the guilty! Actuated by a motive unquestionably virtuous, Bolton commits a capital crime, and the woman whom he had wronged becomes, unconsciously to herself, the ultimate cause of his punishment! However, by powerful intercession on the part of his friends, the sentence was commuted to transportation for life. But it was destined that he should end his days miserably. "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." Bolton was virtually a murderer, as we shall see; and the curse could not be eluded by the decision of any earthly tribunal. 'Twas vain to attempt to fly from it. The vengeance of Heaven would have pursued him through all the regions of space; and, screened by the closest envelope of darkness and disguise, would have struck its victim down. In a skirmish with the natives of the place to

which he had been transported, he was taken prisoner, and by them put to a cruel and lingering death.

After the painful interview with her husband in the church of Grassyvale, Mrs. Bolton returned to her father, secluding herself from the world, and devoting her time to household duties and the education of her son. Rumors of the death of her husband penetrated at last to the remote part of the country where she resided, and, on its being officially authenticated, Dr. G——, who had commenced practice in a neighboring town, became a frequent visitor at the farm-house. His former courtship was renewed; and, when the days of mourning were over, and time had done much to alleviate grief, to restore the faded charms of Mrs. Bolton, and to throw the events of the past into dimness and distance, they were united; and are still, according to the last accounts, living happily together, surrounded by a family of thriving children. Nelly Gray and Janet Baird still pursue their respective callings in Grassyvale; the latter never failing, on every possible occasion, to boast of her sagacity in detecting the real character of Mr. Henry Wilkinson, *alias* Bolton. But let us return to the suffering May Darling.

She was borne to her cottage home insensible, in which state she remained all that night, and next day revived only to know that she was dying. Yes—the arrow that had pierced her was poisoned; but the venom, though fatal, worked slow. Gold is refined by fire, and the more intense the heat applied, the purer will the metal become. So it is with the human soul. It is made perfect through suffering; and the more it is destined to endure, the fitter will it become for taking a part with the choirs of saints and angels, when it shall have thrown aside the garments of mortality and mounted on high, like the unshadowed moon, through parted clouds. But May was happy notwithstanding. In all her looks and movements were disclosed the peace of mind which passeth understanding. It was diffused, like light from heaven, over her countenance; it was heard, like a rich chord of music, in the tones of her voice; her every word and action betrayed its presence and all-prevailing power. Her Bible, although always a favorite study, became now her sole one; and by its all-hallowing influence, her mind, looking down with calm complacency on all terrestrial things, had an early foretaste of immortality, in many a delightful contemplation of that abode and that felicity which shall reward the just.

"It was a delightful evening, about the middle of autumn," says the worthy clergyman to whom we have been indebted for many of the facts of the foregoing narrative, "that I was hastily summoned, by John Darling, to visit his daughter, who, he believed, was dying. I lost no time in proceeding to his cottage, and found that his conjecture was but too true. In an easy chair, placed at an open window which faced the west, reclined the victim of a broken heart. On her pale cheek death had impressed his seal, though there the deceitful rose tint fluctuated, which was not so in her days of health and hope. Her words, when she spoke, and that was seldom, seemed to come forth without her breath; and the lightest down that ever was wafted though summer's air might have slept unfluttered on her lips. I kneeled down and prayed that the gentle spirit which was about to be released from its mortal bonds, might receive a welcome to the realms of life and light. She understood distinctly that she was dying; and, in token that her mind was at perfect ease, she faintly uttered, when I had finished—'Yes! oh! yes!—Heaven! he——!' The words died unfinished on her tongue, and her spirit rose to its native sky. "'Peace to her broken heart and virgin grave!'

"In what a noble, what a truly grand point of view does this instance of triumphant faith place the glorious religion in

which we believe! In what bold relief does its value to our fallen race appear! What a luminous light does it shed in life's last agonies, opening up a radiant vista through the clouds and darkness which settle on the soul, like the shadows of approaching death! There is nothing better qualified to develop the intellectual faculties, enlarge the understanding, and strengthen and foster the latent virtues of the heart, than the love and the study of literature. I am no advocate for the exclusive study of Scripture—nay, I am not sure if such restricted reading would not lead to narrowness of mind and gloomy unconcern about the affairs of life, and the duties connected with it, if not also to selfish moroseness and illiberal bigotry—a want of community of feeling and sympathy with human nature in general. But what would literature *alone* have done for May Darling? Would the recollection of Shakspeare's finest bursts of inspiration, where the dramatist seems struggling with nature which shall be the greatest, have buoyed her spirit up under the load which oppressed it, or given but one, only one faint assurance of immortality? Alas! they could only have reminded her of what it would have been far better to forget for ever, to bury in everlasting oblivion beneath the waves of Lethe. How finely does the Bard of Hope write, in reference to the anticipation of eternal felicity in the hour of dissolution!

"'What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly?—
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye?
Bright to the soul they seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day!'

"Or what could philosophy have done for her? Science has only reference to this life—its eagle eye has never caught a ray reflected from that which is to come. Matter may be tortured by methods, varied with infinite ingenuity; but every secret thus disclosed only relates to *matter*—there is nothing of spirit brought to light in all the experiments of the chemist, in all the observations of the astronomer, in all the gropings and searching investigations of the geologist; for, though he reveals past time—ay, almost a past eternity—the strata of the earth with their world of organic wonders which record the transpired history of our planet in imperishable hieroglyphics, tell nothing of the future. The ocean, with its buried wrecks and its countless treasures; the mountain over which the mighty deep once rolled its undulating expanse, and there deposited its myriads of living creatures; the desert, which heaps its ocean of sand over entombed cities, once the glory of the earth—but why should we go on?—everything speaks of the past, but not a whisper comes from creation's breast of what is to come. The Bible alone discloses the mighty secret. May all, therefore, find it what it proved to be to May Darling—light, when all is dark—hope, when all is despair—pleasure in pain—life in death."

It was upon her that a nameless rustic bard, who had been an admirer, composed the following lines:

"She faded like a flower
That wastes by slow decay;
Not snatched in an untimely hour,
But withered day by day.
'Twas sad to see those charms,
So heavenly once, decayed;
And, oh! to blight thee in our arms
In bridal robes arrayed!

"But heaven commenced with thee
Whilst yet below the sun;
And, ere the mortal ceased to be,
The seraph hail begun.
Calm, then, on Nature's breast
In dreamless sleep, sleep on,
Till angel voices break thy rest
In music like thine own!"

THE GOODMAN OF DRYFIELD.

"To Let, the Mansion-House of Dryfield. This is a small, genteel, self-contained house, beautifully situated on the banks of the Clyde, with large garden, and seven acres of fine arable land attached. Rent moderate. Premises will be shown, and other particulars given, by Mr. Pentland, farmer, Minnigrain, near Dryfield, who is also empowered to transact all matters relative to the letting of the house and grounds."

Such, good reader, was an advertisement that appeared in the *Caledonian Mercury* some six-and-twenty years ago. Well, but what on earth has an advertisement to do with the Border Tales? Patience, kind friend—patience; and, as a certain humorous song—whose title we have forgotten—says, "You shall hear." This advertisement, commonplace as it may seem, possessed some interest for me at the time it appeared; for, at that very moment, I was commissioned, by a friend then resident in Jamaica, but who was contemplating an immediate return to his native country, to look out for exactly such a place as that described in the announcement above quoted.

Having some recollection of the place myself, which I had casually seen several years before, as I passed on the top of the mail, I felt convinced that it was precisely such a residence as my friend desired. Under this impression, I determined on paying Dryfield a visit, and making a personal survey of the premises. Conform thereto, the following morning found me on the top of the mail. In six hours afterwards, I was at Minnigrain, and in the presence of its worthy occupant, Mr. Pentland. He was a decent, substantial-looking farmer—plain and unsophisticated in his manners, intelligent, and shrewd, with a spice of humor about him which he seemed to have difficulty in controlling.

Having mentioned to Mr. Pentland the purpose of my visit, and my wish to take a look of Dryfield and its premises, he instantly accompanied me thither—having previously provided himself with a couple of keys; one to procure us access to the garden, through which it was necessary to pass to reach the house; the other to admit us to the house itself.

Our way lay through a romantic wood, that grew on a steep bank overhanging the Clyde, and which was traversed by various winding paths. Having taken one of these we soon threaded the little forest; and, emerging at its western side, found ourselves on a green lawn, at the further end of which stood the mansion-house of Driffel, as it was more shortly pronounced by the natives. It was a compact and comfortable-looking house, but had evidently been long untenanted. Everything around it was running to waste. The honeysuckle, with which its walls had been clothed, had fallen from its fastenings, and was idly sweeping the footpath below; the flower-plats in front were overrun with weeds; the garden was uncropped; and shrubs, bushes, and trees, were revelling in an unprofitable luxuriance. Everything, in short, bespoke neglect, and the absence of a presiding care and taste.

"The house does not seem to have been tenanted for a long time, Mr. Pentland," said I, as we walked towards the house.

"Deed, it's a gey while since there was what ye may ca' a reglar tenant in't," replied my companion. "We hae had families from time to time, for a month or twa in the summer season, but nae reglar tenant since Mr. Darsay himsel left, and that's gaun noo in ten years since."

"Is Mr. Darsy dead?"

"Ou no. He gaed abroad for the benefit o' his health; him and his man Ramsay. He was to hae been back in six months, but he has never returned yet. But I'm sure the blessin o' the poor and the needcessitous 'll follow the worthy man wherever he goes."

"He was a benevolent man, was he?"

"That he was, sir. Just ane o' the best men breathin. Some folk thocht him a wee whimsical now and then; but his heart was in the richt place. He had just five hunner a-year; and I'm sure he gied awa three o't in charity, if he gied a saxpence."

"Any family?"

"No. He never was married. It's said that he was ance crossed in love in his younger days; but, whether this be sae or no, I dinna ken. There was naebody lived here wi' him but an auld maiden sister, his man Ramsay, and twa servant lasses. His sister's dead; and it's thocht it was partly her death that sent him awa frae Dryfield; for, they war just extraordinar attached to ane anither. Just to show you, sir, how worthy a man he is," continued Mr. Pentland, "the rent o' this property is, by his orders, to be handed owre to the minister, for the use o' the poor o' the parish."

Just as the conversation had reached this point, we reached the door of the house. Mr. Pentland inserted the key, but found some difficulty in turning the lock, from its having become stiff and rusted through disuse. While he was engaged in alternately coaxing and forcing the obstinate bolt, my attention was attracted by an inscription on the stone of the door-way. This inscription was in part concealed by some straggling branches of honeysuckle which had broken loose from their fastenings, and were hanging over it.

These I removed with the end of my stick, and having done so, read—

"To balance fortune by a just expense,
Join with economy, magnificence."

The quotation I remembered was from Pope, and thought it rather a peculiar sort of taste that had placed it where I now saw it.

By this time, Mr. Pentland had succeeded in opening the door; and we entered. I found the house to be an excellent one—well-finished, commodious, and judiciously arranged.

Having gone through all the rooms, we finished our survey by a visit to the kitchen. On entering this apartment, the first thing that caught my eye, was a small board over the fire-place, on which, in gilt letters on a black ground, were the following lines:—

"To worth or want well-weighed, be bounty given
And ease, or emulate the care of Heaven;
Whose measure full o'erflows on human race,
Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace."

"What!" said I, "Pope again?"

Mr. Pentland smiled. "Ou ay, sir," he at length said, "Mr. Darsay had an awfu wark wi' Pope; and so had his man, Ramsay. It was that brocht them first thegither, and it's maistly that has keepit them thegither ever since, nearly thirty year. Mr. Darsay was ay gi'en us screeds o' Pope; and onybody that could quote Pope to him, was sure to win his favor, and to get a' the assistance he could gie them in whatever way they micht want it. It was a queer conceit o' his; and mony a time the worthy man was imposed on, by designin folk, through the medium o' this fancy. When ony o' that kind wanted his assistance, they had naething ado but get twa or three lines o' Pope by heart, come to him wi' a lang face, and tak an opportunity o' slippin out the lines, and their business was done. I've seen him actually shed tears when he was quotin his favorite author. He was just clean crazed about him. He made me a present o' the Essay on Man, and gied me nae rest, nicht or day, till I got every line o't by heart."

"But he did you a good service in that, my friend," said I: "it is a noble poem—full of fine thoughts, beautifully expressed."

"Nae doot o't," replied Mr. Pentland: "I like the poem weel, and think as much o' Pope as ony man. He is a great philosopher, as well as a great poet; but, my excellent friend, Mr. Darsay, just carried the thing a wee owre far. His admiration o' him, or rather his constant and open expression of that admiration, bordered on the ridiculous; it amounted to a weakness —although, in other respects, Mr. Darsy was a man of great good sense. I've heard him and his man Ramsay—for he's just as great an admirer o' Pope as his master—firin quotations at ane anither for an hour thegither. Indeed, they never spoke for five minutes without exchangin a couplet or twa, and seldom conversed on onything else but the merits o' Pope."

In this sketch of the worthy proprietor of Dryfield, I thought I recognised—what I always took much delight in contemplating—an original character; and this was one of the best sort—a compound of oddity and benevolence. What had just been told me of him, was enough to excite my curiosity, but far from being enough to gratify it. This, however, I hoped circumstances would yet effect for me; for, feeling amused by Mr. Darsy's peculiarities, and interested by his worth, I determined on learning all about him that I could; and ample opportunity for doing so was subsequently afforded me.

Having expressed to Mr. Pentland my satisfaction with the house, and my wish to take it, he proposed that we should adjourn to his residence, and there settle the transaction by missive. We did so; and when the business was concluded, Mr. Pentland kindly suggested that, as the day was now far advanced, I had better remain with him all night, and return home the following morning with the first coach. To this proposal, seeing that it would afford me an opportunity of learning something more of Mr. Darsy, I at once agreed, and was soon after put in possession, by my good host, Mr. Pentland, of some particulars regarding that gentleman, which I thought might not be found unamusing.

Of Mr. Darsy's early history (said Mr. Pentland, who at my request, began an account of his late worthy neighbor immediately after the dinner-cloth had been drawn), I do not know much. He was bred, originally, I believe, for the church, but never took orders; for what reason I am ignorant; but have heard it alleged, that it was owing to an extreme diffidence of nature, which shrunk at the idea of speaking in public.

Fortunately, his circumstances, although far from being affluent, were such as to enable him to yield to this timidity; and I am not sure that he ever adopted any regular profession in lieu of the one he abandoned. He bought Dryfield about twenty years since, when he also came to reside there; and it was then my acquaintance with him began. From that period till his departure for France, we lived in the closest intimacy and friendship; and during all that period I never heard or saw anything of him but what redounded to his honor. To quote his own favorite author—for he set us a' a-quoting Pope—

"Him, portioned maids, apprenticed orphans, blessed—
The young who labor, and the old who rest."

He was truly the Man of Ross, in all that is kind and benevolent.

"Oh, say," said I, smiling—

"Oh, say, what sums that generous hand supply—
What mines to swell that boundless charity?"

My kind host laughed heartily, and readily replied—

"Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possessed five hundred pounds a-year."

Such a sum, or one thereabouts, was, in truth all his dependence; yet the good he did with it was amazing.

When Mr. Darsy came first to our neighborhood, his family consisted of his sister only, and one servant maid; and it is probable it would never have received any addition, but for the circumstances which added Sandy Ramsay to the estab-

lishment—as original a character as his master. Sandy was a sort of general jobber of country work—a good hand at cutting drains, clipping hedges, and felling and thinning timber, making and erecting wooden railings, &c., &c.

But, besides, and better than all this, Sandy was a learned man. He read a great deal, and was not a little vain of his acquisitions in this way. He was, however, a lively, good-natured little fellow, and very generally liked, notwithstanding that he gave himself out for a philosopher, and looked very grave and wise when he was asserting his pretensions to that character, or when he thought those pretensions were either overlooked or denied.

Such was Sandy Ramsay, and such was the person whom Mr. Darsy found one morning, shortly after his arrival at Dryfield, working at a wooden railing at a little distance from the house.

"Good morning, honest man," said Mr. Darsy, approaching him with that kindly familiarity of manner which distinguished all his intercourse with his inferiors.

"Guid mornin, sir," replied Sandy, resting on the wooden mallet with which he was driving the rails. "Grand wather for the country, sir."

"Excellent," rejoined Mr. Darsy. "The crops in this neighborhood look uncommonly well, and I think we shall have both an early and a plentiful harvest. Thanks be to God!"

"Yes, sir, as ye say, thank God for't," replied Sandy. "There's a reasonable prospect o' baith peace and plenty in the country; and, as Pope says,

"'This day be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou knowest if best bestowed or not;
And let thy will be done!'"

"Ah! Pope, my friend," said Mr Darsy, his eye sparkling with delight. "So you are conversant with Pope, are you?"

"A wee bit, sir. His works form the staple o' my readin. I admire baith his poetry and his philosophy."

"Ah, indeed! Well, do you know, I like that," replied Mr. Darsy. "I'm one of Pope's worshippers too. He is my guide, philosopher, and friend.

"'Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.'"

"Yes, sir; and better still," replied Sandy, "he

"'turned the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart.'"

"And," shouted Mr. Darsy, in ecstasy—

"'For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light—
Show'd erring Pride, *whatever is is right.*'"

"And," exclaimed Sandy, energetically, and waving his hand aloft, in the excitation of his feelings, as he spoke—

"'That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same.'"

Mr. Darsy, striking his stick emphatically on the ground—

"'That virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know.'"

Having thus finished the concluding part of the Essay on Man between them, Mr. Darsy, with a gracious and benevolent smile, held out his hand to Sandy, seized that of the latter, and shook it with cordial warmth. From that moment, notwithstanding the disparity of their social positions, they were sworn friends.

In a short time after this, Mr. Darsy proposed to Sandy to enter his service, at a fixed rate of wages, to look after his garden, and be otherwise generally useful. To this proposal the latter readily assented; and there have they been together ever since, quoting Pope to one another daily, and daily descanting on the merits of their favorite author.

Having now got an able and active assistant in Sandy Ramsay, and one who had a very competent knowledge of agricultural affairs, Mr. Darsy determined on cultivating the few acres of ground which he had bought along with the house of Dryfield. His resolution before had been to let them; but he now bethought him of keeping them in his own hands. These

lands had been allowed to run to waste by the former proprietor, who was a great speculator in everything and in every way where there was no chance of remuneration. One of these speculations was, to build, at various intervals, over the grounds alluded to, a number of fantastic tower-like structures, for a purpose which none could guess, and which was wholly unknown to all but the contriver himself.

Whatever the purpose was, however, for which these towers were erected, they were never applied to it. Some other whim struck the noddle of the speculator, and they were allowed—most of them only half-built—to fall into ruins; an eye-sore to look at, and an encumbrance to the ground.

These stone-and-lime vagaries Mr. Darsy now determined on removing, and of applying the surrounding lands to their proper use. Full of this design, which had suddenly struck him one day as he was out walking, he hastened, on his return, to the garden where Ramsay was at work, and told him of his intentions.

"I shall have all these lands laid down in corn, Sandy," said Mr. Darsy.

"Richt, sir, richt," replied the former, thrusting his spade into the ground, and resting his elbow on the apex of the upright handle. "Quite richt too."

"Another year," said Mr. Darsy—

"'Another *year* shall see the golden ear
Embrown the slope, and nod on the parterre;
Deep harvests bury all his pride has planned,
And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.'"

"Yes, sir," replied Sandy—

"''Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
And splendor borrows all her rays from sense.'"

"No doubt of it, Sandy," said Mr. Darsy. "Beautiful sentiment, and admirably expressed."

The project of cultivating the land having been thus settled by the assistance of Pope, Sandy was instructed to look out for the necessary means, proper implements, and, first and most important of all, a pair of good stout draught horses. This last want of Mr. Darsy's was one that soon became known throughout the country; and, as Mr. Darsy was always reckoned a liberal and punctual man to deal with, he had soon abundance of offers; and they were not a whit the less numerous, perhaps, that he was thought to be no great judge of the article he wanted.

Amongst those whose ears Mr. Darsy's want of a pair of horses reached, were those of a certain dealer in horse-flesh of the name of William Craig, as great a rascal as Scotland perhaps ever had the honor of producing; but he was withal a pleasant knave, and always cheated with the greatest good-humor imaginable. The smile was never off his countenance, excepting when he saw it for his interest to look grave, and then he could put on a face of sympathy and sentiment that it would break your heart to look at. He was, in short, a most plausible and most accomplished scoundrel—clever, and well-informed.

On hearing that Mr. Darsy wanted a couple of horses, and that he had already rejected several that had been offered him—

"I'll try my hand on him," said Willie; "and if I dinna fix him, blame me."

"Do you mean by gi'en him a fair bargain, Willie?" inquired the friend to whom he had made the boast above quoted.

"Never did that in my life to anybody, and I'm no gaun to begin now," replied Willie.

"Then, how do you propose to fix him, Willie, as ye ca't?"

"Leave that to me," said the honest horse-jocky. "I'll do him owre as clean's a leek. I'll *trot* him out as cleverly as I ever did ony beast wi' four legs. I hae the secret o' him."

"What do you ca' the secret o' him, Willie? What do you mean by that?"

"Aha, lad! How's your mother?" replied Willie, laughing, and touching the side of his nose emphatically, with the

point of his forefinger. "I'll keep my thumb on that till I hae tried it."

On that very afternoon, Willie posted off to Dryfield with a couple of horses, on which he had practised every secret of his art to give them a passable appearance. On one of the horses Willie himself was mounted; the other he led by a halter; and, thus disposed, arrived at a swinging trot at Mr. Darsy's. That gentleman had seen his approach from a window, and guessing the purpose of his visit, was now at the door to receive him.

Willie touched his hat:—

"Heard, sir, that ye war in want o' a pair o' guid workin beasts," said Willie, "and hae broucht ye twa prime anes here to look at. No a bonnier or better pair between this and Johnny Groat's, and just a real bargain as to price."

"Why, my good fellow, I certainly do want a couple of good draught horses," replied Mr. Darsy, eyeing Willie's bargain with a scrutinizing look; for he had already been so often the subject of attempted imposition in the way of horse-dealing, that he could not help entertaining suspicions of the intentions of every one who approached him for such a purpose. "I certainly do want a couple of good draught horses," he said; "but really, being no great judge myself, and some attempts having been made to take me in, I—I"——

"Feth, I weel believe that, sir," interposed Willie. "It's just incredible the villany that's practised in this tred o' ours. Some men hae nae conscience, and wad sell their very souls for gould—gould—gould—that curse o' the human race, that some think was

——"'Sent to keep the fools in play,
For some to heap, and some to throw away.

"'But *I*, who think more highly of our kind,
(And surely Heaven and *I* are of a mind,)
Opine that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground.'

That's my opinion, sir," continued Willie; "and I houp ye'll excuse the liberty I hae taen o' gi'en ye't in poetry, but Pope comes tricklin aff my tongue, whether I will or no, like water aff a dyuck's back."

"Excuse ye, my friend," said the astonished and delighted Mr. Darsy, with a gracious smile. "My dear sir, your quotation requires no apology. It is appropriate, and to the purpose. A fine idea—tersely and pithily expressed. The man, sir, who studies Pope as he ought to be studied, and who acts on the principles he inculcates, will infallibly secure

"'What nothing earthly gives or can destroy—
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy.'"

"Yes, sir," replied Willie—

"'Say, in pursuit of profit and delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right,
Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curst;
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first;
Count all the advantage prosperous vice attains—
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains.'"

"It is, it is!" shouted Mr. Darsy, in ecstasy.

"Enough, my dear sir, enough," he said, extending his hand to Willie, while a tear of emotion glistened in his eye. "Come into the house, and take a littie refreshment, and let us see if we cannot make a bargain about these horses. They look very well, and, I daresay, will suit my purpose."

"Just the very thing, sir, ye may depend on't," replied Willie, who had now dismounted, and was holding both horses by the halters. "There's that black ane, I'm unco sweert to part wi't; but the want o' siller gars a puir man mak mony a sacrifice baith to his interest and to his feelins. O' that black horse, sir, I may safely say there's no his match in the county; yet, I daurna, nor wadna ask his price for him, for it wad be considered just an imposition."

"But, my good friend," interposed Mr. Darsy, "I hope you do not think that I would take the advantage of you in any way—that I would avail myself of the urgency of your necessities, to give you less than the just value of your horse. God forbid! You shall have his price, be that what it may."

"Oh, I'm no misdootin that, sir, no the least; but"——

"I say, my friend, by the way" (here again interrupted Mr. Darsy, as they approached the house, being now within a few yards of the door), "be so good as make no allusion to Pope in the presence of my sister, whom you will likely see; for she, poor woman, has just as little philosophy about her as the rest of her sex. 'Woman and fool,' you know—

"'Woman and fool are too hard to hit;
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.'"

Willie smiled. "No far wrang, sir, I dare say. It's, I doot, owre true."

"She's a good, kind-hearted creature," resumed Mr. Darsy; "but if there be any one thing on earth that she abhors above all other things, it is Pope. She cannot endure his name, ever since she read his 'Characters of Women;' but you and I, my friend, know, that there is more truth in that essay than her sex would willingly allow.

"'In them we various ruling passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind.
Those, only fixed, they first and last obey—
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.'"

Having now reached the house, Mr. Darsy desired Willie to remain a minute in charge of the horses, until he went for his factotum, Sandy Ramsay, whom he wished to see the animals, and whose judgment he meant to consult, as to their purchase Sandy he found, as usual, in the garden.

"Here is a decent, honest, well-informed, and intelligent man, Sandy," said Mr. Darsy, "with a pair of horses for sale, which I wish you to come and look at."

"What ca' they him, sir?" inquired Sandy.

"Why, I don't know; I didn't ask his name," replied Mr. Darsy.

"I hope it's no Willie Craig," said the former, drawing on his coat; "for he's a slippery chiel, Willie; and I wadna say that even my caution wad be a match for his cunning."

"Whether his name be Craig or not, I do not know," replied Mr. Darsy; "but this I do know, that he seems to be a very intelligent and conscientious man. He is a great admirer of our favorite author, Sandy, and quotes him with great propriety and facility; and of such a man I would not willingly believe any ill."

"He quotes Pope, sir, does he!" exclaimed Sandy; "then, sir, he's just the man. That's Willie Craig, beyond a' manner o' doot; and the biggest rogue this day in Scotland."

"Come, come, Sandy," said Mr. Darsy, a little severely—shocked at the idea of a rogue quoting Pope, and disbelieving the existence of such a moral incongruity. "Come, come, Sandy," he said, "you judge too harshly; you speak unguardedly. The man is, I doubt not, a very honest man; and 'An honest man,' you know, Sandy, 'is the noblest work of God.'"

"I've seen that disputed, sir," said Sandy; "and, I think, after a', wi' some success. A man o' great parts and genius is surely a nobler creature than a'."

"I'm grieved, Sandy, to find your moral perceptions so weak," here interrupted Mr. Darsy. "Don't you see, or rather will you not see, that"——

"I really canna see, sir," interrupted Sandy, in his turn, "that"——

"Well, but let me explain myself," again interrupted Mr. Darsy; and having at length obtained this permission, he went on to expound the disputed text, after his own views of its bearings.

Sandy replied; Mr. Darsy rejoined; and a hot dispute of a good half hour's continuance, ensued between master and man, on the moral points involved in the quotation; such disputes, by the way, being a frequent occurrence between them; for, although they agreed most cordially on the general merits of Pope, there were many minute points—some, as to the meaning of passages; others, as to their morality—on which they differed, as on the present occasion, and on which they spoke for hours on end.

To return to the instance just now under notice:—They were thus engaged—that is, settling the moral bearing of the quotation above given, and so earnest in their employment as to be totally oblivious of everything else—and, amongst the rest, Willie Craig and his horses—when Miss Darsy came running into the garden just as her brother had begun a new section of his defence of Pope, with—

"Pope, sir—I say, Pope distinctly means"——

"Gracious heaven, Mr. Darsy!" exclaimed Miss Sarah, "are you at that odious Pope again? Have you forgotten that there has been a man with two horses waiting on you for this half hour past. It is too bad—too bad, Mr. Darsy."

"I acknowledge it, my dear—I acknowledge it," replied the benevolent and good-natured Popeite, smiling kindly on his sister; "but I am sure the honest man will forgive me, when I tell him the cause."

"Will he?" said his sister. "I should rather think he will consider it an aggravation of the offence."

"There you are wrong, Sarah, my dear," rejoined Mr. Darsy; "for the man understands these things."

"What!" exclaimed his sister in alarm—"Does *he* quote Pope too? Do horse-jockeys quote Pope?"

"And why not, my dear?" said Mr. Darsy, gladly seizing on this general query to avoid making any discoveries on the particular one. "Why not, my dear? Why may not a horse-jockey understand and appreciate Pope as well as any other man? There is nothing to hinder him."

"Oh, certainly not," replied Miss Darsy; "but, oh, if he was dosed with Pope as I am—if he had Pope! Pope! ringing in his ears night and day, in all situations and on all occasions, as I have—he would grow sick, sick, at the very name."

"Ah! Sarah, Sarah!" replied her brother, smiling—

——"'believe me—good as well as ill—
Woman's at best'"——

"Pope again!" screamed Miss Darsy, putting her fingers in her ears, and rushing distractedly away from her Pope-mad brother.

The latter looked after her with a smile of pity, and perhaps a very slight matter of contempt mingled with it, and began again, and finished with additional emphasis, the quotation in which he had been interrupted. Then, turning to Sandy—

"Let us go and take a look of this honest man's horses, Sandy," he said. "We have used him rather ill, after all; but I'll explain."

In the next minute, the parties had met; and the first thing Mr. Darsy did was to explain to Willie, as he had proposed to do, the reason of his absence.

"A' richt, sir—a' richt," replied Willie, graciously. "There's far frae bein ony harm dune; and, besides, your excuse is a guid ane, although ye had been an hour langer."

Willie, at the special request of Sandy Ramsay, now proceeded to put his horses through their paces; and, while the former was at a little distance in the performance of this duty—"Is that the man you meant, Sandy?" said Mr. Darsy.

"I dinna ken him by sight, sir—only by repute," replied Sandy; "but, if he quotes Pope to you, he maun be the man; for he's a cunning scoundrel, and, doubtless, kens you're fond o' the little crooked poet."

"Sandy, Sandy, you have a scurrilous tongue," said Mr. Darsy. "You'll find the man prove an honest one, I have no doubt; and will, I am sure, feel then ashamed of what you are now saying to his prejudice."

"Maybe, sir; but I'll be surer o' my man after I hae heard a quotation or twa; and still surer after ye hae bocht the horses; for, if he doesna *do* ye, he's most assuredly no Willie Craig."

Here the conversation was interrupted

by the return of the horse-dealer, who approached them, leading one of his horses at a full trot. Both animals having been subjected to this display—

"Now, my good friend," said Mr. Darsy, "what's your price?"

"Why, then, juist to be at a word wi' ye, sir," replied Willie, taking off his hat with one hand, and scratching his head with the other—"I'll take thirty guineas for the black ane, and twenty for the brown; and I'm sure that's a dead bargain—juist throwin the cattle awa. It's no a month since I was offered forty guineas in my loof for that black beast; but I wasna sae hard pressed for siller then as I'm noo, and I refused it."

"Sandy," said Mr. Darsy, turning to the farmer, "what do you say to these prices? You have some knowledge of horses."

"I say, sir, that, as near as I can guess, they're juist aboot the dooble o' what they ocht to be. That black horse, if I'm no mistaen, is broken-winded, and 'll be dead lame in a week; and the brown ane's no a grain better."

Willie looked at Mr. Darsy with a smile of conscious integrity, and of calm contempt at once of the slander and the judgment of the slanderer. The unsuspecting Mr. Darsy returned the look, attributing Sandy's decision to prejudice.

"Come now, Sandy," said the former, "forget that you have an interest to serve in this matter, and deal fairly between man and man."

"But it's no between man and man, sir," said Sandy: "it's between man and a horse-jockey; and it's weel kent, that's no a fair match. It wad take the deil himsel to deal wi' a horse-couper."

Willie smiled again the smile of conscious innocence; and, turning to Mr. Darsy, said—

"I rather think that ye will agree wi' me, sir, that

"'Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part'"—

and he looked expressively at Sandy—

"'*there* all the honor lies.'"

"Unquestionably," replied Mr. Darsy, "it is

"'Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather and prunello.'"

"Yes, sir, said Willie—

"'For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.'"

"Certainly not—certainly not," exclaimed Mr. Darsy in raptures.

"'One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud hurras.'"

"Nae denyn't," said Willie: "and, to a' wha doot it, I wad say—

"'Know, then, this truth (enough for man to know),
Virtue alone is happiness below.'"

And, as he repeated the last line, he laid his hand with solemn emphasis on his heart.

This last quotation did Willie's business.

"Come, come," said Mr. Darsy, shedding tears of delight, and taking Willie by the arm to conduct him into the house—"let us settle this small matter at once, and off hand. Just say at once, my friend, the lowest sum you really will take for these horses, and they are mine. Sandy there is a well-meaning man, but he has his prejudices as we all have."

"Weel then, sir, just to be at a word wi' ye," replied Willie, "I'll tak nine and twenty guineas for the black horse, and nineteen for the brown ane; and if that's no a bargain, I never gied or got ane in my life."

"They're no worth the half o't, I manteen," exclaimed Sandy, energetically

"Hush, Sandy, hush, man," said Mr. Darsy. "I'm sure the horses are a fair bargain. This honest man would never ask more than they are worth."

"Wadna he, feth!" said Sandy, with a satirical smile. "Sir, I'm thinkin ye'll fin' out that before ye're a week aulder. Wait ye till the horses hae been twa days in the plough, and ye'll see whether he

has asked mair than the worth o' them or no. I wadna trust him farer than I could throw a bull by the tail."

"Sandy, Sandy," exclaimed Mr. Darsy, in a deprecating tone, "you have really a scandalous tongue. Have you forgot that beautiful verse in the Universal Prayer—

"'Teach me to feel another's wo,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.'"

"That's a' very weel, sir; but I canna agree to hide the *cheat* I see—that's a different sort o' thing a'thegither."

"Sandy," said Mr. Darsy, in a still more angry tone, "I really will hear no more of this." And, thus rebuked, Sandy said no more; he saw it would be useless.

Leaving the latter in charge of the horses, Mr. Darsy and Willie now went into the house; and there the latter received the price of his cattle, together with a comfortable refection, during which he and his host kept up a running fire of quotations from Pope.

The former, as the reader will recollect, had cautioned the latter not to make any allusion to the author just named in the hearing of his sister; and this caution Willie observed. He took care to make no quotations while she was present; but he had not been put on his guard against her overhearing them, and the consequence was, that some of them were made in a tone so emphatically loud, that she did overhear them, even from the distance of an adjoining apartment. Perhaps few else than Miss Sarah could have discerned what were the words so spoken; but *her* ears were so sensitively alive to the language of the abhorred Pope, that she at once recognized them; and on doing so, immediately sent for her brother to come and speak with her, for she had known him to have been repeatedly swindled by Pope-quoters before, some of whom had committed a scrap or two to memory for the express purpose.

"James," said Miss Sarah, on his coming into the apartment where she was, "I hear that man quoting Pope. Now, James, I beg you'll be on your guard; for you may depend upon it he intends to cheat you. Recollect how often you have been taken in by Pope-quoters. There was the man that borrowed five pounds from you, on the strength of a quotation; there was the man that got your name to a fifty pound bill, of which you had afterwards to pay every farthing, through precisely a similar claim on your bounty—for he had no other; then there was the fellow whom you recommended to the wood-merchants, and who forged a bill on his employers; then there were the silver spoons that you bought from the packman, and that turned out to be pewter and tin—all because they quoted Pope; then there was——But it would take me a week to go over half the impositions of which you have been the victim, through that detested and detestable Pope."

To this tirade poor Mr. Darsy listened with the utmost patience and meekness, while a smile of good-nature, blended with an expression of pity for his sister's blindness to the merits of the poet, played on his intelligent and benevolent countenance.

"Well, Sarah, my dear," he said, when his sister had done speaking, "if I have been taken in by these people, as I am willing enough to allow I have, whether does the shame and disgrace lie with them or me?"

"I do not know, James, where the shame and disgrace lie," said his sister; "but I have a pretty good guess, and so have you, where the loss does. But all that I have to say just now, James, is—be on your guard in your dealings with this Pope-quoting horse-couper."

Mr. Darsy was about to come out with a quotation in reply—he had a very apt one at his finger-ends; but, recollecting that this would only farther irritate his sister, he made a violent effort and sup-

pressed it, and merely said, with his usual gentle and benevolent smile—

"I'll take care, Sarah, my dear, I'll take care." And, saying this, he left the apartment, and rejoined Willie Craig, who, soon after, took his leave with his money in his pocket, and a good dose of whisky punch under his belt.

On leaving the house, Willie came accidentally across Sandy Ramsay, who was at the moment in the act of yoking the black horse to a cart.

"Ye hae gotten a prime beast there, Sandy," said Willie.

"If we hae, I'm thinking we hae paid as weel for him," replied the latter, drily. "I'm dootin ye hae saft-saped the master to some purpose. Ye hae come Pope owre him, as other folks hae dune before ye."

Willie smiled significantly, clapped his finger to his nose, and walked on without vouchsafing any other reply.

"What horse is that, Sandy?" said Mr. Darsy, on the forenoon of the second day after Willie Craig's visit, as the former approached the house, leading an old grey, lame beast by the halter.

"Do ye no ken him, sir?" replied Sandy, with an ominous smile.

"No," rejoined Mr. Darsy, gravely.

"Indeed, it's little wonder. This is Willie Craig's *black* horse, but your grey ane."

"What do you mean, Sandy?" said Mr. Darsy, in a tone of alarm. "You don't mean to say that that's my horse, my black horse?"

"It's a' that's for him, sir," replied Sandy. "A shower o' rain's made a' the difference. It has washed him into what you see him—made him as grey's an auld rat; but, his change o' color's no the warst o't. See, he hasna a leg to staun upon; and every teeth that was in his head's faun oot. There they are, every ane." And Sandy pulled out a handful of horse-teeth out of his pocket. "I hurried him hame out o' the pleugh," continued Sandy, "before he wad fa' in pieces a'thegither, as I expected every moment he wad do."

Mr. Darsy held up his hands in amazement at this most extraordinary metamorphosis of his famous black charger, and muttered an ejaculation of surprise at the very strange occurrence; but said nothing for a few seconds. Although he said nothing, however, he felt a good deal; not for the pecuniary loss it involved—for that he did not care—but for the credit of the admirers of Pope. His sister, too—what would she say to it? Here was another instance of imposition chargeable against his adored author, to add to the long list of which she was already in possession. It was an awkward affair. He would ten times rather that the price of the horse had been thrown into the sea; and this he would cheerfully have done, had the alternative been put in his power. But there was no help for it.

"Sandy," said Mr. Darsy, after musing for a moment on the astounding deception which had just come to light, "I'll tell you what it is, regarding this very strange affair. I think it very possible—nay, very likely—that the man, Craig, has been himself imposed upon with this horse, and that he knew nothing of its defects; for I cannot believe that so decent, intelligent, and well-informed a man as he is, could be guilty of such villany as this. I cannot believe it. Now, then, Sandy, I'll tell you what you'll do—you'll take the brown horse"——

"Wi' your leave, sir, I'll no do that; for yon beast's no chancy to come near, let alane to ride. He's the maist vicious brute I ever saw; and 'll neither hap, stap, nor win. I dinna think ye'll ever get ony guid o' him."

"God bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Darsy, confounded at this additional misfortune; "he seemed quiet enough when brought here by Craig."

"Nae doot o't;—he did," replied Sandy; "and heaven knows hoo the

scoundrel managed it! But he's a very different thing noo, I can tell ye, sir."

"Dear me! that's really odd," said Mr. Darsy. "Well, then, Sandy, I'll tell you what you'll do: you'll go to our good neighbor, Mr. Pentland, and get the loan of a pony from him, and ride over the length of Craig's—he lives, you know, at Longlane; it's only about nine miles distant—and tell him what has taken place; and I have no doubt he will at once refund the money; or, at any rate, give us other horses instead of those we have bought. He, indeed, said he would do the former, if we found anything wrong with them within a month."

"Catch him there, sir, if ye can," said Sandy. "The deil a boddle o' the price he'll ever gie back. He's no sae saft in the horn as that. He wad promise ye, I hae nae doot—he promises the same thing to every ane he sells a horse to; but whar's the man ever got a penny back frae Willie Craig, for a' that? I wad gie half-a-crown mysel to see him."

"Well, well, but do you just try him, Sandy," said Mr. Darsy; "and I have no doubt you will find all turn out right, notwithstanding of appearances."

Thus summarily enjoined, Sandy obtained the loan of a pony, mounted, and set off for Longlane, to have an interview with Willie Craig on the subject of his master's purchase.

Willie was standing at the door of his own house when Sandy approached; and, knowing well what he came about, would have retreated; but it was too late. He was seen; and, aware of this, he kept his ground manfully, and resolved to face out fearlessly the coming storm, as he had done many a one of a similar kind before. On Sandy's approach, Willie, thrusting his hands into his breeches pockets, and bursting into a loud laugh, hailed his coming visitor with—

"Come, then, my friend! my genius! come along!"

"Ay, I'll come along," replied Sandy, angrily; "and maybe ye'll find it to your cost."

"Awake, my St John!" shouted Willie—

"Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings;
Let us, (since life can little more supply,)
Than just to look about us, and to die."

"Come, come, Willie, nane o' yer blarney for me," said Sandy, now dismounting. "Ye're no gaun to saft-sape me that way. What kind o' horses were they ye selt us?"

"Just the very pick o' the country," replied Willie, coolly.

"Ay, if ye mean the warst," said Sandy. "But, to come to the point at once—I'm sent here, Willie, by Mr. Darsy—although I ken weel it's a fruitless errand—to tell ye that yer horses hae turned oot to be no worth their hides; that yer black ane has changed to a dirty grey wi' a shower o' rain, and is dead lame; and that the brown ane 'll neither work in plough nor cart."

"Dear me, Sandy, ye surprise me!" replied Willie, with a look of amazement as like the genuine as it was possible for any man to assume.

"Maybe I do," said Sandy; "but I hardly believe it. However, this being the case, my master has sent me to say that he expects you'll refund him the siller, as ye promised, or find him ither twa horses worth the amount, in their stead."

"Whee-ee-ee-ou!" whistled Willie. "Is that the next o't? Weel, I didna think your maister was sae unreasonable a man as that comes to, Sandy; but there's a heap o' queer folk in this world."

"My feth! there's that," said the latter; "and some o' them no far aff."

"As lang's *ye're* sae near, ye may say that Sandy," replied Willie; "but to gie ye an answer to Mr. Darsy, tell him, wi' my compliments, Sandy, that there's a truth among Pope's maxims that he doesna seem to hae fan oot. Tell him, wi' my best respects, that, in

"'Spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.'

Tell ye him *that*, Sandy, and I'm sure he'll be perfectly satisfied."

"Do ye no mean to refund the money, then?" inquired Sandy.

"Deil a cowrie," said Willie.

"Nor to gie him ither horses in exchange?"

"No a hoof."

"Weel, then, *ye* are an infernal scoundrel—that's a' I hae to say," replied Sandy, remounting his pony, and starting off on his return home.

On arriving at Dryfield, Sandy hastened to Mr. Darsy's apartment, to imform him of the result of his mission; but on opening the door, drew hastily back again, on finding a stranger in the room,

"Come in—come in, Sandy," said Mr. Darsy, on observing the former retreating. This gentlemen will excuse your intrusion; for he is a

"'Friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear.'"

It might be so—of this we shall be bettes able to judge by and by; but the reader will think with us, we have little doubt, that this was saying rather too much of an acquaintance of half-an-hour; for no longer had the stranger been known to him by whom he was thus so highly complimented. Mr. Darsy's visitor was, or, at least, represented himself to be, an itinerant preacher, who aware, as he said, of that gentleman's benevolence and hospitality had taken the liberty of calling on him as he passed on his pious vocation. This account of himself and calling, he wound up with a very apt quotation from Pope; and, we need hardly add, that it was to this circumstance he was mainly indebted for the rapid progress he had made in Mr. Darsy's affections.

To return to our story:—On Mr. Darsy's repeating the couplet above quoted, the stranger, who was a decent, quiet, elderly man, dressed in somewhat rusty blacks, smiled at the compliment, and looked graciously on Sandy, as if at once to assure him that he need be under no restraint on his account, and that he was, in truth, the worthy person which Mr. Darsy had represented him to be. Thus encouraged, Sandy entered the apartment; and, at Mr. Darsy's request, told the result of his mission. On hearing it, the worthy man merely shook his head, and said—

"Well, well, Sandy, there's no help for it. We must just take better care next time."

He then explained to the stranger gentleman the nature of the transaction. The good man was horrified, held up his hands in amazement, and recited, with much feeling and solemnity—

"The good must merit God's peculiar care;
But who but God can tell us who they are?"

"Ah, who indeed?" said Mr. Darsy, smiling. "There is the difficulty."

"Ay, there, indeed, it is," said the stranger, smiling in his turn. "Who but God can tell the pure from the impure of heart? Who but he separate the tares from the wheat—the corn from the chaff? None else, indeed, my respected friend"—looking benevolently on Mr. Darsy.

"My dear sir," replied the latter, emphatically, and taking his benevolent-looking visitor by the hand, to mark his deep sense of the truths which he delivered. "My dear sir," he said, adding no more in words, but *looking* the remainder of the sentence, which, when translated, said—"you speak well and wisely." After a moment—"My good sir!" exclaimed Mr. Darsy, glancing at his visitor's shoes, which appeared much travel-soiled, "I suspect you have had a long walk to-day. You seemed fatigued. Now, you will take a little of something or other—a glass or two of wine, or a little brandy, or something of that sort, till dinner is ready."

"You are too good—too good, my very excellent and much respected friend," replied the stranger; "but," he added, with

a subdued yet significant look, "there are other men of Ross than he whom Pope celebrated. There are others—

"'Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows,
Whose seats the weary traveller repose.'"

This couplet, which was given in a mild and gentle tone, was so palpably directed to Mr. Darsy, that he could not avoid seeing its intended application to himself; and, seeing this, he shook his head and smiled a disclaimer.

"My good friend," he said, "I have but slender pretension to any portion of that noble character, so masterly drawn by the immortal bard of Twickenham; yet do I agree with what the poet elsewhere says, that

"'All fame is foreign but of true desert—
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart—
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs,
Of stupid starers and of loud hurras;
And more true joy Marcellus, exiled, feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.'"

The stranger smiled, bowed, and looked benevolently on his host.

"Beautiful—beautiful!" he exclaimed, in a tone of rapture. "How terse—how forcible. Yet, Mr. Darsy, there are those—ay, there are those who say that Pope is no poet!"

Mr. Darsy smiled grimly.

"I have heard," he said, "that there are such monsters in human shape; but I have never been so unfortunate as to meet with one of them. If I did, I do not know what I should do. I think I should murder the Goth off-hand. I believe I should. No human patience could stand against such heresy—such blasphemy, as I may call it."

Mr. Darsy now rung the bell, and desired the servant to put some wine and brandy on the table. The order was immediately complied with, and the two Popeites forthwith drew in.

"Wine or brandy, my dear sir?" said Mr. Darsy.

"Why," said the gentle stranger, who, by the way, had given in his name as Claythorn—"why," he said, with a quiet, pleasant smile, "I will take a little brandy, if you please.' Wine doesn't agree with me. I find the alcohol safer."

"Then help yourself, my dear friend," replied Mr. Darsy; and Mr. Darsy's friend did help himself, and that with a liberality which was rather surprising in one of his cloth; although it would not have surprised at any one who had studied and drawn the proper conclusion from the appearance of his nose, which was of a bright, luminous red. Having finished his first jorum, Mr. Darsy pressed his dear friend to another tifter; and his dear friend, nothing loth, did as he was desired; presenting satisfactory evidence, that a love of Pope, and of brandy and water, were perfectly compatible, doubt it who might. Opened up by the benign influence of the alcohol, the itinerant preacher now began to give Pope by the yard. Before he had dealt him out sparingly—in bits and fragments: he now gave whole pages on end, to the inexpressible delight of his entertainer, who having been induced, by the rarity of the occasion—the meeting with so enthusiastic an admirer of his beloved bard—to take a glass or two of wine extra, gave as ample measure in return.

The conversation between the two Popeites was thus reduced to nothing—only a word or two now and then; the rest was entirely made up of quotation. While Mr. Darsy and his guest were thus employed, a servant came to announce that dinner was on the table. Both immediately rose to their feet. When they had done so, Mr. Darsy took the preacher by the hand, and said, in an under tone—

"Now, my dear, good friend, when you go down stairs you will see my sister. She will dine with us. A good creature as ever lived—an excellent creature. But—but—I am ashamed to say it. The fact is, and you know it, my dear friend, that

"'Good, as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.

My sister, in short, my dear friend, has no fancy for our adored bard. I can't ac-

count for it; but so it is. Therefore, if you will just be so good as say nothing about him while she is present, it will be as well. No quotations, you understand. We'll have our revenge for this restraint when she retires. We will resume the subject, then, my dear sir," added Mr. Darsy, slapping his guest, in a friendly and jocose way, on the shoulder, as he spoke. "We'll have a night of it; and I'll smuggle down *his* works from my library, and we will glance them over together when we've got the room to ourselves. That will be a treat, eh?"

Thus cautioned as to his conduct in the presence of Mr. Darsy's sister, Mr. Claythorn descended to the dining-room with his host. Not a word—not the most distant allusion to Pope, escaped either of the two gentlemen; so that, whatever Miss Darsy's suspicions of the case might be—and she certainly looked as if she had some suspicions of it—nothing transpired to give her assurance of the fact. On her retiring, however, the pent up sluices of the Popeites were thrown open, and out there rushed two impetuous streams of poetry; sometimes blending, sometimes alternating, and sometimes running counter to each other. Mr. Darsy was delighted—more than delighted with his friend; for he had never, in the whole course of his life, met with one who could quote his favorite author with such facility and at such length, as the guest whom he was now entertaining; neither had he ever met with one who had so deep, so thorough a reverence for the mighty moral poet.

This was altogether, in short, one of the happiest nights he had ever spent in his life. At its close, Mr. Darsy accompanied his guest, who he insisted should remain with him all night, to his bed-room, and parted from him there with a very apt quotation, to which his friend replied with another no less felicitous, which he delivered in a very feeling and impressive manner. On the following morning—

"What keeps your reverend friend, brother?" said Miss Darsy, somewhat sneeringly—for she had strong suspicions of the stranger's being a Popeite—as she sat at the breakfast-table, waiting the appearance of that person, before proceeding the duties of the morning meal.

"Really, my dear, I don't know," replied Mr. Darsy. "The poor man is fatigued, I daresay; and we sat up rather late last night."

"Ay, brother, I fancy you found him a very pleasant, intelligent companion," said Miss Darsy, with a look and tone of peculiar meaning.

What this meaning was, Mr. Darsy perfectly understood. He knew that his sister was at once insinuating her suspicions of the stranger's Popeism, and driving at a discovery of the fact. Aware of this, and by no means desirous of coming to any explanation on the subject, Mr. Darsy, without noticing his sister's remark, said he would "just step up stairs to see what was keeping Mr. Claythorn," and deliver himself (but of this he said nothing) of a happy quotation which had occurred to him, and which he thought would form an exceedingly appropriate greeting.

He entered his friend's bed-room; there was no movement. He drew aside the curtains; the bed was unoccupied. The Pope-quoter had decamped. He was off; and off, too, were a dozen silver spoons and a small gold watch; all of which property had been unguardedly left in the room in which he slept.

Here ended my good host's (Mr. Pentland's) anecdotes and sketch of the worthy proprietor of Dryfield; but he added, he could give as much more of the same kind, if I chose, as would fill half-a-dozen volumes. I thanked him, and said that I would rest content with what he had been kind enough to give me, in the meantime; but that, if the readers of the "Border Tales"—for which, I told him, I intended these memorabilia—desired any more, I should, perhaps, take the liberty of applying to him again.

THE GIPSY LOVER.

"MARY, my dear," said Mrs. Blair, approaching her daughter's bedside early one morning (it was the morning of the fair of Bucklyvie in Stirlingshire, formerly a very important one), "ye maun get up, and gang wi' yer brother to the fair the day. He's to sell the brown pony; and ye maun bring hame the siller, as he's gaun to Stirling after the fair, and winna be hame for a day or twa, and there's a bill to pay the morn."

Delighted with the mission, Mary instantly arose and dressed herself; and, when she had done so, broad Scotland could not have produced a more lovely or more captivating face and figure. Mary Blair was about nineteen years of age, and, though not tall of stature, her form was perfect in its symmetry, while her countenance beamed with gentleness and love. Many were the suitors who sought to win her heart; but "there was ane, a secret ane," who stood between them and her affections, and rendered all their efforts fruitless. But none knew who this one was; nor did any know even that her love was already disposed of. She durst not avow it; for the favored lover was of a race, with any of the individuals of which it would have been reckoned foul disgrace to have held communion of any kind. This was not her opinion; but it was the opinion of the world, and she was so far compelled to bow to it, as to keep close locked up in her heart the secret of her love.

Mary's mother, who was a widow, rented a small farm in Stirlingshire, and was in comparatively easy circumstances. She held the land on reasonable terms; and the judicious management of her only son, a fine young man of about five-and-twenty, enabled her to make the most of it, and to live, if not in affluence, at least in plenty.

On the occasion with which our story opens, Mary was mounted on the pony which it was intended should be sold; and, accompanied by her brother, who walked by her side, they set out for Bucklyvie at a suitable hour in the morning. The young maiden, who had never been at a fair before, was in high spirits at the prospect of being gratified by the sight of such a scene; every now and then playfully urging on her pony, in order to put her brother to his speed, and to laugh at his efforts to keep pace with her. This emulation soon brought them to their destination. On arriving at the scene of the fair, the unsophisticated girl was delighted with the joyous bustle and confusion which it exhibited. The shows, the music, the tents—everything pleased her, because everything was new to her; but, above all was she pleased and flattered by the attention shown her by the numerous acquaintances whom she met. These she encountered at every turn; and, being a universal favorite, every one insisted on presenting her with a *fairing*, until she was literally loaded with gifts of various kinds. Having remained in the crowd all the forenoon, and having seen all that was worth seeing, Mary was conducted by her brother to the house of a friend, where he left her until he should dispose of the pony, and return with the proceeds.

It was some time before he came back; and, when he did, it was to say that he had sold the animal, but would not receive the price till towards the afternoon; and that his sister must, of necessity, wait till then. Mary was alarmed by the delay; for it would thus be dark before she could reach home, and her own fears, and her mother's last injunctions, warned her to be home with daylight. She mentioned her uneasiness on this subject to her brother.

"But there's no help for it, Mary," was his reply; "and, besides, you have nothing to fear. Duncan M'Donald will see you safely home."

On this proposal, Mary made no remark. To the escort of M'Donald she made no objection to her brother, whom she knew to entertain a very different opinion of him from what she did. He was one of her numerous lovers, and, being in good circumstances, his addresses were favored by her brother. But Mary herself—over and above the reason already assigned for her rejecting the suits of her numerous wooers, and of M'Donald amongst the rest—had an invincible aversion to him, on account of his coarse manners, and fierce, irascible temper; but her gentleness rendering her unwilling to have any difference with her brother on this subject, she made no objection to his proposal of M'Donald accompanying her.

In the course of the evening, Mary's brother again called, and handed over to her the price of the pony, which he had received; telling her, at the same time, that M'Donald would call for her at eight o'clock. It was now about seven.

The hour appointed came, but M'Donald came not with it. Another half-hour passed away, and still he did not appear. Mary became restlessly and miserably impatient. Her host, who was an intimate friend of herself and her family, perceiving her uneasiness, proposed to her to accept the convoy of his nephew (a young man of excellent character, who lived in the immediate neighborhood), and to wait no longer on M'Donald. With this proposal Mary thankfully closed, as she was anxious to get home; knowing that her mother would be in wretchedness till she returned. She was, besides, by no means displeased to escape the company of M'Donald. Her host's nephew was accordingly sent for; and when he came, he, with great good will, undertook to see her safely home. In a few minutes after, the two set out, and had proceeded for the distance of about a mile or so, when they heard some one shouting behind them; and, turning round, they saw a man running towards them at his utmost speed. It was M'Donald. He was the worse of liquor—considerably so—and in a state of furious excitement. On coming close up to Mary and her companion, the ruffian, without saying a word, instantly knocked the latter down with a bludgeon which he carried. He then seized Mary rudely by the arm, and was dragging her onwards, saying that *he* would see her home; but she resisted, and, upbraiding him with the brutal act which he had just committed, refused to proceed with him.

"You won't go with *me*, then?" he said, fiercely confronting her.

"No, Duncan, I will not," replied Mary; "you have done a cruel and unmanly thing, and I will have no more of your company."

"So be it," said M'Donald, turning on his heel; "but, Mary, if you do not dearly rue this yet"——saying which he left her, and went off in the direction whence he had come.

On M'Donald's departure, Mary ran towards her wounded companion—his head being severely cut—and kneeling down beside him, tenderly raised him, and asked if he was much hurt. The young man, who had by this time recovered from the stunning effects of the blow, replied that he did not think he was, and instantly rose to his feet. At this instant two persons came up—a man and his wife. They lived within a mile of Mary's mother, were decent people, and well known both to Mary and her companion. To these people she related what had occurred. The whole were then about to proceed on their way, when Mary insisted that her companion should return home, saying that she was now in perfectly safe hands. The young man for some time peremptorily refused to leave her; but, as she as peremptorily insisted that he should—for his face was streaming with blood, and he

was otherwise greatly enfeebled by the severity of the blow he had received—he at length consented, and bidding her good night, returned to Bucklyvie. Mary and her new escort now resumed their journey, and proceeded without any interruption until they arrived at a place called the Tinker's Cove, when Mary proposed that they should there strike off the road, and take the short cut across the burn.

To this proposal her companions would by no means agree; alleging it to be unsafe to pass by the bivouac of the tinkers after nightfall—for we need hardly say that the place took its name from being a favorite resort of the gipsy race. We will not say that Mary did not expect this objection on the part of her companions, far less shall we say that she did not hope for it at any rate. Mary, in truth, both expected and desired the refusal of her friends to take the "short cut" with her; and we need not say, therefore, that her disappointment on the occasion was but small. Did she then insist on taking this "short cut" alone? She did—and there was a reason for it.

Shortly after parting with her companions—for here she did part with them—she came on the encampment of the gipsies, as it lay directly in her route. It was situated in a sheltered and compact hollow, of which one side was formed by a wall of living rock. At the moment of her approach, the tinkers' fire was blazing brightly; and before it were seated two persons, father and son. The former was the principal or chief of the gang who just now occupied the Tinkers' Cove; none of whom, however, were present at this moment, excepting the two spoken of. His name was Wilson; and, notwithstanding his profession and mode of life, which might be supposed to have imparted an equivocal, if not absolutely unamiable expression to his countenance and manner, his appearance was venerable in a high degree, and the tones of his voice at once mild and cheerful. He was, in truth, a kind-hearted old man, and one who would wrong no one. His son, again, was a handsome young lad, of about three-and-twenty, and, though born and bred a gipsy, possessed but little, either in habit or disposition, in common with the race from which he sprang. His manners were gentle; his spirit generous and elevated; and his affections warm and sincere. Young Wilson, in short, did not move in the sphere for which nature had designed him. Gipsy as he was, however, he was Mary's favored lover. The secret is out, good reader—George Wilson, the tinker, was the chosen, over all others, of Mary Blair. Often had they sported together, when they were children, on the banks of the burn—for Geordie had come with his father and his party to the glen with the cuckoo and the green leaf for fifteen summers; and the thought of him, when absent, was the sunshine of Mary's soul. On her approach, on the occasion of which we have been speaking, old Wilson, arose, and, taking her kindly by the hand, said, with some surprise at her appearance at that late hour in so lonely a place—

"Whereaway, noo, Mary, my dear? What in a' the world has brocht you this way at this time o' nicht?"

Mary, blushing as she spoke, informed him of her case; but said nothing of the motive which had directed her route by the "Tinkers' Cove." It could hardly be expected that she should. There was one present, however, who guessed it, as might have been conjectured by his sparkling eye and the blush that overspread his fine expressive countenance.

"Then, Geordie," said the old man, addressing his son, "ye'll see Mary, safely owre the burn—and mind the crossin, for it's an ugly place in the dark."

We need not say how joyfully young Wilson acceded to his father's proposal, nor need we say with what satisfaction Mary Blair concurred in it.

In a few minutes after, Mary and her Gipsy lover set off, and, in somewhere

about a quarter of an hour, arrived at the "crossin" to which the old man had so specially alluded. And it was not without reason that he had made such allusion, for the place was, indeed, rather a dangerous one in the dark—and it was so at this moment. The burn, at the particular spot alluded to, was crossed by two felled trees, stripped of their branches and laid parallel from side to side. The depth below was considerable—somewhere, perhaps, about twenty feet; and it was not the less formidable, probably, that it was almost dry, being covered at the bottom with large stones and fragments of rock, instead of water.

On the side of the burn opposite that on which Mary and her lover approached it on the occasion of which we are speaking, the bank rose with great abruptness to a considerable height, and up this acclivity wound the steep, narrow path which conducted to and from the rude bridge already described. On reaching this bridge, George took Mary by the hand, and having, with great care and tenderness, conducted her safely to the opposite side, he bade her good night, as she had now only to ascend the path alluded to, and to proceed a few hundred yards afterwards, to reach her mother's house.

On parting with Mary, George recrossed the burn, and was bounding away on his return to the bivouac of his friends, when his progress was suddenly and fearfully arrested by a piercing shriek, which was instantly followed by a heavy fall, as if of some one precipitated into the hollow of the burn. Frantic with horror—for he had no doubt it was Mary who had fallen—he flew wildly back to the bridge, looked down into the abyss beneath, and found his worst fears confirmed. There, in the bottom of the ravine, amongst the stones and rocks, lay the form of his beloved Mary. Distracted with the horrifying sight, young Wilson was in an instant by the side of the unfortunate girl, and in the next her head was resting on his knee, and her face bedewed with his tears. But Mary was insensible to the sympathies of her lover. All consciousness had fled. Her injuries were of the most serious kind. In his distraction and helplessness, young Wilson called out for assistance; and his cries, though by mere chance, were heard. One of his own party—a young man about his own age, and who, moreover, happened to be provided with a lighted lantern, being at the moment in search of a stray pony—was within hearing. He flew to the spot, and was quickly by the side of his friend. With the assistance of this person, the unfortunate girl, who was still insensible, was carried up to the level ground above.

"But how could she have fallen?" said young Wilson's companion, after being told by the latter that he had seen her safely across the bridge. "It's not so *very* dark, and I'm sure she knew the path well. I canna understand how she should have lost her footing on the path."

"Nor I, either," replied Wilson, with a mingled air of wildness and thoughtfulness. "Nor I either—nor I either," he repeated, with fierce energy. Then gazing steadily but silently in the face of his friend for a second—his countenance, meanwhile, expressive of some violent internal workings—he burst out loudly with—"I have it! I have it, Sandy!"—which was the name of his associate—"Mary's been murdered—she has been thrown down, and that villain M'Donald has done it! I saw him pass about half an hour since; and, just as I was parting with Mary, I heard a rustling amongst the branches above us. It must have been he. Oh, but I will have sweet revenge! Dearly shall the villain rue this." And, without saying more, he bounded alongst the bridge, ascended the path on the opposite side with the speed of a chamois, and there, hidden amongst the brushwood, did indeed find M'Donald, who, by the fatality which so frequently attends the commission of crime, still lingered on the scene of his guilt, although he might have escaped, at

least for the time. But it is supposed that he had desired to return by the way which he had come; and that he was waiting for the disappearance of young Wilson, whose position at the bridge prevented him.

Be this as it may, in the place described the latter found him, when, springing on him with the ferocity of a tiger, he accused him of having thrown Mary from the height. The ruffian in his drunkenness admitted the fact—with some confused qualification about a want of intention to injure her.

"Unintentionally or not, you ruffian, you have murdered her, and dearly shall you pay for it!" shouted Wilson, fiercely; and, in the next instant, he dashed him to the earth—for young Wilson was an uncommonly powerful man—and, seizing him by the throat, would have strangled him on the spot. But another thought suddenly struck him. He loosened his hold, and, seizing M'Donald (who was now almost wholly incapable of resistance, from the process of suffocation he had undergone) by one of his legs, he dragged him down the path to the bridge. On arriving there with him, Wilson called out, in a voice hoarse with agitation and excitement, to his friend to bring him the cord which he carried. It was to halter the pony, of which the latter had been in quest. The cord was brought. Wilson, quick as thought, took a turn of it round the logs which formed the bridge, made a running noose at the other end, forced the latter over the head of his miserable victim, and precipitating him from the bridge, exhibited him suspended from it by the neck, and almost immediately over the identical spot where Mary had fallen.

The whole was the work of but a very few minutes. When the tragedy was completed, Wilson and his friend carried Mary home. She was still breathing, but still insensible. On the following morning she expired; but, long ere this, the fire at the gipsy encampment at the Tinkers' Cove was quenched, their canvas tents struck, and the inhabitants of those tents many miles away; and neither the cuckoo nor the green leaf ever again brought George Wilson or any of his party back to the verdant holms of Gartnavaran.

When the morning sun arose, it shone on the lifeless body of Macdonald, still suspended in the air; and great was the horror of the neighborhood at the dreadful spectacle; but, when the truth came to be known, all allowed that it was a just and well-merited retribution.

THE CATERAN OF LOCHLOY.

"Were I to lose sight of my native hills, my heart would sink, and my arm would wither like fern i' the winter blast."—Rob Roy.

"And so, my dear lads, you wish me to relate my passage with the Caterans of Lochloy?" said General Dangerfield.

"Do, father, you will so oblige me," replied the younger of his two sons.

"Well, then," continued the General, laying his hand upon the boy's head, "you shall have it; but, remember, no interruption; I must tell my story my own way."

"Agreed!" replied his eldest son—Edmund, a fine youth of sixteen.

"Well—to begin at the beginning—I am a native of Scotland—born on the Borders—of a respectable family, well known there—the Jardines of the Ilk. I entered the army young, and continued there the best part of my days. When quartered in England, I became acquainted with your angel mother; and upon her marriage with me, some short time afterwards, I was compelled by her father to assume her name, in order that the family estates might still be inherited by a Dangerfield.

"I was on service during that lamentable rebellion in which so much blood was poured out in an abortive attempt to restore a doomed race to their kingly possessions. I fought at Culloden; and well remember, and with horror witnessed, the cruelties that followed the victory. The Saxons, as we were called, were, in consequence, execrated; and the Highlanders burned with a fierce desire to avenge their slaughtered friends and kinsmen. So circumstanced, it is almost unnecessary to remark that the Government troops were peculiarly obnoxious; and it was consequently very dangerous for them to wander to any distance from their respective stations; as, in many instances, where they had been so foolhardy as to disregard the strict injunctions on the subject, they never returned to tell the tale.

"I had leave of absence, for a short time; and I therefore quitted my quarters, which were at Inverness, in order to spend my Christmas with my relations in Kelso—for I was not then married. As is usual, where friends are happy and comfortable, they were not fond of separating too soon, and I was loath to leave the hospitable board of my entertainers; so I lingered as long as I could, and thus made it a matter of necessity to proceed northwards with the utmost despatch. It is a long way between Kelso and Inverness; and I had to proceed on horseback accompanied by a single servant. We got on very well till we reached Glasgow, after which the journey was both tedious and vexatious.

"On the second day, after quitting the western metropolis, there came on a great fall of snow, partially obstructing the roads, which, in those days, were not in the very best state, even in good weather; and, after pursuing, apparently, the proper route for at least a couple of hours, I found that we had lost our way—no very agreeable discovery especially towards the close of day. However, there is nothing like putting the best face on a thing when you cannot help it, so we boldly pushed on in the vain hope of at last getting into the right path. Vain it assuredly was; for, after wandering about till it became dark, we made the important discovery that we were just as far off as ever from escaping from our difficulties.

"'Is not yon a light, sir?' exclaimed my servant. 'See! it is very high up.'

"I looked up, and, certainly, there was a light; but from what it proceeded I could not conjecture. It could hardly be from a house, as it was too much elevated. I desired my servant to follow, and we made for the mysterious place, which was, with some difficulty, reached; and where, to our infinite dismay, in place of finding ourselves in the vicinity of a house, we discovered that we were at the foot of a tremendous precipice, and the light that had guided us was still glimmering at an apparently inaccessible height above our heads.

"In this state of desperation, we hallooed, and made as much noise as possible, and were speedily answered by a human voice, inquiring why we made such a disturbance, and what we wanted. I answered—

"'Shelter for the night, and food, for we are nearly dead from hunger.'

"To this no reply was made for a few moments, when a voice again answered—

"'Remain where you are, and I will descend and remove you from this place of danger.'

"A man then descended from the rocks, and desired us to follow him, which we did, with some reluctance—more especially as we were compelled to leave our horses below.

"'Never mind the cattle; they will be taken good care of,' said our conductor, laying especial emphasis on the word 'good.'

"I must confess I did not feel by any means comfortable. But what was to be done? Starvation stared us in the face, and the danger of perishing by cold, or by falling into some of the deep ravines that lay about me, was but too probable; so I mustered up all my courage, and followed my unknown guide, who led me, by a very precipitous and dangerous path, to a large cavity in the centre of the rock. My servant came last; and, when we reached the place of our destination, we beheld a vast pile of faggots lighted up in the middle of a prodigious vacuity. The warmth, as you may readily suppose, was very grateful to two travellers benumbed by cold; and, while we were standing by the fire, the guide suddenly disappeared, but returned, some few minutes afterwards, from some concealed part of the subterranean habitation, with above fifty armed men.

"At such a very unexpected, not to say disagreeable, spectacle, in circumstances otherwise sufficiently alarming, both myself and servant felt no small degree of fear. Our trepidation was observed; and one of the number, who seemed to have the command of the rest of the band, addressed me to the following purport:—

"'You can be at no loss to conjecture who we are, and what our ordinary occupation is; but you have nothing to fear; for, though we live by what is called violence, we are not destitute of humanity. Our depredations are never marked by cruelty, and seldom by blood; and those whom necessity has thrown on our care have never either been treated with barbarity or suffered to want. We extort only a little from those who are able to spare it, and rather augment than diminish the property of the poor. We know, alas! too well, what the consequences would be were we to fall into the hands of the rich and powerful; but we are resigned to our fate. We can only die once, and our enemies can inflict no greater vengeance upon us. Miserable we may be; but we have a fellow-feeling for sufferers, and never take advantage of distress: in truth, it is from no sordid love of gain, nor is it to pander to vicious habits or immoral purposes, that we live in this manner. It is because we have no other mode of support; for, after the cruelties that have been perpetrated upon their disarmed opponents, it were in vain to expect assistance or relief at the hands of our Hanoverian oppressors.

"'You see our quarters, and shall have every accommodation they can afford you; and, if you can trust us, who have neither inclination nor reason to deceive you, we give you a hearty welcome to these adamantine abodes, and that with the most perfect sincerity. Our fare is homely but wholesome; and our beds, though coarse, are clean. Nor be under any concern for your horses; they too shall share our protection and hospitality. We have no hay; but they shall not want. Stables we have none; but can shelter them, for one night at least, from the inclemency of the weather.'

"This address revived our courage, which was not a little augmented upon being handed a bicker of whisky—mountain dew of the most delicious description; at least I thought so then, and have never changed my opinion since. Talk of the wines of Spain, or of France, or the Rhine, I never felt from them half the delight I experienced in quaffing the nectar of the Gael. When we had finished, a supper was laid before us which might have provoked the appetite of an English alderman, and that is saying a good deal. We had blackcock and ptarmigan broiled, or, as it is called in Scotland, brandered;

fine black-faced Highland mutton done to a turn in the live ashes; and a stew of snipes and wild duck, the aroma of which was perfectly ambrosial. I did ample justice to the good cheer, and ate with as much coolness and self possession as if I had been seated in Dolly's chop-house, in place of an apparently interminable cave surrounded by caterans; for so the Highland banditti are termed.

"After having satisfied my craving appetite, in which example I had a worthy imitator in the person of my servant, rest was the next thing of which both of us stood in need. My generous host then led me to an inner apartment in the cave, which seemed at once to be the treasury and the magazine. There two sackfuls of heather were, by his orders, brought in and put on end, with the flower uppermost. Then a rope was fastened about the whole to keep it together, and on the top of each was placed a double blanket. On this simple contrivance, which formed an exquisitely soft and delicious couch, we laid ourselves down.

"I had some notes of value about me, and above twenty guineas in gold, besides a very handsome gold watch, and other trinkets of no inconsiderable value; but, as I had given them up for lost, I made no attempt to secrete any of them. My host, apparently divining my suspicions, insisted upon mounting guard over us—a proposal which I strenuously opposed; but he told me plainly that, unless he kept by me, he would not answer for the conduct of his companions. Against this there was no appeal; and he remained beside us, on the bare rock, all the night.

"In the morning, we found ourselves alone with this singular being. Everything remained as it had been the preceding evening, with this, to us, very pleasant exception, that the band of caterans was nowhere to be seen. Another fire of wood was speedily kindled; and, as our host told us that, before we could reach any place of refreshment, we had to go twenty miles and a bittick—which, being interpreted, means somewhere about five miles more—we took the precaution to lay in a good stock of cakes, butter, and cheese, which we washed down with a moderate quantity of the nectar of the night preceding.

"Our repast over, we descended the circuitous path which led from the cavern, and which one, uninitiated, might have searched for in vain; and, at the bottom, found a lad or gilly holding our horses, which had been well fed, and were in fine spirits. Our host then declared his intention of putting us upon the right track, otherwise, he said, we were sure of losing our way. I desired my servant to dismount and follow us on foot; but this the stranger refused to allow, assigning as a reason, that he preferred walking, and could, without the slightest difficulty, keep up with the horses. In this way, therefore, we proceeded nearly three miles; and, it was evident that, but for his friendly assistance, the chances of getting out of our difficulties would have been very problematical. At last, he stopped, and said—

"'Pursue that path for half a mile farther, and you will enter upon the great road, after which you can have no difficulty in journeying to the place of your destination.'

"I was quite overpowered with this kindness, and felt reluctant to part with my new friend without, at least, showing how much I appreciated his services.

"'Sir,' said I, 'I am deeply affected by the whole of your conduct towards me and my servant. I can only hope that, some day or other, I may have it in my power to serve you. I have been treated like a prince, when I expected, if not to have my throat cut—which I once thought was inevitable—at least, to have been robbed of everything about me. At present I can only offer you this small remuneration, which I trust you will accept. I am only sorry that it is not more. As I said this,

I drew forth my purse with the intention of giving him all the gold I had about me, but he stayed my hand.

"'Sir!' exclaimed the unknown, 'you have seen the way in which I and my companions live, and you may easily guess that to us gold can be no object. I thank you for the free and liberal way in which it was proffered; but I most respectfully beg to decline accepting it. In serving you, I merely followed a precept, which I ever—though a cateran—keep in view, to do to others as I would be done by myself. You were in distress, and I relieved you; there was no merit in doing what I knew was merely my duty; and Ranald More will take no reward for having done that which his heart told him it was right to do.'

"'Heavens!' I cried, 'are you Ranald More?'

"'I am?'

"'Why,' I rejoined, 'your name is a terror to all the country round.'

"'I know it; but what care I? Let the bloodhounds take me if they can.'

"'Are you aware that a reward is offered for your apprehension?'

"'Perfectly.'

"'Why, then, should you trust yourself alone with two armed men?'

"To show that he was perfectly regardless of fear, he merely pointed to his claymore, and I must confess that I should not have been anxious for a single combat, and, even with the assistance of my servant, I am not quite sure that we might not have come off second best.

"'But,' continued the cateran, 'you are a gentleman and a man of honor. My secret is safe with you. Bid your servant ride on a few paces.' I gave the necessary order; and, when we were alone, the cateran proceeded to narrate to me the following particulars of his life:—

"'I was born in the higher ranks of society; but circumstances, which I need not recapitulate, reduced me to the humble condition of a peasant. Early misfortunes compelled me to conceal my name and family, and I enlisted as a private soldier. My conduct in the army attracted the attention of my superiors; but, I had no interest to rise higher than a halbert, and was discharged with the regiment in which I served. When Prince Charles landed on his native shores, I refused to join him, as I considered myself in a manner bound, by my former services, to his opponent. I took, therefore, no further interest in this civil broil than to give my humble assistance to many of those persecuted men whom the bloody mandates of the Duke of Cumberland had marked out for destruction. In this way I have gradually collected around me a band of gallant fellows, who are ready to follow me on any enterprise, however desperate. It was not choice but necessity that compelled me to my present way of life. Some day or other I shall, in all human probability, be taken, and made an example of, to deter others from following the like courses. All I ask, when you hear of my death—in whatever way that may happen—that you will not forget you owed your life to him who never took one but in the cause of his country, when he fought for his king, and exposed his own. Farewell.'

"Then pressing my proffered hand in his, he turned away; and, in a few minutes, the Highland Cateran was out of sight."

"Did you never see him again, father!" inquired Edmund.

"I did; but in circumstances extremely painful; although, to the last interview I had with him, I owe that portion of happiness with which Providence was graciously pleased to bless me."

"Indeed!—O father, do continue your story.

"Well, Edmund, have patience, and you shall hear all. Time hurried on imperceptibly; and, in a couple of years afterwards, I found myself raised to the rank of a captain. The regiment had been ordered to Ireland, where it remained for about a year; but the Highlands of Scot-

land not being in a very settled state, it was ordered to that kingdom; and, in the month of January, 1748, I found myself once more in my old quarters; a circumstance far from displeasing, as I had many friends there anxious to make me comfortable.

"The severity of Government had by this time considerably relaxed; and as all fears of any new rebellion were at an end, an anxious endeavor was made to reduce the restless Highlanders to some sort of order, and put down the straggling bands of caterans that disturbed the tranquillity of the country, and kept the proprietors in a perpetual state of anxiety, by lifting, as it was called, their cattle, and other predatory acts.

"Upon inquiring after my old friend, Ranald, I was told he had not been heard of for a long time, and that it was generally supposed he had been killed in some of his maurading expeditions.

"One individual seemed to be peculiarly obnoxious to these worthies, and his cattle had not only been repeatedly carried off, but his granaries had been despoiled. He had bought some of the forfeited estates at small value, and having the misfortune—for so it was reckoned amongst the proud Highlanders, whose pedigrees were generally as long as their purses were short—to be a *parvenu*, his father having been a grocer in the Luckenbooths of Edinburgh, he experienced no mercy from the caterans, and little sympathy from the gentry in his vicinity, who laughed at his misfortunes. To crown all, he had been a commissary in the army of the Duke of Cumberland; and, though neither a bad man nor a hard landlord, still his original connexion with the bloody Duke was a sin not to be forgiven, and hence the reason of his peculiar persecution.

"Irritated by a series of provoking outrages, Peter Penny, Esq, of Glenbodle, appealed to our commander; and, as he volunteered to guide a small detachment to the place where he had good reason to believe his tormentors were concealed, his appeal was listened to; and, under the charge of one of our lieutenants, a party of some twenty or thirty soldiers proceeded to capture the caterans. As resistance was anticipated, they were well armed, and every precaution was adopted to prevent surprise by ambush.

"Of all this I thought nothing. Such occurrences were common; and, usually, the objects were accomplished with no very great difficulty. In this case, the result was different; and, although the detachment was successful, and it was only so at a great expenditure of life; for the caterans gave battle, and were eventually subdued, after killing five of the King's troops, and severely wounding the commander. The laird himself escaped free; for, holding the truth of the adage, that the better part of valor is discretion, he prudently kept in the rear, and thus ran no other risk than a chance shot. Poor fellow, he assured me—and I believe he spoke with perfect sincerity—that, had he imagined so much blood was to be shed on his account, he had much rather the caterans had stolen every animal on his estate, and carried off its entire produce.

"The defence had been well-ordered; and it required little observation to see that the chief of the caterans was skilled in military tactics. He fought with infinite bravery, and it was not until a great proportion of his band was either killed or wounded that his capture was effected; and even this would have been doubtful, had he not been weakened by loss of blood. He was, however, brought to Inverness, with one or two of his confederates, who had also been severely wounded. The rest retreated safely to the fastnesses of the mountains.

"The day following, I was somewhat surprised by an intimation, that one of the captives was desirous of seeing me. I proceeded to the prison, when I found a

man lying on a heap of straw, evidently in a very exhausted state.

"'This is kind, Captain Jardine, very kind,' he exclaimed. Then, after pausing a minute, he proceeded, whilst a faint smile passed over his face—'When we last met it was in other circumstances.'"

"'Gracious Providence!' I answered, 'can it be—do I see Ranald More?'

"'You see all that remains of him—a few short hours, and I shall be beyond the reach of earthly foes. I had once hoped that better days would have come; but they came not. I sought pardon, but it was refused—driven back to my old courses, I am about to pay the penalty of my sins.

"I endeavored to reassure him; for, in truth, I felt a sincere esteem for him, and, personally, knew his honorable principles, and deeply regretted that so noble a fellow should have been thrown away. I got the best medical advice, procured a comfortable bed, and everything that might tend to alleviate his sufferings during the brief remainder of his days.

"He was gratified by my attentions—'One thing consoles me,' he said—'I shall not die the death of a felon. Your soldiers have spared me that disgrace.'

"'Do not despond,' I rejoined; 'whilst there is life there is hope,—and'——

"Here he interrupted me with—

"'No—no—no. I would not live if I could; I am weary, and need rest in my grave. Captain,' he continued, 'you have dealt with me kindly and considerately; would you make me your debtor still farther? I have one request to make, which, as it does not compromise you in the smallest degree, you will probably grant. It is to convey this ring to the only female in this world for whom I feel regard; and tell her, that the being she cherished when all others neglected him, died blessing her.'

"I assured him I would obey his commands, and that the ring should be personally delivered.

"Ranald, then, as soon as cessation from pain would allow him, disclosed his history, which was brief but painful. The son of a gentleman of an ancient family in Northumberland, proud of his descent and large possessions, he had formed an attachment to one of the bondagers on his father's estate; and, in a luckless hour, crossed the Borders, and was united to her at Lamberton—the Gretna Green of that part of the country. The result was the ordinary one—he was disinherited, and cast off by his father; and his wife, not matching with one of her own rank, could not put up with her husband's ways, or reconcile herself to those habits of propriety which were essential to her new station in society. Unhappiness followed—poverty made him fretful and impatient; although well-educated, he would turn his attentions to no useful purpose, and, in a fit of desperation, he enlisted. During his banishment from home, he saw none of his relatives excepting his niece, then a girl of fourteen, who loved her uncle, and used, by stealth, to bring to his humble dwelling such articles as she thought he might fancy; and endeavored, so far as was in her power, to soften the severity of his situation.'

"The uncle's unexpected departure did not prevent the niece showing similar attentions to the wife; but these were soon terminated by the demise of the latter, who died with the infant, in her accouchement. For several years after this, nothing was heard of Ranald; but the anger of his father continued unabated.

"Quitting the army, as I formerly mentioned, he joined the caterans; and after our interview, determined to make an effort to obtain paternal forgiveness. He left his retreat; and one evening presented himself suddenly before his father, who was residing at the family seat. He threw himself on his knees and asked pardon.

"'Go,' said his father. 'Degenerate son, disgrace not, by your presence, the halls of your ancestors. In vain you sup-

plicate—in vain you attempt to move me from my fixed purposes by your assumed penitence.'

"Have you no pity for your own offspring—for a being who, but for one unhappy act, never caused you a moment's pain—who has ever venerated and obeyed you?'

"No answer was returned.

"'Say you forgive me—I seek no more; and I will leave you never to return, until my future acts have shown that I am not entirely unworthy of the proud race from whence I have sprung.'

"The old man was silent.

"'For years a father's malison has embittered my life, and rendered me reckless of all consequences. Your pardon will restore me to myself; and can you refuse to grant it?"

"Still no response.

"'If not for one so unworthy as the miserable wretch before you, at least on her account who gave me birth. Say you forgive me.'

"'Never.'

"'Father, we meet for the last time; one word would have restored your son to happiness, and you refuse it. Farewell for ever!'

"At this moment the door opened, and a beautiful girl of twenty rushed in, and threw herself into the old man's arms.

"'Oh, sir, do not part in anger with your son; you are so good, so kind. I am sure you will restore him to your favor.'

"He gently disengaged her from his embrace.

"'Emily,' said he, 'you are a good girl; and on any other subject you might be sure I would listen to your wishes; but on this point, I am immovable; and as Reginald deliberately dissolved the tie between father and son, I no longer recognise him as my child.'

"Saying this, he left the room.

"Emily was sadly overcome by this unexpected repulse. She knew her grandfather's inflexibility, but imagined that the lapse of time would have softened his resentment. Her father—the heir apparent—was then on the Continent; and it was doubtful how far even his influence would produce any change on the unnatural anger of his incensed parent.

"'Dear uncle, you know not how deeply I grieve at this unkind reception. Often have I thought on you during your tedious absence, and longed to see you again; and now when my wish is gratified, I have no home here to offer you; but we must not part—time yet may make all right; and if you would only take up your abode near us, I would do everything to save you; and when my father returns, we will unite our entreaties to obtain your pardon.'

"'Sweet girl!' replied Ranald, 'I duly appreciate your kindness; but it is vain to contend against fate, and here I cannot—will not stay.'

"The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a footman, who, with some confusion and hesitation, intimated that his master wished the strange gentleman would make his visit as short as possible. Having delivered this message, he withdrew.

"'Emily, farewell! I have ever loved you; and your kindness in this hour of trial shows my love was not misplaced.'

"'Do not leave me, uncle; better days will come.'

"'It is vain to urge my stay; my father shall be obeyed. Once more, farewell!'

"His niece found his resolution immovable. She entreated him to take her purse; this he refused. She then placed on his finger a ring; it was the fatal one—the cause of all his misery. The sight of it overcame him. He wept bitterly. Clasping his niece to his arms, he said, in faltering accents—

"'Beloved girl! this fatal testimonial shall part from me only with death; and, when you see it again, be assured that all my earthly cares are over.'

"He then quitted the home of his forefathers, never again to return. After wandering about for months, necessity drove him back upon his old companions. But he had lost his energy; and it was not until the attack upon the caterans that he again became the Ranald More of olden times.

"The kindness and affection of his niece made a deep impression on Ranald's mind; and his chief anxiety now was to make her acquainted with his fate, and to let her know that he died a repentant man, in the hope of forgiveness in 'another and a better world.'

"The night before he expired, I sat beside him. Ranald was composed. He said—

"'Often, very often, kind friend, have I meditated, after my last repulse, putting an end to my existence; but religion came to my aid, and I resisted manfully the temptings of the fiend. Resignation to the Divine will, under every disappointment and affliction, is a duty we all owe to our great Creator, and his precept of my dear mother was too deeply implanted in my mind ever to be entirely eradicated. Forgiveness of our enemies she also inculcated; and I can say, with perfect sincerity, that I die in peace with all mankind.'

"'Even your father?' I inquired.

"'Yes; even that cruel parent, through whose obduracy I am now a degraded felon, is forgiven by me. But no more of this. When you see Emily, give her my blessing. Tell her that her dying uncle had her always in his thoughts; and that, in his last moments, he prayed for her prosperity and happiness.'

"As he was evidently much exhausted, I entreated him not to fatigue himself by farther conversation. The clergyman arriving, I took my leave, and returned in the morning. He was still sensible; and the man who had sat up with him mentioned that he had been very quiet all night, though he apparently slept very little. When I approached the bedside, he recognised me; and, with extreme difficulty, articulated—

"'Remember!'

"I assured him that his request should be implicitly complied with. His last words were 'Bless you!' Raising himself, he placed his wife's marriage ring on my finger, pressed my hand feebly, and, overcome by the exertion, fell back on his pillow; a gentle slumber seemed gradually to come over him, from which he never awoke.

"As he was only known as Ranald More, the secret of his birth and rank was carefully preserved by me; my adventure with him of former years was generally known, and my anxiety about him, and my following his body to the grave, created no manner of surprise. His companions were tried, convicted, and executed. The death of their leader, and the capital punishment inflicted on his followers, had a wholesome effect in that district, and 'lifting' of cattle, from that time, became, at least there, somewhat uncommon.

"Resolved to redeem my pledge, I procured leave of absence, and journeyed to Northumberland, where I found the family in mourning for the old gentleman, who had died, strange to say, about a week before his son. The delivery of the ring at once announced the cause of my visit, and my attentions to the unhappy donor were repaid by the extreme kindness of his relatives. Her brother, Edmund, thought he could never do too much for me; and the kind-hearted and beautiful niece of the ill-fated Ranald became"——(Here he paused.)

"What, father?" inquired Edmund.

"YOUR MOTHER."

THE ADVENTURES OF LAUNCELOT ERRINGTON AND HIS NEPHEW MARK;

A TALE OF LINDISFERNE.

Every person in Islandshire has heard of the adventures of bold Launcelot Errington and his nephew Mark. They were both seamen. Launcelot was skipper and owner of a small coasting brig, and his nephew was his mate. They were related to the Erringtons of Beaufront, an ancient Northumbrian family, remarkable for its devotion to the house of Stuart. It was in the October of 1715 that Launcelot ran his brig into Holy Island roads, and cast anchor about midway between the castle and the abbey. Every person on the island knew Launcelot; for he often paid it a visit, and especially on returning from a trip across "the herring pond;" on which occasions he never failed to lighten the hearts of the fishermen, by dealing out to them a cargo of "the real genuine moonlight," or, in less classic phrase, brandy and Geneva. But, in the particular instance referred to, his vessel was light, and apparently had only ballast on board to keep her in sailing trim. The islanders were therefore disappointed, and they wondered what had brought him into their harbor then, there being no wind or appearance of weather that need cause him to seek shelter; and he being a bold, active fellow, and owner of his own vessel withal, it was impossible that he could have put in (as the manner of some is) merely to skulk for a day or two. But the object of Launcelot's putting into the island will appear.

"Boy!" cried he, to an urchin who resembled a water-imp, and who was mopping the deck near the top of the cabin stairs, "go to the forecastle, and tell my nevy, Mark, that I want him; and don't you be after coming back mopping there, unless I send for you. You hear that?"

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the boy.

In less than a minute, Mark Errington, a tall, powerful, and fine-looking young seaman, entered the cabin.

"Sit down, Mark, my lad," said his uncle—and Mark sat down. "I say, nevy," added Launcelot, "I'll bet you're wondering what has caused me to run the brig in here, when you expected I was to go right across to Hamburgh."

"Why, I do think it a little strange, uncle," said the nephew; "but you know it is your business and not mine. The ship is your own, and you can do as you like, I suppose."

"Well said, Mark, my boy," replied Launcelot; "you speak like a fellow that has some sense aboard; and I tell you what, if you go on as you have done, the brig shall be yours one o' these days."

"Don't talk of that uncle," said the youth; "I am very well as I am, and wouldn't think myself better by you hurting yourself."

"Hurting myself!" repeated Launcelot; "d'ye think I couldn't live as well as I do now, though the brig were at Davy Jones to-morrow? Don't you suppose but that I can leave her to you when I like, and something worth more than her when I die, too. I have no family of my own, and you are my brother's son, Mark; and I say, my lad, that while you are his son, you are my heir. So make yourself useful, my hearty;—draw a cork, and let us have a peep at the old island through

'moonlight.'" And Mark drew the cork of a bottle of brandy which stood upon the table.

Launcelot filled the glasses, and added, "I say, Mark, let us drink *the King*."

"With all my heart, sir," said the other; "only, before I do so, I should like to know what king you mean, uncle. Is it he that came here from Hanover last year when the queen died, or he that is across the water, and that should be king?"

"Smash it, Mark!" said the skipper, "I didn't think thou was the lad that would hae needed to hae asked such a question. Why, isn't your name Errington? Aren't you my brother's son? And you pretend to ask me what king I mean; Why, then, I mean *our* King!—King James! and here's luck to him in a bumper."

"So be it," responded Mark; and, after drinking off his glass, he added—"but, uncle, the House of Commons and the Lords, and the army too, I believe are, almost to a man, on the side of the Elector of Hanover; and I should like to know, if you think there is any likelihood of the King returning to this country—if there would be any chance for him if he should return—or if his cause is really kept alive?"

"Why, Mark, man," returned Launcelot, "is that all thou knows about it? Listen, lad, and I will tell thee something, if thou art a true Errington. You know that I was ashore, when we were at Shields last week, four or five days?"

"I must know that," replied the nephew, "for you left the brig under my charge; but I didn't know where you were, or what you were doing; and, as I say, it was no business of mine to ask."

"Right again, my lad," continued Launcelot; "thou shalt have the ship, for thou dost deserve her. But I will tell thee what I was doing on shore. I was on the King's service—I was seeing what I could do for him. Ye ask me if the be kept alive! Why, man, does the wind blow when ye take in a reef? You know Mr. Foster, the member for the county, don't you?"

"I do—perfectly well," replied Mark.

"Then, if you do," added Launcelot, "you know a chip of the right block. He is a Trojan, every inch of him—a king's man to the backbone. The king will never stand in need of a friend while such a man as Foster is alive. But, as I was telling you of being ashore last week, I went across the country, as far as Corbridge; and, at the house of our relation, Thomas Errington of Beaufront, I met Mr. Foster, no longer member for Northumberland in the Elector's parliament, but General of his Majesty's forces south of the Tweed."

"I can't say I understand you well," interrupted Mark; "what forces do you mean?"

"Why, hark ye, lad," said Launcelot—"the spirit that used to stir up our fathers in the days of old, is alive again in Northumberland, and our friends have mounted the saddle and drawn the sword for the king. At Beaufront, I did not only meet General Foster (for such, as I told you, he now is), but I also met that excellent young nobleman, the Earl of Derwentwater, his brother Charles Ratcliffe, and Captain Shaftoe; with Mr. Swinbourn of Capheaton, all the Charletons of Reedsmouth, Philip Hodgson of Sandow, the Sandersons of Hely, Shaftoe of Bavington, and his son Joblyn of Benwell, with twenty others; and all their followers, mounted, armed, and ready for the field! The sight warmed my heart, Mark. It made me feel twenty years younger than I am. Our relation is one of the chief commanders under General Foster; and when I saw so many noble fellows round me, all ready to lay down their lives in the good and true cause, my blood took fire, and I went forward to the General, and, stretching out my hand—'I beg your pardon, Mr. Foster,' said I, 'but you were good enough to say that I

was of some service to you, by my vote and otherwise, at the last election, and I should only like to know if I cannot be useful now; my heart is as warm as any man's in the cause, and my arm is none of the weakest.' 'Ah! my old friend, Launcelot,' said he, 'I am glad to find you here. We just want such spirits as you—you can be of much service to us.' 'Why, I don't know, your honor,' said I, 'that I am very like a spirit; I should rather think that I am a piece of as good and as heavy flesh and blood as the most of folk. But, however, only tell me how I can be of service to the cause, and, by St. George! General, the thing is done!' And so, Mark"——

"Well, what then?" asked the nephew.

"What then!" continued Launcelot—"why, he told me how I could be of service to him, to be sure. But come, lad, I think we wouldn't be the worse of another drop of the 'moonlight,' just to brighten both eyes; so, pour out another, and let us drink—'Luck to the Earl of Mar, and the right cause.'"

"With all my heart," said Mark; and they drank success to the Earl of Mar.

"I say, nevy," resumed Launcelot, after a pause, "what do you think of the castle on the island here—do you think you and I could take it?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mark, "that is a good joke!—the first shot from their batteries would send the little brig out of the water; and, I suppose, the garrison won't consist of less that twenty men."

"And what of all that?" replied Launcelot, gravely; "I ask you, if you think we could take it? Why, lad, I find thy intellects need to be rubbed up—take another glass. Although I don't give a snap of my fingers for the score of feggies who keep the castle, you don't take me to be such a flat-fish as to think of forcing it from them by assault? No, man, I shall undermine them."

"Ha! ha! ha!—worse and worse!" said Mark; "undermine them, uncle! why, the castle is built upon a rock, which you and I might pick at for seven years (if they would let us), before we were able to blow them up."

"Well, Mark," said the uncle, "I find it is of no use talking to you. You are a fearless fellow; but you are as thick about the upper works as a millstone. If you saw a way by which the castle might be taken, and the flag of the Stuarts hoisted on it instead of the Hanoverian rag, would you help me to do it? I say, would you help me, Mark? If you wouldn't, you don't deserve——thou art no Errington."

"Would I help thee!" replied the other—"why, to be sure I would, and die by your side, too, if it were necessary."

"Give me thy hand, my lad," said Launcelot; "that is just what I want—and, to-morrow, when you hear me say '*St. George!*' do as you see me do. In the meantime, send one of the men ashore, and tell him to go across the Low to Goswick for, a couple of salmon; or, if he can't get them there, let him go to Berwick for them. You will find, my boy, that a salmon-fin may undermine a garrison as effectually as gunpowder."

"Ho! ho!" added Mark, "I begin to see something new."

"Never mind what you see," replied his uncle; "send a man ashore."

On the following day, Launcelot went upon the island; and, strolling carelessly along towards the castle, with his pipe in his teeth, he met the sergeant who had the command of the garrision. "Well, sergeant," said the skipper, "what news have you this morning?"

"Why, ha'nt you heard them, master?" replied the other; "I hear as how the whole mainland is in arms, and some say the Pretender has arrived in Scotland."

"Ay, ay," returned Launcelot, laughing; "that story may do to frighten old women, but it won't go down with men. I say, friend, the people on shore are not quite such fools as that would prove them

to be; neither do I believe that the Pretender is so much of an ass as to venture his head in this country again."

"Well, well, you may laugh, master," rejoined the sergeant; "but I know it is no laughing matter. Our commanding officer mentions it in the instructions he sent me from Berwick this morning."

"Why, are the people mad?" said Launcelot; "do they intend to plunge the country in civil war for the sake of any man? Hang the whole race of fools, say I;" and as he spoke, he dashed his pipe upon the ground and broke it to pieces.

"Well done, master," added the sergeant; "I am glad to find your principles are of the right sort; so come along to my room in the castle, and we will drink the health of his Majesty King George, and confusion to his enemies, in a tankard of nut-brown ale."

"Whew! whew!" whistled the skipper; "no, my hearty, when I drink his health it is in brandy—brandy redder than the rising sun; none of your slops for me. But, as I believe you to be an honest fellow, come aboard of my brig, now lying alongside here; bring all your men with you that aren't upon duty—there is room enough in the cabin for all—and you shall have a drop of the real blood-warmer, pure as imported; and I'm blowed but you've too honest a face not to wink at how it was imported. By the way, I have also got two beautiful salmon on board, and we shall demolish them amongst us as a relish to the brandy. So tip your men the boatswain's whistle, and I'll call a boat ashore."

The rarity of brandy and salmon was too much for the sergeant's stomach; and, though he at first said there was no necessity for taking his men with him—"Oh, the more the merrier—that is always my way," said Launcelot; and, within ten minutes, the sergeant and every soldier belonging to the garrison, with the exception of a corporal, two privates, and an old gunner, were on board the little brig.

Launcelot did the honors of the table, and his nephew, Mark, acted as croupier. The salmon quickly disappeared, and the brandy went merrily round. The skipper, to use his own phrase, was a "seasoned cask;" and, after pouring the contents of a bottle down his throat, he could draw another cork, and say he would "wet both eyes." Mark was more abstemious; though, being used to the liquor, it required no small quantity to produce a visible effect upon him. But it was too potent for the soldiers. Launcelot plied them with the "dry stuff, neat as imported." The brig, too, began to heave a little; for an easterly breeze had sprung up, and she began to toss up and down, bow and stern, and caused divers of the soldiers to shake on and from their seats. But the skipper cried—"Never mind, my hearties!—up again!—there is nothing like a drop of the real stuff for sea-sickness."

The sergeant had just finished his ninth glass, and returned it to the table with the flourish of a hero, hiccuping, and stretching out his arm to the skipper to shake hands with him, when the brig giving a sudden plunge, down went the man of war, with his face upon the cabin floor, and three of his companions fell upon him. They strove to rise, but it was vain. They had become drunk, dead drunk, as in a moment, and they groaned in sickness—deadly sickness. Their companions laughed at their disaster, and commenced in full chorus to sing a bacchanalian song. Launcelot joined in the chorus, and cried—"Fill again, my boys!—fill again!—never mind the sergeant—he'll soon come round, no fear of him."

Another glass, and the vociferating of the song, produced the desired effect. Every soldier's head reeled—they began to see double.

"St. George!" exclaimed Launcelot, "but I must on shore; I have something to do." And, as he ascended the cabin stairs, Mark rose and followed him.

"Hollo, master!—where are you going, eh?" cried the soldiers; "you are not going to leave us in this way?"

"No, no, my brave fellows," cried the skipper; "draw another cork, and make yourselves at home; I'll be with you presently."

"Ay, ay," rejoined they; "we'll do that, and quickly too—good luck to ye"

"Now, Mark, my lad," said the skipper, "just keep by me, and you shall see a bit of sport." And going to the head of the vessel, he called to him a seaman, and said—"Bob, take a handspike and go aft to the companion, and the first of those lobsters in the cabin that offers to crawl upon deck, give him a tip over the sconce with it, and send him, heels up, down again."

"Very well, Sir," said the seaman unconcernedly, stooping, and lifting up a handspike as he spoke; "I'll do that."

"Skull us ashore, boy," said Launcelot, to the urchin of whom we have already spoken, as resembling a water-imp; and leaping into the boat, while his nephew followed him—"Now, Mark, my lad," continued he, "now for a touch at glory!" They were landed within a hundred yards of the castle, and immediately proceeded towards it. The sentinel at the gate, knowing them as the boon companions of his fellow-soldiers, suffered them to approach him.

"Well, my fine fellow," said Launcelot, addressing him, "I must say it is too bad to keep you fixed up here like a pillar, or lark in a cage, while your comrades are all as merry as old Bacchus, on board of my little brig. But I didn't forget you, and have brought a drop of the creature to comfort your heart."

The sentinel was about to thank him, when Launcelot, instead of producing the bottle, suddenly grasped him by the throat, dashing him on the ground, and wrested his musket from his hands, crying as he did so, "Now, Mark, into the castle, and down with the corporal!"

The soldier was as a child in the iron grasp of Launcelot Errington, who, pulling a quantity of rope-yarn from his breast, tied his prisoner hand and foot, and left him on the ground. His nephew in the meantime, had hurried into the castle, where, meeting the corporal, he as easily overcame him, as his uncle had disarmed the sentinel. There remained but another soldier and the old gunner to conquer. Seizing the arms of his hand-and-foot-bound prisoner, Launcelot hastened to the eastern side of the castle, where the other soldier stood guard, and approaching, unobserved, within a few yards of him, and presenting the musket, cried, "Yield!—down with your arms!"

The soldier refused to comply with his command, and was levelling his musket towards the besieger, when Launcelot, to use his own phrase, "sent a bit of lead through the shoulder of his left wing," and the soldier and his musket fell on the battlement together.

Mark, in the meantime, having secured the corporal, seized the old gunner (who had ventured out of the armory on hearing the cries of the corporal for assistance) by the breast, and held him until he should receive the commands of his uncle concerning him.

"Tie the old chap's wrists, but not his feet, Mark," cried Launcelot, on beholding his nephew with his foot on the body of the corporal, and his hand on the breast of the gunner; "only tie his hands to prevent his doing mischief; I have a use for his feet."

Mark pinioned the veteran accordingly; and Launcelot, dragging the two soldiers and the corporal into separate apartments, locked them up; and returning again to his nephew and the gunner, he clenched his fist in the face of the latter, and said, "Now, my old man, without a word of a murmur, you show me where to find the keys of the gates;" and the gunner did so.

Launcelot took the keys, and he and

his nephew, shutting the gates, locked themselves within the walls of the castle, constituting themselves its governors and garrison. Again, addressing the gunner, the skipper added, "Now, old one, I have just another piece of service for you to perform, and then I shall lock you up as I have done your comrades. Lead us to where we shall get the keys of the magazine and the arsenal, and then conduct us to them."

But the old man having perceived a body of fishermen proceeding across the field that lay between the castle and the town, and judging that the alarm would soon be given to the sergeant and his men, he took courage, and ventured to grumble between his teeth, "No, confound me if I do!"

"Oh, thou won't show me to them, old lad?" said Launcelot; "you wont, eh?—Well, take hold of his feet, Mark; I have a short way of dealing with all stubborn rebels."

Mark seized the old gunner by the feet, while his uncle pulled back his shoulders; and lifting him from the ground, they carried him to the highest point of the battlements, and immediately over the perpendicular cliff that rose from the beach.

"Once!—twice!—thrice!" cried Launcelot, while he and his nephew swung the gunner in the air, suspending him over the piled battlement and cliff. Launcelot paused; and, addressing his victim, sternly said, "Do you consent to show us all, now? Refuse again, and I will hurl you headlong over the precipice, to be a morning meal to the sea-birds from the Fern isles!" The veteran was no coward, but his heart failed as he felt himself tossed in the air, with death yawning beneath him.

"I will show you—show you everything," he gasped.

He took them to where the arms and the powder were kept, and Launcelot and his nephew, having loaded the few cannon upon the ramparts, loaded also every musket that they could find in the castle, and placed them on the turrets, ready for defence.

Above a hundred inhabitants of the island—men, women, and children—now stood before the gate of the castle, marvelling at the doings of the bold skipper Errington, and his nephew Mark. But he kept them not long in suspense as to his intentions; for, pulling down the union flag of the united kingdom from the pole upon the ramparts, he hoisted in its stead the symbol of the house of Stuart; and, taking off his hat, waved it towards the people, and cried, at the utmost pitch of his stentorian voice, "I hereby proclaim our only lawful sovereign, James, the Third of England and Ninth of Scotland, King of these realms; and let all good men and true come now and enrol themselves under his standard! God save the King! say I; and let every traitor be choked that won't say the same."

Then Launcelot and his nephew fired two pieces of cannon, and gave three cheers for King James; but the spectators responded not to their shout.

Some said, "Why the old skipper and his mate are drunk, and it is only a frolic; but they are carrying the joke too far." Others said they were mad.

But Mark said to him, "Well, uncle, we have got the castle into our own keeping, and what are we to do with it, now that we have got it? We shall have a whole regiment of soldiers against us from Berwick to-morrow, I have no doubt, and you and I can't defend it."

"Look ye, Mark," said Launcelot, "don't be showing the white feather, or I will swear again you are no Errington, no brother's son of mine, or a drop's blood to me, and the brig may sink where she lies at anchor for all that I care. But now, I say, Mark—I am saying, don't you be thinking but that I know what I have been about all this time. Why, man, the two guns that I fired just now, were a signal to three French privateers, that I have no doubt are lying snugly enough behind the

Ferns, out of sight, but within hearing. We shall have them here to-night; and, if you keep your eye across the Low, upon Beal bushes in the morning, you will see a troop of General Foster's men coming to our assistance. Then, my lad, I shall be governor of the castle, and you shall be my lieutenant, and owner of the brig into the bargain."

"Well," said Mark, "it doesn't matter much. I can't say I have any fancy to be mewed up in a stand-still, stone-and-lime castle, with always the same thing before my eyes; but I take it that I can stand fire as well as any man, and I will stand it too, as you shall see, if it comes to that;—only, as we had put in here, I had made up my mind for a different sort of amusement to-night."

"And what sort of amusement might that be?—To go a sweethearting, eh?"

"Why, I daresay, it was there and thereabouts. I intended to have gone along as far as Bamborough, to have seen an old acquaintance."

"Ho! ho! Sally Beadnell," interrupted the uncle; "you must defer that to another day, Mark. At present, my lad, as the saying goes, you have other fish to fry."

"I see that," said Mark; "and I suppose, if we have thrust our heads into a trap, we must defend them as we best can. However, happen what may, I'll stand by you while I have a foot to stand upon."

"Give me your hand again, nevy," cried Launcelot; "you're a famous fellow!—Mark, I'm proud of you!"

Now, in the course of the night, the sergeant awoke from the sleep in which his drunkenness had sealed up his senses, and gathering himself up upon the cabin floor, wondering where he was, and positive that north had become south, and south north, while the motion of the vessel rendered his "confusion worse confounded," and he stumbled now over one of his companions in dissipation, and again over another, until shouting at the utmost pitch of his voice—"Hollo! where am I? I am Sergeant Chadwell, commander-in-chief of Holy Island Castle! Hollo! where am I?" And his shouting aroused them from their death-like slumbers. Rising on their hands and knees, sick and shivering, one by one, they began to be conscious of their situation; and one of them ventured to ascend the cabin stairs. But no sooner had he raised his head upon a level with the deck, than the seaman, faithful to the injunctions of his commander, made the handspike descend upon it with sufficient force to cause the soldier to go reeling backwards and downwards amongst his comrades. Another attempted to lead the way, and met with the same fate. "Fire and thunder!" shouted the valorous sergeant,—"what is the meaning of this? We are in France, or the Highlands, and in the hands of the Pretender and his cannibal Scotchman, I'll be sworn for it."

He drew his sword and flourished it at the foot of the cabin stairs; and terror causing his followers to forget their shivering, thirst, and sickness, they unsheathed their bayonets, and threatened, loud and deeply, destruction to all who should oppose them. Their wild and desperate noise attracted the attention of the crews of several boats that had been out at the herring-fishing; and they pulling alongside of the brig, in a few minutes the sergeant and his company were released from their captivity; and, on being brought ashore to the island, made conscious of all that had taken place during their nap in the lap of oblivion.

The men looked stupid and silly, and now the sergeant raved, that, like a Roman, he would turn his sword upon his own breast, for he could not live deprived of his honor; and again he threatened to storm the castle, sword in hand; which threat, while the fumes of the brandy still reeked in his brain, he, in some measure, carried into effect; for, marshalling out

his fifteen rank and file in front of the abbey—he with his sword in his hand, and they with their bayonets—he marched them in front of the castle-gate, over which they found Mark Errington standing sentinel, with a firelock over his shoulder. The sergeant commanded him to surrender. Mark was prone to laugh; and he now laughed aloud, and inquired, "Who brought them ashore?" In vain the sergeant demanded that he should come down and open the gates, and in vain he brandished his sword, and his company their bayonets; for Mark laughed the more. Finding their threats and the flourishing of their weapons of no effect, they began to gather stones, and hurled at his head a volley of missiles. Mark crouched for a moment behind the battlement, and springing up so soon as the shower of stones had fallen beyond him, levelled his firelock, and, touching the trigger, carried away a portion of the right cheek and ear of the sergeant commanding in chief. He raised his hand to his head, and, as he shouted—"I'm shot!—I'm dead!"—his followers turned upon their heels, and "fled for safety and for succor;" and, as he shouted, and they ran, again Mark's loud laugh was heard half over the island. Throughout the night, Launcelot made such signals as had been agreed on; but the day dawned, and neither the French privateers, nor the troop that General Foster was to send, arrived to his assistance.

The firing of the two pieces of cannon on the previous day had attracted the attention of the inhabitants of Berwick; and the commander of the garrison, proceeding with glass in hand to the look-out upon the ramparts, to his consternation beheld the standard of the house of Stuart waving in the wind from Holy Island Castle. The garrison in that fortress was but a part of, or a dependency on his, and he, as well as the sergeant, felt his honor implicated in the transaction. In a few minutes the news spread from street to street, that the rebels were in possession of Holy Island; and great was the excitement that prevailed. Early, therefore, in the morning, three companies of infantry, preceded by as many pieces of artillery, proceeded along the bridge and over Tweedmouth Moor, until, arriving at Beal Bushes, they directed their march upon the island.

Mark, being told by his uncle to keep his eyes in the morning fixed upon Beal Bushes, was the first to perceive them; and, calling to his uncle, he said—"Well, yonder is a goodly company of red-coats coming towards the island; but I don't think, uncle, they are the gentlemen that Mr. Foster was to send to our assistance." Mark spoke this in a tone of what may be called subdued irony.

"No, splice me if they are, nevy!" answered Launcelot; "I'd bet a stiver they are the Elector's lobsters from Berwick. But never mind, my boy; I am governor here in the name of the king, and they shan't compel me to give up the keys while there is a shot left in the lockers of the castle."

As the tide began to ebb, what a short time before had been a sea of two or three miles in width, separating the island from the mainland, became a dry sand, with only the streamlet Lindis winding through it, and leaving a footway communication from Beal to the island.

The soldiers now began their march across the Low, and, about noon, drew up in hostile array before the castle. The first act of their commanding officer, on learning the actual situation of affairs, was to cause the sergeant and his outwitted company to be placed under arrest. He then, with his brother officers and about fifty men, marched forward to the foot of the rock on which the small but formidable castle stands, and summoned its occupants to surrender at discretion.

"You, Sir, may surrender if you please," answered bold Launcelot; "but I can tell thee, thou wilt find no such word in any dictionary in Holy Island Castle—

therefore, I don't know what you mean. Do thou thy best, and I'll do mine! Make ready, Mark, my lad," he added; "we may hold out until the General or some of them come to our assistance, and when they hear the sound of our being at warm work it will hasten them."

The three pieces of artillery were pointed against the gate of the castle, and the soldiers poured a shower of musketry wherever the heads of Launcelot or his nephew were for a moment visible. The two kinsmen, however, maintained a long, a desperate, and an active resistance. Some lay dead around the foot of the rock, and many were borne wounded to the town. The fishermen, who stood at a distance, spectators of the siege, while they professed to be enemies of the Pope and the Pretender (whom some of them considered one and the same person—or, at least father and son), wished success to bold Launcelot and his nephew, and loudly expressed their admiration of their coolness and courage, and the noble stand which they made. But the gate of the castle was at length forced, and the soldiers rushed in.

"Well, Mark, my boy," said Launcelot, "since it is to be, I suppose it must be. Brave men have had to use their heels as well as their hands before to-day. Follow me."

Escaping through a small window in the castle, they clung to the sides of the almost precipitous rocks, and after a most perilous descent, succeeded in reaching the beach. They attempted to conceal themselves among the sea-weed; but being discovered, were compelled to continue their flight towards the mainland. The sea had again set in, and communication with the opposite coast was cut off; and when Launcelot saw this, he said—"The sea is in, but never mind, Mark, it is so much the better, we won't drown; we can swim for it, and they daren't follow us."

They had reached within a hundred yards of the point where they proposed to plunge into the sea and swim for the mainland, when a shot from one of a party of soldiers, who closely pursued them, pierced Launcelot through the thigh, shattering the bone, and he fell, unable to rise again, upon the sand. "Run, Mark! run, my lad!" he cried—"never mind me." But Mark turned, and raising his uncle upon his shoulders, ran with him to the sea and plunged in. He, however, had not reached beyond his own depth, when a dozen soldiers, rushing into the water after him, surrounded, and pointing their muskets at his head, brought him with his burden to the shore. "Keep a good heart, Mark," said the wounded uncle, on finding that they were prisoners—"you know the saying—'They who are born to be drowned will never be hanged;' and I should like to know who were born to be drowned if you and I were not. Fear nothing, Mark—I say, fear nothing. When the King arrives, if he be a man at all, he won't be forgetting Mark and Launce Errington, and this day's work. I say, you swabs," added he, addressing the soldiers, "if you will have me for a prisoner, you must carry me, for I can't set a timber to the ground." And he muttered something about the cowardliness of shooting a man behind his back.

The uncle and nephew were fettered, and conveyed in a cart to Berwick jail, where, notwithstanding his confinement, Launcelot's wound healed rapidly, and his limb acquired strength. Their trial was to come on at the ensuing sessions; and as death, at least, was their certain doom, their fate created a wondrous sensation in the town. Burgess and stallenger spoke of nothing else; and some even did not think the town safe with two such terrible rebels imprisoned in it. However, I am persuaded that they had friends in Berwick, though their names are not recorded. Be this as it may, the skipper and his nephew looked forward to their fate,

not only with perfect indifference, but they sang from morning until night—"no lark so blithe as they." They astonished the jailor, and, being catholics, they would have nothing to say to the chaplain.

Berwick prison-house stood then, as it does now (though the present is not the same building), a huge nuisance in the midst of the street called Marygate; and then, as now, debtors and felons often met together within it. Now, one day, the prisoners had suspended by cord, from their iron-grated windows, a tin can, on which was pasted a piece of paper, and on the paper was written this simple petition —"REMEMBER THE POOR PRISONERS." Benevolent people, in passing along the street, occasionally dropped a coin into the tin can. But one day, some waggish boy, or secret friend of the Stuart family, slipped into it a mason's chisel! Some of the prisoners, on drawing up the can, and perceiving the chisel, proposed to throw it over the window again, but Launcelot, who had never been a partaker of the alms which they received, seized it, and concealing it in his bosom, exclaimed —"You take the pence, I take the chisel." Mark smiled significantly as the latter placed the iron instrument in his breast.

Great was the consternation of the jailor, about a fortnight after this, when, on visiting his wards in the morning, according to custom, he found one after another deserted, and on entering that in which Launcelot and his nephew had been confined, the rays of the morning sun and the morning breeze met his face together. The man of keys, bolts, and bars, stood petrified, horror-stricken! A flag-stone from the pavement of the floor was removed, and there yawned an aperture sufficient to admit the body of a man, and from which, as hath been stated, issued the morning light and the morning air. There was an old oven in the cell, the door of which stood open, and the oven was filled with stones and earth! Of all who had been under his charge, the jailor found but one or two peaceable debtors left. He hastened to the street, and gave the alarm to the magistrates and the garrison, and within half an hour, constables and soldiers were sent in every direction in pursuit of the fugitives. But, leaving them to pursue their different courses, we shall follow the fortunes of Launcelot and his nephew Mark.

Launcelot made no bad use of his chisel. Having raised a flag-stone in the floor of his cell, he began to dig the earth under it, towards the street, carefully concealing the earth so dug in the oven already mentioned, and with equal care replacing the flag-stone, before the stated periods of the jailor's visits. The other prisoners, however, being aware of the fact of his being in possession of the chisel, it became necessary that they should be privy to his scheme, and partake in its consequences. When, therefore, in the dead of night, he effected an opening to the street, they escaped with him.

Launcelot and his nephew, on finding themselves once more at liberty, ran down Hide Hill, and through what is now called the Shore Gate, to the river, where they found lying an oared boat belonging to the Custom House. (The bridge being guarded, and secured also by treble gates—for there was the English gate where the soldiers stood, and two strong gates, called the Blue gates, between that and the centre arch—escape by it was impossible.) They had not pulled off a dozen yards from the shore, when two thieves, who had escaped with them, arrived at the side of the river, and begged to be taken across. Launcelot growled and pulled on; but Mark, who was fond of a jest, answered—"No, I thank you. *You don't pull in our boat!* It is every man for himself to-night, and we don't exactly wish the company of thieves yet."

The sentinels at the bridge heard the sound of the voices, and the dipping of the oars in the water; but, through the darkness of the night, they could perceive

nothing, and imagined that the sounds proceeded from some vessel about to sail with the morning tide. Launcelot and Mark pulled ashore at what is called the Carr Rock, and proceeding to Spittal, they called at the house of a fisherman, with whom the former, in his capacity of smuggler, had had frequent dealings. The fisherman was one who cared nothing either about Kings or Pretenders; but he gave his old friends, Launcelot and Mark, a hearty welcome; and, as it was known a vigilant search would be made after them, he concealed them in his stow-hole, which, he said, "All the men alive would never find out."

I should have told you, however, that Mark, on leaping out of the boat, pushed it adrift, so that no trace of where they had landed might be discovered, and within a quarter of an hour from their leaving it, it was carried out to sea.

After the jailor had spread the alarm, so diligent was the search that had been made, that within six hours every prisoner who had escaped, save Mark and his nephew, were captured and brought back to the jail. But they were the principal objects of search. The commander of the garrison offered a reward for their being secured, and a price was set upon their heads; while they remained secure in the stow-hole of the Spittal fisherman, and from night to night he brought them tidings of all that had passed. One night he entered, after they had been concealed about ten days, and the dim lamp revealed that his countenance was, beyond expression, rueful.

"Ah! Master Errington, said he, shaking his head, "I doubt you and your nevy canna bide here in safety ony langer. I was ower in the toon the day, an' I see prented bills aboot the street, and government offerin' a reward o' five hundred pounds to onybody that will discover or apprehend outher the one or the other o' ye. And ye knaw Jem Phillips—him that ye refused to trust the brandy to last year—I knaw he hates you ever since; I saw him reading the prented bill the day, an' I hae my awn reasons for thinking that Jem knaws where ye are. Therefore, as a friend, I would advise ye baith to shift yer quarters this very nicht." They deemed it prudent to take his advice, and, within half an hour, left their place of concealment; but not until, from the wardrobe of his wife, he had arrayed them as fish-women—and with their own jackets over the gowns, their heads ornamented with red and yellow handkerchiefs tied beneath their chins, and descending in a loose point down their necks, and each with a creel upon his shoulders, they bade farewell to their friend, and wandered forth upon the moor.

"Now, Mark, lad," said Launcelot, "what road dost thou think we should steer? I have a thought that General Foster will either be about Wooler or Kelso, and I think our best way will be to strike west, and try to find him. What dost thou say?"

"Why, uncle, I say that we might seek him until we were found ourselves, and that, I suppose, is what neither you nor I wish. No; if there is any one that will prove a friend to us now, and not betray us, it is Sally Beadnell; and I could trust her father, too."

Launcelot continued walking across the moor for a few minutes in silence, and, at length, replied—"Well, I believe you are right, Mark—Bamborough be it. Only you know daylight will be in, and every person astir, before we could reach Belford. Now, I propose that we strike across the Kyloe hills, and conceal ourselves all the day among the rocks, and we shall bear down on Sally Beadnell's at midnight."

"Agreed," replied Mark; and as they passed over the grounds of Scremerston, Launcelot said—"We should be able to get some tidings of the General's movements here, if we knew where to make the inquiry, for we are now on the property of the brave young Derwentwater."

"Very likely," added Mark; "but we don't know friend from foe, or who to inquire at, and I prefer pushing on to Sally Beadnell's."

So they continued their flight through Cheswick, Haggerston, and Lowlin, and, before day dawned, both sat down in a desolate place, behind a grey rock, on the Kyloe hills. When the sun arose, Launcelot raised his head over the bare rock, and from his situation he had a full view of Lindisferne and its bay; and, after gazing for a few minutes, he said, with a sort of sigh—"I say, Mark, look! the rascals have our brig away from the island; there isn't a square-rigged vessel in the roads—nothing but a Scotch sloop from Grangemouth, or thereabouts—I know by her build." Mark looked over the rock, and, half pathetically, half indignantly exclaimed—"Jingo! so they have! The fellows could not sail without your orders—who can have taken her?" "Oh! the Elector's sharks!" said Launcelot; "but, never mind, nevy—let her go, and sink with them too. If we get out of this scrape, I can still leave you something handsome that they can't touch." "Don't talk about that, uncle," said Mark; "but they shan't keep the brig when I learn who has her." Launcelot gave his nephew a slap upon the shoulder, and cried—"Well said, boy! I like you better and better, Mark."

The day passed on, and they had seen people at a distance, but none observed them. A little before midnight they left their retreat among the hills, and began to descend towards Bamborough. Now, the father of Sally Beadnell was a farmer, and his house lay about a mile distant from Bamborough Castle, and it was drawing towards three o'clock in a winter morning, when a gentle tapping was heard at the window of the room in which Sally slept.

"Who's there?" she inquired, in a low and timid voice.

"It is me, Sally—Mark!" was the answer.

"Mark!" she responded, in a low faint tone of astonishment, and approaching the window, anxiously whispered—"Don't speak, darling!—don't stir!—lest you be heard! I will come to you in a minute! But, oh! why have you ventured here?"

"There is to be danger here too," muttered Launcelot.

Mark shook his head, and in the same manner answered—"I doubt it."

In a few minutes, the door was gently turned upon its hinges, and a female issued from the house. Even the dim starlight of the morning revealed that she was young and beautiful. She started, when, instead of meeting her fugitive lover, she beheld two tall, uncouth-looking fishwomen, with creels upon their backs, before her.

"Don't be afraid, Sally, dear," whispered Mark, approaching her—"it is me. You must save my life, love!"

She threw herself in his arms, and said—"O Mark!—dear Mark!—why have you ventured here? How can I save you? You are surrounded by the government soldiers. We are suspected of harboring you as it is, and two of them are billeted, I think they call it, in the house. Oh! where can you go?—where can I hide you? I have heard even our servants saying, amongst themselves, that they wished they could get the five hundred pounds that are set upon your head!"

Mark was silent; and his uncle added—"This is no harbor for us, lad—we must push our boat off in another direction, though it be through the breakers. There is no help for it now. It is only dying at the worst, and we have met death in the face many a time."

Sally clung around Mark's neck and wept.

"Don't cry, dear," said he; "since it is so, and we can have no shelter here, we must just risk every danger, and try to find our way to Foster's army. Belike you can tell us, love, where it now is?"

"Alas!" replied she, and she wept more bitterly, "he has no army now. I

heard the soldiers in the house telling my father how the rebels, as they called them, had all been defeated and made prisoners, and that the gallant Derwentwater was in the Tower, and Squire Foster in a place they call Newgate." The uncle and the nephew exchanged looks with each other —they were looks of grief.

"Let us fight for it, Mark," said Launcelot, bitterly; "and if we can't escape from the country, we shall die in the attempt. I say, girl, it is not in your power to conceal us; but your father has arms in the house—pistols, powder, bullets—get us them! If you love Mark—if you would give him a chance for his life —go bring them!"

Her head fell as if lifeless on her lover's arm.

"Sally! Sally dear!" said he, and he kissed her cheek as he spoke—"look up—speak to us—we cannot stay—get us the pistols—we shall meet hereafter!"

"Hereafter!" repeated the agonized girl; "no, no, you cannot go—you could not escape. They are still in search of you over the whole country." She was silent for a few moments, and again added—"I think—I think I could conceal you for a few days—perhaps until they have done searching for you in these parts. There is a pea-stack behind the house here; the straw is loose on the top of it, and the wind can't reach it. I think no one would find you there, and I could bring you food every night."

"Bless thee, my own sweet one!" said Mark. "Ay, bless her, indeed!" added Launcelot—"she is a good girl."

She conducted them to the pea-stack; and when she had seen the straw drawn over them, she stole again to the house. Each night she visited them, communicating to them, in anxious whisperings, all that she had heard during the day, and of the search that was still made after them. But, although her father was fond of Mark, she feared to communicate to him what she had done; for a traitor's death was denounced against any one who should be found guilty of harboring or concealing the Erringtons.

On the third day after their concealment, the two soldiers who were billeted in the house came forth, and leaning against the stack, began to pull the peas from it.

"It is plaguy strange," said the one to the other, "that nothing has been heard about these fellows, the Erringtons. *I* thought, when we were sent here, that we stood a good chance of dividing the reward between us; for I expected, from all that I had heard, to find the young one skulking about the place."

"And I believe he is nearabouts, too," answered the other; "I could swear the girl Sally knows where he is. I observe she watches every step we take."

So saying, they returned to the house, leaving the fugitives, for whose lives they sought, and who had overheard them, with the disagreeable consciousness that the neighborhood in which they were concealed was more than suspected. Nine days passed on, and they remained undiscovered in their painful hiding-place. But, on the tenth night, the thrasher or barn-man came into the room where Mr. Beadnell and his family sat, and inquired, "What stack he should begin to thrash next?"

"The pea-stack, John," answered Mr. Beadnell.

"No! oh no! it must not be thrashed to-morrow!" exclaimed his daughter hurriedly; and her looks yet more plainly bespoke her agitation.

The barn-man was a shrewd man, and he failed not to observe her confusion, and while he kept his eye fixed upon her, he began to ruminate on its cause.

"What do you mean, Sally, love?" inquired her father; "why may not the stack be thrashed to-morrow?"

"Because—because," answered she falteringly, "I wish—John to go to Alnwick for me."

"Oh, very well," replied her father—"he may go."

"Very well," repeated the barn-man; "at what hour must I be ready, Ma'am?" But there was a withering smile on his face as he spoke. He looked as a man who has found a treasure, and wishes to conceal it.

"At six," faltered the trembling girl.

When the barn-man withdrew, Mr. Beadnell desired his other children to go into the kitchen, and said—"I must speak to you, Sally." She placed her hands before her eyes and sobbed aloud. "Come dear," said he, soothingly, "I am not angry with you; but you have not acted fairly with me, Sally. You know where Mark Errington is—you have him concealed." "Father! father!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands—"oh, do not betray my poor Mark!" "Me betray him! silly girl!" said he; "Why would you not trust your father?—you knew that I was his friend. You have betrayed him, Sally!" "Oh! no, no!" she cried—"do not say so! how have I betrayed him?" "Is he not concealed about the pea-stack?" added he. "Yes," replied she, tremblingly, and wept the more; "he and his uncle have been concealed there these nine days." "Nine days?" said her father; "Sally, you are a strange girl. I suspected that you knew where they were; but now the old knave of a barn-man knows where they are also, and before morning he will betray them. They must leave this place this very hour, or their blood will be on our head."

The father and his daughter crept slowly to the stack where the fugitives lay. They informed them of their place of retreat being known; and the honest farmer, furnishing them with money, provisions, and the garb of countrymen, urged them to fly for their lives, and offered up a brief but earnest prayer for their protection.

The parting of Mark and Sally was abrupt but agonizing; and even his uncle let fall a tear upon her hand, as he took it to bid her farewell.

Within three hours from the time of their departure, and when the family had retired to rest, but neither the father nor his daughter to sleep, the barn-man, with a party of soldiers from the castle, arrived, and surrounding the stack, they thrust their bayonets into it, and began to level it with the ground. Disappointed in finding their expected prey, they proceeded to search the house, which Mr. Beadnell said they were welcome to do; and, taking his treacherous servant by the throat, he dragged him to the door, in the presence of the soldiers, flinging his wages after him.

Concealing themselves in the moors by day, and travelling by night, on the third night after leaving Bamborough, Launcelot and his nephew arrived at Gateshead House, where they obtained shelter; and, after remaining there a few days, hearing of a vessel that was about to sail from Sunderland to France, the gentleman who was then concealing them procured them a passage in her. They arrived at Sunderland about midnight, and, before daybreak, once more breathed their ocean air upon its bosom.

After their arrival in France, Mark kept up his correspondence with Sally Beadnell, trusting to see better days, and cheering her with the hope that they would see them. In one of her letters, there was the following passage—"A neighbor of ours, the rich old man that always used to try to set my father against you, and strive to get him to marry me to him, has got your uncle's ship. She was 'fiscated, I think they call it. He got it for a mere trifle—father says for nothing at all, but for some low work that he did for the government. She was brought into North Sunderland, and I hear is to sail for some place they call Hamburgh; and if that be anyway near where you are, I think it is a pity but that you and your uncle could go there and take her—for every man has a right for his own." So wrote Sally Beadnell. Mark showed the letter to his uncle. "Nevy," said Launcelot, after perusing it, "I always said Sally

was a sensible girl. I'll buy her her wedding-dress for that letter. We will off to Hamburgh to-morrow. The brig *is* mine? No man, no king, nobody had a right to take her from me. I bought her with my own money—I have ventured my life in her. She *shall* be mine again. I say it! Set us make ready for Hamburgh, Mark."

Two days before the brig was to sail from Hamburgh for London, two strangers, apparently German merchants, wearing beards and mustachios, came on board, and in broken English bargained for their passage. The terms were agreed upon and the money paid.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the vessel had not proceeded twenty miles from the land. The two merchants were walking the deck together. They separated; and the one suddenly dashed the man at the helm upon the deck, while the other, seizing the hatchway, placed it over the forecastle, and standing upon it, drew a pistol and presented it at the head of the sea-seaman on watch. It was the work of a moment.

"Tie your prisoner, Mark," cried he who stood over the forecastle, "and shoot the skipper, if he peep from the cabin to show resistance." The captain was in the habit of indulging in "potations pottle deep," and at the moment was in no condition to offer effective resistance. Before, therefore, he was aroused from his fit of stupefaction, Mark had bound the helmsman, and left him helpless on the deck; and as the skipper reeled up the cabin stairs, he shouted, as he ascended—"Hollo! hollo there!—what are you after? I hope none o' you are uncivil to the strange gentlemen, eh?"—and this was spoken with sundry well know drunken interruptions. The moment that he had raised his head above the deck, Mark burst into his wonted laugh, and grasping him by the breast, said—"Come up old boy, and I'll show you what we are after!"

Thus saying, he pulled him upon the deck, and laid him prostrate by the side of the helmsman. The skipper fumed, kicked, and raged most wickedly. But Mark, causing him to feel the cold muzzle of a pistol on his cheek, and threatening, at the same time, to give him its contents through his head if he struggled more, he suddenly sobered down into tranquillity, and suffered his hands and feet to be bound.

Mark now proceeded to assist his uncle, who still stood on the hatchway, over the forecastle, in which the rest of the crew clamored lustily, demanding to know the cause of their confinement, and shouting promiscuously—"Mutiny!—Piracy!—Murder!"

"Silence, ye rascals!" vociferated Launcelot, stamping his foot upon the hatchway; "I am Launce Errington, if ever you heard of such a man—this ship is mine—I bought her and never sold her—and death to the first man who disputes my right to command her!"

"Launcelot Errington!" exclaimed the men confined in the forecastle, in a tone which bespoke that a sudden "change had come over the spirit of their dream."

"My old master!" cried the man who had been on the watch, and at whose head the pistol had, till now, been levelled—"Forgive me, Sir," added he—"I am your old cabin-boy, Bill Smith of North Shields, that sailed with you twenty years ago, and, for your kindness to me then, I am ready to go to Davy Jones with you, if you say the word."

"Bravo, Bill, my lad!—give me your hand," said Launcelot; "I remember you now," and he thrust the pistol into the breast-pocket of a greatcoat which he wore. And as the seaman shook the hands of his old master he added—"And be this your nevy, Master Mark, that took Holy Island with you, Sir—the Castle, I mean?"

"Yes," replied Launcelot, "this is my nevy, your commander that will be; for I don't intend to sail the brig myself, and neither will I part with you, Bill."

"Ah, master! you're the old man," said the seaman. "Never heard an ill

word of you. You were always a-doing good to somebody." Mark shook Bill Smith by the hand, and said he "liked to meet a fellow that had gratitude aboard, and didn't forget old friends." For some minutes the crew, who were cooped up in the forecastle, were silent, listening to what was passing over their heads.

"Master," added Bill Smith, "I see Master Mark has got the skipper of the brig that was, and his mate, fast enough aft there; and I'm sure there is only one of my messmates below that wont stand by you as stiffly as I will."

The hatchway was removed, and the crew were let up one by one, each taking a vow, before he was permitted to put his foot upon the deck, that he would be true to the real owner and master of the vessel. But, as the last man made his appearance—"Ah! don't trust him," said Bill Smith; "that is him I meant—I would'nt believe him on his oath. Set him adrift with the skipper and mate."

"I'll trust to you, Bill," said Launcelot.

The stern-boat was lowered, and in it were placed a quantity of biscuits, beef, water, and rum. The skipper and mate were hoisted over the side of the vessel into it, and after them the seaman, whom Bill Smith said was *not to be trusted.* Launcelot eagerly siezed the helm of his old vessel—as eagerly as a long absent son would embrace his mother—and steering away from them, with a loud voice wished them "Good bye!"

They had sailed about a league, when he called his nephew to him, and said—"Now, Mark, my lad, you are to pass yourself off for the skipper whom we have set adrift. I shall act as your mate. We shall proceed direct to London, deliver the cargo as consigned, and I am off with my vessel again—and, in taking my own, who dare say that I rob any man?"

They arrived in London, the cargo was delivered. They were ready to sail for France, when Launcelot heard that his old friend, Mr. Foster, late member for Northumberland, and General of the Chevalier's forces south of the Tweed, was still in Newgate, and that in a few weeks he would be led to the scaffold. Launcelot had risked his life frequently, and he was not the man who would not risk it again to save a friend. In the disguise of a Northumbrian farmer he gained admission into Newgate. How he accomplished the rest of his task remains a mystery; but certain it is, that with him General Foster escaped from his cell, and in the brig was conveyed safely to France.

I have but little more to add; Launcelot Errington gave up the brig to his nephew, who continued to trade with success from the French ports to the Mediterranean. When a general pardon was granted to all who had been engaged in the Chevalier's cause, the uncle and nephew returned to their native land. Launcelot lived for more than thirty years after his taking of Holy Island fortress, and died in Newcastle in 1746, from grief and old age, on hearing the result of the battle of Culloden.

I have but another word to add respecting his nephew Mark. When he returned to his native land, Sally Beadnell gave him her hand; and to their children and their grandchildren, when half a century had passed, they told the tale of Holy Island Castle, of Berwick gaol, and the peastack; and if there be aught strange in it, it is as true as strange.

THE MOUNTAIN STORM.

For several days the wind had been easterly, with an intense frost. At last, however, the weather subsided into a calm and dense fog, under which, at mid-day, it was difficult to find one's way amidst those mountain tracts along which, in general, my route lay. The grass and heath were absolutely loaded with hoar frost. My cheeks became encompassed by a powdered covering; my breath was intensely visible, and floated and lingered about my face with an oppressive and almost suffocating density. No sun, moon, or star had appeared for upwards of forty-eight hours; when, according to my preconcerted plan, I reached the farm town of Burnfoot. I was now in the centre of Queensberry Hills, the most notable sheep pasturage in the south of Scotland. It was about three o'clock of the 15th day of January, when, under a cheerful welcome from the guidwife, I rested my pack (for, be it known, I belong to this class of peripatetic merchants) upon the meal ark, disengaged my arms from the leather straps by which the pack was suspended from my shoulders, and proceeded to light my pipe at the blazing peat-fire. Refreshments, such as are best suited to the *packman's drouth*, were soon and amply supplied, and I had the happiness of seeing my old acquaintances (for I visited Burnfoot twice a-year, on my going and coming from Glasgow to Manchester) drop *in* from their several avocations, one after another, and all truly rejoiced to behold my face, and still more delighted to inspect the treasure and the wonders of "the pack." At last the guidman himself suspended his plaid from the mid-door head, put off his shoes and leggings, assumed his slippers, together with his prescriptive seat at the head or upper end of the lang-settle. The guidwife, returning *butt* from bedding the youngest of some half-score of children, welcomed her husband with a look of the most genuine affection. She put a little creepy stool under his feet, felt that his clothes were not wet, scolded the dogs to a respectful distance, and inspired the peats into a double blaze. The oldest daughter, now "woman grown," sat combing the hoar frost from her raven locks, and looking out from beneath beautifully arched and bushy eyebrows upon the interesting addition which had been made to the meal ark. Some half a score of healthy lads and lasses occupied the bench ayont the fire, o'er canopied by sheep-skins, aprons, stockings, and footless hose. The dogs, after various and somewhat noisy differences had been adjusted, fell into order and position around the hearth, enjoying the warmth, and licking, peacefully and carefully, the wet from their sides. The cat, by this time, had made a returning motion from the cupboard head, from which she had been watching the arrangements and movements beneath. As this appeared to "Help" to be an infringement of the terms of armistice and of the frontier laws, he sprang with eagerness over the hearth. Pussy, finding it dangerous, under this sudden and somewhat unexpected movement, "*dare terga*," instantly drew up her whole body into an attitude, not only of defence, but defiance; curving herself into a bristling crescent, with the head of a dragon attached to it, and with one horrid hiss and sputter, compelled Help first to hesitate and then to retreat.

> "Three paces back the youth retired,
> And saved himself from harm."

The guidwife, however — who seemed

not unaccustomed to such demonstrations, and who manifestly acted on the humane principle of assisting the weaker, by assailing the stronger combatant — gave Help such demonstrations of her intentions, as at once reduced matters to the *status quo ante bellum*. (I have as good a right to scholarship as my brother packman, Plato, who carried oil to Egypt.) Thus peace and good order being restored, the treasures of my burden became an immediate and a universal subject of inquiry. I was compelled, nothing loath, to unstrap my various packages, and disclose to view all the varied treasures of the spindle and loom. Shawls were spread out into enormous display, with central, and corner, and border ornaments, the most amazing and the most fashionable; waist-coat pieces of every stripe and figure, from the straight line to the circle, of every hue and coloring which the rainbow exhibits, were unfolded in the presence and under the scrutinizing thumb of many purchasers. The guidwife herself half coaxed and half scolded a fine remnant of Flanders lace, of most tempting aspect, out of the guidman's reluctant pocket. The very dogs seemed anxious to be accommodated, and applied their noses to some unopened bales, with a knowing look of inquiry. Things were proceeding in this manner, when the door opened, and there entered a young man of the most prepossessing appearance; in fact, what Burns terms a "strapping youth." I would observe that, at his entrance, the daughter's eye (of whom I had formerly made mention) immediately kindled into an expression of the most universal kindness and benevolence. Hitherto she had taken but a limited interest in what was going on; but now she became the most prominent figure in the group—whilst the mother dusted a chair for the welcome stranger with her apron, and the guidman welcomed him with a—

"Come away, Willie Wilson, an' tak a seat. The nicht's gay dark an' dreary. I wonder hoo ye cleared the Whitstane Cleugh and the Side Scaur, man, on sic an eerie nicht."

"Indeed," responded the stranger, casting a look, in the meantime, towards the guidman's buxom, and, indeed, lovely daughter—"indeed, it's an unco fearfu nicht—sic a mist and sic a cauld I hae seldom if ever encountered; but I dinna ken hoo it was—I couldna rest at hame till I had tellt ye a' the news o' the last Langhom market."

"Ay, ay," interrupted the guidwife; "the last Langhom market, man, is an auld tale noo, I trow. Na, na, yer mither's son camna here on sic a nicht, and at sic an hour, on sic an unmeaning errand"—finishing her sentence, however, by a whisper into Willie's ear, which brought a deeper red into his cheek, and seemed to operate in a similar manner on the apparently deeply engaged daughter.

"But, Watty," continued my fair purchaser, "you *must* give me this Bible a little cheaper—it's owre dear, man—heard ever onybody o' five white shillings gien for a Bible, and it only a New Testament, after a'?—it's baith a sin an' a shame, Watty!"

After some suitable reluctance, I was on the point of reducing the price by a single sixpence, when Willie Wilson advanced towards the pack, and, at once taking up the book and the conversation—

"Owre dear, Jessie, my dear!—it's the word o' God, ye ken—his ain precious word; and I'll e'en mak ye a present o' the book, at Watty's ain price. Ye ken he maun live, as we a' do, by his trade."

The money was instantly paid down from a purse pretty well filled; for William Wilson was the son of a wealthy and much respected sheep-farmer in the neighborhood, and had had his name *once* called in the kirk, along with that of "Janet Harkness of Burnfoot, both in this parish."

"Hoot, noo, bairns," rejoined the mo-

ther; "ye're baith wrang—that Bible winna do ava. Ye maun hae a big ha' Bible to take the buik wi', and worship the God o' yer fathers nicht an' morning, as they hae dune afore ye; and Watty will bring ye ane frae Glasgow the next time he comes roun; and it will, maybe, usefu, ye ken, in *anither way*."

"Tout, mither, wi' yer nonsense," interrupted the conscious bride; "I never liked to see my name and age marked and pointed out to onybody on oor muckle Bible; sae just haud yer tongue, mither, and tak a present frae William and *me*," added she, blushing deeply, "o' that big printed Testament. The minister, ye ken, seldom meddles wi' the auld Bible, unless it be a bit o' the psalms; and yer een now are no sae gleg as they were whan ye were married to my faither there."

The father, overcome by this well-timed and well-directed evidence of goodness, piety, and filial affection, rose from his seat on the lang settle, and with tears in his eyes, pronounced a most fervent benediction over the shoulders of his child.

"O God in heaven, bless and preserve my dear Jessie!" said he—his child's tears now falling fast and faster. "Oh, may the God of thy fathers make thee happy—thee and thine—him there and his!—and when thy mother's grey hairs and mine are laid and hid in the dust, mayst thou have children, such as thy fond and dutiful self, to bless and comfort, to rejoice and support thy heart!"

There was not, by this time, a dry eye in the family; and, as a painful silence was on the point of succeeding to this outbreaking of nature, the venerable parent slowly and deliberately took down the big ha' Bible from its bole in the wall, and, placing it on the lang-settle table, he proceeded to family worship with the usual solemn prefatory annunciation—"Let us worship God."

Love, filial affection, and piety—what a noble, what a beautiful triumvirate! By means of these, Scotland has rendered herself comparatively great, independent, and happy. These are the graces which, in beautiful union, have protected her liberties, sweetened her enjoyments, and exalted her head amongst the nations, and which, over all, have cast an expression and a feature irresistibly winning and nationally characteristic. It is over such scenes as the kitchen fireside of Burnfoot, now presented, that the soul hovers with ever-awakening and ever-intenser delight; that, even amidst the coldness, and unconcern, and irreligion of an iron age, the mind, at least at intervals, is redeemed into ecstacy, and feels, in spite of habit, and example, and deadened apprehen sions, that there is a beauty in pure and virgin love, a depth in genuine and spontaneous filial regard, and an impulse in communion with Him that is most high, which, even when taken separately, are hallowing, sacred, and elevating; but which, when blended and softened down into one great and leading feature, prove incontestibly that man is, in his origin and unalloyed nature, but a little lower than the angels.

Such was the aspect of matters in this sequestered and sanctified dwelling, when the house seemed, all at once, to be smitten, like Job's, at the four corners. The soot fell in showers into the grate; the rafters creaked; the dust descended, every door in the house rattled on its sneck and hinges; and the very dogs sprung at once from their slumbers and barked. There was something so awful in the suddenness and violence of the commotion, that the prayer was abruptly and suddenly brought to a conclusion.

"Ay, fearfu, sirs?" were John Harkness' first words when springing to his feet; "but there is an awfu nicht. Open the outer door, Jamie, and let us see what it is like." The outer door was opened; but the drift burst in with such a suffocating swirl, that a strong lad who encountered it, reeled and gasped for breath.

"The hogs!" exclaimed the guidman,

" and the gimmers!—where did ye leave them, Jamie?"

" In Capleslacks," was the answer, " by east the Dod. The wind has set in frae the nor'-east, and fifty score o' sheep, if this continue, will never see the morning."

But what was to be done?

" The wind blew as 'twould blawn its last,"

and the whole atmosphere was one almost solid wreath of penetrating snow; when you thrust forth your hand into the open air, it was as if you had perforated an iceberg. Burnfoot stands at the convergence of two mountain glens, adown one of which the tempest came as from a funnel — collected, compressed, irresistible. There was a momentary look of suspense—every one eyeing the rest with an expression of indecision and utter helplessness. The young couple, by some law of affinity, stood together in a corner. The shepherd lads, with Jamie Hogg at their head, were employed in adjusting plaids to their persons. The guidman had already resumed his leggings, and the dogs were all exceedingly excited—amazed at this unexpected movement, but perfectly resolved to do their duty.

" Jamie," said the guidman, " you and I will try to mak oor way by the Head Scaur to Capleyetts, where the main hirsel was left; and Will, Tam, and Geordie will see after the hogs and gimmers ayont the Dod."

" I, too," exclaimed a voice from the corner, over which, however, a fair hand was pressed, and which was therefore but indistinctly heard—" I will—(canna ye let me speak, Jessie!)—I will not, I shall not be left behind—I will accompany the guidman, and do what I can to seek and to save."

" Indeed, and indeed, my dear James, ye can do nae guid—ye dinna ken the grun like my faither; and there's mony a kittle step, forby the Head Scaur; and, the Lord be wi' us! on sic a nicht too." So saying, she clasped her betrothed firmly around the neck, and absolutely compelled him to relinquish his purpose. Having gained this one object, the fair and affectionate bride rushed across the room to her father, and falling down on her knees, grasped him by the legs, and exclaimed—

" O mither, mither! come and help me! faither, my dear faither, let Jamie Hogg gang, and the rest; they are young, ye ken, and as weel acquent as yersel wi' the ly o' the glens; but this is no a nicht for the faither o' a family to risk his life to save his substance. O faither, faither! I am soon, ye ken, to leave you and bonny Burnfoot—grant me, oh, grant me this one, this last request!"

The mother sat all this while, wringing her hands and exclaiming—

" Ay, ay, Jenny, get him to stay, get him to stay!"

The father answered not a word, but, making a sign to Hogg, and whistling on Help, and at the same time kissing his *now* all but fainting child, he rushed out of the door, (as Mrs. Harkness said,) " like a fey man," and he and his companion, with a suitable accompaniment of dogs, were almost instantly invisible. The three other lads, suitably armed and accompanied, followed the example set to them; and the guidwife, the two lovers, five or six younger branches, and the female servants of the family, with myself, remained at home in a state of anxiety and suspense which can be better conceived than expressed.

" The varnished clock that clicked behind the door."

with a force and a stroke loud and painful in the extreme, struck first ten, then eleven, then twelve; but there was no return: again and again were voices heard commingling with the tempest's rush; again and again did the outer door seem to move backwards on its hinges; but nothing entered, save the shrill pipe of the blast, accompanied by the comminuted drift, which penetrated through every

seam and cranny. This state of uncertainty was awful—even the ascertained reality of death, partial or universal, had perhaps less of soul-benumbing cold in it than this inconceivable suspense. It required Willie Wilson's utmost efforts and mine to keep the frantic woman from madly rushing into the drift; and the voice of lamentation was sad and loud amongst the children and the servant lasses—each of the latter class lamented, indeed, the fate of all, but there was always an under prayer offered up for the safety of Geordie, or Will, or Jamie, in particular. At last the three lads who had encompassed the Dod, arrived—alive, indeed, but almost breathless and frozen to death. They had, however, surmounted incredible difficulties, and had succeeded in placing their hirsel in a position of comparative security; but where were Jamie Hogg and the guidman? The violence of the storm had nothing abated, the snow was every moment accumulating, and the danger and difficulty increasing tenfold. Spirits, heat, and friction gradually restored the three lads to their senses, and to the kind attentions of their several favorites of the female order; but *there* sat the mother and daughter, whilst the father was either, in all probability, dead or dying. The very thought was distracting; and, accordingly, the young bride, now turning to her lover with a look of inexpressible anguish, exclaimed—

"O Willie! my ain dear Willie! ye maun gang, after a'—ye maun gang this instant" (Willie was on his feet and plaided whilst yet the sentence was unfinished), "and try to rescue my dear, dear faither from this awfu and untimely end; but take care, oh, take care, o' the big scaur, and keep far west by Caplecleuch, and maybe ye'll meet them coming back that way." These last words were lost in the drift, whilst Willie Wilson, with his faithful follower, Rover, were penetrating, and flouncing, and floundering their way towards the place pointed out.

In about half-an-hour after this, the howl and scratch of a dog were heard at the door-back, and Help immediately rushed in, the welcome forerunner of his master and Hogg. They had, indeed, had a fearful struggle, and fearful wanderings; but, in endeavoring to avoid the dangerous, because precipitous Head Scaur, they had wandered from the track, and from the object of their travel; and, after having been inclined, once or twice, to lie down and take a rest—(the deceitful messenger of death)—they had at last got upon the track of Caple Water; and, by keeping to its windings—which they had often traced, at the risk of being drowned—they had at least weathered the old cham'er, the byre, and peat-stack, and were now, thank God! within "bigget wa's."

But where, alas! was Willie Wilson? Him, in consequence of their deviations, they had missed; and over him, thus exposed, the tempest was still renewing, at intervals, its hurricane gusts. There was one scream heard, such as would have penetrated the heart of a tiger, and all was still. There she lay, the beauteous, but now marble bride; her head reposing on her mother's lap—her lips pale as the snow-drop—her eyes fixed and soulless—her cheek without a tint—and her mouth half-open and breathless. Long, long was the withdrawment; again and again was the dram-glass applied to the mouth, to catch the first expiration of returning breath; ere the frame began to quiver, the hands to move, the lips and cheeks to color, and the eyes to indicate the approaching return to reason and perception.

"I have killed him, I have killed him!" were the first frantic accents. "I have murdered, murdered my dear Willie! It was me that sent him—forced him—compelled him out—out into the drift—the cold, cold drift. Away!" added the maniac—"away! I'll go after him—I'll perish with him—where he lies, there will I lie, and there will I be buried. What! is there none of ye that will make an ef

fort to save a perishing—a choking—oh, my God! a suffocating man?"

Hereupon she again sank backwards, and was prevented from falling by the arms of a father.

"O my child!" said parental love and affection—"O my dear wean!—oh, be patient!—God is guid—He has preserved us all—He will not desert *him* in the hour of his need—He neither slumbers nor sleeps—His hand is not shortened that He cannot save—and what He can, He will—He never deserted any that trusted in him. O my child! my bairn—my first born!—be patient—be patient. There—there—there is a scratch at the door-back—it is Rover."

And to be sure Rover it was; but Rover in despair. His faithful companion and friend only entered the house to solicit immediate aid—he ran round and round, looking up into the face of every one with an expression of the most imploring anxiety. The poor frantic girl sprung from her father's embrace, and clung to the neck of the well-known cur—she absolutely kissed him—(oh, to what will not love, omnipotent, virtuous love, descend!)—then rising in renewed recollection, she sat herself down on the long settle beside her father, and burst into loud and passionate grief.

It was now manifest to all that something must be attempted, else the young farmer must perish. Hogg, though awfully exhausted, was the first to volunteer a new excursion. The whole band were at once on their feet; but Jessie now clung to her father, as she had formerly done to her lover, and would not let him go—indeed, the guidman was in no danger of putting his purpose into effect, for he could scarcely stand on his feet. He sat, or rather fell down, consequently, beside his daughter, and continued in constant prayer and supplication at the throne of grace. The daughter listened, and said she was comforted—the voyagers were again on their way—the tempest had somewhat abated—the moon had once or twine shone out—and there was now a greater chance of success in their undertaking.

How we all contrived to exist during an interval of about two hours, I cannot say; but this I know, that the endurance of this second trial was worse than the first, to all but the sweet bride herself. Her mind had now taken a more calm and religious view of the case. She repeated, at intervals and pauses in her father's ejaculatory prayer—

"Yes—oh, yes—*His* will—His holy will be done! The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away—blessed be the name of the Lord for ever! We shall meet again—oh, yes—where the weary are at rest.

"'A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore
Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet to part no more.'"

O father, is not that a gracious saying, and worthy of all acceptation!"

At length the door opened, and in walked William Wilson.

The reader needs scarcely to be told that the sagacious dog had left his master floundered, and unable to extricate himself in a snow wreath; that the same faithful guide had taken the searchers to the spot, where they found Wilson just in the act of falling into a sleep—from which, indeed, but for the providential sagacity of his dog, he had never wakened; and that, by means of some spirits which they had taken in a bottle, they completely restored and conducted him home.

"Lives there one with soul so dead"

as not now to image the happy meeting betwixt bride and bridegroom; and, above all, the influence which this trial had upon the happiness and religious character of their future married and prosperous lot?

It is, indeed, long since I have laid aside the pack—to which, after a good education, I had taken from a wandering propensity—and taken up my residence

in the flourishing village of Thornhill, Dumfriesshire; living, at first, on the profits of my shop, and now retired on my little, but, to me ample competency; but I still have great pleasure in paying a yearly visit to my friends of Mitchelslacks, and in recalling with them, over a comfortable meal, the interesting incidents of the snow storm, 1794.

FALSEHOOD REPROVED.

The following anecdote of the Rebellion was at one time current in Maxwellton, and generally believed.—A widow of the name of Janet Brown, residing there, some connection of the Orchardtowns in the Stewartry, thought that she could not do justice to the love she bore the "bonny Prince" otherwise than by sending her son —a young man, a slater by trade, and called John after his father, who followed the same occupation—to fight for the descendant of our old kings, and help to place him on the throne. The young man, who neither felt the enthusiasm, nor could perceive the rationale of the feeling with which his mother was inspired, felt no great love for the task; but, having been bribed by a small sum of money given him by Sir Thomas Maxwell, and blown up with large hopes of rising to eminence in the event of the Prince's success, he agreed to put on the bonnet and badge, and to "follow Prince Charlie." The new-born valor of the slater, like that of all the artisans who espoused the same cause, was destined to a severe trial and a rapid decrease. At the battle of Culloden he fought at first with some spirit, and then fled, leaving all his accoutrements, with the exception of a small dagger, which he retained for the purpose of self-defence, in a field not far from the scene of his disgrace. The impetus of terror had been so strong, that he had gone over a score of miles before he began to reflect on the best means of escaping from his foes; and now he was satisfied that the advantage he possessed from the nature of his occupation—the capability of walking or sleeping on the house-tops, like the Pharisees of old—might be turned into the means of his salvation. Without stopping he hurried on to Maxwellton, where he arrived about nightfall, and his familiarity with the roof of the house where his mother lived—occupying only a small garret, from the necessity of her limited means—suggested that situation as the best calculated for concealment, until the rage of pursuit was over, and he could again follow his ordinary avocations. Getting unobserved to the back of the house, he, by means of a skylight, which opened from the top of the circular staircase, got to the roof, where he felt himself perfectly at home, and in the enjoyment of as much security as if he had been in the back settlements of America. By taking off his shoes, and walking lightly along the slates, he could look down on his aged mother, who was, doubtless occupied with thoughts of her son, who was fighting at Culloden, or perhaps lying dead on the bloody field; but Brown knew the nature of his parent too well to entrust her with the secret of his place of concealment—a fact which she would have told instantly to her neighbors, with that addition which would have made it go like wildfire, that it was a great secret, and

was not to be divulged. His self-denial in this respect was, however, wonderful, considering that he had scarcely tasted meat since he came from Culloden, and was therefore laboring under hunger, cold, and fatigue, all of which might have been removed or ameliorated, by the assistance of his mother, and the refuge of her dwelling, into which he might have descended through the skylight. If she was ignorant of his proceedings, he was as ignorant of hers; for she had been, during the day and evening, busily engaged in making the people believe that her son had not engaged actively for the Prince, but had repented and returned to his allegiance to King George. Several officers from Dumfries had called at her house with a view to catch the rebel, and at the very moment when Brown was looking deliberately down through the skylight window, calculating how he could reach with his dagger a tempting loaf of bread that lay on a shelf, he saw enter a sheriff's beagle, who soon engaged with his parent in earnest conversation. The officer insisted that her son was in the house, and she, though a godly woman, not only denied that he was there, but alleged (laying her hand on her big Bible), that he had never engaged in the Rebellion at all. This act, on the part of his parent, astonished the son: his mother had told a lie, though all the energies of her life had been directed towards inculcating good principles on her son, and, above all, a love of strict truth in everything he said or did. So much had he been impressed with the importance of veracity, that he himself, if taken, would not have denied (even if that would have saved him), that he had been in the rebel ranks; and yet the very parent who had done him this good service, had swerved from her own principles, and sealed a lie by an appeal to holy writ. The circumstance could only be accounted for by the love she bore to him; but it is not too much to say, that it produced to him as much uneasiness as his own danger. Continuing his examination, he saw the officer depart; and, in a short time afterwards, the good widow, on retiring to bed, required to perform her evening devotion. She got upon her knees for this purpose; but the pangs of remorse, for the falsehood she had told, prevented her for a time from uttering her prayer. At last she succeeded in getting utterance, and began to ask forgiveness of heaven for the great sin she had committed that night, in denying that her son had engaged in the Rebellion; she then proceeded to return thanks for the *daily bread* with which, notwithstanding of her sins, she had been blessed; and strongly, and with tears, declared her utter unworthiness of the gift. She had proceeded so far, when as she turned round her eyes, filled with repentant tears, she saw that very loaf for which she had returned and was still returning thanks, in the act of gradually moving from the shelf towards the skylight, and in a moment disappear, without the assistance of mortal hand, or any other lifting or suspending power! In what manner could heaven better declare that her repentance was not registered above? The gift was taken back to the place from whence it came, because she had lied, and attempted inconsistently to return thanks for that of which she was so unworthy. The celestial light broke in upon her in a moment. Starting to her feet, she flew out of the house; and Brown sat quietly down on the roof to enjoy the loaf, which, with his dagger, he had removed from the shelf for the purpose of allaying his hunger. He remarked that his mother did not return to her house that night; and, suspecting that he was in dangerous quarters, descended in the morning, and removed himself to a greater distance. After the heat of pursuit was over, he returned; and heard "many a time and oft," his mother relate how heaven had interfered to punish the crime she had committed, in denying, on the faith of

holy writ, that her son had been engaged in the ranks of Prince Charles. Brown was too prudent to say a word of the true cause; for, a great lover of truth himself, he was pained by the falsehood of his mother, which had been so strangely cured.

DUNCAN SCHULEBRED'S VISION OF JUDGMENT.

We see so many examples of the extraordinary discovery of evil designs attempted to be concealed by all the craft of cunning man, that it is impossible to doubt, even with the many cases before us of the apparent success of criminal schemes, that it is a part of God's providence to lay open the secret actings—nay, often the secret thoughts—of those who contravene his laws. The modes by which this purpose is fulfilled, are as various as the designs themselves; and though some of them may not appear to be consistent with the seriousness and gravity of an avenging and punishing retribution, we are not, on that account, to doubt their authority or undervalue their effect. In elucidation of this statement, we have a case to record of an extraordinary and ludicrous discovery of roguery, which, as well on account of its truth, as the moral which, amidst all its grotesqueness of humor, it inculcates, we cannot withhold from the public. An incorrect and unauthenticated version of the story may probably have found its way to the public ear; but this, in place of forming any reason against our publishing it, renders our exposition of the real truth itself the more necessary and the more acceptable.

In that manufacturing town which has lately risen to considerable eminence, called Dunfermline, there lived, some time ago, a person of the name of Duncan Schulebred, by trade a weaver—or, as he chose rather to be called, a manufacturer, a term which the inhabitants love to apply to every man who can boast the property of a loom and its restless appendage. We believe the people of that town to be as honest and industrious as those of any mercantile place in the kingdom; but they have too much good sense to think of claiming for their entire community, a total exemption from the inroads of dishonesty and deceit—vices which prevail in every corner of this land. Unhappily, the individual we have mentioned, had allowed himself to become a slave to those evil propensities which are concerned in the collecting together of ill-gotten wealth, and never left any feasible plan unattempted, which might present any chance of gratifying the ruling passion by which he was mastered. He was a little man, with a florid complexion, and the small twinkling eye which almost invariably accompanies cunning. His walk was that of a man accustomed to carry under his left arm a web of huckaback, and in his right a staff ellwand; and his style of speech, conciliating and persuasive, was derived from the habit of wheedling customers into exorbitant terms. He was a great coward, as well physical as moral—the consequence, doubtless, of being a dishonest trader. Too contemptible to be hated, perhaps his greatest enemy was his own conscience, of which he stood in such terrible awe, that his wife was often obliged, during the dark hours of the reign of that mysterious power, to rise and light a lamp for the purpose of exorcising the spirit which, seated on his heart, tormented

him with the gnawing inflictions of its pain.

This power of his conscience had hitherto, however, been unable to prevent him from using his short ellwand, and acting dishonestly. The moment he got into daylight and active life, he, like all other cowards, despised the enemy from which he thought himself at the time safe. In a strong-minded man, conscience produces resolution; in a weak, it gives rise merely to fears and vacillation. It is not often that greedy, cunning men are given to intoxication; yet we are obliged to add this vice to the character of Duncan Schulebred, who (exhibiting, however, the one vice in the other), never failed to get intoxicated, if he could effect his purpose at the expense of his neighbor—a result he often achieved, by leaving the tavern (after he had got enough) on pretence of returning in a few minutes to the company of his unsuspecting victim.

Like many others of the peripatetic manufacturers of Dunfermline, this individual sold through the country the cloth he fabricated at home: so that, for one half (the winter) of the year, he *sat*, and for the other (the summer) he *travelled*. By the same means and ratio, he was one half of the year sober and the other drunk; for he could fleece no pot companion in his native town, where he was known; while, throughout the country, he could walk deliberately out of every ale-house on the road, and leave his travelling companions to pay for his drink, in exchange for that society which they had enjoyed.

In the course of his journey, this individual had occasion, during the latter end of a summer, to be in Edinburgh, where he usually sold a considerable part of his stock. During the day, he had been in treaty with a person of the name of Andrew Gavin, a pettifogging writer, residing near the Luckenbooths, for the sale of a web of linen, which the latter (like a trout with a bait on a clear day), approached and examined, and looked at and felt, and yet still seemed irresolute in his determination to be caught. The weaver's twinkling eye saw and admired the gudgeon; the linen (to a *safe* extent) was unrolled, its texture felt with a "miller's thumb," its qualities extolled, and its price wondered at by him who fixed it and smiled inwardly at his profit and the trick by which he realized it. The unwary purchaser, though a man of the law, was at last caught—the bargain was struck, the money paid; and all that remained was that the seller (in addition to cheating him in the manner to be explained) should, after his usual practice, get drunk at the expense of his customer.

The two parties accordingly repaired to a tavern known by the name of the Barleycorn, where they sat down deliberately, to indulge in a deep potation—the one (the customer) luxuriating in the idea of getting "glorious" at the cost of the seller, who had generously, and in consideration of his custom, agreed to pay all; while the latter secretly chuckled at the idea of leaving the writer (who was known to the tavern keeper) to *liquidate* the debt incurred by his *liquidation*. Both the companions were thus happy, though from very different causes; and their happiness only impelled them to further gratifications, with the view of augmenting it—such is the danger that attends an elevation of the spirits; and such is the insatiable thirst for happiness in man, that, after the physical thirst is slaked, the moral appetite must be ended by a surfeit.

In the midst of the orgies of these two worthies, the customer, who had a humor of his own, took many "rises" out of his companion, who submitted to his fun, in consideration of his determination to leave him to pay "the score," which would put "the laugh on the other side."

"There's a great difference between our townsmen o' Edinburgh, and yours o' Dumfarlan," said the writer.

"Very great," replied Duncan; "but I winna say on what side the advantage

lies. We're at least a' honest men on oor side o' the water."

"Ye're mair than honest," replied Andrew, touched by the insinuation—"ye're *prudent*. Your maxim, I understand, is, 'Flee laigh and ye'll no fa' far—a sayin weel exemplified in the canny, quiet way your weavers mak what they ca' their fortunes, and then look aboot them for what they denominate, in their conceit, an estate. 'Everything's dune in your toun by *batter*. Ye batter yer claith, ye batter yersels (wi' oor national dish, three times a-day), and the '*batteries*,' *pendente lite*, that come to our court prove how ye batter the lieges."

"Ye canna say I hae either battered or buttered you, at least," said Duncan.

"The washin will try that," replied Andrew; "but dinna put me oot o' the thread o' my discourse. By twenty years shuttlin and shufflin,* ye contrive to scrape thegither what in your phrase makes a fortune—say maybe twa thoosand—and, curious aneugh, there are scattered round your toun sae mony cocklairdships (mair than ye'll find again in a' Scotland), and yer ambition and the state o' the country in this way sae weel agree, that every independent weaver (manufacturer, I mean) is just as sure to become a laird, as he is sure, in the coorse o' time, to dee."

"The lawin will mak amends for this," muttered Duncan to himself. "And when did you ever hear o' an Edinburgh *merchant* buying an estate? A' their property consists o' a front door, and a brass plate, which their servants keep scrubbin at every day, till it shines like that they hae sae little o' within—gowd. They may sometimes buy an estate and borrow the price; but, if they do, the 'W. S.' whose plate is on the next door, will sune hae a hornin on the bond."

"It will at least be an *estate*," responded the Edinburgher, "an' no a *mailin*, fit only to yield room aneugh for its master's grave. Then ye're no content wi' the denomination o' sic a man o' sic a place—as, for instance, when ye buy *your* estate, ye winna be content wi' Duncan Schulebred o' Wabha', or Mr. Schulebred o' Wabha', or even Duncan Schulebred, Esq., o' Wabha', but, like the Lords, wha carry the name o' their estates, you would be 'Wabha' itsel', simply and withoot appendage. Ha! ha! 'Wabha'!' yet, it is just as guid as Foxha', or Shuttleha', or Shuttlecrief, or Craigdookie, or Cockairnie, or Buchlyvie, or Pitbauchlie, or ony ither o' the cocklairdships that stand on the Fife horizon, waitin for the stoppin o' the Dumfarlan shuttle, the sign o' a made fortune, and o' the determination o' the manufacturer to change his name for the proud designation o' his *estate*. Ha! ha! is it no excellent, Duncan, to think o' twa weavers that used to sit side by side, drivin their shuttles on the Pittencrief road, meetin, ten years after, and usin the salutation—'Hoo do you do, Pitbauchlie?'—'Very well, I thank ye, Craigdookie! We never think o' ca'in a man Niddry, or Dreghorn, or Trinity, or the like. The modesty o' the folk on this side o' the water forbids a' thae absurd fashions."

"An affront, or an insult," muttered Duncan, "is easily washed doun, if ye use the insolent varlet's ain liquor in the operation. Now, sir," said he out, "since ye hae abused oor guid toun, will ye tell me this—Whether is the driven o' your lawyers' pens or oor weavers' shuttles, maist for the guid o' this auncient land? The ane maks a ravelled wab to catch unwary clients, and the ither maks guid linen for the backs o' the honest men and bonny lasses o' Scotland, as weel as for the fat sides o' the beef-fed yeomen and braw queans o' England. Edinburgh *robs* Scotland, Dumfarlan *robes* it—a pun I

* We are not answerable for the statements of the interlocutors in our tales; but we may here state that the tradesmen of Dunfermline are as honest and industrious a set of individuals as are to be found in the kingdom. But, after all, we think Edinburgh comes off second best.—Ed.

canna resist, notwithstandin o' my dislike o' that low sort o' humor. We are the *linen*, you (that is, you writers) are the little blood-sucking varlets that live on't, and suck the bluid o' the wearers."

"There's but little bluid comes out o' *batter*," replied the angry writer, who noticed triumph in Duncan's twinkling eye. "We writers would starve, if we had nae ither bluid to suck but that o' the white-faced liver-lipped propellers o' the shuttle. A fat law plea, we say, never comes owre the water. Ye're owre far north, and far beyond the reach o' the lang arm o' justice. If ye ever fill her scales ava, it is wi' the rump or fag-end o' a ten years' multiplepoinden, whar there are sae mony claimants, *riders*, and competitors, that ye fa' oot and fecht amang yersels, and then come to us to mend yer broken heads; but the bluid is a' oot o' them before they are trusted in oor *chancery*."

This wordy war only made the writer and the weaver more thirsty; every argument was followed by a draught, which slaked at once both thirst and revenge—each thinking that he was drinking at the expense of the other. The more they drank the warmer they grew in defence of their respective towns, till they came to that condition of topers, when, by the mere operation of their potations, they became unable even to *dispute*. All confirmed drunkards have in their drunkenness some ruling principle, which, however far gone they may be, regulates their wayward movements. The writer's habit was to sit when he thought he could not stand—a principle which many sober men might do well to adopt. The weaver's, again, was to *walk* when he wished not to stand the reckoning—a prudent maxim which never left him, even when all other ideas had been washed from his brain. It was now about one o'clock in the morning, and they had drank so much that neither of them could tell (for neither had any interest in a matter which did not seem to concern his pocket) how much would require to be paid; it was enough for Duncan, that he knew that something (and not little) *must* be paid—and now was the time for escape.

"We were speakin o' the law," said he, winking with cunning, and hiccuping with drink—"I fancy they never refuse siller at the *bar* here (hiccup), ony mair than they do in Dumfarlan. There is only this difference atween the twa—that the folk wha resort to *your* bar pay when they enter, we (hiccup) pay as we gae oot. Rest yersel there till I cast up the bill, and if I hae ony *plea* wi' the landlord, ye can come and plead it."

"That's kind, Duncan," said the writer—"it will be the only plea I ever had frae a Dumfarlan weaver. If I gain it, we maun hae a—anither gill."

"Twa o' them," replied Duncan, trying to rise. "We maun, at ony rate, hae (hiccup) the stirrup-cup, ye ken—laughing and twinkling his reeling eyes."

"Ou ay," replied the writer; "but I—I fancy I maun pay for *that*, seein ye are the traveller, and—and are besides to pay a' this tremendous bill, that lies, dootless, on the bar like a—a lawyer's memorial."

"Ye're an example o' an honest, ay, a generous writer," said Duncan—"wha could hae thocht ye wad hae offered to pay the stirrup-cup? I'll send yer wife a piece o' dornock for that, as weel as a screed o' huckaback and harn, to keep up a gratefu' recollection o' me after I'm awa. I'll no be a minute at the bar; for it's a place (hiccup) I dinna like."

"Hae," cried the writer, ripping his pocket—"tak wi' ye and pay at the same time the price o' the stirrup-gill—ae settlin will ser a'."

"Ye're richt, Mr. Gavin," replied Duncan, receiving the money; but that's a sma sum (hiccup) in comparison o' what I hae to pay; but it's pleasant to discharge the obligations o' honor."

The wily huckaback manufacturer was,

as he spoke, approaching the corner where his staff ellwand lay—an article he stood more in need of at that time (short measure as it was) than ever, on any other occasion of *taking off*, he had encountered. The recourse to it for the purpose of merely going to the bar, could not fail to raise suspicions in the mind of the writer; but then, again, was he to lose a *short* measure, which, getting into the hands of a writer might be sent—in revenge of the trick he had already played him, in selling a web of linen damaged in the heart, and that he was about to play—to the public authorities, who would hunt him to Dunfermline, and ruin him by the exposure? He besides required it for his support; for he could scarcely stand. In this dilemma, he had again recourse to his wits.

"I'm no sure aboot thae folk ben the hoose," he said, holding up the ellwand. "They may try to cheat me, seein I'm a simple cratur, besides being twa *sheets* i' the wind—(hiccup)—dinna ye think that I should tak my stick i' my hand, as a kind o' lawburrows and protection? No to say I would think o' usin't, but simply to keep the publican in awe, and within just and lawfu measure.

"Tak it wi' ye, tak it wi' ye, man," said the writer. "Say it's a—a Dumfarlan baton, the sign o' yer constableship, and ye'll find the bill two inch shorter."

"Ingenious cratur!" ejaculated Duncan, with a hiccup, and a drunken leer of his grey eyes. "A law plea never can fail, surely, in the hands o' a man wi' sic a power o' suggestion as ye hae. But ye forget that Dumfarlan batons are no sae lang as Dumfarlan ellwands—(hiccup)—the power o' authority there's short, but the reach o' oor honesty's prodigious. That's a guid sign: oor batons are short because we're quiet and civil, and our ellwands are lang because we're honest. Wad ye believe it, noo, that that ellwand o' mine, in spite o' the wear and tear o' walkin wi't, is a hail inch different frae yer Edinburgh yards?"

This fresh attack against the honesty of Edinburgh roused the blood of the writer, and another wordy battle was lik to commence; but Duncan saw at once, that, if he put off more time, the people of the house might, from the lateness of the hour, come and insist upon the reckoning on the spot—a measure which all his wits would not enable him to counteract. The open mouth of the writer was therefore shut, by a few conciliatory words from the aggressor:—

"I didna say, Mr. Gavin," added Duncan, "whether the inch belanged to Dumfarlan or Edinburgh. Ye may tak the benefit o' a *presumption* in yer ain favor, till I come back. Mony ane o' yer tribe stick langer by a presumption than that, and, till it grows into a fact, it canna injure an honest man like me. Guid"—(he was going to add "night," and leered grotesquely at his own imprudence)—"guid—(hiccup)—guid luck to my speedy settlement o' the lawin!"

He now staggered to the door, which he opened so gently that the writer might if he had not been drunk, have suspected him of foul play. His foot was scarcely heard on the passage; but a sound, as if from the foot of the stairs, indicated that some one had missed a step. No notice of it was taken by the writer, who sat with his eye fixed on the candle, concocting, like a good poet, one of those works of imagination called a preliminary or dilatory defence. Formerly, these works of fancy were very rife among lawyers, and before the judicature act, they used to reach a second or even a third edition, under the form of "amended defences," "re-amended defences," and so forth. They are not now so much in favor, though the fancy which produces them is still as vivid as ever. How long Andrew Gavin sat dreaming over his intended work we cannot say; but never was poet more rudely, importunately, and unpleasantly roused from his dream, by the hand of a messenger at arms, than was the unsuspecting

victim of Duncan's treachery as he was called upon by the landlord to pay the bill. He had no money upon him—the small sum he had given to the weaver to pay the last or stirrup gill, and which the varlet had carried away with him, having been all his remaining cash, after paying the price of the linen. He requested the importunate landlord to wait a little to ascertain if Duncan would return; but the man wished to get to bed, and Andrew's credit being somewhat worn, like that of many others of his overdone profession, the publican insisted upon him leaving his watch, as a pledge for the payment of the money. The writer's pride (a quality never awanting in the race, especially when they're in liquor) was roused; he refused to *impignorate*, as he called it, his watch, and swore that he would rather remain in durance all night, than succumb to the unreasonable demand of the publican. The man was as resolute as he, and, without saying a word, turned the key in the lock, and left the writer to dream over his legal works of fancy in the dark.

Meanwhile, the wily Duncan Schulebred, having recovered from a fall on the last step of the stair—produced by that impatience of slight obstacles which seizes an ambidexter at the successful termination of a well concerted and better executed scheme—proceeded down the Canongate. He was out and out intoxicated; but the wish to cheat, so long as it was in operation, kept his mind from that confusion which, his purpose being effected, immediately seized him. He was not certain of the direction in which he was moving, but he was satisfied with the idea that he was going *from* the sign of The Barleycorn, and any destination was better than that. A confused intention of sleeping all night in the town of Leith, with the view of catching the Fife boat in the morning, at last wrought its way through the cloud which overhung his mind; and having found himself as far as the Water-gate, he continued his progress until he came to what is called the Easter Road leading directly down to the Links. The air produced its usual effect upon a man who was filled to the throat with liquor; and every step he took he found himself getting more and more unsteady, and more and more unfit for prosecuting his journey. He was, however, still conscious of his condition, and felt great alarm lest some one should assail him, and take from him his money. By and by, even his consciousness left him, and he rolled from side to side, engrossing, for his own particular ambulation, the whole breadth of the road. Several times he came down, and, being unable to rise without many repeated attempts, lay on the ground for considerable periods. The necessity of motion of some kind is the last idea parted with by an intoxicated traveller; and Duncan still retained it, even after he had lost his ellwand, his chief means of support. On he struggled, falling, and lying, and rising, and to it again, till he got at length as far as the green called the Links of Leith—an open space always as disadvantageous to the drunken man as it is pleasant to the seaman. A road with two sides may be got over—the dikes keep him on; but an extended area of grass with radiating openings all round, is a kind of place which a man in Duncan Schulebred's position, without the rudder or compass of consciousness, must always view with great uneasiness. Accordingly, he beat about in this large circle for several hours, and at last entered a street which leads down to that called Salamander Street, from the circumstance of its being inhabited by those fire-eaters, the glass-blowers of the Leith glassworks, into which latter street he also got, reduced to the last extremity of feeble inebriation.

Having reached the south side of Salamander Street, he kept close by the walls and houses, stepping along, unwilling to trust himself again to open space. He knew nothing of whither he was progressing, he had lost all recollection of what he

had been engaged in, was unconscious of what he was doing, and utterly ignorant of all localities. As he moved past the houses, he came to an opening, and, staggering to a side, he entered the small avenue into which it led, and proceeded along it, still holding by the wall, until he got into one of the large houses or cones of the glass works. There he lay down alongside of the furnace, and behind a large trough used by the artificers in their work —a situation which, yielding him considerable heat, was so secluded that he might, for a time, escape even the observation of the artificers in the morning, when they resumed their work. He fell in an instant into a sleep, disturbed by those frightful dreams that haunt the pillow of the dissolute and the wicked.

In the morning the workman came to commence the labors of the day. They began their work with a spirit called forth by high wages, produced by an increased demand at that time for glass. Throughout the large cone they lighted their lamps, and proceeded to the various preliminary processes, towards the manufacture of their brittle commodity. The large furnace was lighted, and blown up to a red heat, for the purpose of preparing what is called the *fritt*, being the substance out of which the glass is subsequently formed. Large flames soon shot forth from the fire, which was, from time to time, supplied with great quantities of fuel, and, at every blow of the bellows, the vivid light flashed through the space around, which was comparatively dark, from the disproportion between the large area, and the few lights yet lighted. While some of the men were occupied about the furnace, the light striking on their sallow faces, and leaving all again in an instant nearly dark, a number of the others were busy in the distance, performing the operation of blowing the glass, dipping their long tubes in the prepared substance, and inflating the ball, till, red and glowing like a fire globe, it is expanded to the size requisite for the purpose for which it is intended. In this operation, the workmen are obliged to be active in their movements, running backwards and forwards between the furnace and the reservoirs, with the hot, red, glaring glass globes at the end of the tubes and crossing and recrossing each other, in the dark obscure, so as to present the appearance of demons engaged in some mysterious operations of their avenging spirits. In all this, the shining globes are the only appearances clearly discernible in continuation; the figures and faces of the men being only at intervals shown by the glare thrown upon them by the glowing furnace, as it responds to the loud murmuring bellow of the inflating and fire producing blast.

It may well be doubted whether any of the descriptions of the infernal regions, as given by the three great epic describers of that place of torment, would give a better idea of Hades, than a view, during the dark hours of a gloomy morning, of a great glass-work in active operation. Many of the appearances are strikingly coincident with our ideas of the place appointed for the wicked. The glowing furnace; the roaring bellows; the crossing and recrossing of the men with the fiery globes in their hands, which they continue plunging into reservoirs, as if striking victims; the darkness, relieved only by the rising flame, which, falling again, leaves the former gloom; the wide expanse around the rising walls of red brick, tapering up beyond the reach of the eye, as if they sought the clouds; and all the endless apparatus lying around—cannot fail to suggest the most striking resemblance to the peculiarities of the hell of the poets. The impression produced on the mind of a person visiting the works, is extraordinary and lasting; and it is not too much to say that a nervous individual, introduced secretly, at a proper time, and without any knowledge of the place, would be apt to be thrown into a state of gloom and even fear, which he would not soon forget.

During all this time, and while this extraordinary work was going on around him, Duncan Schulebred had been as much unnoticed by the workmen as they had been by him. He began at last to show some signs of returning consciousness, rolling his body backwards and forwards, as if under the effect of a night-mare of the body, or of that more terrible night-mare of the conscience by which he was often at home so relentlessly ridden. And so he was. Some frightful dreams had filled his mind with terrors; and, having produced a kind of half waking state, were followed as they usually were by the gnawing of that power which during night produced to him such torments. A dim recollection came on him of all the wickedness he had committed—the number of innocent individuals he had cheated by his short measure and his damaged linen; the shirking of publicans, the duping of travellers, his drunkenness, his lies, and false pretences—all his thoughts being accompanied by the terrors of an evil conscience which whispered punishment by fire and brimstone, and filled his half-sleeping fancy with vivid images of the place of punishment. It is not unlikely that this half-sleeping, half-waking, dreamy cogitation, was aided insensibly by the partial operation of external sense, conveying some dim intelligence of what was going on around him. But this condition did not last long: he awoke to the full conviction of being in the very place of the damned. He heard first the roaring of the bellows; then he saw the red brick walls rising to heaven; then his eyes turned on the terrific furnace, vomiting forth its living fire, while the bearers of the burning globes, hurrying to and fro past him and around him, and plunging their fiery weapons into the receptacles, (doubtless of the condemned wicked), claimed, on every side, his rapt and terrified gaze. Fear prevented him from moving; his cogitations took the form of a soliloquy, and he communed with himself on his awful condition.

"Mercy on my puir soul!" he exclaimed, but so as not to let the devils hear him—"am I *here* at last? When I was in the body, hoo aften did I think and dream o' the bottomless pit?—can it be that I'm now in't? Alas! it's owre true! What hae I, a wicked cratur, noo to expect frae thae fiends for a' the sins dune i' the body? But when did I dee? I dinna recollect the circumstance o' my death—dootless apoplexy—ay, ay, I was aye fear't for't. Yet did I no fa' doon the stair o' The Barleycorn. I did—that's it—I had been killed by the fa'. Death's a sma' affair to this. What a fiery furnace for a puir sinner! See hoo the devils rin wi' their burning brands, forkin them into thae pits, whar lie craturs in the same condition wi' mysel! But hoo do they no come to me? Ah! the furnace was for me. I see Satan himsel' at the bellows, and it's no for ilka sinner *he* wad condescend to work. It's for me wha cheated the folk by my short ellwand at the rate o' thirty-six inches o' claith a-week for fifteen years—wha drank, and lee'd, and deceived, and committed sins redder than scarlet and mair numerous than the mots i' the sun—ay, and wha dee'd i' the very act o' cheatin Andrew Gavin, by sellin him a wab o' damaged linen, and leavin him to pay my bill at The Barleycorn. Alas! am I at last in this awfu place!"

This soliloquy was accompanied by deep groans, wrung from him by the conviction that he was truly in the place appointed for the wicked. The sounds caught the ear of one of the workmen called David Leechman, who, looking over, saw, lying behind the reservoir, the unhappy Duncan. Listening, he heard the speech, and understood in an instant the import of it; that some one had lain down there in a state of inebriety, and having fallen asleep, had wakened to a conviction that he was in Pandemonium. He instantly communicated the intelligence to some of his neighbors; and the son of a proprietor of the works, who was present, having heard

it, gave his countenance to the proposition of some of the men—viz., that they should humor the notion of the condemned weaver, and draw out of him some amusement. The proprietor's son—a spirited and clever young man—was accordingly deputed to act the part of Prince Beelzebub, on whom the others were to attend as ministerial and subordinate devils; each holding in his hand a glass-blowing tube, with a glowing ball (kept alive from time to time) at the end of it. The Prince held up his hand and cried—

"Where is the weaver that cheated the public at the rate of thirty-six inches of cloth per week, and died, *flagrante delicto*, in the very act of cheating our *special friend*, Andrew Gavin the writer, (for every writer is our special friend, and must be protected by us, so long as he writes lying defences and long memorials), by selling him damaged linen, and leaving him to pay his tavern bill? Where is the scarlet rogue, that we may burn out the red of his sins by the red fire of this glowing furnace?"

A loud yell, uttered by the simulated devils, was the reply to this speech, and went to the very heart of the trembling victim. The Prince, followed by his demons, approached him; he was lying shaking, trembling, and groaning, upon his back, and looked at the approaching legion, with their flaming brands, as they approached him, with an expression of countenance transcending anything that could be produced by mere earthly agony, or described by a mere goose quill of the upper world.

"What is thy name, sinner?" asked the Prince.

"Mercy on me!" ejaculated Duncan, "I'm in for't noo! An' please your excellent Majesty," replied he, in a voice scarcely audible, from the effects of terror, "Duncan Schulebred, wha, when in the upper warld, was by trade a puir weaver in the toun o' Dumfarlan. I did yer Honor some service i' my sma' way, and hope ye winna be sae ill to me as ye threaten. Oh, keep thae fierce fiends, wi' their burnin torches, frae me, and I'll confess to ye a' my crimes. Be mercifu to a puir sinner!"

"What service didst thou ever do to me?" said Satan.

"I made ye some freens," replied Duncan, still groaning. "I did a' that was i' my power to get the craturs i' the upper warld to drink wi' me till they were sae drunk that ye micht hae run awa wi' them as easily as ye did wi' Doctor Faustus or the exciseman. Oh, think o' that, and save me frae that awfu furnace!"

"Confess, sinner," said the Devil, "that thou didst that for the purpose of getting more easily quit of the tavern bills. Thou didst also cheat the lieges by a false measure."

"Lord, he kens everything," muttered Duncan—"I confess I did cheat the lieges; but I assure yer Majesty, upon my honor, that I never cheated ony o' yer Majesty's freens; for I aye dealt wi' honest folk. That's surely a reason for some mercy."

"Recollect thyself, varlet," said Satan—"didst thou never cheat a writer?"

"Hoo correct he is!" muttered Duncan, with a groan. "Ou ay—true, true—a' writers are yer Majesty's freens. I forgot. I did cheat Andrew Gavin, by sellin him a wab o' rotten linen, and leavin him to pay the lawin at The Barleycorn—a name your Majesty, dootless, weel kens."

"I think I should," replied Satan, "seeing *that* is *my* grain, wherewith I work greater wonders than ever came out of the mustard seed. This place is fed with barley-corns—we bait our hooks with barleycorns—we spread barleycorns under our men-nets—the very man who sang the praises of the grain, under the personification of 'John Barleycorn,' and of its juice, under the sobriquet of 'barley-bree,' took

our bait; but a redeeming angel touched him on the fore-part of the stomach, and made him throw it, and Heaven now boasts that glorious prize."

"Miserable as I am, I'm very glad o't," said Duncan, whose fears began to decline. "I wadna like to see our darling poet in sic a place as this."

"Impudent varlet!" said the Devil. "In with him into the furnace! Yet, stay. How much money did you cheat our friend Andrew Gavin of?"

"I needna try to conceal it," said Duncan to himself. "He kens it as weel as I do. Here it is," (speaking out) "and some mair—ye may hae it a', if ye'll no consign me to that red-hot fiery furnace. Fearfu, fearfu place!"

"Count it out," said Satan.

Duncan complied with trembling hands, and Beelzebub took up the money.

"That is a most precious commodity," said he. "They say, above, that our dominions are paved with good intentions—they should rather say, that it is paved with gold, a metal with which the ancient infidels said, heaven was constructed. Never was there a greater error. 'The root of all evil' cannot surely be found in the very birth-place of good."

"I ken, at least," said Duncan, "that it was gowd that brought me here. Cursed trash! It is the gowd and no the puir sinners deceived by't that should be put into the furnace. Weel, weel, has it been ca'ed the root o' a' evil. Oh, cursed dross! what am I to suffer for ye?"

"Doth the creature malign our staple commodity," said Satan, "and say it should be melted? Away with him to the furnace!—melt *him!*"

Duncan screamed for mercy, while the workmen laid hold of him, and proceeded to carry him to the mouth of the furnace, which was blown up into a fearful red heat. He continued to roar with tremendous vociferation, making all the cone ring, and casting about his legs and arms, like one distracted. Those of the workmen who were not engaged in carrying him, brought within an inch of his face, their burning globes of glass, and made indications as if they would apply them to his body; while the bearers, turning his head to the fiery volcano, brought it within a foot of the burning coal, and the whole ceremony was accompanied by a chorus of loud yells, set up by the operators, and made to echo and reverberate throughout the area of the cone. Independently, altogether, of the conviction of being in the hands of the Dévil and his legions, the situation of Duncan, with his head within a foot of a furnace, and surrounded by wild-looking howling beings, intent apparently on his destruction, would have terrified the stoutest heart; but he *truly* believed himself on the very eve of being punished for his crimes, by being thrust head-foremost into the burning furnace, from which no power could save him. And who could contemplate that position without horror? His agony was inexpressible, except by screams; and it was cruelly prolonged by affected manœuvres, such as blowing the bellows, and stirring and restirring the coals, to make them burn more fiercely, for the more adequate reception of the greatest of human sinners that had ever been consigned to the pit.

Having held him for some time in this position, Satan, pretending to recollect himself, cried out—

"Achitophel, get the red-hot pincers. We were oblivious. He hath not confessed all his crimes. We will pinch him for a few hours before we consign him to the fire, which is not, at any rate, red enough for so great a sinner. Lay him down close to the furnace, and bring a pair of pinchers for each leg and arm."

The victim was laid before the furnace, screaming at the top of his voice, and his eyes rolling about like fiery balls. The pincers were brought and put into the furnace, and the bellows again sent forth their dreadful sound; the howling was

increased; and all the men, as they uttered their yells, danced round him, waving their red globes, and every now and then bringing them within a few inches of his face. The pincers were getting hot apace, by the fierce blowing of the bellows; and one of the legion held the head of the victim so as to force him to contemplate the instruments of his torture. The confusion grew worse confounded—the noise of the blowing forge, the howling of the legion, the groaning and screaming of Duncan, the loud word of command of the Prince, all blending together to rend and distract the ear; while the rapid motions of the dancers, and the rising and falling of the bellows, made the eyes of the distracted being reel like those of a maniac.

This punishment was continued, until it appeared that the terrified Duncan was about to faint. His cries ceased, and fear seemed to lose its effect over him. It was time to stop, as even amusement may be carried to the verge of death—and the unfortunate Duncan was more like death than life. The young man who acted the Prince accordingly gave the sign for his legion to stop, and in an instant the bellows ceased to blow, and the men to dance, and all was as still as death. Apprehensive of having killed the victim by pure fright, the Prince, assisted by some of the legion, lifted him to a distance from the furnace, and having held up his head so as to get him to sit, some whisky (bought with a part of his own money) was brought from a neighboring ale-house. As he sat pale and trembling, and looking wistfully about him, the chief actor filled up a glass of the spirits, and offered it to him. He seemed irresolute and timid—looking first at the whisky, then at the men, and much at a loss what to think of his position. His grotesque appearance forced the chief actor to smile: the effect was instantaneous—Duncan caught the favorable indication, and took the glass into his hands.

"I didna think," said he, "that there was ony o' *this* kind o' liquor here. I expected naething but melted brimstone, said to be the staple drink o' your dominions. But is it really whisky? It's surely impossible—if the circumstance got wind aboon, that there was whisky in *these parts*, there wad be nae keepin folk oot. Hoo, dinna ye spread the intelligence? surely ye're no sae keen for recruits as ye were when ye danced awa wi' the exciseman."

"It is already known on earth that whisky was first brewed in Pandemonium," said the actor. "The nectar belongs to heaven, the wine to earth, and the whisky to the infernal regions. A thousand poets have sung about the drink of the gods, and a little old fellow (a Greek) who lies in one of these troughs, getting his wine-heated pate cooled with brimstone every five minutes, danced and sang the praises of wine till I got hold of him at the age of eighty. The only poet who has let out the secret of whisky being first brewed in our regions was a person of the name of M'Neil, who sang—

> Of a' the ills puir Caledonia
> E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,
> Brewed in Hell's black Pandemonia,
> Whisky's ill has scaithed her maist.

I tried to get hold of the fellow, for his impudence in maligning our favorite liquor; but he wrote some sweet poems, and the gods took him under their wing."

"Ye were muckle indebted, I think," replied Duncan, "to Hector, for tellin the folk that whisky was brewed here. It will save your Majesty a warld o' trouble; for customers, o' their ain accord, will come in millions, 'linkin to the black pit,' if they're sure o' the *spark*."

"They *are* sure of the *spark*," replied the Prince. "But we give it here only as a medicine whereby we recover our patients that they may be the more able to feel our torments. The moment thou drinkest, the pincers will be applied."

"Then I beg leave to decline the liquor," said Duncan. "I see nae use for

fire baith ootside and in; besides, I hae renounced the practice o' drinkin at another person's expense—a tred I followed owre lang in the upper regions, to my sad cost this day."

"Thou hast paid for this with the money thou gavest me," said the actor.

"That's mair than I ever did upon earth," said Duncan, with a leer which he could not restrain.

It will have been seen that the truth had for some time been dawning upon the mind of the condemned culprit. He looked round and round him, and every look added fresh proof of the delusion under which he labored. Looking into the face of Satan, he even was bold enough to smile, accompanying the act with one of his inimitable leers. It was impossible to resist his look of sly humor; and the whole company broke out into a fit of laughter, which made all the cone ring again. Seizing the whisky, he looked round upon all the parties, and, bowing, said—

"Gentlemen, I'm obleeged to ye for the trouble ye hae taen on my account. I see noo hoo the land lies; but though I ken the hail extent o' this awfu delusion, dinna think that the part ye hae played is a piece o' mere fun and humor, to form afterwards the foundation o' a guid story. Ye hae dune mair this mornin for the regeneration o' a puir sinner, than was effected by a' the sermons I ever heard frae the pu'pits o' Scotland. I hae confessed my crimes to ye, and I canna expect that this cone is to confine for ever my evil reputation. It maun gae abroad, and condemn me, and ruin me; but" (lowering his voice seriously) "I will defy it to prevent me frae followin the course I hae this day determined to pursue. Frae this hour henceforth, to that moment when it may please Heaven to tak me frae this warld, I shall be an upright, a sober, and a religious man. The folk I hae injured, cheated, and robbed, I will try to benefit to the utmost extent o' my puir ability. And every day o' my life will be dedicated to the service o' the Almighty, and the guid o' his craturs. My first step will be to gang to Edinburgh, and pay back to Andrew Gavin the price o' the damaged linen he purchased frae me, and to settle the tavern bill at The Barleycorn, to assist me whereunto ye will dootless gie me back my siller. This resolution I confirm thus." And he flung the whisky into the furnace, which blazed up, a kind of holocaust, as a thanksgiving for the regeneration of a sinner.

Duncan's money was paid back to him honestly, and the actors were well pleased that they had, out of their amusement, wrought so extraordinary a miracle. The regenerated man departed from the glass-works, and proceeded, according to his intention, direct to Edinburgh. He called first at Andrew Gavin's house.

"Is Mr. Gavin within?" said he, to Mrs. Gavin.

"My husband," said the disconsolate wife, "hasna been at hame a' nicht. The last time I saw him was when he departed wi' you. What hae ye dune wi' him? I fear some sad mischief has befa'en him; for unless he's at a prufe or after a *fugy*, he never stays oot o' his ain hoose a nicht. But what kind o' linen was that ye sauld him?"

"It was a piece o' *rotten* linen I sauld him," replied Duncan, sternly.

Mrs. Gavin looked at him in amazement.

"Ay, and," he continued, "your husband is dootless locked up in The Barleycorn, because he couldna—puir man!—pay the lawin that I should hae paid and ran awa and left him to pay."

Mrs. Gavin's amazement was increased.

"Ay, and," continued he, "I hae cheated thousands besides you and your husband—a greater sinner than I hae been, ye wadna find between the Mull o' Galloway and John o' Groats. If I had got my due, I wad hae been hanged, or at least sent to Botany Bay."

"Are you mad, or do you glory in your wickedness?" said Mrs. Gavin.

"Nane o' the twa," said Duncan. "I am as wise as ye are; and, in place o' gloryin in my wickedness, I am as repentant as a deein martyr."

"Repentance is naething withoot warks," replied she.

"Warks!" ejaculated Duncan. "Bring, bring me the rotten linen."

The astonished woman went and brought the article.

"There's the siller," said Duncan, "I got frae yer husband for that wab. I'll sell it noo for what it is—a piece o' vile deception. Need ye a commodity o' that description?"

"I think I could find use for't," said Mrs. Gavin. "It has ae guid end, but ye'll come to an ill ane when ye"——— "row it down," she would have said, but Duncan caught her:—

"When ye cheat yer neighbor," added he. "Ye're quite right, madam; a rotten-hearted wab is just like a rotten-hearted man—they baith come to an ill *end*. Oh, hoo gratefu I am to thae glass-blawers, wha hae blawn awa my crimes, and converted and reformed me!"

"He is surely mad after a'," muttered Mrs. Gavin, to herself—"wha ever heard o' glass-blawers convertin sinners? I hae aye understood that glass-blawers are free livers, and need repentance themselves as muckle as ither folk. Hoo could they convert ye?"

"There are strange mysteries i' the warld," said Duncan; "but we will better let that subject alane. We only, after a', see 'as through a glass darkly.' Stick to the linen—what is it worth?"

Mrs. Gavin stated a price, Duncan accepted her offer, and the damaged linen was sold.

"Noo," said Duncan, "I'll send ye yer husband."

"I will be obleeged to ye," said Mrs. Gavin; "and if ye can get the glass-blawers to gie him a blast, yer kindness wad be increased far beyond my puir pooers o' recompense."

"Ah, madam," said Duncan, "writers are owre weel accustomed to *blasts o' the horn*, to care for ordinary windfa's. I ken nae better thing for an ill husband (no sayin that Andrew is liable to that charge) than a blast o' a wife's tongue. God be praised, Janet Schulebred will hae nae mair cause to lecture me! We will now live happily durin the remainin portion o' the time o' oor pilgrimage. I hae aye taen something hame to her. Last year I took some whisky bottles—probably made at the glass warks o' Leith; this time, I intend to tak a family Bible. Guid day, madam—I'm awa to The Barleycorn; and frae that I gang to a Bible repository, and then hame."

He repaired to The Barleycorn. He saw the landlord standing at the door, with a sombre face. He had the key of the room in his hand, and looked the very picture of a jailor. He knew Duncan instantly, and was proceeding to seize him, when the latter surrendered himself with so much good humor, that the publican gave up his purpose and smiled at the prospect of getting his money.

"You forgot to come back last night," said the man. "Mr. Gavin says that you were the principal debtor to me for my drink, and that he was merely surety or cautioner. Is that true?"

"Perfectly true," replied Duncan. "I promised to pay the bill, and should hae paid the bill; but I was determined I wadna pay the bill. Accordingly, I ran awa for nae ither purpose than to avoid payin it."

"A trick ye'll no play a second time," said the publican, seizing him.

"No," said Duncan, taking out money, "seein I am come to pay ye plack and farthin. Let us adjourn to Mr. Gavin's prison."

"The vera place I intended to tak ye to," said the man.

They proceeded to the room where

Andrew was confined, and found him sitting in a sombre fit of melancholy. As they entered, he looked at Duncan with an appearance of mixed anger and satisfaction. The latter feeling predominated, as his mind suggested that the poor weaver had been prevented by drunkenness from returning immediately to pay the bill, and had now come to make amends.

"I hae been angry at ye, Duncan," said he; "but I micht hae had mair faith in yer honor, than to doot ye without better proof o' dishonesty than no returnin (when ye werena able) to pay yer debts."

"Ye couldna hae a better proof o' my dishonesty," replied Duncan, sternly; "for, last nicht, when I ran awa without payin the lawin, I had nae mair intention o' comin back than I had o' ganging doun to the bottomless pit."

Andrew looked at the speaker with the same amazement as was exhibited by his wife.

"How comes it then," said the writer, "that ye hae returned here this morning?"

"I hae got some new *licht*," replied Andrew. "Ye ken—

> So long's the lamp holds on to burn,
> The greatest sinner may return.

I hae returned, no only to this tavern to pay my debt, but to a proper sense o' what is due to Heaven and to my fellow-creatures. I am a changed man, sir. Nae 'vision o' judgment,' penned by Southey or Byron, ever transcended that o' the bottle-blawers o' Leith."

The writer considered him mad, and trembled for the payment of the bill, which could not be extorted from a maniac. The tavern-keeper took a calmer view, and thought he was still drunk.

"What are ye starin at?" said Duncan. "Did ye never before see a repentant sinner? Bring yer bill, sir. And, Mr. Gavin, I refer ye to Mrs. Gavin for some information respectin a wab o' rotten linen I sauld ye yesterday, bought back again, and sauld again to her this mornin."

The tavern-keeper brought the bill, which Duncan discharged.

"I cheated ye, Mr. Gavin, also o' the price o' the stirrup-cup."

"Let us drink it noo," said Mr. Gavin—"Bring us a gill"—to the tavern-keeper.

The whisky was brought, and the writer took cleverly his morning dram, a practice which the craft has latterly renounced, but which they should have recourse to again, as a glass of whisky is a good beginning to a day's roguery, and has, besides, sometimes the same effect upon the conscience that it produces on the toothache—stills the pain. A glass was next filled out for Duncan. He took it up and held it in his hand.

"Your fire's no sae guid as the ane I saw last nicht," he said to the tavern-keeper.

"It is only newly lighted," was the apology of the host.

"It may be the better o' that," said the other, throwing the whisky into the grate, and making the fire blaze up. "Sae should a' burnin, fiery liquors be used. They might then warm the outsides, in place o' burnin the insides o' sinners. Ye hae seen some o' the first acts o' my repentance. This is ane o' them. Ye may hear and see mair, if ye consider Duncan Schulebred worthy o' yer consideration, and trace his conduct through this weary, wicked, waefu warld, during the remainin period o' an ill-begun but (I hope), weel-ended life."

THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

HAVING laid before our readers a story the truth of which may be testified by the evidence of living witnesses, we will now add an account of another supposed descent into the infernal regions, performed by another individual belonging to the same town, equally true as the adventure

of Duncan Schulebred, but unfortunately having a very different termination.

W—— B—— was a respectable merchant in Dunfermline, where he had carried on business for a great many years, under the reputation of being, at least, in very easy circumstances, if not wealthy. A good business, a comfortable wife, and a fair reputation, were supposed to have conspired to produce in him as much happiness and contentment as generally falls to the lot of the people of this lower world; nor did the appearance of the man belie in the slightest degree the supposition so naturally and legitimately formed: he was always in good humor, active, bustling, cheerful, and loquacious; and if he did not succeed in his attempts to produce mirth in the people who frequented his place of business, he made up the deficiency by an ever ready chorus of his own, the sound of which seemed to please him nearly as well as the tributary laughter of others. In the very midst of all this apparent contentedness, W—— B—— disappeared all at once. No one could tell whither he had gone; and his wife was just as ignorant of his destination or fate as any one else. That he had left the country, could not be supposed, because he had taken nothing with him; that he had made away with himself, was almost as unlikely, seeing that it is not generally in the midst of gaiety and good humor that people commit suicide. Every search, however, was made for him, but all in vain—no trace could be found of him, except that a person who had been near the old ruin called the Magazine, part of the old castle in the neighborhood of the town, reported that, on the night when he disappeared, he, the narrator, heard in that quarter a very extraordinary soliloquy from the lips of some one in great agony; but that all his efforts (for it was dark), could not enable him to ascertain who or where he was. So far as he could recollect, the words of the person were as follows:—

"The self-destroyer has nae richt to expect a better place. (Groans.) A' is dark and dismal—a thousand times mair sae than what my fancy ever pictured upon earth. But there will be licht sune, ay, and scorchin fires, and a' the ither terrors o' the place whar the wicked receive the reward o' their sins. If I had again the days to begin, which, when in the body, I spent sae fruitlessly and sinfully, hoo wad I be benefited by this sicht o' the very entrance to the regions o' the miserable? and yet does not the great author o' guid strive, wi' a never-wearyin energy, by dreams and visions, and revelations and thoughts, which vain man tries to measure and value by the gauge o' his insignificant reason, to show him what I now see, and turn him to the practice o' a better life. This is a narrow pit—there is neither room for the voice o' lamentation, nor for the struggle o' the restless limbs o' the miserable; the light, and the air, and the space, and the view o' the blue heavens, and the fair earth, which mak men proud, as if they were proprietors o' the upper world, and sinfu as if its joys were made for them, are vanished, and a narrow cell, nae bigger than my body, wi' nae air, nae licht, nae warmth—cauld, dark, lonely, and dismal—is the last and eternal place appointed for the wicked. (Groans.) On earth, men, though sinners, hae the companionship o' men; here my only companion is a gnawin conscience, the true fire o' the lower pit, and a thousand times waur than a' the imagined flames which haunt the minds o' the doers o' evil."

These dreadful words were spoken at intervals, and loud groans bespoke the agony of the sufferer. The individual who heard them, at a loss what to conceive became alarmed, ran away to get assistance, and in a short time, returned, with a companion and a light, to search among the old ruins for the individual who was thus apparently suffering under the imagined terrors of the last place of punishment. They looked carefully up and

down, throughout the place called the Magazine, among the ruins of the castle, and in every hole and cranny of the neighborhood, but neither could they see any human being, nor hear again any of the extraordinary sounds which had chained the ear of the listener, and roused his terrors. The idea of a supernatural presence, was the first that presented itself; and a ghost giving its hollow utterance to the lamentations of its suffering spirit, confined, doubtless, in some of the vaults of the castle, and struggling for that liberty which depends upon the performance of some penance upon earth, was the ready solution of a difficulty which defied all recourse to ordinary means of explanation. Having ascertained that nothing was to be seen or heard, the two friends returned to the town, where they told what had happened. The disappearance about that time. of W—— B—— suggested to many a more rational explanation of the mysterious affair; and a number of people adjourned to the Magazine, for the purpose of exploring its dark recesses more thoroughly, under the conviction that the missing individual might be concealed in some part that had not been searched. Every effort was employed in vain. They penetrated all the holes, and explored all the dark corners—nothing was to be seen, nothing heard, and the conclusion was arrived at either that the narrator was deceiving or deceived, or that the spirit had ceased to issue its lamentations.

For many days and many years afterwards, no trace could be had of W—— B——, nor was there ever even so much as whispered, a single statement of any one who had seen him either alive or dead. The food for speculation which the mysterious affair afforded to the minds of the inhabitants, was for a time increased by the total want of success which attended all the efforts of inquiry; and, after the fancies of all had been exhausted by the vain work of endeavoring to discover that which seemed to be hid by a higher power from human knowledge, the circumstance degenerated into one of the wonders of nature, supplying the old women with the material of a fire-side tale, for the amusement or terror of children. But it would seem that the energies of vulgar every-day life, are arrayed with inveterate hostility against the luxury of a mystery so greedily grasped at by all people, however thoroughly liberated from the prejudices of early education or of late sanctification; and accordingly, one day, many years after the occurrences now mentioned, as some boys were amusing themselves among the ruins of the old castle, they discovered lying in a hole—called the Piper's Hole, from the circumstance of a piper having once entered it with a pair of bagpipes, which he intended to play on till he reached the end of it but never returned—the body of a man reduced to a skeleton, but retaining on his bare bones the clothes which he had worn when in life. It was the body of W—— B——. On searching his pockets, there was found in one of them a few pence, and in another a bottle, with a paper label marked "Laudanum."

This discovery cleared up all mystery. The unfortunate man had intended to kill himself in such a way as would put his suicidal act beyond the knowledge of his friends, and had resorted to the extraordinary plan of creeping up into the dark and narrow passage, where the action of the fatal soporific had produced the delusion that he was in the place appointed for the wicked, with the soliloquy already detailed—and then death. The physical mystery was cleared up; but a mystery of a moral nature remains, which will bid defiance to the revealing efforts of philosophers—the strength and peculiarity of feeling which, working on a sane mind, produced a purpose so extraordinary, and the resolution to carry it into effect.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

As the story of the Gentle Shepherd, so beautifully dramatized by Ramsay, may not be so well known to our readers on the south side of the Tweed as it deserves to be, we have thought it would not be amiss to sketch the tale in prose for their entertainment, while we hope it will not be unacceptable in this shape even to our Scottish readers. To proceed then:—

Patrick, or Patie, as he was familiarly called by his compeers, was an humble shepherd lad, born and bred in the Lothians in Scotland, and within a few miles of Edinburgh. Patie, who lived about the middle of the seventeenth century, was a remarkably handsome young man, and surpassed in all those rustic accomplishments in which country swains usually delight to excel. He was, moreover, of a gay, light-hearted, and joyous disposition; and, morning, noon, and night, made the woods and echoes of the romantic spot where he lived, ring with his mirthful glee. Besides all this, he possessed, by nature, both a mind and manner superior to his station; yet in that station he was happy and although it was sufficiently humble, he would not have exchanged it for an empire. He had no unreasonable ambition, and was tormented with no longings after things unattainable by one in his lowly condition in life.

The person (Symon Scott, a wealthy and excellent man) with whom Patie resided, and with whom he had lived ever since he was a child, was a tenant of Sir William Preston's, a gentleman of large landed property, who, to save his head—he having taken an active part with the royalists of the period—had fled his native country, and was now abroad, no one knew where.

Happy in his situation, and delighted with the natural beauties, which he could well appreciate, of the romantic district in which he lived, with its hills and its dales, its woods, and waterfalls, and limpid streams—Patie's felicity was yet more increased by a virtuous, well placed, and fondly requited attachment.

In his neighborhood, there lived a modest and beautiful girl of the name of Peggy Forsyth, of the same humble rank in life with himself. This girl was the reputed niece of Glaude Anderson, a respectable farmer, and a tenant also of Sir William's. But, though reputed the niece of this person, Peggy was, in truth, no relation to him whatever.

The girl was a foundling, and honest Glaude, her guardian, was in reality, as ignorant of the circumstances of her birth and of her parentage, as was the child herself. He had found her, one summer morning, carefully wrapped up in swaddling clothes, at his own door; and being a kind-hearted man, he had adopted the little stranger; and to rivet, as it were, the affection he soon formed for her, he bestowed on her the title of propinquity alluded to; and neither the girl herself nor the world ever knew anything to the contrary. And on this girl Patie's love was fixed, to her his heart was given, and to him she yielded hers in return.

Thus stood matters with Patie and Peggy, when intelligence arrived that Sir William, who had now been absent for many years, might soon be expected home, as the king had been restored and the royal party was once more dominant.

This agreeable tidings created the most lively sensations of joy amongst Sir William's tenantry, by all of whom he was greatly beloved for his generosity of character and pleasing condescension of manners.

But to none of those who acknowledged him as their lord did this news afford such happiness as to old Symon Scott and Glaude Anderson, who had always been especial favorites of the good Sir William. The moment these two worthy men heard the tidings of their landlord's expected return, they simultaneously bethought them of celebrating the event with a feast, each insisting that he should be the giver. Glaude, however, had been forestalled in this particular by Symon, who had already given orders for a sumptuous banquet to be prepared, to which he invited Glaude, and all the old and young folks in his immediate neighborhood. After partaking of a plentiful repast, the youngsters, male and female, amongst whom were Patie and Peggy, betook themselves to the green in front of the house, to conclude the festivities of the day by a dance.

While the young people were thus joyously engaged on the green, an old man of venerable appearance, but whose dress bespoke him a mendicant, suddenly presented himself amongst them, and began to amuse them by telling their fortunes; a branch of business which he appeared to have added to his regular calling—that of soliciting charity. The knowledge, however, which the old man discovered of many circumstances connected with those whose future destinies he affected to foretell, greatly surprised all who heard him, and made such an impression on Jenny, Glaude's daughter, that she rushed breathless into the house, where the old people were enjoying themselves, and informed them that a most extraordinary old man, the most amazing fortune-teller that ever was seen or heard of, had come amongst them, and was now on the green in front of the house.

Symon—all kindness and hospitality, and resolved that no one should go past his door hungry that day—desired Jenny to bring the old man in, protesting, however, at the same time, that he had no faith whatever in the soothsayer's pretended gift of divination—a protest in which he was cordially joined by Glaude. In a few seconds, Jenny returned, leading in the old man, who was cordially welcomed by Simon, and immediately offered entertainment and a night's lodging. In gratitude for this kindness, the old man inquired if his host had no children, whose future fortunes he desired to learn; saying, at the same time, that he would exert his utmost skill to perform his task faithfully, whether it should be for good or evil. To humor what he considered at best a joke, Symon pointed to Patie, who, with some of the other youngsters, had now entered the house; and said that he was the only child he had.

On this, the old mendicant took hold of Patie's hand, and, to the great alarm of Symon's wife, told his auditors that there was a particular mark on the young man's body, just below the armpit—an assertion which was so true, that Symon's wife, who was the only person besides Patie himself who knew of such a mark, immediately accused the old fortune-teller of having dealings with the Evil One. Paying no attention to this remark, the prophet went on to say, that, if the young man was spared, he would, in a very short time, become a great and wealthy landlord.

All, except Symon, treated this announcement with mirthful expressions of distrust, and none with more marked disbelief and contempt that Patie himself, who said that two whistles and a couple of curs were all his property, and likely ever to be.

It has been said that Symon presented the only exception to the general incredulity on this occasion, although he was first to express disbelief in the prophet's supernatural powers; but for this there was sufficient reason, as shall afterwards appear.

The change in Symon's sentiments regarding the old man's gifts, did not escape the notice of his friend, Glaude, who bantered him on his altered tone, and

expressed the utmost astonishment that he should allow himself to be imposed upon by such absurdities. This open contempt of his fidelity instantly called down upon Glaude a rebuke from the soothsayer, who not only insisted on the soundness of his prediction, but added that they would see that all he had foretold regarding Patie would be fulfilled ere two short days should elapse. Seeing the earnestness of the fortune-teller, Glaude good-humoredly not only gave up the point, but asked him to predict the future fortunes of his own two daughters; a task, this, which the old man declined, alleging that he had the gift of prophecy only once a-day.

Having now exhausted his store of predictions, the mysterious visitor was invited to place himself at the board, and to partake of some refreshment. This hospitality, however, he begged his entertainers to delay for a while, saying, he would rather go abroad for a little and enjoy the calm air of the evening, and requested that his host, Symon, would accompany him; a request with which the latter readily complied.

On leaving Symon's house, the old man directed his steps towards the deserted and dilapidated mansion of Sir William Preston, which was in the immediate neighborhood; and, as they approached it, asked his companion to whom it belonged. He was told; and was further informed that the joyful tidings had come amongst Sir William's tenantry, that he would soon be with them again. But what was honest Symon's joy—what his amazement—to find, as he did at this moment, that the event he announced as approaching, and to which he looked forward with so much pleasure and delight, had already taken place!

Hastily throwing off the disguise that concealed him, the old mendicant—the wandering fortune-teller—in an instant stood before the almost incredulous eyes of his humble but faithful friend, Symon, Sir William Preston himself, and none other.

Astonished and delighted beyond measure at the extraordinary discovery, honest Symon flung himself on the ground, and, in a transport of joy, clasped Sir William's knees, and welcomed him to his home. The good knight kindly raised the old man; and, embracing him affectionately, asked for *his boy*.

Here our story requires a slight digression. When Sir William, who was a widower, fled his native land to avoid the vengeance of the popular party, he had, previous to his departure, secretly consigned his only son, then a child, to the guardianship of his faithful tenant, Symon, with instructions however, that neither the boy himself, nor any one else, should ever be informed of his real descent—a course which Sir William was induced to pursue at once to save his son unavailing regrets in after-life, should he never be able to recover his rights for him, and to reconcile him to the humble duties of the lowly station to which it was more than probable he should be, during his lifetime, doomed. It need hardly now be told, that Patie, Symon's protégé, was no other than the son and heir of Sir William Preston; and that it was of him Sir William now inquired.

To all the inquiries which the latter now made at Symon regarding his son, he received the most pleasing and gratifying replies; and was delighted to learn, amongst other things, that his education had been carefully attended to.

Satisfied of this, and with other particulars regarding the conduct, character, and acquirements of his boy, Sir William next anxiously inquired if his son had formed no attachment unbefitting the station which he was now about to assume.

On this important point, Symon acknowledged that he feared the worst, as he had lately discovered, he said, that there existed a kindlier feeling between the young man and Glaude's niece, Peggy,

than he approved of; but added, that he hoped the change of condition which now awaited Patie, would induce him to break off the connexion, and think no more of his lowly lover; and in this hope he was very eagerly joined by Sir William, who now desired Symon to bring his son to him, and to intimate openly, to all whom it concerned, that he was returned.

There being now no longer any reason for concealing Patie's real descent, the intelligence that the humble shepherd was no other than the son and heir of Sir William Preston—and, in consequence of his father's return, was now about to step into the elevated station to which that important circumstance entitled him—rapidly spread around, and created a universal feeling of surprise, and no small joy, as Patie had been a general favorite. But there was one on whom this intelligence had a very contrary effect to that of inspiring joy.

This was Peggy. In the discovery that her Patie was no longer the humble shepherd that had won her heart, but a gentleman of rank and fortune, the warm-hearted girl saw the utter annihilation of all her fondest and dearest hopes, and gave way to feelings of the deepest despair; for she dared not to think otherwise than that she and her lover should now be sundered for ever. But, in coming to this conclusion, she had not made sufficient allowance for the strength of Patie's attachment, nor for the generous and noble nature of his character, which would not permit him to find, in a mere change of worldly circumstances, an apology for broken vows. But, in truth, it required no considerations of a moral kind to induce Patie to keep faith with his lover; his affection for her alone was all-sufficient for this purpose, and determined him to remain faithful to her, whatever might be the consequences. Abiding in this resolution, and determined to act up to it, he flew to his beloved Peggy, whom he found in tears and despair, to assure her that the change in his condition had not, and never would effect, any change in his sentiments towards her, and that, as the son and heir of Sir William Preston, he should remain as constant to his love as if he had continued to be the humble shepherd who had wooed and won her heart.

On the day following these events, several persons, and, amongst them, Peggy, having assembled at Symon's house, where Sir William was sojourning for the time, the latter, attracted by the singular beauty of Patie's lover, whom he did not know by sight, and forcibly struck by a strong resemblance which he fancied she bore to his own sister, eagerly inquired who she was. Glaude, who was present, replied that she was his niece; but, instantly after, contradicted himself, by confessedly saying she was not his niece. The honest man was, in truth, perplexed at the moment with two opposing considerations, and farther led astray by the force of habit. He had called Peggy his niece on this occasion, because he had long accustomed himself to give her that title, and, indeed, to view her in the light of such a relative; but he, at this moment, felt that Sir William had a right to expect the truth from him; and on this, indeed, the knight now somewhat peremptorily insisted, when Glaude acknowledged that Peggy was a foundling, and proceeded to describe the circumstances connected with the finding of the infant, which have been already told; but more than these, Glaude said he could not tell. The information, however, in which Glaude was deficient, was, to the astonishment and delight of all present, more especially to that of Sir William, whose curiosity was greatly excited, furnished on the spot, and from a very unexpected quarter.

No sooner had Glaude finished his account of the foundling, than an old woman of the name of Mause Templeton, who was present, seizing Peggy by the hand, led her up to Sir William, and asked the knight if age had effected such a change

on her countenance that he did not recognise in her the nurse of his sister—the nurse of the *mother* of the girl she now held in her hand. After a moment's pause, Sir William acknowledged his perfect recollection of her; and seeking no further testimony than her assurance, added to his own convictions, from the likeness he had discerned, that the girl who stood before him was indeed his niece, he tenderly embraced her and made her take a seat beside him, until he should hear from Mause, what he now requested she should give, a detail of the circumstances that had entailed such a singular fate on his niece.

Mause proceeded to say that, when Peggy was an infant, she was informed, by a person on whom she had every reliance, that the child's life, her parents being dead, was threatened by an uncle's wife, in order to come at the large property to which she was heir, and between which and this avaricious and unnatural relative the infant was the only obstacle. That, having a perfect assurance of this atrocious design, she stole away the child from its faithless guardians, Peggy's uncle and his wife, and having carried it, by easy stages of a few miles each day, at length arrived with her tender charge in that part of the country where they now were. Being afraid of a discovery, if she retained the child, she then determined on the step which put the infant into Glaude's possession. But, though soon satisfied that the child was in safe and good keeping, she resolved still to watch over it, and with this view took a small cottage in the neighborhood, where she had lived ever since, and where, unknown to Peggy herself, or to any one else, she had watched over her with all the anxiety of a mother.

When Mause concluded her story, Patie, now Mr. Patrick Preston—who had been present during the whole of this singular and interesting scene—flew towards Peggy, and at once perceiving that the discovery which had just been made of her real parentage and descent must remove every objection which his father could possibly entertain to their union, he embraced her, when they both knelt before Sir William, and besought his blessing, which the delighted father and uncle readily gave; intimating, at the same time, his determination to lose no time in stripping Peggy's unnatural relations of their ill-got gains, and restoring them to their rightful owner. And now if ever unalloyed felicity was the lot of man, it was at this moment that of Patie, the Gentle Shepherd, whose union with Peggy, we need hardly add, almost immediately followed.

THE VICTIM OF THE STATUTE-BOOK.

I HAVE prevailed upon the jailor, under whose care I am, to take off my heavy manacles, to allow me to write the following particulars, which I intend shall see the light, though not until my poor mother is dead; for I cannot bear to think that she should ever know that the memoirs of her son's misfortunes should, as a dying speech and declaration, be handed about, to court the eye and gratify the curiosity of the public. It is not that I have any warning to make, or any beacon to exhibit,

whereby I might save others from the fate that, like a mighty snake, binds my body, and leaves this hand free, only to the effect of telling the number of its scaly folds with which I am entwined. It is not likely that any human being may ever be in my situation again. My object is to arraign the justice (injustice) of the blood-written laws of my country; and to show that, while the statutes remain unaltered, unmodified—the rules of evidence unchanged—the hangman retains his name—the rope is made of hemp—and all the black formula of death is much the same as it was centuries ago—all other institutions and usages are undergoing a change, and man is becoming emancipated from the slavery of institutions whose iron chains were forged in the heat of war and rapine. Capital punishments—applied upon the lying evidence, the hurried trials, the stultified verdicts, the confused acts of our statute-book, for crimes of all dies and grades, from the stealing of a sheep to the taking away of the breath of life from the nostrils of God's elect of all living creatures—are the disgrace of the nation of England. If common humanity has no place in the breasts of our legislators, let my case speak: it has a language of its own, such as, perhaps, never before pealed from a heart crushed by tyrannical institutions and perverted justice: it speaks of innocence punished by death—a subject fitted for the mediation of angels—and proves that, when the conservative principle of punition is carried beyond a certain point of severity, the endless positions of an ever-varying society may produce instances of injustice that cannot be atoned for by tears of blood. I was born in the town of Ayr, on the west side of Scotland, and brought up, after the death of my father, which happened when I was very young, by my mother, a good and godly woman, who taught her son to seek Him "that maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning." There are few Scotch mothers that do not try to inculcate on their children the principles of religion; but there are fewer that accomplish their task with so much efficacy as my parent, for I was naturally inclined to be pious, and loved more fervently than others do the harp of the mountain, that is tuned to the genius of Scottish music, the melody of Israel's beloved viols. Nor was it with me, as with many young people, that the flame of religion was fanned before the sense to understand its principles had acquired strength; for, before I was eight years of age, I understood the great scheme of mediation, while my tears flowed in gratitude for the wonderful sacrifice by which it was perfected. These thoughts distract me; and who is there that could look back, an *innocent* man, from the dark cells of a jail, on that scene of youth and innocence when the teacher and parent sat by us over the winter fire, and opened to our young fancies all the wonders of a saving providence, and not cry, with tears, What has come out of the light of that sun? Was I not taught that "the inheritance of the Almighty is destruction to the wicked," and "a *strange* punishment to the workers of iniquity"—strange, indeed, to be condemned to die for a crime of which one is innocent!

It was by the work of her hands that my poor mother brought me up to the verge of manhood. "She," as the Temanite said, "wandered abroad for bread," for "trouble and anguish made her afraid;" but, if toil was heavy for her, the weight was lightened by the thought, that what she earned would be blessed by her son, with the grace of thanks to Him that gives what is good for both body and soul. It was a sight good for the proud hearts of the great—but they saw it not—that poor widowed creature, straining her weak nerves, and bathing her brow with the sweat of a painful toil, yet, through all, sustaining her spirit by the hope of her son, whose industry would, by the grace she taught him, return to her fifty-fold, when she could work

no longer, the seed she travailed to sow. She saw not, and it was good for her, the darkness that was coming; neither did she hear from a hovering spirit that it would have been better for both of us if I had never been born, or that I had been carried from the cradle to the grave. So far my mother's efforts succeeded. I was comfortably fed and decently clothed, and, beyond all, a good soil was prepared for the education which she hoped also to be able to procure for me; but the assistance of another was required for that, and the master whom my father had served—a landed proprietor in the neighborhood, of the name of Pringle—contributed to that desirable object; but he stopt short in his generosity; and a distant relation by my father's side, an engraver, of the name of Holmes, took me, when very young, into his shop, where I remained for about a year, when, my master having died, I was again thrown back on my mother. Mr. Pringle again came forward, and prevailed upon my reluctant parent, who had cherished higher hopes for me, to allow me to become a servant in his house. This result of her long labor and weary toil made my mother weep "with the weeping of Jaser;" but, as destiny was to her ever the will of the Lord, that tends for good, though all unseen by mortal eye, she dried up her tears, and consented quietly, like her who inhabited Debon, to come down from her glory and "sit in thirst."

I had been, I think, about four years with Mr. Pringle, and was now entrusted with the duties of his valet—a species of servants exposed to much contumely, and prehaps thereby rendered in their turn less worthy of the confidence of their masters. Religion has seldom any place among them; and the principles which I professed exposed me to some badinage, which made me follow the practice of the children of good men in the land of Egypt, who "did sacrifice secretly." I was steadfast in my covenant, and true to her who bound my heart to it in my younger days. A great part of my wages I remitted to my parent, and I would not have given the blessing of her thanks for the smiles of great men, and judges, and potentates; for who "among them is greater than he who honoreth his mother?" Yet, at this time, I allowed my heart to be divided in affections, and disobeyed the injunction of Ecclesiasticus—"gaze not upon a maid." But I would have been more than man if I could have seen the beautiful comforter of my parent, and not felt my love "kindle as a fire." An orphan, of the name of Magdalene Dempster, who was brought up with a poor neighbor, was frequently in my mother's house on the evenings of Sunday, when I made it my filial duty to pass there as much of my time as I could spare from my service. This young woman's looks would have secured a conquest over me, though she had made no claims on my heart, by her attention to my parent. I conceived a strong passion for her, and soon learned the joyful tidings that she loved me. My mother observed the state of our feelings, and did not disapprove of my choice; for she knew that, as the prophet says, "there is a time to get and a time to lose," and he who loses the opportunity of getting a good helpmate in the pilgrimage of life, may fall into the hands of those who love him only for what may be got from him. That period of my pilgrimage was the only one on which the sun of life's happiness had as yet cast a beam to cheer me on; but I did not know that the life of man is only as the face of the heavens, whose gilded clouds foretell a storm. My pleasure made my heart shake, and give forth sweet sounds, as a timbrel that is struck in joy. Magdalene came and met me on the way as I went to my mother's; and when the sun was not far spent, we sat us down among the yellow broom, and were happier than they who "feed among the lilies." In the evening when I came away, she accompanied me a short distance on the road, that we might have every avail-

able moment of each other's company; and when we parted, it was to carry with us in our hearts an affection that would increase every moment till we met again. Thus passed a year, and I became impatient of a delay to the gratification of the object that, next to my mother's happiness, lay nearest to my heart. I got Mr. Pringle's consent to marry. We were married; and, in the meantime, Magdalene staid with my mother, till a cottage, which was expected to be empty at the end of six months, should be ready for our residence.

Little more than four months had passed, after my marriage, when Mr. Pringle—my kind master and friend—died, and my services were not required by the person who succeeded him. Though an orphan, I had not as yet tasted the bitter cup of life. It was now to be placed before me. But I had read that acceptable men are tried in the furnace of adversity. I took up my residence, for a short time, with my mother, in the expectation of being successful in getting a situation, as butler, with some of the gentlemen who had visited my old master, and heard from his lips those merits which came out of the blessing of a mother. I tried many of them; but every evening brought me home unsuccessful. "Ye that fear the Lord," said my mother, from the Prophet, "wait for his mercy;" and Magdalene threw into my countenance the cheerful light of loving eyes. Between these comforts, my disappointments were not, for a time, ill to bear. I would have been a bold man to have repined, with such a mother to pour into my bosom the sustaining love that is from beyond Orion, and a wife who was fairer "than a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi." Yet I began to suffer by feeling for my comforters. My mother had nothing to trust to but my earnings, and my Magdalene had been a dependent on the charity of others since her earliest childhood. My faith was a rational one; and I knew that it is not the way of God to feed the body by his spirit, nor the manner of love—though his wings drop with myrrh—to satisfy aught but the appetite of the heart. Our money dwindled away; and my hopes came back in the evening with no vine branch or fig-leaf to tell that the waters of misfortune had left the places where our food grew. But, whatever I felt, I expressed little; for I knew that my mother would have been pained by a murmur, more by its evidencing a want of faith than a want of food.

The time came when all I had in the world was a pound note. I had been in the receipt of some chances at the inn; but these did not prevent the daily decrease of my small stock, till it came to that low ebb. I had almost resolved upon going to Edinburgh, and trying my fortune there, when, as I stood meditating on my dreary prospect, a gentleman of extremely genteel appearance alighted at the inn door, from a roan gelding. I held the bridle as he descended, and remarked that he looked at me more intently than strangers are in the habit of doing. He asked me to attend to his horse, and went into the inn, where he had not been long when he sent for me, and stated that he was on the outlook for a trusty servant—he was on his way to London, and had been basely deserted by his former valet, who had decamped, and taken with him a horse valued at fifty guineas. I replied that I would willingly accept of a fair offer; and we soon came to an agreement. My wages were to be fifty pounds a-year, with livery and chances. He gave me money, on the instant, to get a suit of clothes, and requested me to look out for another horse, as his time would not permit of any search after the one he had been robbed of. His name was Mr. Caleb Winter—he was an Englishman—one of the finest-looking fellows, as well as the pleasantest, I had ever yet seen. His family, it appeared, lived in England. He had been on a tour to the Highlands, and was now on his return to London.

I went home, and communicated the in-

telligence to my mother and Magdalene. I need hardly say they rejoiced at it, even though the good came with the qualification of the separation, for a time, of me and my wife. Even in this however, there was a mixture of good. She would contribute, in my absence, to the comfort of my parent; and the remittances I would be able to make from my income would support them, under the guidance of Him who is bountiful, and "ready to give where it needeth." Thus passed away a day of darkness, "as the morning spread upon the mountains." I bestirred myself actively in my new vocation, got into better spirits, dressed myself in my new livery, and bought a horse, to the satisfaction of my master, for my own use. We were now to depart for London. My good mother "gathered the children, and sanctified them;" and my Magdalene hung round my neck, weeping and sobbing as if she had been a yesterday's bride, of one day's joy, preparing for separation. She bore up well against my departure, till the ceremony came, which, opening as if by magic the floodgates of her feeling, showed the depth of a faithful wife's affection. I was myself as strongly affected as she; but I contrived to make good use of that power which seems to be peculiar to our sex—something inexplicable, but in which shame has no inconsiderable part—to conceal the natural emotions inseparable from a departure—saying, "Peace! peace! where there was no peace;" and, forcing myself from her arms, I was soon on my way to London.

I found in Mr. Winter a free, affable man, forming, as regarded his manners generally, and his conduct towards his servant, a remarkable contrast to the gentlemen of the same grade in Scotland. Like the most part of his kind, however, he seemed to have but a very indifferent feeling towards religion. I could have forgiven in him an occasional choleric oath, which did not make free with Scriptural names; but he was "as fed horses in the morning that neigh as they snuff the breeze"—he seemed to think that all power in this world was centred in man, and that he had only to speak that what he wished might be performed. This might be the ardor of young blood; but he passed kirks where the word was spoken, and never entered; he prayed not a word that I could ever hear; he turned him daintily round on his saddle to look at a fair-faced giglot, as she passed, with the jaunty briskness of pride, on the way; and I even saw him smile, in a manner that savoured of luxury, on a pretty baggage of a bar-maid, whose eye held the "stock of a doctrine of vanities." Yet I could find no farther evil in him; for he never exceeded in the brutish folly of wine—he was liberal to a fault—gave freely to the poor whom we met in the broad ways—and had a good open "circumcised ear," which bore my freedoms of speech with meekness and composure. At least, however, he seemed to me a riddle which my Scotch wits could not solve, for he appeared good and ill by turns—one moment being glad, and even piping music like the birds that fluttered and sang in the hedges—a minute after, his throat seeming as dry and desolate as the bed of Nimrim, and a word he would not speak to me or any one else—then falling into a gloom which lasted for many hours, when he would not face man, for fear he might be interrupted in his meditations. These appeared to me strange contradictions; but a servant has no right to judge harshly of the master whose bread he breaks; and I never loved prying, "for a fool will peep in at the door into the house, while he that is well nurtured will stand without."

On arriving in London, we put up at an inn where we fared sumptuously, for Mr. Winter seemed to care no more for money than if he had been master of his own mint. In the evening he went out, and when he returned, he told me that he had been bargaining for a house; and, ac-

cordingly, next day, we took up our habitation in a dwelling in the Haymarket, consisting of two divisions, an upper and a lower—the latter of which he intended for me. He wanted a maid-servant, and suggested that I should write down to Ayr for Magdalene, who would serve in that capacity. Overjoyed at this intelligence, I complied upon the instant, despatching a letter to her, and also one to my mother, in the latter of which I enclosed a ten-pound note which my master had generously given me for the purpose of paying Magdalene's expenses to London. I remember at this moment, and the hand trembles and makes the chains in which I am bound clank in my ears, as I think of the joy I felt in writing and despatching these letters, and enclosing "this oblation of the holy portion," which I kissed with tears of joy over and over before I committed it to the envelope. I was hastening with the letters to the Post Office, when my master called me back; and, upon going up stairs to the part of the mansion which he wished to keep for his own purposes of study, he told me that he wished to pay the landlord of the house in advance, to avoid asking his friends, who wished him to go to reside with them, to become security for him; and, opening his pocket-book, he gave me fifteen pounds, requesting me to call upon Mr. William Havering in Whitechapel, to pay it to him, and be sure to get a proper receipt.

"Tell him," he added, "that you are come to pay the rent of the house in the Haymarket, No. 12—neither more nor less. I like few words; but, as I am an honorable, open-minded man, and hate even the appearance of anything like secrecy, I must tell you, because otherwise you may attribute the way in which I mean to live for some time to something not right, that I intend to keep out of the way of my father, Mr. Alfred Winter, of Holmside, in Hertfordshire, but now, I understand, in London, in order to avoid a marriage which he and the lady's mother have planned for me, to which, I must admit, I am in some degree committed—though not an obligatory honor—and which, if I avoid by keeping out of the way, I may save myself from much pain, and the lady and her secretly-betrothed lover (a companion of my own) from unmerited misery. I have already passed a part of my time in Scotland; but I am wearied of travelling, and now intend to occupy myself here secretly in pursuing a favorite study, till I ascertain that my father despairs of ever acquiring my consent, and the lady's mother yields to the solicitations of her daughter, to allow her to marry the man she likes. This is enough for you, and will account for anything in my conduct which may appear to you curious or inexplicable, and, by exciting curiosity, give rise to surmises and latent inquiries. Such I abominate. You will find that the receipt you get for the rent of the house will be in *your own name*, and you will of course regulate your conduct so as not to produce any inconsistency between your real and assumed character."

It was nearly upon the hour of the shutting of the Post Office, and my thoughts were more directed to my mother and Magdalene than to the subject of my master's speech, though I felt a glow of gratitude burning in my veins for the confidence he reposed in me, and while I saw that the slight deceit he was exercising, and wished me to participate in, was for *good*, in so far as it would bring two happy lovers together, who might otherwise drink of the waters of bitterness unto death. I recollected the words of Solomon, that "a prudent man concealeth knowledge," and told him that I would be faithful to him in all things that tended to good without a view to reward. Receiving the money, I hastened away, and soon got to the Post Office, where, with eyes directed to heaven, I deposited the pledge of a son's love and a husband's fidelity. I then went to Mr. Havering's,

and told him I had come to pay the rent of the house, No. 12, Haymarket. He had the receipt prepared, and handed it over to me without saying a word—a circumstance that relieved me of the apprehension under which I labored, that I might be forced to parry his questions, and be precipitated unwittingly, or from the regard I had to my master, and the anxiety I felt for the praiseworthy cause in which he was engaged, into some duplicity—a thing, of all others, I had been taught, by my incomparable parent, to hate as the origin of all evil—the first aspect of the insidious enemy of man, and the first encroacher upon the province of that grand entireness of the virtuous mind, which says, with him who sung to the chief musician, that sentence, containing all purity, "Oh, let me never be ashamed!" I glanced at the receipt; it was in favor of Mr. Joseph Bannerman—that name (my own) which now rings in my ears as I pronounce it, as something not belonging to man—making me shudder till my irons rattle again through that dreadful cell, and echo away into the dark recesses of felons, like the sounds of the damned. I hastened home, and went up stairs to my master's private apartment. The door was locked, in consequence, doubtless, of his apprehension of some visit from his relations while I was out. I told him I had come with the receipt; and he opened the door, taking the paper from me in the passage, and asking me, in a hurried manner, if Mr. Havering had put any questions. I answered that he had not, and retired to my bed in the lower part of the house.

My mind was too much excited to allow me to sleep. An enthusiasm belonging to a mind easily fired by the inspiration of virtuous feelings, set my heart in flame, and I pictured the most glowing images of my mother and Magdalene sitting by the side of their little flickering ingle, looking into it for auguries, after the manner of the Scotch, or reading by its light some portion of the holy book, having reference to my pilgrimage in a comparatively foreign land, when, as the tear started to my mother's eyes, as she was reading, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not; cast in thy lot among us, let us all have one purse"—my letters would be brought to them, the offering of love would be kissed, my Magdalene would weep for very joy, and count how much of the money she could leave with my mother, who, as she heard her dutiful step-daughter's destination, would bless her and me—"for this shall his and your days be multiplied, and the years of your lives increased." The train of images continued; and so sweet was the luxury of this portraying, by the aid of a glowing fancy, the happiness of these individuals in whom all my heart was garnered up—the husband's love and the son's holy reverence and sweet hallowed affection mingling together, and satisfying, by one engrossing feeling all the desires that belong to heaven and earth—I could have renounced the blessing of sleep, and thought on and on for ever. I heard the clock strike two, and was somewhat surprised to find that my master had not gone to bed—his foot sounded lightly on the floor, and he seemed busily engaged in those studies to which he was addicted, but the nature of which I had no opportunity of ascertaining. I never was curiously inclined, and I was satisfied that a man who acted on the noble principle of self-denial that now regulated his conduct, was "as the pure whose work is right;" and having expended every blissful energy of my fancy in calling up the images of my wife and mother, I fell into a sound sleep, from which I did not awake till beyond the proper hour of a servant's rising in the morning.

I rose hurriedly, thinking that my master would be waiting for his breakfast, and was not ill-pleased to find that he was still in bed. I got his morning meal prepared according to the instructions I had received from him, and went up to tell him the hour. I required to rap for some time

before he heard me; and at last he came, and opened the door of the outer room, which he had set apart as a species of small dining-room—the inner apartment, which communicated with a small bedroom, being that appropriated to his studies. I set the breakfast; and, after he had partaken of it, he called me up, and gave me further directions, as to how I should conduct myself, with a view to keep his secret; all of which were reasonable, and not inconsistent with the views of religion and morality I had imbibed from my mother. He then told me to go and dispose of his horses, as he would not require them, while he was thus living in secret, and he could buy others when he again joined society and resumed his proper station in life. He cared nothing for money, his spirit, as it appeared to me, soaring far above such mean considerations as generally occupy the souls of immortal creatures in this world. I might get what I could for the horses—it was all one whether he made or lost by them. "Happy is the man," I said to myself, as I looked on the noble figure of the youth, as he stood before me, expressing his contempt of that which opens the doors of Gehinna—"happy is the man that findeth wisdom; for the merchandise of it—it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold." I did as he desired, and in the afternoon returned with the prices of the horses. I made £10 upon the one I rode, and the other brought its original price. He scarcely counted the money, which, I recollect, was in five pound-notes. He laid it down on the table; and, in a short time, called me up again, and told me to go and get the money turned into small notes, which he said he required for various little purposes of charity. "It is upon the wings of charity," he added, with a smile that made me love him, and forget the former inconsistencies I had observed in him—"It is upon the wings of charity that a man getteth to Heaven;" and I was not slow in my answer, that "he that giveth to the poor shall not lack." I went with increased energy to obey his command; and, though I had many shops to go through before I got all the notes changed into small ones, I rejoiced that I was in the service of him who looked down upon charity as the sun upon the earth when his rays are softened by the breath of the morning. Having succeeded in getting all the notes changed, I returned, made a faithful account to him, and was as well pleased with my labors as if I had been occupied in distributing the money among the poor, and saving my excellent master from the blessed labor of doing so himself.

I now felicitated myself on my enviable situation; and there was no part of the conduct of my master towards me that delighted me more than the entire confidence he placed in me; for I felt proud to think that my mother's invaluable precepts were thus made apparent in their workings, and could not doubt that, "as the spirit of a man is the candle of the Lord," my virtue and fidelity, shining through every part of my conduct had secured for me the confidence of a good man. I was on the eve of experiencing more of his absolute faith in me; for, on the very next day, I was surprised by receiving, through the two-penny post, a letter containing a bank of England note for £50. There was no writing in the letter beyond the two initials of G. B.; and, knowing in an instant that it would be for my master, I took it up to him. I was right—it was intended for him.

"Mr. Barrow, my agent, has been as good as his word," he said, as he took the letter from me; "and in this I have another instance of your fidelity. From the first word you spoke I saw you had been properly tutored—probably by some excellent parent; and, indeed, with the exception of his wishing me to marry against my will, my father has been to me an excellent counsellor. But fidelity ought to be rewarded with more than words."

And, as he spoke he made me a handsome present, which I received with tears of gratitude; yet, the gift was not half so dear to me as the words by which it was accompanied; and I could have hugged him to my bosom for his allusion to one who had "given me the inheritance of Israel," and "smote the first born" of a sinful heart, that all that came thereafter might be good. Every day showed me more and more how happy I would be when my Magdalene arrived; and, after several days, during which I felt myself more a master who commands than a servant who breaks the bread of his lord, I looked anxiously for her arrival. I set about preparing everything, in the part of the house appropriated to us, in such a manner as would show, at the first glance, that I had not sent for her in vain; and, though I could not say "I had perfumed our bed with myrrh, and olives, and cinnamon," I could exhibit to her a habitation of peace, where (by my master's kindness) there was every comfort that could contribute to the happiness of virtuous affection. How strangely does love exhibit itself! I fixed on the warmest corner of the ingle where her chair should stand—it was already occupied by the eye of my fancy—I saw her sitting there, discoursing to me of Broad Albin, and happy Coll, and of her she had left in it dearer to me than all. The tear that glistened in her eye as she delivered to me my mother's blessing, I saw dry up as she turned to view the new gown I had bought for her; and I felt the glow of the kiss of her thanks as she threw herself on my bosom, and yielded to the hysterical expression of nature's softest emotions, in her own impressive and heart-touching language. Oh, why do I dwell on these soul-intoxicating fancies, when they were realized, ay, enjoyed, as those elaborately contrived enjoyments which glide over the earth as the avant-couriers of the destroyer! My Magdalene arrived. I was looking out at the window at the time, thinking of her, when I saw her coming along, looking anxiously at the numbers of the houses. I needed but one glance of an eye, whose light was to me as that of "the moon walking in brightness," and in an instant she was in my arms. My warmest dreams were changed into realities. We had both Elihu's zeal to speak, and Elihu's silence, till the first emotions died "by their own strength;" and then I got my parent's renewed blessing—the pledge of undiminished love—the pretty gossip of woman's lips, sweeter than the inspiration of poets, till, hour by hour, the realities of our new situation broke gradually in upon "our love's young dream;" and I recounted to her the enviable situation I held; showed the house of which she was, as it were, mistress; the excellent character of my master; the secret of his position; the confidence he trusted in me; the presents I had got from him; till her eyes glistened again as brightly as they had done in the fire of love; and we were so happy, that we were like to have made an image like that of Horeb, and fallen before the golden idol.

A very few days soon discovered to Magdalene greater than she had yet seen, and everything seemed to prosper with us. In about a month afterwards, I sent my mother another five-pound note, which I got from my master, in whose praises Magdalene was higher than even myself. She attended him often when I was engaged in going his messages; and every new phase of his character seemed to charm her the more. His carelessness of money absolutely dazzled her simple, frugal mind; and those noble qualities he exhibited to her, were not dimmed by the discovery that he had, as she thought, a religious inclination of the heart "to God's testimonies." One day she came in to our room with a beautiful Bible in her hand.

"What do you think of my present?" she said, smiling, as she laid it before me, and counted out the balance of a five-

pound note, which our master had given her to buy the holy book.

I looked at the Bible; but my mind was dwelling on another subject.

"Did he allow you to give your own price for it, Magdalene?" replied I.

"There lies the merit of the gift," said she, smiling. "He had a one pound-note in his pocket-book; but he disdained to limit my taste, and gave a five-pound one, that I might gratify myself at any extent of price."

"Another trait of his generosity," said I; "but it will not be lost. Take up to him the balance of the money, and show, by the moderate sum you have paid for the book, that the good never abuse the confidence of the generous hearted."

With a light step Magdalene went up to him, and returned soon again with a heightened feeling of pleasure; as she told me—what perhaps would not have surprised one farther removed from the sphere of simple rusticity in which she had been trained—that he chided her good-naturedly for not buying a dearer gift for herself, and threw the money into his pocket *without counting it*—a circumstance so unusual, and so unlike the scrupulous arithmetical processes of the small grocers of Ayr, with whom she had dealt, that she was utterly at a loss what to think of it. Our peace and comfort continued, several months passed, and we grew every day more sensible of his kindness. He required to get the fifty-pound note, received from Mr. Barrow, changed, to enable him to pay his tailor, whose account, must, as I thought, have been a large one, or his charities must have borne heavy upon his purse in the meantime; and, the latter reason I was inclined, from my knowledge of his extreme generosity, to deem the true one; but inquiry was out of my province, and I went to a private banking-house, got the note turned into smaller notes, of five pounds each, two of which he afterwards gave me as another advance of my wages, and with a view, as he said, to send another remittance to my mother. Magdalene had been able to give her only three pounds of the ten pounds I sent; thus she had got eight pounds from me; and the power now given me of again relieving my aged parent filled my heart with a new-born joy that threw its influence over the minutest trait of our domestic concerns. That very night I sent off one of the notes, and Magdalene wrote *her* letter on the third page of the sheet that contained mine. He alone who has sent the tribute of a son's love to his parent can appreciate the enjoyment of that night. If a "gift," as the prophet says, "has a grace to every man living," what is the virtue, the beauty, the soul-entrancing influence of that which fills the heart of a mother with gladness!—and how true is it that the grace and working effects of it are not limited to the time or the occasion, but, like a sweet medicament that is pleasant at the taking, is yet more delightful in its regenerative operation on the whole heart, being the life and conversation of him who rejoices in the blessing? That night was another of the happiest I ever witnessed. Magdalene and I sat by ourselves and enjoyed the good things of this life in peace; for our master always kept his study, and every pleasure we experienced seemed to be sanctified by the recollection that she who was my parent and her benefactress would enjoy her portion. I watched my wife's face as she drank her health—the tear stood in her eye; and it was that (the most beautiful of all) which comes from the heart, which offers love and pity as sacrifices to Him who cherishes them as the fairest gift of his creatures. I could have said, with the servants of Holofernes—"There is not such a woman from one end of the earth to the other, both for beauty of countenance and wisdom of words."

While thus sitting over the fire, our attention was directed to a carriage that stopped at the door. We heard the door

of it open, then a pattering of feet, and low broken words of converse passing between several people about the front part of the house. The door opened suddenly, and two men entered, leading between them an aged female. We heard at the same time several feet upon the stair leading to our master's room, and a sudden beating and tramping upon the floor, as if people were rushing backwards and forwards; then, subdued voices, in broken, impassioned snatches; then the sound of a loud crash, as if the door of his apartment had been forced; again rushing backwards, a sudden and headlong descent down the stair, and in a moment, three other men precipitated themselves into the room, calling out,—

"Oh, he's here! he's here! All's well! all's well!" I stood in a trance. Magdalene was by my side, staring wildly first at one, and then at another; when, in an instant, the aged female, who was muffled up in the old-fashioned Scotch plaid, ran forward, and threw herself round my neck.

"My son! my son!" she cried, and lay sobbing on my bosom.

"Enough—enough," cried one of the men, in a rough voice. "She calls him her son—he is our man. Jem, get your handcuffs prepared. Take the wife, too. Search the house, Whittaker and Jones."

Two men again went up stairs, and we heard their feet overhead, as if they were in our master's room; but not one word of the latter reached our ears, though we were satisfied that he was there when the men entered. The man called Jem seized my mother roughly by the waist, and pulled her away; but it was only to precipitate her to the ground, for her energies were gone, and she had been supported alone by my bosom. The sight of my parent, stretched out upon the floor, pale as a corpse, and presenting none of the appearances of life, rendered me frantic—I lifted my arm and struck the man to the earth. Magdalene rushed between us, uttering frightful screams; but was instantly seized by another of the men, who proceeded to force upon her arms a pair of strong handcuffs. Regardless of my mother, who still lay among our feet, apparently lifeless, the two other men (the one I had felled to the ground having recovered) rushed upon me, and, overcoming all my struggles, soon bound me so effectually that I could not move an arm. One of the men then whispered something into the ear of the one who had bound Magdalene, and he immediately went out.

My mind, during all this extraordinary scene, seemed to be locked up by some freezing power, which laid a restriction upon every thought. I had never yet asked the reason of all this sudden violence; the drama had moved before me like one of those horrible pageants that flit before the mind of a victim of ephialtes, when one has the power only to see and shudder. The screams of Magdalene rang in my ears, and the extended form of my aged parent glared on my eyes like the presiding genius of nightmare, yet without the power to remove the charm by which my mind was bound up. All again was silence. The men, who waited for some one, stood and gazed or whispered to each other; and one of those who had been searching up stairs, came down, holding in his hands a number of steel instruments, like those used by engravers, which my early occupation rendered familiar to me, but which I had never seen in my master's apartment, with a great number of papers, having the appearance of English bank notes. They continued their whispers, but I could make nothing of what they said; and, in a few minutes, I saw my mother's head move as she recovered from her swoon.

"Josey, Josey, my bairn—my last, my only hope!" she cried, as she looked wildly round her, and struggled to rise. "What's this? Thae men said they were sent by you to bring me to live and end my days wi' you. O God! is this the rest

wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest? Thae messengers have fed me, by the way, wi' wine and strong meats; and what hae they brought me to see? My bairn in irons! Speak, Josey, are ye dumb man?"

My senses were gradually returning to me, but my mind was still shrouded in ignorance and mystery.

"You have brought these men with you, mother," said I, "as I held out to them my manacled hands. What mean they?"

The question acted like a charm on the grief of Magdalene, whose agonies, expressed by loud lamentation, seemed to scorn the articulated question of a reason, where reason there could be none.

"Ay, ay," she now cried, as if suddenly recurring to what her grief had made her forget, "what is the reason of this violence to those who have walked in the commandments of Him who will judge ye as well as us. Speak, ye hardened men! Why do ye scowl thus on us who have never wronged any of God's creatures, or broken the laws of our country?"

And she ran forward, holding out her hands to the men, who stood like iron statues; while my mother trailed her legs along on the ground, and clasped the knees of him who held the bunch of notes and the instruments of steel.

"Mr. Jones!" she exclaimed, as if she knew him intimately, "for God's sake explain this mystery! You brought me from Scotland to see my son, and used fair words to induce me to leave my peaceful home. 'The hoary head is a crown' that's no usually despised; there's already grey hairs on your own head, and maybe ye've a son whose affection kept off the first traces o' the snaws o' eild, and wha has comforted ye as mine has comforted me. Look there, and think what it is to be a father; and, oh! forget not what it is to be a mother, if you ever saw the wife o' yer bosom sorrowing for her first born!"

"Hush, woman," replied the man, sternly; "your son is charged with forging notes on the Bank of England, and uttering them knowing them to be forged."

"Oh, these notes I got frae him!" she cried, turning a terror-struck eye upon me; "but it canna be, it canna be; he was only a year wi' Holmes, wha never graved notes."

"So he was an engraver!" said one of the men, laughing ironically.

I now saw some glimmerings of what I conceived to be the truth, and my mind ran back and collected instantaneously some of the remarkable circumstances of the conduct of my master. A dreadful array of damning evidence flashed upon me; the fearful reminiscences started up successively like spectres, each more terrible than another; and the confusion around me—the moans of my mother, the wailings of Magdalene, the grim aspects and ominous under-breathed communings of the men—all combined to confuse me, till the consciousness of innocence came upon me like the whisperings of a good angel, and I cried out—

"Where is Mr. Winter? He can explain all this. Haste up stairs and bring him here."

"There is no one up stairs," replied the officer, who had been searching the house; "and why should there?—the house is your own—the receipt for the rent is in your own name, and in my hands."

The noise of another carriage was now heard, which was the signal for our removal. Magdalene was dragged to the door in spite of her struggles and screams, and I did not see her again, for their object was to keep us separate; and, for that purpose, the second coach had been sent for. I was next laid hold of; and, the moment the men put a hand on me, I was fast locked in the arms of my mother, who, having been roused again from the state of despair-born dream that succeeded her swoon, struggled forward, sinking at every step, and seized me so forcibly, sobbing and ejaculating broken

words, that force was resorted to, to free me from her grasp. I saw her again fall, and heard her cries, as I was hurried precipitously from the room, and thrown into the other coach, which went off at a rapid rate in the wake of the other; the sound of the wheels of which came on my ears as my mother's cries died away.

We were conveyed to the police office, and placed in separate rooms. I was still comparatively in a state of stupor; but could too well hear that a number of people were arriving at intervals, and that an examination was in progress. Having been locked up, I listened at the door, and heard Magdalene sobbing loud, as she was hurried along, to be, as I supposed, examined. The door opened, some time afterwards; a number of people were introduced into the room where I was; and I could recognizĕ among them many of the individuals whom I had had recourse to when getting exchanged the notes which Mr. Winter had requested me to get disposed of. They all fixed their eyes on me, and, doubtless, recognized me; and, in particular, I saw Mr. Havering busy in conversation with one of the individuals present, who seemed to take a lead in the investigation. They kept whispering to one another, until all the identifiers seemed satisfied. I shook at all this dread array of mystery; my confidence forsook me. "The diviners had seen a lie," doubtless, and had "told false dreams;" but I had no power to show the truth, for at this moment, the thought rushed into my mind, like the blue light of a spectral vision, that I could not even prove that *any one had ever seen* my master, after we came to London. The thought was striking, nay, wonderful; and as my mind wandered in the inane void of this dreadful negative, I thought I would have gone mad. I believe there was a temporary insanity on me; for, as I shook my handcuffs and rolled my eyes about, the people gazed at me, and I heard some one whisper—"He is personating madness." This calmed me a little. I again rested upon my innocence, and turned my face to heaven, as the words of Darius rose in my mind—"Thy God whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee." The people now went out, and I was again left by myself. I now thought of my examination; but every effort I made to think of proving that *I had a master in London at all*, let alone the establishing that the graving implements were his—that he forged the notes—(if they were forged)—that he sent me with them—that he gave me those to send to my mother—fell back upon me with a death-weight, and crushed my spirit, till I sank down in a state of exhaustion and despair.

I was lying groaning on the ground, when the officers again entered, to take me before the judge. I could scarcely walk; and, though I muttered, "he delivereth and rescueth, and he worketh signs and wonders in heaven," the words had no effect upon my heart—they were mere breath, and I shook against the terrible sign that God seemed to have forsaken me. When placed before the judge, I was flurried, and presented every appearance of guilt; for, still the horrid weight was upon my mind that I could not make even a feasible story of God's truth. The examination began; and I answered, according to the things that had been swerving, neither to the right nor to the left. I began at Ayr, and traced all my progress to London; stated what had happened there; my master's secret; my duties as a servant; the reason why I took the receipt for the house in my own name; the selling of the horses; the exchange of the notes—(all of which had been replaced, as I now suspected, by false ones, when my back was turned); the receipt of Mr. Barrow's remittance; and the exchange of that with the presents to my mother; everything, in short, truly and faithfully, yet timidly and nervelessly as ever. The doubting and incredulous eye of the judge shook me by its cruel expression. He an-

peared to me to think that the answer to all I had said, lay in one damning question—

"Were you ever an engraver?" said he.

"Yes," I answered (for I abhorred a lie, though it possessed the charm of my salvation from the rope); "but I was only a year with Mr. Holmes."

"One of quick parts may learn much in a year," was his answer, accompanied by a look that showed he believed me guilty.

"Now," he said, "we have heard a great deal from your wife and from yourself about some one you call Mr. Winter, on whom it pleases you to lay all the crime of which you are charged. Can you tell me anything of him—where he came from, who are his relations, with whom he was acquainted?"

"His father was stated by himself to be Mr. Winter of Holmside, in Hertfordshire; and the name of his agent is Mr. Barrow."

"Since your wife was examined," replied he, "inquiries have been made about these names, and no such individuals are supposed to exist. Can you not give me the name of any one individual who ever saw your master in London?"

I stood silent. The fact was undoubted. I could not condescend on a single person who had ever seen him since he came to London. It would have been better for me if I had continued silent, for my answer, when it came, was a wild rhapsody of incoherent efforts to express my own wonder that I could tell nothing of him, and could condescend on no one in the city who had ever seen him. And I could plainly perceive that, by this, I sealed the fate of my testimony. It was evidently considered as a piece of ill-executed invention, bungled, besides, by my own imputed sense of guilt, which dried up my throat, till my tongue, that rattled in my parched mouth, could not obey the behest of my concerted ingenuity. Ere I was removed, however, I recollected myself so far as to be able to say that the people of the inn at Ayr, and in the inns along the road from thence to London, would swear, if called upon, that I, at least, served and journeyed with a master, whose name, as stated by me, some of them would, in all probability, recollect. My letters to my mother, too, made reference to Mr. Winter; and if these were got, they would go far to prove the truth of my story.

"Was he not an accomplice?" said the examinator; "and, as for your letters, it is not likely you would divulge the true mode by which you got the money to send to your parent. Yet these things shall be inquired into, and you will receive the benefit of the inquiry.—There is a strange simplicity in the art of these rogues," he said, in a low voice, to an individual who sat by him.

The examination finished to the satisfaction of the prosecutors. I was sent to Newgate. I knew nothing of the fate of Magdalene; but had reason to think she was also confined there as an accomplice. My mother was kept away from me, as she was a strong witness against me. I was heavily loaded with irons, and lay upon the floor groaning bitterly, till a disturbed sleep overtook me about three in the morning, when the most frightful visions rose before me, assuming all shapes and forms, but draining the foundations of those types from the book which I had made the rule of my life. "The Ancient of Days I thought did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool; his throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire. A fiery stream issued, and came forth from before him, thousand thousands ministered to him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him; the judgment was set, and the book was opened." I was uttering these words of Daniel, which I had by heart; the vision was inspired by them, and glowing vividly and more vividly, inspired, in

turn, my voice which, rising higher and higher till it reached the dissonance of a scream, I woke in the dark, and, tossing about my limbs, made the chains rattle forth the dreadful evidence of my situation. I thought I heard the groans of Magdalene in the next cell; but, all my efforts to make myself certain of the circumstance, were counteracted by loud gusts of wind, that whistled through the gratings of the windows; and several loud peals of thunder shook the fabric of the jail, and wound up my accumulated horrors. I slept no more that night; but, my waking visions were as frightful as my dreams; for, in spite of all the assurances I drew from my knowledge of Scripture, there arose a sickening feeling of utter helplessness—the birth of the consciousness of my want of the evidence of man to speak for me—that seemed to "strike down the truth to the ground," and left me a hostage for the sins of man, in the hands of that God whose ways no man can find out.

I can scarcely tell how I passed the following two days and nights; the time was composed of alternated periods of hope and despair; and all I heard was the turnkey's heavy step, the rattling of his keys, and, occasionally, the hollow moanings of the individual I took for Magdalene, in the adjoining cell. On the third day, I got the assistance of an attorney, through what means I know not. I told him my extraordinary case. He seemed to believe my story, but stared in amazement at the array of evidence against me, and the small gleam of established truth that appeared to lighten the darkness of that mystery that invests appearances with magnified proportions. He was a quick man, and hurried away instantly to examine the window, from which my master must have escaped on the night of the apprehension; to inquire into the circumstances of his meeting with Havering, when he agreed to take the house; to get my letter to Magdalene when I mentioned his name; and to ascertain if any of the people in Ayr could speak to my having been employed by him as his servant. Ten days of anguish passed, and the result of his inquiries was communicated to me. Winter had taken care to pull down the sash of the window by which he escaped, so that, when the officers forced the door, they saw no trace of any one having been there. Mr. Havering admitted that a man called and made an agreement for the house in my name; but the account he gave of him differed so much from the description of Winter's person, that there seemed reason for supposing that he had deputed some accomplice to execute this part of his scheme. Magdalene's letter had been destroyed, and those to my mother showed nothing in my favor; while no one in Ayr could say more than that I left that place in the employment of a person who was never seen there before, and whose name was unknown to them. It even came out against me, that I had, while living in the house, parried questions put to me by some who inquired if any one lived in the house besides me and my wife; and she too had observed the same care to conceal the fact that Winter was living there in secret. How little was it known, that we conceived we were doing good, and saving a young woman from a forced marriage by thus concealing our master. "Do not evil that good may come of it." How was this truth made manifest to us? If we had not committed this departure from the plain and open way of truth, we might have been saved; for Winter might have been seized by the officers as a suspected character, in consequence of his habits of going out at night; but, having thus concealed the man whom we now endeavored to inculpate, all the endeavors of our legal advisers to account for our conduct, by what was, indeed the real truth, rather tended to bind the chain of circumstances closer and closer, and make our guilt the more manifest.

The evidence for me thus dwindled into

nothing; while the mass that was procured against me was, from the very nature of the case, greater than was ever known to be produced against any forger that ever was hanged at Tyburn. The house was mine; the engraving instruments were found there; I had been an engraver at an early period of my life; a great number of notes were found in the house; a great number had been circulated; every good note I had given to Winter had been replaced by him, when I was in the low part of the house, by a bad one, which it fell to me or my wife to get changed; and, during all these proceedings, no one ever saw any person under whose authority I acted—I being householder, engraver, and utterer. How was it possible to conceive a stronger case of forgery?

As the day of my trial approached, and no trace had been got of Winter, I saw the full extent of my danger—I could not avoid a conviction—and Magdalene, who was indicted also, might be fortunate in escaping with transportation. I had not seen her; my mother was kept from me, and none of my relations in Scotland would own me. The day came; I met my Magdalene in the dock; we looked at each other in silence through bloodshot eyes, that were past the stage of weeping; I perceived that she trusted implicitly in heaven; for she turned her face upwards when she met my gaze; but, for myself, I was lost in the workings of a mind that adhered to the dictates of my revered faith, and could only wonder why it was His pleasure that I should fall an innocent victim to bloodthirsty laws which I had never broken. The trial proceeded. Why should I, even if I could, detail the evidence that was led against me? I have already, in effect, given it. Any man who has read my narrative, may see it too well. My judges shall read it, and feel it, as if the characters were traced in fire, and burned the orbs that glanced over it. There was no evidence worth mentioning for us. The story of Winter was a phantom or an invention of guilt, to lay crime on the back of another. I sickened as the evidence proceeded, and lost my power of following it, during hours of a wild, dreamy, unconsciousness of everything but the horrors of the gallows; the rope of which I felt round my throat, as my impeded respiration prevented the blood from circulating in the cervical veins, and, stopping it in my head, produced a fire as if scathing irons had been trailed along my brain. The yell of my wife, when sentence of death was pronounced against me (her own fate being transportation for life), roused me to a more *living* sense of my condition.

We were hurried back to prison. I am to die to-morrow; and I write this narrative by the side of the jailor, who has unloosed my hand for that purpose. I am now past all complaint: there is some secret purpose in heaven to be served by my death. I am not told "to put forth a riddle" like Ezekiel; but let these poor conceited wretches, who lie at ease in the sunbeams of legislation, and think that the law erreth not, but is ever bright, to lighten good and show forth evil, read my narrative, and tremble as they think (what is true) that many have died as I am to die—sacrifices to the bloody Moloch of their statute-book. I have heard of some philosopher who wrote, that it were better that one innocent man should die, than that twenty guilty ones should escape. Oh, that that man had felt one moment—one single moment of this fire that burns in my brain. Were he to live for ever, he would not find space for a sufficient repentance of his maniac-thought. Were my mother dead ere to-morrow, one-half of my agony would be abetted; but that is not decreed. Farewell, my too dear Magdalene!—my mother, whose name I can scarcely write for trembling!—and farewell, thou world, which would be fair, were it not for the devices of men! Truth shall not ever be quenched: there is a light in the sky, which shines, and will ever

shine, though man shall rear against it the vapors of his wisdom; and there is a mercy there that his bloody laws shall never diminish. To-morrow, by this hour, I shall see that light and feel that mercy! Adieu! J. B.

I have read the preceding over, and the paper is wet with my tears—Magdalene and my mother, now by my side, have listened to every word. About two hours since, they were introduced to me by an officer who held a paper in his hand. It was a reprieve. Winter had been caught by the officer Jones; and the innkeeper at Ayr, who had remained in town after the trial, identified him. It turned out that he was an old offender with a new name, and thus it is made clear to me, that if I had not concealed him, I never would have fallen into the misfortune from which I have been so wonderfully saved by an all-seeing Providence. The moment that Winter was seized, the circumstance of our ready confessions struck, with proper force, the minds of the authorities. Every effort was made to get at the truth; and, if I have arraigned the laws, I am bound to laud the men who dispense them. Oh, the joy of that moment, when I again clasped to my bosom my wife, and hung on the neck of my parent! There was not one word spoken. The chaplain, who was attending some of the criminals, entered; and, having taken up the narrative I had written, read it to a number of individuals whom curiosity had drawn in to see the effect of a reprieve working on the minds of the innocent. Many of them wept as he proceeded, and as they cast their eyes on us, who sat with the "burden of unspeakable joy" still on our hearts. Our first words were to God. I have retained the manuscript through many years of prosperity, and have read it to my children. It has been a good chastener of our thoughts of this world, and has proved, in its effects, that heaven has its own ways of claiming and retaining those who otherwise might have fallen before the Baal of earth; for my success in life has been nearly unexampled, and in the midst of riches I might have set up another image than that of Him who snatched us from destruction. Let no one look with a sullen eye on the misfortunes that come not of himself. Prosperity has ruined more souls than ever did misfortune or the pleasures of the body. I have seen and drunk the light of the jewel in the toad's head. J. B.

PAYING OF DEBTS.

As there are many ways of contracting debts, so there are many ways of liquidating them. Good honest people know only of the true legitimate mode of "coming down with the dust," and getting a receipt upon a proper stamp. Simple-hearted beings! how little do they know of the ways of the world or the subtleties of man! The scheme of the *cessio*, whereby, as by a well-filled sponge, thousands of pounds may be liquidated in a day, or the exquisite device of the *negative oath*, by which a debt may be paid in a few minutes—both beautiful expedients—are equally unknown to them; but there are other modes of discharging debts not so well known or so much resorted to as those we have now mentioned—and one of these we will now lay before our readers, with the assurance that the facts are absolutely true.

In the town of ——— (if the cap does not fit, do not put it on), a poor woman, whose maiden name was Finlayson, and who had a daughter married to an industrious tradesman, named Gibb, died of a putrescent fever. Her-son-in-law had been for some time out of employment, and all his earnings had been consumed during that unproductive period. He had no money, and his mother-in-law had left not a farthing. Who then was to bury her? The parish would not interfere, because the deceased's brother, an *undertaker* in the same town, and a very rich man, was the very person apparently pointed out, by nature and circumstances, to do the last offices to his dead sister. But the brother was not bound by law to bury his sister, and natural affection had no influence with him, as well from an original hardness of heart, as from the citadel of the passions having been laid hold of and occupied by the love of filthy lucre. He would not undertake the funeral of his sister. It is a fact—we pledge ourselves for it—he would not furnish a coffin to her, except upon one condition, and that was that the poor industrious daughter's husband should become bound to pay her uncle the price of the "dead-kist" for his own sister. Much time was occupied in the negotiation, and poor Gibb was subjected to the heart-rending condition of seeing his wife's mother lying, beyond "nature's time," a corpse in his house, while he was wrangling with her miserable wretch of a brother about the conditions on which he would furnish the coffin. It was at last arranged. Gibb granted his obligation—the coffin came—the old woman was put into her "fir-fecket" and buried, and the £3: 15s., as the price of the box, became a debt. Thus, poor Gibb must pay or go to jail. In the first place, he collected, from all quarters, three thousand six hundred pieces of the current coin of Great Britain, called farthings. These he carefully tied up in a leather-bag, and, taking with him two trusty sooth-fast witnesses, away he went, like a bold and independent man, to pay his debt. He chose a very particular time for his visit, the hour of *lifting* of a very rich burgher, whose funeral, conducted by the creditor, was to take place that day.

"I'm come to pay my debt, Mr. Finlayson," said Gibb, stepping forward to the undertaker, who was dressing himself for the funeral.

"I'm glad o' that, John," replied the other, "as weel for yer ain sake as mine, for nae man can haud up his head in society, if he's awin a single farthing."

"An' far less if he is awin three thousand six hundred," said John, with a chuckle and a shake of the bag.

"Feth, an' ye're a perfect Cocker, John," rejoined the undertaker. "I daresay that is just the number in £3: 15s.; but come away, man—ye see I've ae stocking on and anither aff. It wants twenty minutes o' the hour, and Bailie Adamson maunna lie a minute after the liftin time."

"Your sister lay a week after nature's time," responded Gibb. "I am here to pay my debt, and have nae concern wi' the funeral o' Bailie Adamson, wha wouldna hae paid a single farthing for me, let alane three thousand six hundred, if he had been leevin and I had been starvin."

"Weel, weel," cried Finlayson, impatiently, "come awa, come awa. Here's a stamp, and I'll write the receipt. We'll sune knock it aff. Ane's figers are nimbler at writing receipts than signing bills."

And he set about getting pen and ink in a great hurry, with one leg still bare, and the stocking on the other half rolled down. The receipt was written and lay unsigned on the table, till the money was counted.

"Noo, noo, John—down wi' the dust, lad, as quick as ye like," said the old hunks.

Gibb obeyed. The bag was thrown with a loud noise upon the table. The undertaker started at the extraordinary sound.

"What's this, man?" said he.

"My debt," calmly replied John, proceeding at the same gravely to open the bag, and pour the three thousand six hundred farthings upon the table, to the great surprise of the creditor, who could not at first comprehend the nature of the transaction.

"There's ane," said John, taking up a farthing, and laying it carefully on the farthest corner of the table, as if he intended to cover the entire board in the progress of his laborious enumeration.

"There's twa," he was proceeding, when the creditor, on recovering himself stopped him.

"What's this o't?" said he, getting angry, as the truth became more apparent —"what do you mean, sir?"

"To pay my debt, in the current coin o' the realm," was the answer.

"It's no a lawfu tender," cried the undertaker. "Besides, I hae nae time to stand and see you count that bagfu' o' bodles. I canna wait. Tak them awa, and bring me the usual respectable circulating medium o' the country, and ye'll get yer receipt."

"I hereby offer ye, in the presence o' these witnesses, payment o' my debt, in the king's coin," rejoined the determined debtor. "I am ready to proceed with my enumeration. There's three."

"I canna submit to this now," cried the undertaker, in an impatient tone. "The hour o' Bailie Adamson's funeral is at hand. They're waiting for me. Come back in the afternoon, and we'll no cast out about the kind o' coin. I'll gie ye a discount for respectable looking cash."

"I want nae discount," rejoined John.

"But I canna even speak about it at present, man," replied the other. "See, there's a message frae the widow. Come, come—tak awa the bag, and come again in the afternoon."

And he breathlessly proceeded in his operation of dressing; muttering deep curses as he drew on the reluctant clothes, and stamping about the floor in a state of great excitement. John remained immoveable, with the fourth farthing between his finger and thumb.

"Do you refuse payment o' yer debt, sir?" said he, with a provoking gravity.

"Curse your farthings!" cried the undertaker, now getting to the height of fury, as he looked for articles of dress he had, in his confusion and anger, mislaid, and went raging through the room like one demented.

"Mrs. Adamson has sent for ye, Mr. Finlayson," said the servant, now entering.

"Will ye no tak payment o' yer debt, sir?" rejoined Gibb, in a softer tone.

"May the big-horned Mahoun tak you and your debt thegither!" vociferated the now completely roused undertaker. "I'll hae nane o't. Awa wi' ye!" And, twisting his cravat round his throat, he hurried out of the house.

The witnesses heard the declaration. John gathered up his coins and proceeded home. In a week after, he was cited before the bailies for payment of the debt. He appeared with his witnesses. The *nature* of the debt was set forth, and, indeed, the bailie had heard of the infamous transaction previously, and was predisposed to favor the defender.

"Are you due the pursuer the price of this coffin?" said the judge, to Gibb.

"In order to get my mother-in-law buried," replied Gibb, "I did become bound to pay to her brother, the pursuer, the price of the coffin. I offered him payment, and I am ready to prove that he refused it."

"Is this true, Mr. Finlayson?" asked the judge.

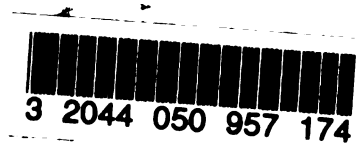
"Partly, and partly no," replied the creditor. "He insulted me by offering me a bagfu o' farthings—no a legal tender for sic a sum."

"And you refused the king's coin?" rejoined the judge. "What say the witnesses?"

The witnesses were examined, and swore that Finlayson not only refused the farthings, but the debt itself.

"I am bound to receive the evidence of these men," said the judge addressing the pursuer. "It is indeed partly corroborated by your own statement. I say nothing of the extraordinary nature of the debt itself—that lies between you and your conscience; but you have refused the king's coin in payment of your claim; and this would be enough, although it were unsupported by the fact that (perhaps in anger—I care not) you refused the debt altogether. No man is bound to offer payment of a debt twice, and I therefore discharge the defender, and declare that this coffin debt no longer exists."

A clap of hands from the people in the court followed this sentence, and John Gibb was congratulated by many on the result of his ingenuity.



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